

SANTA ANNA NEWS

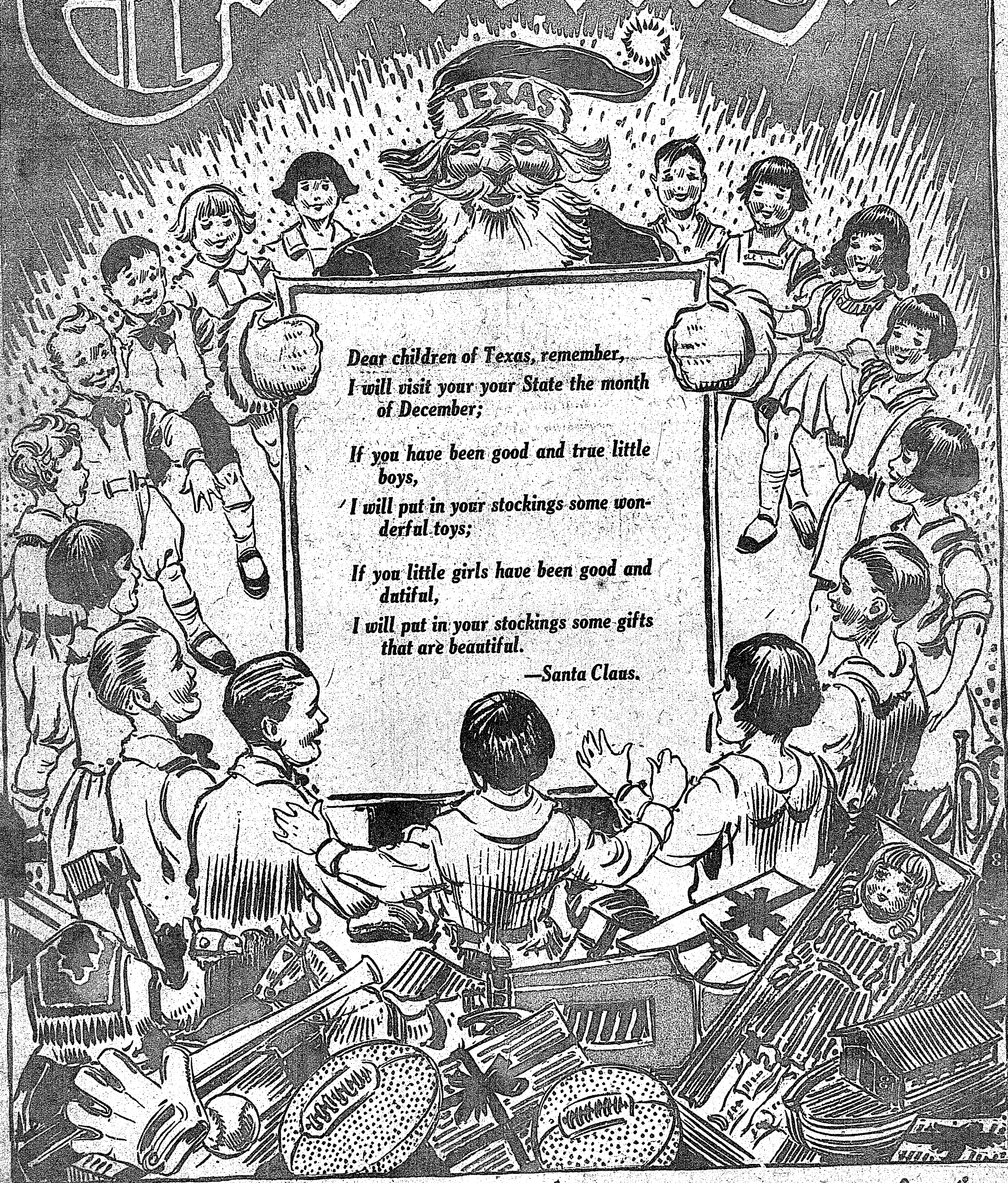
SANTA ANNA, COLEMAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1924.

NUMBER 51

EIGHTH YEAR.

"HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST"

Greetings



*Dear children of Texas, remember,
I will visit your your State the month
of December;*

*If you have been good and true little
boys,
I will put in your stockings some won-
derful toys;*

*If you little girls have been good and
dutiful,
I will put in your stockings some gifts
that are beautiful.*

—Santa Claus.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OPEN

An Old-Time Antelope Hunt in West Texas

By AUSTIN CALLAN

Our old-time Texas hunting trips were not spasmodic affairs, planned between suns and sent happily and speedily on their way from some filling station. They were "events" that we talked about for many weeks in advance and looked forward to with the keenest anticipation.

The first frost of the season had hardly left its impress upon the green groves around Coleman, Texas, converting the foliage of the trees into all the wonderful shades of autumn, when John Downs began scrubbing up the old camp outfit and cleaning his rifle. Every day he would come down to Frank Rose's livery stable—that's where the crowd gathered—and remind the boys that the time was drawing closer for the big outing on Mustang creek, where it was reported that the antelope were not only plentiful, but fat because of an abundance of grass.

There were to be six in this party, and each one was regarded as above the average at bringing down big game. Gus Roquemore mounted about twenty-five deer heads each season, and he could recite to you just how far he was from each one of the deer when he pulled the trigger. Gus was a dead shot and his knowledge of guns was regarded as superior to that of any other man in the community. This year he had put a new sight on old "Meat Hog," and there was a lot of speculation as to whether he would be as successful as usual.

It was just a week before Christmas when the party finally got off. The start was to have been made ten days earlier, but it was necessary to wait on Greene Poole, whose wife had presented him with a pair of ten-pound boys. He said he would have to wait until things got to going right again.

Off for the Big Hunt.

I shall never forget that morning. There was the wagon with the big grub box in the back end and rolls of bedding piled between it and the front seat. Two lanterns were hung beneath, a water keg was fastened on the side and there were saddles and other equipment. It looked like half of the town had come down to see the boys off, and Ben Pittman, the town wag, was there with his usual hurrying, promising to eat the hide, hair and tallow of every antelope that might be "fetched back."

If you never went on a deer hunt, or an antelope hunt in the distant past, when the world hadn't been brought so close together by faster modes of transportation and a hundred miles from home seemed like some far away region of mystery and enchantment, you have

no idea how it thrills to start on a trip like this one. I am sure that "hopping off" on an aeroplane trip around the world is only tame by the side of it.

As Charley and Buck, the spirited team, set their heads southward and we began to move out, each fellow with his gun in his hands except Pete, the driver and cook, an envious group was left behind. There were hardly half a dozen men in Coleman who would not rather have gone with us than have been given a free trip to Europe.

We passed the grocery store and John Downs told the driver to stop, while the boys checked up to see if they had everything that was needed in the line of eats. This was a bit of fortunate precaution on Downs' part, because the molasses jug had not been filled, and there was Jim Wright, the life of the party, who had as soon be at a dance without a fiddler as in camp with no molasses. This was quickly attended to and then we were on our way.

Camping on the Colorado.

The first night we camped on the Colorado river, thirty miles from town. To the impatient traveler of today such progress would seem pokey. We are now accustomed to jumping in our flivvers, running out seventy-five or a hundred miles, and getting back in time for the movies. If we happen to stay all night, we set up our radio and pick up the news of the day or listen in on a bedtime story that is being relayed across the continent.

But we enjoyed the trip from Coleman to the river. About twenty-five quail were killed along the way and broiled for supper. The boys sat around camp until a late hour that night, telling stories of the old frontier. Tom Snyder said that the first introduction he had to the Colorado river was when the Indians ran him into it on a little pony that knew very little about swimming. "And she was from bank to bank," he declared. Continuing, Tom said: "There was a man named Bronaugh with me; he was just down from the North and that poor fellow got wet all over and the scare of his life. He

made it safely to the opposite bank just as the red devils rode up, and, looking back at the river, exclaimed at the top of his voice: 'By jingles, boys, she's deeper than she looks!'"

It was about noon the next day when we reached the antelope country. Out near the head of a dry draw of Mustang creek, where there was quite a clump of live-oak brush, which we thought might be needed for shelter from the north winds, we pitched camp. The boys got busy dragging up wood and picking out places to make down their beds, but as soon as this was hastily done several of them struck out for the surrounding ridges. They were anxious to try their guns on an antelope and wouldn't even wait to eat dinner.

The sun was sinking behind the corner of a bank of blue clouds that ex-

whole heavens were overcast with a black cloud, and it was snowing. We tied the deer across the horse as securely as we could and started upon the return trip, leading the horse.

After tramping until we were almost fagged out, in the direction we believed the camp to be, we came upon a high bluff overlooking Mustang creek, and were convinced that we were then farther from camp than we had been at any time since leaving it. Not only that, but the ground was now well covered with snow and the storm was growing more severe.

It was pretty cold and we raked up some leaves and dry limbs and made us a fire. After resting for a time and smoking—the one thing a fellow always does when he is in trouble—we decided that we would hit the blinding snow and find that warm camp. Once as we trudged along we thought that we saw the gleam of a light through the fleecy flakes that were now falling thick about us, and Gus declared that it was the camp fire. But he must have been mistaken, for it was several hours later when we did find it.

I shall never forget how good and warm the camp bed felt that night, as we lay there in the open, with the whole earth covered by a white blanket. Occasionally we put our heads out from under the blankets to get fresh air, and when we did so the falling flakes would quickly melt as they struck our faces. It was real Christmas weather, beyond any doubt, but we had been so late getting into camp that daylight came altogether too soon.

The clouds cleared away early the following day and the sun shone out as beautiful as if it were springtime. We spent the whole morning putting the camp in comfortable shape for a ten days' stay, bringing up a lot of wood and raking the snow back so that it would not make a sloop when it melted.

John Downs Makes a Big Killing.

That afternoon we hunted for a while, but no one had any luck. Some of the boys reported having seen quite a number of both antelope and deer, but they were not successful in bringing any of

them down. It was the day before Christmas that John Downs made his first big killing. He decided to hunt he said his father told him the antelope always hunted antelope. With blanket thrown across the horse he rode bare-back, he lit out for ridges, some two miles from camp, about an hour we heard a keening barking in that direction, and John returned with one antelope across the shoulders of his horse.

"I thought you were going to bring the whole bunch in with you from the amount of powder you were burning," remarked one of the boys. "Well, might have, but I need the wagon to hook it up and go back after the antelope before it gets dark."

"Sounds fishy to me," declared Roquemore, "but if it's true, we'll make Ben Pittman eat so much antelope that his stomach will think he is running a mattress factory."

We found the antelope all right—of them—and some of the boys declared that John must have mesmerized the animals. But he said that they were simply fond of bright colors and that they were enjoying the sight of his blanket he indulged in a little talk practice. "I'm not going to tell, however," he continued, "how close it came to me before I shot."

"I guess you followed General Jackson's advice," retorted Gus Roquemore, "and waited until you could see whites of their eyes."

The next day we had antelope cooking in every way imaginable. Pete was one of the best camp cooks in the West and he covered himself with glory on occasion. Broiled antelope steaks are superior in flavor to venison steaks. When cooked the meat of antelope is near so dry as the meat of venison.

A clear sky greeted us Christmas. It was cold, but delightful. I never saw the sunshine spread out before into a soft yellow glow across the face of the earth. That peace which passes all understanding seemed to fill air, earth and sky.

And how we did enjoy the day! There were no finger-prints of hands to mark the biscuits and there were no cranberry sauce, or pumpkin pie. But we certainly had a feast there in the open, under the big blue, that was a climax to one of the colorful events of the Old West, now fading, and almost gone forever, of course, we can still have our hunt, sort of fashion, but the battering of civilization have made better ways of the once wild and untamed West. We shall never again see a lone antelope in great herds on the open



"With a red blanket thrown across the horse, which he rode bareback, he lit out over the ridges."

tended far around to the north, when the last of the hunters made it into camp at the end of that first day. There were no trophies, although Gus Roquemore said that he had a fat buck hanging in a tree about three miles over the hills. He said that if anyone would accompany him he would go back after it, as the wolves might get it before morning. I volunteered to go, and after partaking of a hot cup of coffee and some bacon that we broiled on sticks over the fire, we lit out.

Lost in a Snowstorm.

The horse Gus rode had developed a limp in his right leg, so we decided to ride my horse double to where the deer was hanging and then walk back. It must have taken an hour or more to locate the tree which held the animal, and by that time the

Christmastime in the Piney Woods

Peach Tree Village and First Christmas Tree

Fifty years ago the pine lands of East Texas were practically virgin groves. It is true that nearly a century has passed since the pioneers first came into Texas from the States and built their rude homes out of hewn logs, covering the cracks with split boards. But the lumber industry did not start to develop commercially until after the Civil War, and the giant trees of those great groves were still virgin timber, raising their green plumes high to the heavens in countless numbers until the advent of railroads at a much later date.

The early settlers of "the piney woods" were sturdy frontiersmen, who neither feared panthers, wolves, nor an untamed wilderness. They answered the call of the West—for East Texas was West to the Tennesseans and the Kentuckians and the Carolinians and the Georgians who came to make their homes there—before the Indians had hardly moved their wigwams on towards the setting sun. These settlers built homes and tilled little tracts of land, but there was a very meagre measure of either prosperity or comfort in any part of that vast area which has later been made to flourish as a result of converting its timber into lumber and its fertile lands into farm products.

Labored With Faith.

The Christmas season of 1876 found these simple, hard-working, rugged people of the woods still poor from the effects of the great Civil War which had ended eleven years earlier. But they were not faint-hearted in any respect; they labored with faith, were thankful for that portion with which they had been rewarded and never forgot God. It may truly be said of them that at this season of world-wide joy and mirth they drew their share of Christmas gifts chiefly out of the contentment of their own hearts.

There were no fire-works, no tinsel, no expensive jazz-bands, no joy-riding, no theatre parties and no white mule. But the Star of Bethlehem shone down through the treetops and the music of childhood's sweet laughter rang through the autumn woods this Christmas Eve. One of the popular gathering places in the pine forests half a century ago was the old Peach Tree Village School House, not far from Chester, in Tyler

county. That was near where the Alabama Indians had a settlement in early days. They called the place something in their strange language which meant Peach Tree, and it has gone by that name since the whites first settled there.

On this particular Christmas Eve the neighbors for miles around Peach Tree School House decided to have a Christmas tree. There were many boys and girls in that part of the country who had never seen a Christmas tree, and, as the season approached, their hearts beat in happy anticipation of what old Santa Claus might put on that tree for them.

Simple Little Gifts.

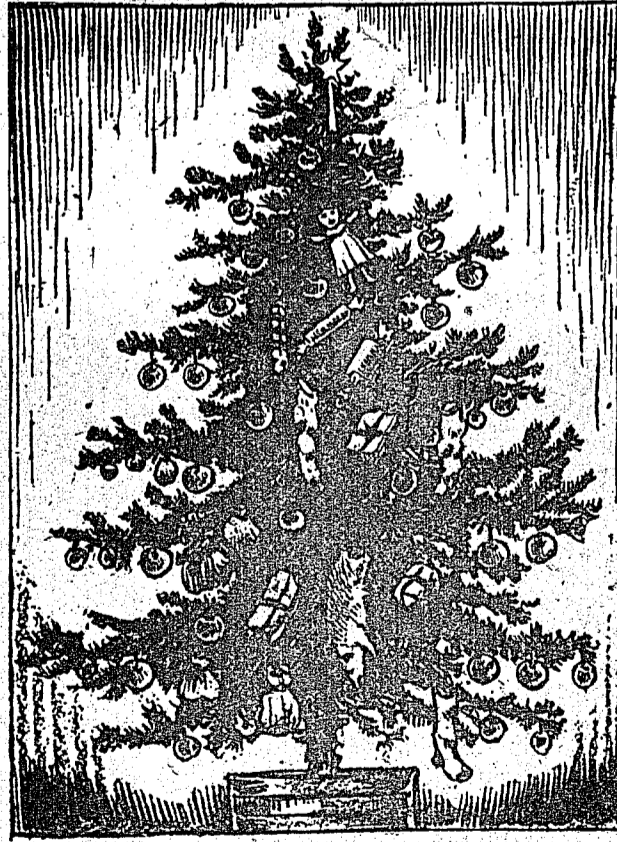
It is superfluous to add, however, that they did not expect a great deal. They were not accustomed to any of the fine toys like the average child gets at Yuletide season nowadays. Some simple little gift and a bag of nuts and candy were the most any one of them had ever received and was as much as any of them had ever hoped for.

The men of the community put the tree in place at the small board structure used for a schoolhouse and church. Then the women came from miles around to decorate it. Some of them walked, some rode in wagons and some came horseback. They were the belles of the piney woods of a great past, who depended more on their simple virtues and cheeks made rosy by the sunshine, to charm the opposite sex, than on store-bought cosmetics. But there was no girl in the group who could not bake an apple, make mincemeat pies, or dance the old Virginia Reel.

It was a day's work to decorate the tree; that is, the girls took a day for it, because they enjoyed every minute of the time as thoroughly as if they had been in the heart of Fifth avenue, New York, where thousand-dollar sables rather than pine plumes may tickle you around the neck. They had an abundance of holly with red berries, and autumn leaves of every color found in the virgin forests. And there was the mistletoe, not cut with the golden sickle of a Druid, but gathered by some of the

young men of the community, who in that day were as gallant as any armored knight.

Most of the gifts placed on the tree were articles of usefulness; many were made at home. There were cravats for the young fellows and here and there a pair of yarn socks knitted with red and blue thread and conveying to the recipient that most sacred of earthly things—a mother's love. There were also bags



"Most of the gifts placed on the tree were articles of usefulness."

of molasses candy, tops, pop-guns and even a nightcap for some dear old grandpa.

A Live, Fat 'Possum.

But that tree had one present on it, such perhaps as no one ever saw on any other Christmas tree before. It was a 'possum, a real live, fat 'possum. This was a gift from an old slave negro who lived in the neighborhood of John Thomas Kirby, one of the best loved

pioneers of that section. "Ah personally seed to 'hits fattenin' myself," pleaded old Mose to the committee in charge of the tree, "an' ef it ain't too much to ax de privilege of swingin' 'im to a limb in a poor nigger's name, den do it in de name ob de community. Ah knows dat de whole community lubs Massah John."

The children yelled with amusement and delight when they saw the 'possum hanging on the Christmas tree; they were also delighted at their inexpensive and simple gifts, and the whole affair was one not soon forgotten in that primeval forest.

Rang With Merriment.

The woods, for miles around that night before Christmas, rang with shouts and laughter and merriment. Through great trees, standing at attention in a sentinel-like pose, there came the gleam of lights and the soft notes of the violin. This seemed to be echoed back with a thumping banjo and the back-step knocking of feet, off to one side, where the darkeys, too, were enjoying themselves. Around a fire that threw its bright beams far up into the boughs of stately monarchs of the woods darkeys could be seen dancing jigs and singing:

"Roast dat 'possum good an' done,
Taters am on a-bakin',
Move dem feet, mah 'lovin' one,
Keep each leg a shakin'."

Those who were unable for one reason or another to attend this Christmas tree at Peach Tree Village, received personal visits from dear old Santa later in the night. There were many huge fireplaces at that time, where great logs burned and bright flames threw shadows of stockings hanging from rudely constructed mantels. Sometimes these stockings would be filled with hickory nuts, or pecans, and candy made at home out of home-made molasses, and frequently a boy in pulling that candy out of his stocking, after it had been softened by the heat from the fireplace, would find it wearing a coat of wool.

Indeed, the early Christmas celebrations in the piney woods of old East

Texas were unpretentious, yet they were joyous. The people were poor in days and they only knew the path lead along simplicity's way. They who received a Jew's harp to play among the forest shades, or who given a day off to trail across the bottoms of Caney creek or along Neches river, was a king for the day, an empire of delight that all the world could not buy.

An old negro mammy, who of the few really slave-times living, told this to the writer of the piney woods people of half a century ago: "Dey nebbber had nuffin but Christmas wuz, 'ceptin' an' hearts dat wuz white. I'ze gwine to tell yo' dat wuz wuz zat as kumpared to folks' passes. It's de truth, knows. But dey sho' had de fashion families, nuffin but chilun, and dey wuz ebber if dey wuz poor."

The rugged virtues of the Texas pioneers were a great citizenship have been reared. The traditions of Christmas with the surrounding birthday we honor at this time. He spent His first night on earth in a stable, and later His sermon on the Mount: "Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

SELF DENIAL:—Whoso come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose it for my sake and the gospel's, shall save it.—Mark 8: 34, 25

Rejoice in our hearts and thanksgiving of those who wish to remember will turn into one of joy and the Christmas of childhood will come back to you.

A CHRISTMAS RESOLUTION

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and spend a little, to make upon the world a world happier for my part.

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS

By J. H. LOWRY

NO ROOM

While the birth of Jesus Christ brought more joy to the world than all other events of history combined, no one can read the sacred account of the Savior's advent without a tinge of sadness coming over his or her. In truth, if the reader whose heart gives sympathy beats for the misfortunes the sufferings of others, he will shed tears of sorrow at the cruel fate of the young mother and her tiny babe. Heartless old Caesar, when human beings were nothing more than dumb cattle, for sacrifice on the altars of pelf and power, wanted more money to push further his conquest of the world, and hearing not the pleadings and the pleadings of the oppressed, he issued a decree that all people under the dominion of mighty Rome were to be taxed, and that all his subjects report at the place of their nativity for taxation. No provision was made for those who must subject themselves to a long journey, and that they might be taxed at their homes, or send a report of their possessions by others. The decree was made and without provision for the unfortunate, and every subject understood that he or she must report at the place of nativity for taxation, or suffer the wrath of a powerful king for failure to do so. And so as the day drew near, thousands of Jewish peasants, some bent with age, some lame, and some weak with disease, wended their weary way through the winter's biting cold to their home town, there to be taxed according to the decrees of a tyrannical and merciless king. Amongst those who journeyed over the rough hills of Galilee and Judea, and the swamps of Samaria or Perea, was a lovely young woman from the little town of Nazareth, the wife of a sturdy carpenter and an expectant mother. With many tears and many forebodings she began what seemed a long and cruel journey in answer to the decree of a cruel king. Much she suffered in mind and body as the slow-moving beasts moved over the rough roads which wound around the steep hills or through the bogs of the lower country. But finally, after much weariness and suffering, the white cottages of Bethlehem, on a distant hill, were sighted, and the hearts of the tired travelers were rejoiced because the end of the journey was near.

There were visions of a comfortable lodge, where boreal winds and chill rains could not chill; visions of a warm fire to thaw out the limbs touched into the body by the winter's cold; visions of a comfortable bed upon which to rest, and of ministering servants to aid and soothe while the sufferer went

down into the valley and shadow of death to bring a new life to the world. New strength for the remainder of the journey, new hopes of ease and rest came with the sighting on a distant hill the white cottages in the City of David. At last, the line that divided the country from the town was reached and crossed, the tired beasts passed through narrow streets lined with white houses, and finally paused in front of an inn. How comfortable, how delightful the cozy hostelry looked to the tired travelers, so weary from the long journey and so numbed with the winter's cold; how cheerful the fires that burned upon the hearth of the inn. The beasts were tied, and the anxious husband assisted the suffering woman to the door of the inn. But at the door they were met by the landlord, who gruffly informed them there was NO ROOM IN THE INN.

We are not told by the pages of Holy Writ, consequently we will never know, whether there was really no room in the hotel for the weary travelers, or whether the landlord saw in them undesirable guests, told them a falsehood and held his room for others. Possibly he was a cold, shrewd business man who divined that entertainment of these Nazarenes would call forth protests from regular patrons, and perhaps provoke them to such wrath that they would stop at his place no more. I have known, and no doubt you have also seen, in our own good time and in our own great State, people turned away from hotels because they were ill—have known of them going from place to place in search of lodging, only to be told at each place that there was no room for them—and their only crime was sickness. To be sure, no hotel proprietor wishes to be troubled by a sick guest, and certainly those who go to a hotel for rest do not wish to be disturbed by the groans of the suffering or the confusion attendant upon the care of the sick; furthermore, there is always a chance that the disease may be contagious. "Sick people ought not travel," and "there are hospitals for the sick," are excuses many of us have heard given for refusal to receive and shelter the suffering. I suspect that if the divine writer had hunted up full particulars of the incident, as newspaper reporters of the present day do, he would have found that Mary was turned away from the Bethlehem inn because landlord and guests were unwilling to have their rest disturbed by the groans of a suffering woman or the cries of a babe. But anyway, THERE WAS NO ROOM.

Even if the inn at Bethlehem did have its full quota of guests on this eventful evening, I am sure room could have been made

for tired, suffering Mary if the landlord and guests had so desired. I have seen room made in inns for guests when the rooms were full. Of course, it meant a little trouble for the hotel forces, a little confusion, and a slight discomfort and annoyance for the guests, but room was made, and the late-comers were sheltered and fed. Many times have I seen room made for late-comers in the little home of my childhood, back in western Tennessee, when it seemed that every square yard of space was already occupied. I have seen that old home filled from porch to full that any comer was turned away, or even given to understand that he or she was not welcome. Sometimes they came in droves, when the relatives and friends got in a good way of visiting or the summer revival meeting season came on, but there was always room, though the home was by no means large. It meant much shifting of beds and mattresses, diplomatic grouping of sleepers, pallets without pillows for the children and very little rest for the old folks of the home—but there was room, and the old folks found joy in making the room, even though they rested their weary frames on an improvised bed in the kitchen. The happiest remembrance that comes to me of that crude old Tennessee home is that no one who sought its shelter and its hospitality was ever turned away. The old-fashioned rose bushes and the alpha bushes that grew around the old home have long been dead; the spreading shade trees of its yard have fallen from age, and those who made the home have joined the great majority many years ago, but I know there was room for them in the mansions above because they made room for all who came to their cottage below.

No Room! What an opportunity the inn at Bethlehem lost! It might have become famed in song and story. It might have been the birthplace of the world's Redeemer—but there was no room! No writer has given us the name of the inn, because neither the inn nor its name was of any importance. Had it given shelter and hospitality to tired, suffering Mary, its name would have been written in glittering, glowing letters on the pages of the Book of Books, and in its honor hostels in cities, towns and hamlets in the six grand divisions of the world would have been christened. But there was no room, and the inn at Bethlehem fell into decay, with history only recording its lack of true hospitality, and poets holding the ghost of its neglected opportunity before generations in rhyme and song.

Many persons who would view the scenes that met His gaze, and walk in the paths He trod, visit the Holy Land. They stand in awe and reverence by the

Lake of Galilee, where he spoke the winds and waves into silence; they lovingly touch the waters of the Jordan, where He was baptized; they kneel in prayer at the pool of Siloam, where He healed; they search for the foundations of the shop at Nazareth, where the Lord of Lords learned a trade; and of course they go to Bethlehem, city of David, where the star held its radiant torch, guiding the wise men of the east to the new-born King. If they could find the stable where Mary lodged, they would bow before it in lavish homage; if they could find the manger in which the infant Redeemer was laid, they would cover it with kisses of love; but no one asks about or cares for the Bethlehem inn, and even if its very site were made known, it would be pointed to with scorn, unworthy of reverence or association with the name and life of Him who went about doing good. If a brick should be flung at its walls, there would be no protest over its profaning—because in it there was no room when the suffering mother of the Lord of Hosts appealed to it for shelter.

And what an opportunity the guests of the inn let slip. Fame, renown and glory knocked at their doors, but they opened not. Imagination tells us that as the guests sat in comfort around the fire discussing the issues of the day and repeating the latest smutty jokes, they warned the landlord that his hotel was already full, and he should not crowd in others to the discomfort and disturbance of his regular patrons. What an opportunity for these selfish guests to write their name on the scroll of glory and link them with the precious name of Jesus of Nazareth, Savior of the world! Suppose one of the men sitting there and hearing the landlord tell the weary travelers there was no room had looked with sympathy upon suffering Mary and said, "Give the lady my room! I am well and, if needs be, I can miss a night's repose?" In the room sacrificed by him the Savior of the world would have been born, and the golden book of Time would have told the story of his sympathy and unselfishness. But the guests looked on without protest or offer of aid when the suffering travelers were turned out into the biting cold, and the world does not even know who were the guests of Bethlehem inn on that eventful night when the magazines of the skies burst upon Judean hills and the choir of Heaven chanted, "Peace on earth, good will to men." Poets have woven into song the nobility of Joseph of Arimathea, who opened his sepulchre to the broken body of his Lord, but the Bethlehem inn and its guests are mentioned only in disrepute—because no room was made for the mother of the Prince of Peace.

Christmas stories we have had for many years. Much has been written on how we should observe the day; there's nothing new to say. Perhaps we could not do better than read again the story of Mary and Joseph and the Bethlehem inn, and ask about the room in our hearts and lives. These hearts and lives and homes of ours, like the inn at Bethlehem, are crowded, and perhaps there isn't room for the things, the people, the deeds, the hopes and the passions that befriend us most. In many homes there isn't room for a baby. The bric-a-brac, the social functions, the expense of living, leave no room for the cooing darling, its care and its rearing, and so in loneliness lives are lived on, possibly to be broken on the altars of the divorce court.

There may be no room in the heart for the nobler thoughts and passions. There is the desire for gain, there is the longing for leadership in the affairs of men, the coveting of power, fame and position, but no room for one's better self to burgeon and bloom; and so life becomes a cold, cruel concatenation, with each day a return to yesterday's routine, and our ideals and our dreams are shattered.

There may be no room in the great program of life for the tender word, the friendly handclasp, the romp with the children, the chat on the porch with the neighbor on a summer's eve when the katydids are singing their vespers. Every room in life's inn is full. The stranger would gladly know us, and perhaps touch sweetness into our lives, but there is no room for him. All around are those who need a friendly visit, a word of cheer. There are babies who would give the world a song of laughter if they were caressed; there are aged and infirm who would tell stories of surpassing interest, if we would stop to listen; there are dogs that would teach a lesson of gratitude most beautiful, if we would pat their heads; there are great poems that would thrill us and touch into our lives a love for the beautiful and the true, if we would read them. But there is no room in many of our lives for these things, and so the babies, the aged, the flowers, the dogs and the fine poems are driven away like the mother of our Lord, and their beauty and glory lost forever in our minds and hearts.

My wish for us all this Christmastide is that we may, now and henceforth, make room in our lives and hearts for the thoughts, and deeds and hopes that minister unto our better parts, that give us higher and nobler aspirations, enabling us to endow the world with the fragrance of unselfishness and brotherly kindness—the sweetest flowers that bloom on earth.

Getting the Christmas Spirit

When the Full Tide of Christmas Joy Sweeps Into Your Heart

The Christmas spirit. One has it, or one doesn't. If one hasn't it—ugh!—same old food, same dull people on streets, same deadly routine, same rheumatic twinges and the same old nerve-racking noises.

But if one has it—life is glorified and full of glamor. Fairies hide in the bedrocks and brownies tweak one's ears. Anything may happen and everything seems true.

Sometimes it's 'most Christmas Eve when it gets you. Not much thrill about Christmas this year, you mutter; "after all, Christmas is a good deal of a nuisance. A few checks will cover the occasion this year for me. Sentimental tommyrot, anyway. Christmas is just for kids, and they make too much fuss about it." Sighing a yawn you go forth and—

Get the Christmas spirit. A little dapper comes along, whistling gaily and hitching up his over-size trousers; a sprig of mistletoe on the peak of his cap gives him a festive touch. Such shining eyes and lilted walk. He has the Christmas spirit!

"Santa Claus," gurgles a lumpy punster, as he spies a fat figure in a shop window, and the tension lessens around your heart.

Could you be mistaken about this Christmas business? Perhaps it isn't so bothersome after all. Perhaps. Just pass.

An Echo of the Past.

As snowflakes flutter down, away from the distance you hear the tinkle of bells, or perhaps it is only an echo of years and years ago when you confidently hung your stocking before the wide fireplace and were tucked into bed. The snowflakes fall faster and faster; fat folks and little folks, rich folks and poor folks are pushing and shoving good-naturedly. All are laden with bundles and Christmas greens. Girls' noses need powdering, but the girls are gaily un-

conscious of it. Stout old men come trudging along with hats knocked askew by bulky packages—they are carrying; nor care they for the loss of dignity.

On the corner an eloquent young man with a thin face is relating the remarkable qualities of the "beat-em-all" fountain pen, "only seventy-five cents for this elegant fountain pen, ladies and gentlemen, and your money back if you're not satisfied. Only seventy-five cents, just three-fourths of a dollar, for this E-L-E-G-A-N-T pen. Sold to this gentleman here!"

At Last the Christmas Spirit.

With a shock you discover "this gentleman" is yourself. Carefully you tuck the pen in the inside pocket, sheepishly you glance over the crowd in fearful search of possibly jeering eyes.

"Holly wreaths!" a hoarse voice besieges you. You buy four, swing them jauntily on your arm, with utter disregard for appearance. A tin horn sounds beside you. You jump like a rabbit. There is a delighted chuckle from the fat little boy close by, and you are reminded of Billie, little Billie!

With a rush you change your mind about many things. Billie shall have the train he has been chattering about, and Alice shall have the silly vanity and the perfume and the tea cart. The twins would be broken-hearted without a Punch and

Judy show; the twins must not be broken-hearted. And the crippled fellow next door—something for him and his gentle mother. With a pang you remember the little grandmother who so loved Christmas, such a child she was;

how glad you are you humored her that last Christmas and gave her the woolly toy lamb.

Glorified and Happy

In and out you go, dizzily negotiating revolving doors. You are laden to the chin, but you must get the book of poems for the old man across the street, and a pair of gloves besides. He will cry a bit over some of the poems, it is true, but he wants them—the only argument that appeals to you now.

And the blind street merchant there! You have been searching for him. He is thanking you, and you are wishing him a happy Christmas. How do you mean it!

The street lights are shining now; and the snowflakes are coming down faster and faster. They shine like stars.

No more packages can you carry. Your legs are tired, too, your money is about gone, your

head is whirling, your hat is crushed and your tie has slipped its anchor. Your nose—it is scarlet, but you feel glorious inside. YOU HAVE THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is derived from medieval "Christes masse," the mass of Christ, commemorating the birth of Christ. During the first few centuries there was no ceremonial observance of His birth, but in the fifth century the western church ordered it to be celebrated on the day of the old Roman feast of the birth of Sol.

This coincided with the feasts in the northern countries in commemoration of the turning of the "burning-wheel"—the winter solstice. In the Roman empire the death of the martyr Stephen and the death of Saint John had been celebrated previous to Christmas. Christ's birth was the first birth to be celebrated, as it had always been the custom to celebrate the deaths of those who seemed to be worthy of celebration.

When a definite date had been set aside for the celebration of Christmas, the feasts of the martyr Stephen and of Saint John were combined with it, thus bringing about the occasion of a three-day feast. Some of the old Romans celebrated this feast very devoutly.

A CHRISTMAS REMEMBRANCE.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: For where your treasure is there will your heart be also.—Matthew 6: 19-21.

"Good Christian men, rejoice," and then "God rest you merry, gentlemen." They sang with glee. "Nowell, Nowell, Born is the King of Israel."

The Tree

This poem by Joyce Kilmer, the poet, written but a short while before he was killed in action on the battle front during the World's War, is most appropriate at this season of the year:

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet-flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

A Review of the Passing Year

By W. N. BEARD

In this brief review of the passing year in Texas not all of the many notable achievements of its citizens can be recorded. Whole chapters could be written on some of the big things that have been accomplished—industrially, educationally and spiritually. Much progress in Texas was noted in 1923, but the year of 1924 shows even greater progress. As a matter of fact, the more you study and compile figures on just what Texas has done progressively during the past twelve months, the more are you astonished and thrilled by her rapid advancement in all lines of endeavor. More homes and better homes have been built, more churches and better churches, more schools and better schools. Dallas has about completed a new high school building which cost one-half million dollars, Houston a new church building which cost one-half million dollars, and Fort Worth is leading other cities of Texas in the construction of new homes. The smaller cities of Texas have shown similar progress in building. From all over the State come reports of new bank and mercantile buildings, new school and church buildings, new residential and municipal buildings. It is pleasing also to note that many Texas farmers have constructed new homes and new community schools and churches.

Economically Sound.

It is therefore safe to assume that with all the building progress now going on in the State, the heavy deposits in State and National banks, the more than 4,000,000-bale cotton crop, etc., that our State, as a whole, is prosperous. Even where farm crops have not measured up to the crops of last year, there are still healthy economic conditions. No section of the State is in distress as a consequence of short crops, and the abundant crops over the greater portion of Texas will aid in the distribution of money to less favored sections.

There is hardly a state in the Union more economically sound than Texas. Business conditions throughout the United States as reported in the November number of "The Nation's Business," official publication of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, shows that Texas is leading the entire South and Southwest in crop, trade and industrial conditions. Therefore, Texans have much cause to be thankful, because of the fact that crops and trade

and general business are now better in Texas than any of the other Southern or Southwestern States.

The State and National banks of Texas are in healthy financial condition. Deposits, of many banks, are greater than at this time last year. One little Texas bank, with but \$25,000 capitalization, recently purchased from Fort Worth banks \$63,000 worth of securities.

Texas continues to advance educationally. Each year, and especially the year of 1924, has been notable for marked improvements in curriculum, scholarly advancement and student attendance. From the report of the Texas Educational Survey Commission there are now enrolled in the high schools of Texas about 100,000 students. The schools and colleges of Texas are accredited with being the equal, and in many respects the superior, as a whole, of many of the schools and colleges throughout the United States. The excellent rural high schools in Texas are to be commended, and it is to be hoped that there will be more of them each succeeding year.

Splendid Health Record.

The splendid health and mortality record of Texas during 1924 is cause for congratulation. While sporadic cases of measles and flu have been reported, yet no disease approaching an epidemic form has menaced the life of our citizens. Fort Worth is rated as the third healthiest city in the United States. Even the foot and mouth disease, which broke out this fall among several herds of cattle near Houston, has been brought under control, and a recent statement by the Chairman of the State Livestock Sanitary Commission gives assurance that no fear need be entertained of a widespread outbreak of this disease in Texas in the near future.

The majority of folks living in Eastern and Northern States still regard Texas as a land of longhorn cattle, inhabited by wild Indian tribes. They hardly believe that there can be educated men and women in Texas, or that one of these might write a book. But a girl graduate from the Paris high school has astounded these Eastern folks by writing a book that is easily one of the best sellers of the passing year. This girl's ambition and her past literary achievement are arousing interest among the literateur throughout the United States.

The year of 1924 in Texas has shown

marked progress in the construction of graded and paved highways. Millions of dollars' worth of bonds have been voted by counties for road improvement. Some counties already have a splendid system of paved highways. This is a kind of progress most praiseworthy, for that State which continually improves its highways is making great strides forward.

Manufacturing was an unknown quantity in Texas a few years ago, but now Texas is competing with the East in many lines of manufactured products. A recent bulletin cites the fact that Texas has over thirty textile mills and that many more mills of this kind are in prospect. As factories continue to locate in Texas, from time to time, we should remember to patronize them liberally, all things being equal. It is very discouraging to manufacturers who build expensive plants in Texas and who turn out well-finished products, not to receive the support of the people of this State.

111,373,000 Barrels of Crude Oil.

The passing year has been eventful in crude oil and productive of many gushers. The Texas oil field has expanded to such an extent that the bringing in of a gusher well creates but mild surprise. Three new notable fields have made their appearance this year—the Reagan county field, the South Vernon field and the Wortham field. In addition to these spectacular fields, there have been many shallow well fields developed. Thus far Texas has produced, since January, 1924, 111,373,000 barrels of oil, compared with 104,373,000 barrels for the same period last year.

While our cotton crop this year did not bring the prices it brought last year, yet the more than 4,000,000 bales raised, at prevailing prices, netted the farmers, including the cotton seed, over five hundred million dollars—a big sum of money that is bound to stimulate all lines of business this fall and next spring. In addition to cotton, our basic crop, Texas also produced 16,289,000 bushels of wheat and 50,000,000 bushels of oats. And another crop figure, not less interesting, probably, is our citrus fruit crop. The lower Rio Grande valley, this year, shipped 70,595 crates of grapefruit, lemons, oranges and mixed fruits, the equivalent of 208 freight cars, valued at \$280,000. California is boastful of her citrus fruit crop, but Texans are so busy producing crops of all kinds that they hardly know their State

produces citrus fruit the equal of California in flavor.

Farmers Keep Step With Texas Progress

Texas farmers are manifestly keeping step with the march of Texas progress. They are studying soil improvement; selection of better seed, and co-operative marketing. No longer does the farmer of Texas depend entirely on cotton as a money crop. He is turning to other money crops, as has been proven by Parker county watermelon growers, who sold this season \$300,000 worth of watermelons, and the Smith county blackberry growers, who sold this season approximately \$325,000 worth of blackberries. There was a remarkable movement of fruit and vegetables out of Texas this year to Eastern markets—over 27,000 cars up to August 16—amounting in money paid to growers more than \$17,000,000. It has not been very many years since Texas did not ship a single car of vegetables to Eastern markets. What greater proof could we have that Texas is going forward by leaps and bounds than the fact that in the year of 1924 we shipped 27,000 cars of fruits and vegetables. Seems unbelievable—27,000 cars—but this report is authentic, and was issued recently by the Bureau of Markets and Warehouse Division of the State Department of Agriculture.

Horticulture and floriculture are coming to the front in various sections of Texas. At Winona, in Smith county, is a pecan orchard of 1,100 acres; the trees are from ten to twelve years old and very productive. An Arlington, Tarrant county, horticulturist, has developed a commercial peach orchard which comes into bearing each October, and is never killed by frost or freezes. A prominent Dallas florist grows nearly all of the plants and roses in Texas that he formerly purchased and had shipped in from other States.

Dairying and Poultry.

We are pleased to note that dairying is now recognized as one of the coming big industries of Texas. Prosperity prevails in all States where dairying is the chief industry. There is a staple market in Texas for all butter fat, and some dairymen now ship their butter fat to Texas creameries from a distance of 400 miles. Better cows and bulls are being substituted for scrub stock, more feed is being raised each year, and it can be said without exaggeration that

the outlook for dairying in Texas is very promising. Two Texas cows have recently broken all State records on milk and butter production. A Jersey cow of the Mistletoe Farms, near Fort Worth, produced, in a 305-day test, 19,600 pounds of milk and 628 pounds butter fat. A Holstein cow of Hol Farms, Dallas county, produced, during a 365 days' test, 26,794 pounds of milk and 922 pounds of butter fat.

One of the outstanding industries of the passing year has been poultry. It is fast becoming a great poultry raising State. Better breeds have taken place of scrub stock, and better production is thereby assured. A general awakening among all classes of our citizens to the value of poultry is discernible. What is claimed to be the largest poultry farm in the United States is located about 80 miles north of Fort Worth. A Mitchell county farmer, according to the Colorado Chamber of Commerce, realized a net profit of more than \$100 per month for nine months from 200 standard bred chickens.

Texas breeders of cattle, sheep and hogs are continually improving their herds and in competitive livestock exhibits win prizes over other States. A grand champion fat steer, at the American Royal Live Stock Show, held in Kansas City, November 21st, was sold at auction for \$2,530. The owner was C. M. Largent of Merkel Taylor county, Texas.

This review of the passing year in Texas shows unmistakable progress. It denotes that our State, as a whole, is going forward. While our measure of prosperity was not filled to overflowing yet we have been reasonably blessed and have sincere cause for thankfulness. We keep faith with ourselves, and continue to believe in the matchless resources of Texas, all will go well. On the other hand, if we falter or become skeptical, we will not only do injury to our better selves, but will retard the development of the greatest State in the United States, which is Texas. Here in an empire vaster than we dream of now—an empire of agricultural production, livestock production, riches, latent power and wealth, stream and forest, untold natural resources yet to be discovered as nations come and go. May we, at the dawn of the New Year, more fully appreciate this great heritage, and be in our hearts be truly thankful for the temporal and spiritual blessings and physical comforts of 1924.

How Foreign Races Celebrate Christmas

IN TEXAS

By DAVID J. MORRIS

Christmas time is celebrated by almost every nationality the world over. But the celebrations are not all in the same manner, for each nation has many different customs and different ways of celebrating the birth of our Saviour.

When the foreigner emigrates to the United States, he puts away certain of his old customs and takes on some of those customs which are practiced here.

In our great State of Texas are several foreign nationalities who, while endeavoring in a large and ever-increasing way to celebrate Christmas like Texans, still retain certain of their native country's Yuletide customs. Nothing is prettier than some of these customs, and their origin dates back to remote ages. It is with all citizens of Texas, however, whether native or foreign, a time of thanksgiving, good will, cheer, social activities, the giving of gifts and feasting.

Christmas time, as celebrated by the citizen foreigners of Texas, contains some interesting customs which go a long way toward the fostering of Christmas joy and love.

Swedes.

The Swedish people originally celebrated Christmas from Christmas Eve until after New Year's day, in the old country, but in Texas they have taken on the American way almost entirely. Long before the time for old Santa Claus to appear the little children, with the help of their fathers and mothers, write a letter to Santa, indicative of what they wish for a Christmas present.

The Christmas tree is celebrated both in the home and in the church. The children hang up their stockings and receive presents therein. The Swedes do not, however, use as many fireworks as the Americans do in their celebrations.

In Georgetown, Round Rock and other places in Texas where Swedish churches are located, a special service is held very early on the morning of Christmas day. This service begins about five o'clock in the morning and is held in the native tongue. This is a very beautiful custom, and worthy of more general adaptation. The service opens with prayer, then the singing of songs, among which is that popular and beautiful song, "Silent Night, Holy Night." A program of recitation follows, including a sermon by the pastor, recounting the story of the birth of Christ.

This early morning service lasts un-

til the sun begins to peep over the eastern horizon, when the people leave the church and go to their respective homes, or to the homes of friends. A great friendliness and thanksgiving is maintained by the Swedes throughout Christmas day, together with many excellent things to eat, as the Christmas dinner is abundantly prepared far in advance.

Danes.

The Danes of Texas begin their celebration on Christmas Eve and continue it through the entire week until after New Year's day. Especially do they follow this old custom where they have been colonized. The time is spent in feasting, social visiting, merrymaking and a general good time with very little manual labor being performed.

An early Christmas morning service, similar to that of the Swedes, is held in which songs, recitations, story-telling, etc., is carried out. Among their Christmas songs is "Silent Night, Holy Night," which they love to sing many times, and the words and tune are the same as the Americans know it. The Danes decorate their church for the occasion, using the Christmas tree; the church is also beautifully illuminated by candles.

The little children get their full share of all the Christmas cheer and presents, except that the Danes do not believe in fireworks as a means of adding in the Christmas celebration, and they do not indulge in fireworks in any manner.

All Texans try to include turkey in their Christmas dinner menu. Not so with the Danes—when they can get a goose—and as most of them live on farms and raise geese, their table always presents the goose as the piece de resistance on Christmas day. The reason for this custom is because the goose is the native bird of Denmark. But, in reality, a big, fat goose, baked nice and brown, with a goodly amount of rich gravy, dressing and other accessories,

almost, if not entirely, rivals the turkey in tempting one's appetite.

It was a young man in the postal service of Denmark who first thought of using Christmas seals on packages sent through the mails during the Christmas holidays. These little seals are sold for the purpose of collecting a fund to help sufferers of tuberculosis. It was the wonderful giving spirit of the Danes that started this custom.

Germans.

The German population in Texas celebrate Christmas over a period of three days—Christmas Eve, Christmas day and the day after Christmas—which is called the Second Christmas. On Christmas Eve a large evergreen tree is placed



Among their Christmas songs is "Silent Night, Holy Night."

in the church early after dark. The tree is beautifully decorated and is lighted before the children are allowed to enter the church to view it. On the tree are many presents and the heavy packages are placed under the tree on the floor. The presents are then given out to the rightful owners, and the people go home, where a smaller tree awaits the children. These trees are also lighted before the children are allowed to view them. The fun and delightful surprises of this nature last far into the night.

Then on Christmas morning service is held in the churches, followed by Christmas dinner in the homes. Many invitations are sent out beforehand by families to their friends to take Christmas

dinner with them, and the good things they have to eat are mutually enjoyed. The baked turkey is on the table along with other dishes peculiar to the German people, as well as many American dishes.

On the Second Christmas day church services are held and the joyousness and social activities continued. The use of fireworks is general, but children do not hang up their stockings for old Santa to fill.

Bohemians.

The Bohemian, Moravian and Czech-Slovakia races live principally in South Texas, although there is a small colony of Bohemians living near Ennis, North Texas. Racially, they are near to kinship, and they celebrate their Christmas together in a quite similar manner. Texas has probably more Moravian people within its borders than any one of the other foreign types of this class.

The Bohemian celebrates Christmas for four days—Christmas Eve, Christmas day, the day after or St. Steve, and the day after that, or the 27th, which is called St. John's.

Christmas Eve day is a day of fasting, and no meat of any kind is eaten; however, any other food may be eaten, and is indulged in to the fullest extent. At the supper table on Christmas Eve night the entire family is brought together and after the meal the family go into the front room, where the children see the home tree for the first time loaded with all kinds of toys and fruits. After presents have been passed around, the children usually go outdoors to shoot fireworks. The children sometimes hang up their stockings and believe in Santa Claus.

At midnight, or at some hour before daylight on Christmas morning, a service is held in the church house, after which the people go home for the Christmas day to indulge in social activities

and feasting.

The community tree is held in school house at Granger, Texas, on the second day after Christmas, or St. John's day. It is on this day that the children see the big tree for the first time, and their presents are given out to them by the priest. Church services are also held on this day. When duties are not too pressing, these celebrations are usually carried on throughout the entire week, or until after New Year's day.

Spanish.

Central, Southern and Southwestern Texas have many persons of Spanish descent. The Spanish in Texas are divided into two classes, in relation to their methods of celebrating Christmas.

One class has the method of the Catholic Spanish and the other class the method used by the Protestant Spanish. The Protestant Mexican celebrates Christmas largely as do the Americans, due to the fact that he is largely under American teachers. Dr. David W. Carter, a retired Methodist missionary, now living in Georgetown, Texas, has two Mexican missions, one in Taylor and the other at Georgetown.

The children in the mission prepare a Christmas program of songs and recitations. A tree is put up and decorated only with what presents can be bought with a fund raised by popular subscriptions among the Mexican families, and those of the Americans who desire to contribute. No presents outside of these are put on the tree. The Spanish, as a rule, do not give many presents, very seldom hang up the stockings, or write letters to Santa Claus. The Christmas time is largely one of good cheer and feasting.

The Roman Catholic Christmas celebration is similar to the one staged in San Antonio every year. This is a beautiful play called the "Las Perlas," or "The Shepherds." It is a very skillfully run through with acting with the shepherds in the field, the visit of the angel, and on through the entire story of the birth of Jesus Christ. It is a story acted out instead of being told by the priest.

The Spanish section of San Antonio is, indeed, a beautiful sight on Christmas day. Much street decoration is used, feasting is unlimited, and good cheer prevails. Fireworks are indulged in.

(Continued on Page 5, Column 4.)

SANTA ANNA NEWS

SANTA ANNA, COLEMAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1924

NUMBER 51

"He Profits Most Who Serves Best"

AS OF LONG GO IN SANTA ANNA

(By Ollie Pearce)

Way back in the early Nineties it used to be the fashion in Santa Anna for each church to have its Christmas tree. The committees to serve in the decorating these trees were always composed of the best people of the town and there were always gifts for all old and young alike. What a rush for town when at a late hour the discovery was made and the secret passed on that one had been remembered and the donor had been neglected. At the eleventh hour a rush would be made on the fast diminishing stock of Christmas goods of Phillips and Mathews, or on Wofford Bros, these being the only stores in town. Generally by the time the Christmas trees were through with both stocks were almost gone, hardly enough left to take inventory and no income tax to pay either. Always there would be a few girls that would not be remembered, but the big hearted Charlie Rendleman was always ready with some special for these unfortunates if he found out there were no presents for them.

Methodist Church

Christmas exercises will be at the Methodist church Sunday morning before Christmas. They will consist of tabalaux, cantonades, songs, etc., on the history and the history and accounts of the church. This is the annual occasion of offering to our Orphans at West, and is the only of support that this great mission has except what they give themselves. Won't you bring a substantial offering, remember that "Inasmuch as we have done it unto one of my little ones ye have done it unto me."

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CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the good friends of Santa Anna and surrounding country, for the kindness shown during the illness and death of our beloved son and brother. May God's richest blessings be with you all is the prayer of
M. S. Lowe, Lawrence Lowe and family, Kit Casey and family, John Mellvain and family, R. Keeling and family, O. C. White and family, Hubert Lowe and family, R. D. Lowe and family, Travis Lowe and family.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Today was a very busy day for the Christian Church. The Bible School met at the usual hour, with a fair attendance. Then followed the communion and praise service, and the sermon. One good word came forward for membership at the close of the sermon "The Ever Enduring Name." At 2:30 the church was packed for the last sad rite of respect for the memory of Mr. E. O. Lowe. At 7:00 we had another service. The subject of the sermon at that hour being the statement made by Job: "I know that My Redeemer Liveth." Next Sunday we shall speak on this subject: "Rings and Pearls." You want to be there for a discussion. At night we will have another angelic service. We expect a number of members of the church to attend these services and feel disappointed when you do not come, but don't worry the ones who are there by complaining. It is your work and it is up to you to either make it a success or a failure. Which shall it be? The glad hand of welcome awaits you. Come.
A. L. Oder, minister.

LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS

Following is a list of letters that have been received and forwarded on to good Old Santa Claus, and we assure you that each request will be granted. We are somewhat disappointed that many little girls and boys overlooked this opportunity to write Santa Claus and tell him what they wanted for Christmas:

Dear Santa Claus:—
We are two little girls who don't want you to forget us Christmas.
I, (Lou Ellen), want a Mama doll, some candy, oranges, apples and nuts.
I, (Viola), want a Mama doll, some apples, oranges, candy and nuts.
Please don't forget our little brothers, Robert, Wayne, Alton, Earl and baby Loyd. Don't forget the poor little orphan children.
Your little friends,
Lou Ellen and Viola Carter.

Santa Anna, Texas, Dec. 9, 1924
Mr. Santa Claus,
North Pole.

Dear Santa Claus:—
Please bring me these things: A little blue table and two blue chairs, a blue set of dishes, a Japanese doll with clothes, Henry Bettis some clothes, a red sled, a tricycle, some nuts, candies, fruits, and especially dates. Thanking you I am your little friend, Frances Louise.

Dear Santa Claus:—
Please send me a wrist watch, a story book, a pair of house shoes.
From Ernestine Thames.

Santa Anna, Texas, Dec. 1, 1924
Dear Santa Claus:—
North Pole.

I would like for you to bring me a doll, some candy and nuts. Santa Claus I will thank you. Thelma Lowe, Santa Anna, Texas, Route 2, box 58.

Santa Anna, Texas, Dec. 1, 1924
Dear Santa Claus:—
North Pole.

I want you to bring me a cap pistol and some caps to shoot in it. Santa Claus I sure will thank you. With love,
Connie Lowe, Santa Anna, Texas, Route 2, box 58.

Brookesmith, Texas, Dec. 2, 1924
Dear Santa Claus:—

Please bring me a tricycle, as I am just crazy for one, and please bring me a book and some fruit, and please bring my little sister a red rocking chair and some fruit too. Lots of love to
Lalita Spencer, Brookesmith, Texas.

Santa Anna, Texas, Dec. 15, 1924
Dear Santa Claus:—

As it is almost Christmas I must haste, so you can get my letter, so you will know what to bring. Santa I want a little farm wagon, some roman-candles, toy pistol and caps, candy, nuts, apples, and oranges. Now Santa Claus don't disappoint me.
I am your little boy,
Atwell Parsons

Santa Anna, Texas, Dec. 15, 1924
Dear Santa Claus:—

I am writing you what I wish you would bring me Christmas. I want a Ma-ma doll, rocking chair, a story book, candy, nuts, apples and oranges.
I am your little girl,
Neta Lorraine Parsons.

The Beau-Not Club

Miss Fay Childers was hostess to the Beau-Not Club at the residence of Mrs. T. D. Moore on Thursday evening. There were sixteen present and the time was spent very pleasantly in playing 42. Refreshments consisting of sandwiches, hot chocolate and candy were served to the guests. Plate favors were little baskets tied with bows of yellow ribbon.

Life was not all push and hurry then and I doubt very much if the boys and girls of today get the real pleasure out of life as they did in those days.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Special Christmas Services.

At this glad season, when all the world is brighter because of the Christmas gladness, and vocal with high resolves for the New Year and all the days, let our steadfast purpose be to make the Christmas spirit universal—to carry the Angels Song of Glory, Peace and Good Will everywhere, so that its three notes may ever increasingly become the marching music in every realm of the earthly life. To this end we are going to have special services Sunday morning and night.

We have secured Mr. Dan Post of Brownwood to be here and assist in both services. Mr. Post is an Evangelist Singer, having been associated with two of the leading Evangelists of the state. With his help we can assure you of some real good singing. If you enjoy singing of the gospel come.

Sunday School at the set hour. We are looking for all of you Sunday. Remember the Christmas program Wednesday night, also the Christmas tree. A good program, lots of joy. Bring all the children.

The pastor will speak Sunday morning on a theme that will be in keeping with the season. Also Sunday night a special song service followed if it can be arranged by Mr. Post "A Song Semoh." You are all invited to attend these services.

S. F. Martin, pastor.

INTERMEDIATE B. Y. P. U.

Christmas Messages.

The First Christmas Message—Raymond Bays.

Christmas Hymn—Johnnie Pearce.

A Christmas Carol—Floyd Lackey.

A Christmas Thought—Nell Sue Neighbors.

Christmas Plans—Virginia Pieratt.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE COURT HOUSE

Deeds Filed For Record

Key O'Neal to W. H. O'Neal, Lots No. 5 and 6 in Block No. 6, in the townsite of Novice; \$600.

W. H. Lewellen to J. J. Lewellen, 76 acres of Block No. 17 of the Subdivision of the L. C. Manson Survey No. 80; \$3,800.00.

G. W. Jennings, Jr. to C. L. Hodge, 3-7.10 acres of Bonds and Sanders Survey No. 81; \$500.00.

D. L. Snodgrass, Guardian, to J. M. Rockwell; 5.6 undivided interest in Southwest 1-4 of Block No. 15, Phillip's Addition No. 2 to Coleman; \$937.50.

D. L. Snodgrass to J. M. Rockwell, Southwest 1-4 of Block No. 15, Phillip's Addition No. 2, to Coleman; \$10.00.

William M. Rice to Louis Newman, 92 1-2 acres of Bonds and Sanders Survey No. 91; \$3,700.

W. O. Brown to W. M. Taber, 121.4 acres of E. T. R. R. Co., Sec. No. 108; \$4,840.00.

W. H. Stephens to R. V. Sanders, 107 acres of Isaac Jacques Survey No. 284 and 44 1-2 acres of Coleman County School Land Survey No. 91, \$4,545.00.

J. R. Pearce to R. L. Hunter et al, 283.3 acres of Bradford Fowler Survey No. 492, and 100 acres of Bradford Fowler Survey No. 493; \$28,575.00.

Moritz Hanke to W. E. Edger-ton, 125x125 feet out of the N. W. corner of Block No. 9, Clow's Second Addition to Coleman, \$2,500.00.

J. W. Gates to T. J. Allen, 203 acres of G. H. & H. R. R. Co., Survey No. 860 \$6,050.00.

Geo. Onslow et al to R. C. Chambers, Trustee, Lot No. 2 and 25x125 feet off North side of Lot No. 3 in Block No. 41, town of Coleman; \$1,500.00.

Clay M. Leeper to J. M. Rockwell, Southwest 1-4 of Block No. 5, Phillip's Addition to Coleman; \$3,000.00.

Mary Elizabeth Gibson to J. M. Rockwell, Southwest 1-4 of Block No. 5, Phillip's Addition to Cole-

ELDER LOWE BURIED IN SANTA ANNA SUNDAY

The relatives and friends of Elder Lowe were saddened by the news of his death last Friday.

Deceased was being treated in a hospital at Marlin, and his condition was thought to be fairly good last week, when he suffered a stroke of paralysis, and death was the result.

Elder was born March 7, 1883, the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Lowe, the latter passing into the great beyond some three years ago. He was single, but leaves a large circle of family ties and many friends. His remains were laid to rest in the Santa Anna Cemetery Sunday afternoon, following the funeral services at the Christian Church, conducted by Pastor Oder.

The News joins other friends in extending sympathy to the bereaved.

Do your shopping now.

Marriage License Issued:

Mr. Meda Bishop and Miss Lola Lee Lane.

Mr. John C. Slack and Miss Eva Mae Parsons.

Mr. C. J. McQueen and Miss Opal Miller.

Mr. J. M. Stewardson and Miss Willie B. Scarborough.

Births Reported:

To Mr. and Mrs. James S. Lawes, Glen Cove, boy.

What to Give
?
Where to Buy
?
"Gifts That Last"
Mrs. Comer Blue

TODAY'S WORLD TOPICS

Total Eclipse of the Sun

When the sun rises in Northern Minnesota, northeast of Red Lake on the morning of January 24, 1925, its disk will be covered by that of the moon, passing directly between earth and sun. The shadow will sweep, in path 100 miles wide, east and south across the Great Lakes, Northern Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut and Rhode Island, leaving North America finally at Nantucket, then swinging northward and glancing off the earth between the Shetland and Faroe Islands at sunset. As the sun is blotted out, you behold a black disk radiating rays of light. Immediately outside the disk is a shallow rim of brilliant red, the Chromosphere, and outside that is the wonderful pearly white corona. Its light is so delicate that under all circumstances except the total eclipse it is invisible. In the brief moments astronomers must look hard and notice much. For possibly a month beforehand everything will have been rehearsed many times, like a fire drill or sham battle. At the last minute the procedure will go like clockwork, provided only the weather is clear. A United States army airplane will race the shadow of the moon nearly 400 miles across New York State during the eclipse for the purpose of taking photographs with a specially designed camera.

Chinese students in America form one of the largest single groups of foreign students now patrolling the halls of colleges and universities. Of the 1637 students from China in the United States last year, 300 were supported by Tsing Hua College in Peking. Six hundred and sixty-two students were maintained in their American quarters by scholarships provided by the Chinese Government, while more than 950 were self-supporting.

The Dawes family is coming to the front. Its most spectacular member, General Dawes, becomes vice-president of the United States on March 4th. He is

switching from business to public office. His brother, Henry, has just switched from public office to business; he has resigned as Comptroller of the Currency at Washington to become president of the Pure Oil Company. Another brother, B. G. Dawes, steps from the presidency to the chairmanship of the same company.

The Ford Motor Company is building an electric locomotive for the Toledo & Ironton railroad which will be the largest and most powerful in the world. It is 117 feet long, 10 wide and 15 high, and weighs 340 tons. It will have 16 pairs of driving wheels each actuated by a 250-horsepower motor and will draw a train of 150 coal laden cars at an average speed of 17 miles per hour.

Interstate Commerce Commission reports show that American railroads at the end of September had 1,801,296 persons employed and paid them a total compensation for that month of \$240,659,000, an average of about \$1722 per year. This seems to officially explode many theories as to high wages railroad employees are receiving because the figures are lower than most manufacturing industries are paying.

Get the Habit

An individual has noted a saying by a reliable money-maker on Wall street that "if a man can save systematically for five years, he will never quit. It will become a habit he cannot break." And then wisely remarks—"But the first four and a half years are the hardest."

Most failures in life are due to lack of power to adjust. Instead of spending a little time finding out how things are, and making his calculations to fit them, the man who never succeeds figures them out as he wants them and then wears himself out and keeps broke in vain effort to make them that way.

Co-operation put the unity in the community. Laughter has

the approval of the world. It is the sign of a merry heart, and according to an ancient authority: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

The French debt to the United States amounts to over \$4,000,000,000 of which \$723,000,000 is back interest. Mr. Mellon has called a conference of the World War Debt Commission to agree on some proposition to cancel the back interest, or reduce the principal as an inducement for France, and Italy to refund and pay their debts. The group of international bankers, who heretofore contended that the debts should be cancelled, now express the hope that if Germany pays as provided in the Dawes plan, then France has no excuse for not paying. But if Germany fails they say it would be impossible for France to live up to any agreement that might be made. In other words they want a conditional funding agreement.

Wanted to be Married.

Just before service the preacher was called to the vestibule to meet a couple who wanted to be married. He explained that there was not time for the ceremony then.

"But," he said, "if you will wait and be seated, I will give an opportunity at the end of the service for you to come forward and I will then perform the ceremony."

The couple agreed, and at the proper moment the clergyman said: "Will those who wish to be married in the holy bonds of matrimony please come forward?" Whereupon 13 women and one man proceeded to the altar.—Exchange.

The cost of holding the General Election in Coleman County this year was \$776.20. There were 3791 votes cast, and at that rate each vote that was cast, cost the county, approximately 20c each.

One of the joys of an old man is to tell the mean things he did when he was young.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Christmas Time--
of Happiness
Good Cheer

At this season of joy we come to you in the spirit of good will to express our good wishes for your happiness and from the depths of our heart to thank you for your loyalty to this business during the 12 months now drawing to a close.

Toward 1925 we look with pleasant anticipation in the hope that we may be afforded the opportunity of giving you full benefit of our program of better service and greater values.

Leeper-Curd Lumber Co.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

IN FRIENDLY APPRECIATION

Of Your Courtesies During
the Past Year
Accept Our Good wishes for
a Cheerful Christmas
and a Great and Lasting Prosperity
Throughout the New Year

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

"Service With a Smile"