

A Merry Christmas AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR



The Robert Lee Observer

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RELATIVE TO LOCAL CITIZENS BURIED

Mrs. R. L. Eaton, 72, of Blanton, died Tuesday morning of last week at a Brownwood hospital. Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. S. P. Yantis, Gustine, and Mrs. Willie Heppinstall, and three sons, Robert, Constance, Howard, Robert Lee, and Joe, Snyder. Joe Dodson of this place is a brother of the deceased.

Katie Sue Good was selected by the Lions Club Tuesday night as the club "Sweetheart." Fifteen members were present at the meeting to enjoy steak and waffle supper. Five members were selected to attend the District Lion meeting at Sonora Wednesday.

The Baptist W. M. S. met at the church Monday afternoon. Those taking part on the program were Mmes. Fred DeLashaw, W. J. Cumbie, G. C. Allen, R. Young, and B. M. Gramling. Other members present were Mmes. J. N. Adams, J. F. Hamilton, Houston Smith, and Miss Minnie Weathers.

Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor, Mrs. Kate Sayner and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Sayner were in Brady Sunday.

Miss Lucy Lowry of Bronte honored Miss Christine Glenn, who is to marry Bill Tom Roach Sunday, with a bridge party and waffle supper at her home Wednesday night of last week. Guests present were Charline Brown, Hyman Teague, Wilfred Gardner, Geraldine Bell, Virginia Yourgblood, Jean Keeley, Ruth Price, Buck Coleman, Laurice Good and Earl Eubanks.

Anderson Jewell and his brother, Marvin, of Brady went hunting in Mason County last week. Anderson entered the McCulough County Hog-Calling contest at Brady Sunday afternoon and won third place.

Miss Alta Bell Bilbo entertained the Arielett Club with a Christmas party Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Fish went to Brownwood Sunday to be at the bedside of Mr. Fish's sister, Mrs. Bertha Neeley. They returned home Monday.

Billy Craddock, a student at Texas Tech, is home to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Craddock.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Sayner of Oklahoma City visited Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor here Monday. Mr. Sayner is Mrs. Taylor's brother.



Holiday Greetings



"Merry Christmas . . .
Happy New Year . . ."

Throughout each of our homes, each of our neighborhoods, each of our towns, these glad wishes are making old hearts young — young hearts happy. And it is a time to be happy, too. . . . A time when our spiritual, mental and physical beings are uplifted . . . when there's a song in our hearts, a twinkle in our eyes, and a hearty grip in our hand for our fellowmen.



SANTA TO MAKE APPEARANCE CHRISTMAS EVE

Methodist W. M. S.

Mrs. G. F. Hester entertained the Methodist W. M. S. with a Christmas party Monday afternoon at her home. The group sang Christmas carols and Mrs. Marvin Simpson reviewed the book, "Reaching for the Stars." Gifts were then taken off of the tree.

Those present were Mmes. J. S. Craddock, J. T. Thetford, W. K. Simpson, Marvin Simpson, W. H. Bell, J. S. Gardner, Fred O. Green, G. T. Hester, Elza Wright, C. S. Brown, W. B. Clift, W. E. Wilbanks, Frank Kaeding, Hattie Day, J. K. Griffith, and F. C. Clark.

As a Christmas gift the court house yard has been sown with wild rye. By the way, this yard could be made into a beautiful park with little trouble and expense.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Complimenting her daughter, Charlene, on her tenth birthday anniversary, Mrs. Jim McCutchen entertained with a party Saturday afternoon in Mrs. Raymond McCutchen's home.

Games furnished diversion and all reported an enjoyable afternoon.

The hostess was assisted by Mrs. Raymond McCutchen and Miss Daisy McCutchen. Attending were Jo Ann Bilbo, Tommy Joy Denman, Dorothy McDorman, June Duncan, Alene Olson, Jack Snead, Billie Bert Duncan, D. J. Walker, Bobbie and Ronnie Baker and Charles Bessent.

F. C. Wojtek and son, Otto, made a business trip to Littlefield Tuesday.

Claud Martin of Houston is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Lizzie Davis.

J. D. Prewit, District Extension Agent for District Six, visited County Agent H. E. Smith Monday.

A Bible Study has been started at Sanco Community Church. It will be conducted at 3 o'clock every Sunday afternoon. Everyone is invited to attend.

COMMITTEEMEN ELECTED AT FARM MEET

R. B. Allen, Herman Carwile, Lem Cowley, and Jim Cobb are the newly elected Community Committeemen for the West Side of Coke County. The East Side Committeemen are W. C. Shamblin, Will J. Price, and D. K. Glenn.

The following have been selected to serve as the County Committee for 1940:

- G. N. Webb, Tennyson
- Henry Williams, Wildcat
- Clint Wilkins, Bronte
- R. B. Allen, Silver
- W. C. Shamblin, Blackwell

Baptist Notes

The Sunday School sustained a 27% increase in attendance last Sunday over any previous Sunday. Let us keep boosting and steadily climbing toward 100.

Our Christmas Pageant was well attended and well performed. May we take this means to again thank all those who took part in any way in the program.

Let us all remember to give Christ first place this Christmas.
Bro. DeLashaw

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Craddock attended the Christmas party at the Methodist Orphanage in Waco Tuesday night.

Bro. DeLashaw will preach at Silver on Fifth Sunday instead of the Fourth Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Peay of Rawley, Calif., are visiting in the Tom Peay home.

Butord and Tom Peay of Texas Tech are here to spend the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Peay.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Edwards presented their band and piano pupils in a recital at the home of Mrs. F. C. Clark Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Berniece Boyd of Brownwood has returned home after a few days visit with her aunt, Mrs. Lizzie Davis.

Look - Windmill and tower for sale at a bargain. If interested, see J. H. Walker.

It is a fine thing to believe that everything works out for the best in the end, but when one looks at world conditions it does seem that some lengthy detours are being taken.

The Self-Service Laundry will be closed Saturday and Monday, Dec. 23 & 26.

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS BY JOSEPH W. LaBINE

Rumania, Pressed on All Sides, Is Key State in Balkan Crisis; Berlin Peace Talk Heard Again

(EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper.)
Released by Western Newspaper Union.



RUMANIA FIGHTS OFF ENEMIES AND 'PROTECTORS'

Chances grew this month that pressure on Rumania from all sides may drive Europe's war into the Balkans, where a precarious peace still clings hopefully. Immediate sources of trouble are shown above. Not shown are longer-standing sources, namely, pressure on Rumania from Germany, on the one hand, and Britain and France on the other. Both want control of Rumanian oil and grain, but so, for that matter, do Russia and Italy. One Soviet step inside Rumania, however, would bring down the wrath of Italy, which demands that the Balkans be left severely alone.

DOMESTIC: America Abroad

There may have been some marked connection between U. S. politics and the state department's abrupt decision to censure Europe's belligerents. Then, again, Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy's return from London may have provided impetus. But while Republican strategists were debating the wisdom of attacking the administration's alleged pro-British stand and its failure to rebuke Russia for invading Finland, Secretary of State Cordell Hull acted swiftly.

Russia was warned the U. S. would hold Moscow responsible for damages to American interests growing out of its blockade of Finland. Since Americans are already barred from this area by the neutrality law, the warning was at best a slight wrist slap. Next Mr. Hull warned Britain that her new blockade of German

peasants across the heavily-mined no-man's land on the Karelian isthmus. (The French use pigs for the same purpose). Another report said Russian tanks advanced against Finnish lines running over the bodies of their wounded.

It was no picnic for the Reds, at any rate. Inexperienced in arctic warfare, they died by the hundreds as the Finns loosed snow avalanches, disabled scores of tanks with uncanny firing accuracy and rode to victory on skis against their ill-prepared adversaries.

Western War

Peace talk to the contrary, the allies' war against Germany became intensified as Britain clamped down her blockade of all Nazi exports. A Japanese freighter, which stubbornly threatened to sail with German goods from the Netherlands, suddenly changed its mind. On one "black Friday" 14 losses to British and neutral nations were revealed.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS: China to the Rescue

"It is for us to act in order that little people in distress will not be deceived." Thus spake Norway's Karl J. Hambro, new president of the League of Nations assembly, as he ascended the rostrum to open the league's greatest show—the trial of Russia for an attempt on Finland's life. Italy was gone; so was Germany. The Russian delegate, Jakob Surits, stayed at his hotel.

This left the league largely a group of democracies bound together in a last futile attempt to maintain peace by collective security. There were puppet stragglers like Lithuania and Latvia, but they could speak only in the assembly, not in the council which must vote unanimously in order to oust Russia. Strangely, sentiment for the ouster did not come from France and Britain (without whose support there would be no league), but from Latin-American nations who threatened to quit if the Soviet wasn't "punished." This drew the allies into line.

But at Russia's darkest hour she got help from an unexpected, though logical place. In the presence of British Foreign Under-Secretary Richard Austen Butler walked Dr. Wellington Koo, scholar ex-Chinese ambassador to the U. S., now that nation's league representative. Koo's announcement: China will not support the ouster. Reason (left unsaid): Russia alone remains as a source of supplies for China in her war against Japan.



JOE KENNEDY
His hand was visible.

exports "shall not cause interference with the legitimate trade of its (America's) nationals."

Joe Kennedy's hand was more visible in the next move. President Roosevelt told his press conference the ways were being sought to increase the use of American ships on routes abandoned by belligerents.

Climaxing the renewal of vigorous U. S. action abroad was establishment of a dummy Finnish-American Trading corporation, to be financed by \$10,000,000 in credits supplied by Jesse Jones' export-import bank.

THE WARS: Rumor Hath It—

A persistent but unconfirmed report popped up simultaneously in a half-dozen European capitals to the effect that Germany was willing to call off her war with the allies, joining hands in a four-power (France, Britain, Italy and Germany) drive against the Russian juggernaut.

Arctic War

Whether they were spreading propaganda or telling the truth, the Finns did a nice job of building up world hatred of the Soviets. One report said they were sending Polish



SECTY. BUTLER
China saved Russia.

NEWS QUIZ

Know your news? Perfect score is 100; deduct 20 points for each question you miss. Anything above 60 is acceptable.



1. The above man, former Russian revolutionary head and now an exile in Mexico, has agreed to testify before the Dies un-Americanism committee. What's his name?
2. Admiral James O. Richardson will take over Admiral Claude C. Bloch's job January 6. What's the job?
3. The father of Movie Actress Joan Crawford's ex-husband died recently. What was his name?
4. According to a Gallup poll, who would win if President Roosevelt ran for re-election against Thomas Dewey?
5. Who is Baron Carl Gustaf Emil Mannerheim, much in the news lately?

(Answers at bottom of column.)

POLITICS: Evangelist

Day after New York's District Attorney Tom Dewey opened his G. O. P. presidential drive in Minneapolis, America awoke to find itself in the middle of an election campaign.

Observers disliked impugning the motives of Attorney General Frank Murphy and his trust-busting assistant, Thurman Arnold, but they picked a strategic moment to open a graft crusade in Chicago which may end up by out-Deweying Tom Dewey's cleanup of New York. It was banded about that Frank Murphy, fired with an evangelist's spirit, would prefer continuing his campaign to taking a seat on the Supreme court. Thurman Arnold, tes-



FRANK MURPHY
Strategic moment?

tifying before the temporary national economic committee against federal price control, said he would like instead a 150-man trust-busting staff. At the same time the justice department announced its vote fraud inquiries would be extended into "other oppressed areas."

AGRICULTURE: Resolution

Closing its annual convention at Chicago, the American Farm Bureau federation passed an expected resolution. It demanded more and bigger farm benefits, financed by "such tax measures as may appear most feasible," to remove the "disparity between farm prices and industrial prices." No mention was made of the general manufacturers' sales tax which Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace suggested earlier as a means of making the farm program self-sufficient.

MISCELLANY: Rubber Sale

At Chicopee Falls, Mass., directors of the Fisk Rubber corporation agreed to take \$6,827,330 cash, plus 109,981 shares of stock for sale of their firm to the U. S. Rubber company.

News Quiz Answers

1. Leon Trotsky.
2. Chief of U. S. naval operations.
3. Douglas Fairbanks.
4. Roosevelt. Latest trial heat: Roosevelt, 54 per cent; Dewey, 46 per cent.
5. Finland's "George Washington," head of army and man for whom defense line is named.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Behind the Curtain"

YOU know, boys and girls, Old Lady Adventure has a funny way of sneaking up on a guy. Sometimes she comes up behind your back, and sometimes she drops on you from above. And there are times, too, when she comes walking right up to you from the front, and you don't try to get out of the way because she is in disguise and you don't recognize her.

That's the way it was with John Hoven, New York city. You know, John started his adventuring career as a sailor before the mast, and every sailor has half a dozen or more adventures to can tell you about. But the one John remembers best is his first one—a thrill he got in 1894, and still remembers.

It happened when John's ship called at the port of Lucar, Spain, to take on a cargo of lead. It was the 12th of November when they arrived there, but the weather was warm and balmy. In the evening, most of the crew went ashore to see the sights of the town, John went too—and that's when Old Lady Adventure walked up and grabbed him.

You know, I said that the old girl with the thrill bag sneaked up on John in disguise. She did. She came in the clothes customarily worn by another lady known to the world as Little Rosie Romance. And John never knew the difference until it was too late.

On their way into town, the sailors from the ship stopped to watch a group of Spanish señoritas and señors dancing their strange dances. John says he thinks the dance they were doing was the fandango. Anyway, it was the sort of dance in which a señorita who wants a new partner, just throws her shawl around the neck of some bird on the sidelines who looks good to her. John was standing pretty close to the platform where the dancing was going on, and the first thing you know a shawl was looped around his neck.

John Adds Fandango to His Accomplishments.

Now John says he never was much of a dancer, and fandango were way out of his class. But this girl was a beauty, and one look from her big round eyes had John feeling that he'd dance in a barroom red hot nails if it would please her any. "I got away with the



On that bed lay a dead man, his throat slashed, and blood dripping all over the floor.

somehow," he says, "and then she left the platform and motioned me to come along. She led me to a little cafe—a two-story building with a lot of tables and chairs out in the open and a big canopy sloping down the side of the wall. There was a big bay window above this canopy and a small side entrance led to the room above."

The girl led John into that side entrance. He followed her up the stairs and into a big room on the second floor. "She spoke to me in Spanish," John says, "but I couldn't understand a word. However, she said, 'Si, Si,' to everything she said. She smiled, and so did I. Then she opened a cupboard, brought out some wine glasses and an empty bottle and made a motion meaning that she was going to take the bottle and have it filled. Then she left the room."

John could hardly believe his luck. When the girl was gone he began to look around the room. There was an alcove at one end, with portiers drawn across it. He walked over and peeped through those curtains—and right there John got the shock of his life. In the alcove was a bed, and on that bed lay a dead man, his throat slashed, and blood dripping all over the floor!

"I felt a chill run up my spine," he says, "and for a minute I was stiff I couldn't move. I turned away from the grisly sight in the alcove and ran toward the door. I turned the knob, but the door didn't open. It was locked!"

John ran to the window—and what he saw there made his hair stand straight up on his head. Down below in the street was the girl, coming back—and with her were two big husky Spanish policemen. John says that thousands of thoughts ran through his head then, but the principal one was the realization that he was the victim of a frame-up. That girl had killed a man and was going to put the blame on him!

Says he: "I knew my only chance lay in getting out of that room. The girl and the policemen were almost to the door now. I waited until they were all in the hallway, and then I threw open the window. They would be opening the door of the room at any moment, and I had to hurry. Swiftly climbing through the window, I slid down the curtain below it."

John Finds Dagger in Coat Pocket.

"It was only a drop of about ten feet to the ground, and the more I felt earth under my feet I ran like a deer for the waterfront. I reached it all out of breath, for I had never stopped running the entire distance of almost a mile. I went aboard ship and sneaked below. Out in the fore-castle I stopped to catch my breath again. I was still shaking like a leaf. I started to remove my coat and felt something in my pocket. I took it out. It was a double-edged dagger, about eight inches long, with a hollow groove in the middle."

Just another link in the chain of evidence against John. The girl had planted that knife in his pocket to make the case against him all the stronger. He hid the thing under his mattress and tried to calm his jumpy nerves. And just then one of John's ship mates came into the fore-castle. "Say, what's the matter with you?" he wanted to know. "You look pale as a ghost, and I see you running."

Well sir, John says he knew he could trust this pal of his and he blurted out the whole story. And his shipmate laughed. "Why," he said, "you just fell for an old swindle. I thought it had been played on you long ago in these parts. That was only a dummy you saw in the room, and the blood was probably catsup or something. The police were taking me and all they wanted to do was make you give them all your money and keep them quiet. Don't play around with any of those Spanish señoritas. You're playing with fire if you do."

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

THE GIFT WIFE . . .

By RUPERT HUGHES

o RUPERT HUGHES—WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER IX—Continued

—11—

mustered energy enough to

kind of dark—and these isn't any too safe for a I walk weel' you," said

"to the landing-place where the Golden Horn boat—all me as the Coney Island boat. How many tam I gone there my pretty—my pretty Nayima? She is dance there one sum-

When I sit weel' her some those other passengers make because Nayima is weel' mil. The rubbernecks is stare three tam I tweest those rubbernecks till they let me alone.

the Osmanli wants to keel our who dares so much as look Osmanli lady. I theenk the is a jacksass.

ne-by we goin' to come to— you call, the lock-up, cala- yes! There is put the thieves. Allers, the bad men. Today is also in the cooler an Osmanli very nice family, but she loves meek. It is terrible theng to a Greek, but maybe she don't. help it. She say she goin' to my him. The police arrests the and the girl also too, for it great crime, such a marrying.

they take the bad girl and the ar to the jail, and they are goin' they them to be tried. But the— do you say?—the mob does not dance in a barn.

"Keel the gjaour. Keel the useless girl."

ne-by some soldiers come and the mob away. But maybe nob comes back. Me, I should weesh to be that girl or that feller."

is was doubly shocking news to for it invaded his own recur-dreams of Miruma.

they were now descending a si- street whose dogs like prowling as only gave the loneliness a

of the murmurous silence rose a sound like waves tum- on distant shale. It was a ill-clamor mystified by dis-

Hafiz listened with lifted like a rhinoceros sniffing the or danger.

the mob is there again. ck!" And he was running with ned his buik had not implied. followed, stumbling over the e in the streets.

bonfire had been lighted in the re before the district police-sta- The windows were ragged with en glass. The door hung on a ured hinge. In the square, er the fire, a man and a woman r struggling within a tangle of thirsty fiends who clutched at a, struck at them with clubs, ashed with knives.

Hafiz groaned: "The mob is get ee. That is the Greek—that e girl."

the crowd boiled and sworled like s choked with debris.

ged by the lure of horror and Hafiz moved slowly down ill. They saw the Greek, fight- like another Leonidas against sish horde, sink under a smoth- of enemies, only to reappear ed, bleeding, but fighting on. girl's plight was more ugly, for had none of the mad exultance e death struggle of man against r. Hers was the odium of be- torn to pieces and of dying in ed shame.

atching talons tore her hair —her veil had long since been away. Jebb could look no long- He dashed forward and hurled elf into the maelstrom, yelling, ng, striking right and left with fists.

ough he was too frantically des- ate to know it, alongside went e Mustafa, bellowing like a bull gging a pack of wolves.

men on the outskirts of the ng took the newcomers at first e only zealots like themselves, ng forward to the always holy e of sticking a knife into an in- But their progress was too ous to be long misunderstood; z and Jebb had hardly pierced outer shell of the mob when the rose that they were themselves els to the rescue of infidels.

now knives were turned their and bloodthirsty fanatics ringed a round, forgetting for a moment ous young lovers, who, unsupported their enemies, fell to the cob- to be trampled underfoot.

he huddle was beginning to mum- threateningly and to brandish and knives in Hafiz' courageous

face, when the ragged noises were stirred by a noise with a rhythm and regularity to it. It meant soldiers.

Without delay the mob stampeded outwards and was dissipated in the dark alleyways. When the patrol debouched on the square, the tenuous moonlight showed only two men erect, and two figures on the ground, one very still, one writhing.

Jebb paid no attention to the officers, but knelt by the side of the girl whose wounds he examined with a certainty that proclaimed him a physician. Hafiz interpreted, and he soon had the patrol so busy on his errands that it forgot its main purpose.

After a while of Jebb's ministrations the bruised lips began to murmur. Jebb bent close and heard, but could not understand. He beckoned Hafiz to kneel by him and the wrestler explained:

"She wants to die in her lover's arms."

But the body of the young Greek had been carried away, and she died alone, slowly, with anguish of body, of heart, and of soul.

When she was quite dead, Hafiz murmured to Jebb that unless he vanished he would be detailed indef-



Bulged into the smoking compartment.

initely as a witness in the trials that would result from the riot. Waiting the proper instant, he dragged Jebb up a steep street, down another, and so on and on till they reached the steamer landing. But the last boat had gone. With some trouble Hafiz found a kaik, and in this water-hansom Jebb sped down the Golden Horn among the slumberous ships. He thought of Miruma and felt that she was as far from his reach as the crescent still regent in the sky.

And then he realized that he had lost the Gladstone bag once more.

CHAPTER X

By the time Jebb reached his hotel it was so late and he so exhausted that neither remorse nor anxiety could beat off sleep. He woke late the next morning luxuriously refreshed till he realized that he had backslidden to where he started. What little he had found he had lost again.

He was very glum over his coffee and eggs when there was an eclipse of the light and the huge orb of Hafiz Mustafa rose before him and with a gelatinous laugh set the Gladstone bag on the table.

Jebb threw his arms around the monster as far as they went, and cried:

"How in heaven did you find it? How in—how on earth did you find me?"

Hafiz indulged in a little self-congratulation.

"I'm a wise guy, all right, all right, huh? As the boat pulls out I see you have not the Gladstone. I go back and I say to myself, 'If he loses it in the square, somebody has swipe it. If he loses it on the hill where he feerst started to run, it may be there.' I go round and round and finally it is there waiting in a dark street—in the middle of the street. I remember you say you stop here, so here I come so early as I can make it."

The only return he would accept for his trouble was a cup of coffee.

There was nothing to keep Jebb in Constantinople now, except the necessity of finding where to go next.

Then he took a closed araba to the offices of the Austro-Hungarian Lloyd to inquire when the next boat went.

"The next boat she is just waiting now," said a fezzed clerk, pointing to the steamer already gliding from her mooring.

There would not be another until the following Saturday. Jebb was tempted to leap overboard and swim after it. He was restrained by a realization that he could not swim.

The next morning, Sunday, he was so desperate that he went to church—the Episcopal chapel of the British embassy not far from his hotel. After the service he sauntered in the park of the Petits Champs and sat at a table to watch the crowds pell-melling past. He ordered coffee as a payment for his seat.

Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder. It was so unexpected that he jumped as he turned. He glanced up into a grin entirely surrounded by red hair. He heard a voice which seemed also to grin. It said:

"Hello! how's electricity?"

Here was the answer to a riddle that had vexed him, and he was tempted to demand at once:

"Who are you? and what have I to do with electricity?"

But he had found it more profitable to listen than to disclose. All he said was:

"Sit down, old man, and have something to drink."

"I'd give a finger for a cocktail, but I suppose I'll have to take coffee."

Jebb was fermenting with questions but the stranger seemed content to watch the crowd and wait for the Kahveji to fill his cup.

Finally Jebb ventured:

"How do you like Constantinople by now?"

"Oh, I've always liked the old town. Not quite as lively as Chicago in some ways, livelier in others. I suppose you will stir things up a bit."

"Perhaps," said Jebb, still baffled.

"Funny old town, Constantinople, nearly as big as Philadelphia and older than all get-out, and not an electric light or trolley car in the whole village."

"It is funny."

"You'll change all that, eh? I suppose you've found the new Sultan a little more open to reason than the old, not so afraid of his people. Have you found it hard to get at the bosses?"

"Not very."

"I suppose there's the same hand out for graft here as everywhere else."

"Well, I haven't had any special trouble in that line," said Jebb, growing weary of fencing.

"You really think you'll pull it off?"

"I hope so."

"I don't suppose I'd dare ask whether you represent the General Electric or the Independents."

"That would be telling."

"I judged from your talk on the steamer that you were acting pretty much on your own."

"Yes," was all Jebb dared to say, his mind taking a new whirl at the word "steamer."

"I judged from your talk, Mr. Pierpont, that you had enough capital in your jeans to dazzle the city fathers here."

Jebb's heart sickened. So this was more of Pierpont's brag.

"I suppose when you go back you'll go by land. Those Austrian Lloyd steamers pitch and toss atrociously, and the 'Franz Josef' is the worst of them all. I've got used to it, but you seemed terribly unhappy."

Jebb laughed, as much as to confess. And the man went on:

"Yes, when you got on at Trieste I said to my wife, 'I'll bet that fellow has a sad voyage.' You looked sort of greenery-yellow and off your feed."

"I wasn't in the best of health."

"You're all right now, though. I judge. That's the effect of a few weeks in Constantinople. She's a great old town in spring, eh?"

"She certainly is. By the way, did you notice how the little girl was?"

"What little girl?"

"The one I had with me at Trieste."

"You didn't have anybody with you. I noticed specially, because

they were just pulling the gangplank in when you jumped for it."

Jebb's heart lurched, but he kept a rigid face.

"Oh, of course, the little girl wasn't with me at that time. Have some more coffee."

"No, thanks, I must get back to the hotel. I'll be mighty glad when you get your electric plant installed. The lighting of this town is something fierce. You'll make a fortune if you'll rig up a crescent-shaped bulb. That's the favorite design for their illuminations. Well, so long, see you again, Mr. Pierpont."

"So long—old man."

He must learn at once just where Trieste was, and what was the quickest way of getting there.

Hoping that some word from Miruma waited him in Vienna, Jebb telegraphed the Union Bank to forward his mail to the American consulate in Trieste.

Leaving Constantinople the train retraced for many miles the same rails he had taken from Salonica.

It was strangely comforting just to be in motion. Whatever awaited Jebb at his destination, at least he had a destination, and the swift flight of the express was exhilarant.

He breakfasted his way out of Bulgaria into Servia, and prepared to stretch his legs at the next stop. It proved to be—Nish!

The word came with a shock, sending him back to his first awakening in Turkey and the first sound of this barbaric word on an ear that found "Uskub" equally harsh. And now somehow through the mellow enchantment of memory, the word Uskub always fell with music on his senses.

Late afternoon brought Belgrade on the scene. Here a new passenger got aboard and bulged into the smoking compartment with the crass aggressiveness of the worst type of traveler. He made himself nasally audible. He behaved like a crowd.

"Whew!" he began, "but these foreigners are a pack of damned scoundrels and fools. It's tip, tip, tip all day long, everywhere you turn there's a palm up. You're an American, too, eh?" Jebb nodded. "My name's Ludlam, Charles Ludlam."

"How are you?" said Jebb.

"Goin' far?"

"I change at Budapest," was all Jebb answered. Silence seemed to be intolerable to Mr. Ludlam.

"Where'd you get on?"

"Constantinople."

"Awful hole! Can't stand the Turks. Servians are had enough. Been hunting there. Those woods are full of bear and wild boar. Had some great times with 'em. They're great sport and bully good to eat."

"You eat them?" Jebb exclaimed rather than asked, and wanted to add: "You cannibal!"

"You bet. But sport is only a diversion with me. I'm interested in the prune market. They raise an A-1 prune here. Are you fond of prunes?"

"I prescribe them sometimes," said Jebb.

"Oh, you're a doctor, eh?" Jebb was angry at letting slip even that information.

"Great food, great medicine," he said: "I've got a sample or two in my suit-case."

And nothing would do but that Jebb should test his wares.

"Talk about your undeveloped American resources, doctor," Ludlam rattled on like an encyclopedia that must disgorge its load. "The true field for Americans is over here. I'm making a specialty of this country. The silk industry, for instance; they make silk rugs by hand here. I'm importing machinery, building a factory. Been working mighty hard. Now I'm going home for a spell—combine business with pleasure. Going to stop off at Munich and see my sister Jennie. Goin' to surprise her. Haven't seen her for months and months. She'll be tickled to death to see me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Just a Bit Heavy

Max Silverstein entertained eight guests in his New York home, fried pancakes for them. The guests thought the products of Max's culinary art a little tough, and Max, who ate nine of the pancakes, conceded they weren't as good as usual. During the night Max and his guests developed internal qualms, sent for a physician. After examining his patients, the canny doctor looked around the kitchen, discovered Max had mistakenly used plaster of paris instead of pancake flour.

Smiles

A Wide Yard?

Rufus was proudly sporting a new shirt when a friend asked: "How many yards do it take to make a shirt like dat one, Rufus?"

"Well, suh," replied Rufus, "Ah got two shirts like this out'n one yard last night."

Might Need Several

Doctor—You should take a bath before you retire.

Patient—But, doctor, I don't expect to retire for another five years.

ON THE GO

He—I'm wondering what the young women are coming to.

She—And we're always wondering where we are going.

His Trouble

Johnny had been asked by his hostess to have a second piece of cake and had declined.

"Suffering from loss of appetite?" she asked.

"No," replied Johnny, "from politeness."

Helpful Squall

"This is a wonderful cake, darling."

"Yes. Cook made it for the milkman, but they quarreled this morning."



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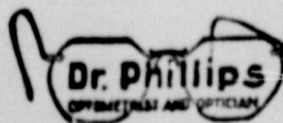
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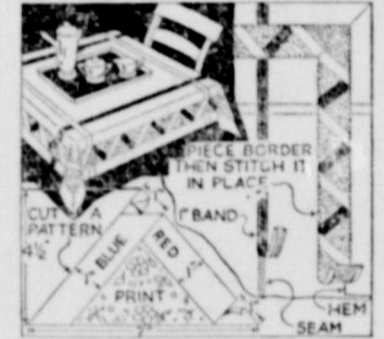
Read the labels on canned foods. Many tell the number of slices contained in the can. Others give additional useful information about the contents.

About Grapefruit.—A soft, discolored area at the stem end of a grapefruit indicates decay and decay, even in one small spot, will affect the flavor of the whole fruit.

Milk will not scorch or stick to the pan when boiling it if the saucepan is rinsed with boiling water just prior to putting in the milk.

Patchwork Border For Luncheon Cloth

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS
THE new uses for crazypatch stitches in Sewing Book 3 have aroused so much interest that it set us to thinking of smart new ways to use pieced quilt block designs. This border pieced of small patterned cotton prints of all kinds and colors put together with red and blue strips is the result. It is very striking and decorative for lunch cloth shown here which, by the way, is made of unbleached muslin bags. The seams where the bags are joined to make the cloth the desired size



are covered with straight 1-inch bands of the red and blue material as shown at the right.
The diagram at the lower left shows you how to make a pattern for the blue, red and print pieces. Cut a triangle of stiff paper 4½ inches high and 7 inches wide at the base. Mark the blue strip 1 inch wide along the left edge as shown and then the red strip joining it on the right edge. Now cut away the top and lower right corners as shown. Cut the red, blue and print sections apart and use them for patterns in cutting the fabric pieces adding ¼-inch seam at all edges.

NOTE: Readers who are now using Sewing Books No. 1, 2 and 3 will be happy to learn that No. 4 is ready for mailing; as well as the 10-cent editions of No. 1, 2 and 3. Mrs. Spears has just made quilt block patterns for three designs selected from her favorite Early American quilts. You may have these patterns FREE with your order for four books. Price of books—10 cents each postpaid. Set of three quilt block patterns without books—10 cents. Send orders to Mrs. Spears, Drawer 10, Bedford Hills, New York.

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It is not permitted to the most equitable of men to be a judge in his own cause.—Blaise Pascal.

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WHEN you see the specials of our merchants announced in the columns of this paper you can depend on them. They mean bargains for you.
● They are offered by merchants who are not afraid to announce their prices or the quality of the merchandise they offer.

CHRISTMAS CROSS-INDEXED

| COUNTRY | SANTA CLAUS | MERRY CHRISTMAS | HAPPY NEW YEAR |
|---------|--|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| FRANCE | Pere Noel | Joyeux Noel! | Bonne Annee! |
| SPAIN | Three Wise Men: Melchor, Gaspar and Baltazar | Feliz Pascua | Feliz Ano Nuevo! |
| ITALY | La Befana | Buon Natale | Buon Capo d'Anno |
| SWEDEN | Jultomte | God Jul | God Nytt Ar |
| NORWAY | Julenissen | Gladlig Jul | Godt Nytt Aar |
| GERMANY | Sankt Nicholas | Froehliche Weihnachten | Ein Glueckliches Neues Jahr |
| HOLLAND | Sint Nicolaas | Pleizierig Kerstfeest | Gelukkie Nieuwjaar |

Well . . . What's Holdin' Him Up?



All ready for bed, these inquisitive young men don't believe what most boys and girls know—that Santa Claus is not only a very busy fellow but that he usually comes when nobody's watching.

Hide Away Extra Toys So You'll Have Reserve For 'Indoor' Days Later

Most children are flooded with so many toys on Christmas day that they're positively bewildered and therefore jump from one plaything to another uncertainly. This is why so many child experts recommend that mothers take away and store out of sight certain of the youngsters' new possessions. When a spell of bad weather comes later to



Too many toys confuse the child.
keep the children in the house, bring out one or more of the toys in this reserve supply. Or do it when you have spec. company of your own and want to be sure of peace and quiet. There are two reasons for this. First, children enjoy playing intensively with a few things than being "snowed under" with too many gifts. In the second place, some of the toys they receive at Christmas time may be too complicated for their age.

HOLIDAY HINTS for HOUSEWIVES

HOLIDAY cookies and cakes in which honey is used need about two weeks for ripening. They improve with age, provided, of course, they are stored in covered jars in a cool place.

Apples stuffed with mincemeat and baked make a delicious winter dessert. Wash, peel and core the apples and stuff them an inch from the top. Bake as usual. Lemon sauce goes well with this combination.

To make your holiday popovers really pop over, be sure to have the baking pans well greased and very hot. The pans should "sizzle" when you quickly touch them with fingers dipped in cold water.

Watch Your Weather During Christmas Day!

Remember these old superstitions about Christmas weather:
If the sun shines through the apple tree on Christmas day, there will be a good crop the following year.
If ice will bear a man before Christmas, it will not bear a mouse afterward.
Thunder and lightning Christmas week means much snow the rest of the winter.
Wet causes more damage than frost before than after Christmas.
If it snows Christmas night, the crop will be good next year.
At Christmas meadows green, at Easter covered with frost.
If windy Christmas day, trees will bear much fruit.
Christmas wet gives empty granary and barrel.
A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard.
A warm Christmas, a cold Easter.

Salvation Lassies Retain Yule Spirit Of Founder Booth

Christmas will be happier for thousands of homeless people this year because Catherine and William Booth carried the torch of evangelism from their New Connexion church in England in 1861 and started the Salvation Army. Today that torch is being carried by the second Booth to succeed the founder, Gen. Evangeline Booth, who in turn succeeded Bramwell Booth in 1934.



So familiar at Christmas time, the Salvation Army's group singing on street corners and "boiling kettles" for which contributions are solicited, had their beginning in the youthful reformer of 19 who was almost stoned to death preaching in slums and denouncing "rum." Penniless and with four children, the Booths worked tirelessly in London amid taunts of critics, yet old General Booth lived to banter with jovial King Edward and be consulted by heads of European governments.
He also lived to see the Salvation Army become better established in the United States than in England, to see it acquire banks, insurance companies, factories, public houses, farms, hospitals and cadet schools, all the outgrowth of the "expeditionary" force of seven lassies sent here in 1880 under George Scott Railson.

Christmas Play
By Katherine Edelman

THE town hall was wreathed with holly and mistletoe. Bright red bells hung from the old-fashioned chandeliers. Christmas candles sent their soft glow into the night. The whole place cried out welcome to the crowd who thronged through the doors.
By eight o'clock every seat was occupied. Small gossip and murmurs of expectancy ran through the crowd. The little town was proud of the boy who was taking the leading part in the play. They had known Ted Rawlings all their lives. Known him as an easy-going lad, interested in nothing more than fishing and hunting around the country, and later as an astonishingly changed ambitious fellow. No one seemed to understand how the quick transition occurred.
All eyes turned to the stage as the heavy curtain rolled upward. Three hundred pairs of eyes fastened themselves upon the moving, speaking figures. "Isn't Ted wonderful," young girls whispered breathlessly to each other. Between acts, thun-



"Ted, you were perfectly wonderful," Sally was saying.
derous bursts of applause filled the room. Hands clapped with vehemence. Small boys made their approval known by shrill whistling.
Ted carried the audience with him, every step of the way. He seemed to enter, to merge himself completely in the character he portrayed. His make-believe was so intense in the last act, that there was a deep silence for a moment when the final curtain fell.

FOR the time it was no make-believe to Ted. He was living again all the agony of parting, of seeing Sally Howard go away without a word. He had been sure until her train pulled out that she would come and say how sorry she was for the bitter, reproachful words she had hurled at him. Words that had left their mark upon his soul—that had stung him into a mad, ambitious desire to show her what he could do.

He found no real satisfaction in the tumultuous applause that followed. In this hour of his triumph, his heart cried out for Sally. If only she was here! If only she had cared! He scarcely knew what he was saying in answer to the lavish congratulations.

Suddenly small hands pressed tightly around his arm, and a remembered voice spoke in his ear. "Ted, you were perfectly wonderful," Sally was saying, "wonderful, wonderful. I'm so proud—so proud of you."

"But, Sally, I don't understand. I thought you were in New York."
"I was, until last night. I've been keeping track of you. I knew all about the play, and—and the way you have been working lately. I wouldn't have missed this for anything in the world."
"But the things you said, Sally? They hurt—they still do."

"I wanted them to hurt, Ted. I know—I know it was cruel, but there seemed no other way. Someone had to give you the right kind of push to get you going. You know you were really lazy? But now, well, you've really put on speed."

"Nothing like the speed I'm going to show in getting ready for a Christmas wedding. There's just two days left. We've got to make it a really big event. Let's give out the announcement now—while the crowd is still in the hall."

The First Santa Claus
The first Santa Claus was St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, who started mysterious midnight gift-bearing journeys. In the Fourth century he was famous because he was a rich man who enjoyed giving secret gifts to the poor. One of his tricks was to throw purses of gold into cottage windows and run away.

Pamela's Enthusiasm Was Wasted on John
John felt that he could ask Pamela to be his wife. True, he loved her as he never loved anyone else before, but then she was an angel, which he had many little weaknesses, which no angel would ever approach. Pamela, on the other hand, spent her time thinking that it was high time John popped the question!
One night he came to the point. "Pamela, Pamela," he began. "will you marry me?"
"You bet," she replied bravely. "I know, darling," he answered, ashamed. "But if you'll only say 'Yes,' I'll promise never to love another horse!"

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At your local drug store.

Limit to Speed?
It is unlikely that airplanes will ever exceed a speed of 600 miles per hour, for at that speed—80 per cent of the speed of sound—the resistance of the air could be counteracted by increased engine power. These were among the suggestions put forward at a British association meeting recently.

Ever since the original Wright machine reached the speed of 60 m. p. h. in 1903, air speed has steadily mounted, as engines increased in power, and air shapes in streamlining. The present record is 469 m. p. h. Probably no man could probably reach speeds far greater than 600 m. p. h., but however engines and aircraft designs are improved, it seems likely that Nature herself will impose the ultimate speed limit.

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Of all joys nothing brings joy than friendship, and the joyful part of friendship is to talk together among friends—Nal-an.

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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I have an awful memory. It comes in handy though — had a dentist date today and I forgot to go!



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Pattern 6300.

to show it. Pattern 6300 gains a transfer pattern of 16 motifs ranging from 2 1/4 by 2 1/4 to 2 1/2 by 8 inches; materials needed; color schemes. Obtain this pattern, send 15 cents to The Sewing Circle, School Arts Dept., 259 West St., New York, N. Y. Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Women as Hikers

Women are the world's greatest hikers — and walkers. Many common-place actions of their daives are startling when calculated in figures.

The average housewife walks 5,000 miles per year "pottering about the house," according to statistics compiled by researchers in an effort to ascertain how many women suffer from aches and flat feet. The housewife's daily average is 23,000 steps, which works out at about 13 miles. Converted into terms of a life-time, the average housewife walks approximately 200,000 miles about her abode.

666 relieves misery of Colds fast! TABLETS VE-NOSE DROPS

Worthy Action: That day lost, whose low hanging sun views from thy word no worthy action done.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste. Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But when they become sluggish, they allow poisons to accumulate in the body.

DOANS PILLS

Household News By Eleanor Howe



FESTIVE TRIUMPH FOR CHILDREN'S PARTY (See Recipes Below)

Children Need Parties Too

With all the holiday festivities for grown folks and for older sisters and brothers, it's not strange that the youngest members of the family beg for a party, too!

Children's parties must be colorful, the entertainment simple, and the refreshments very light. If the party is to be a success (and why give one if it isn't?) the activities of the youngsters must be wisely directed from the moment they arrive, until they leave.

Choose, to direct the entertainment, the wisest, jolliest, child-loving adult you know. Plan games that are simple, and make sure that all the children are included. Remember, too, that children weary quickly of any one activity, so plan a variety of games and get the new one under way before interest in the old one vanishes.

Party refreshments, of course, must be geared to the age of the guests. If they are very young, it's a good idea to serve the feast at the end of the party, so that it takes the place of the regular evening meal.

Decorate the table with snapping crackers, colored balloons, and peppermint canes to give a really festive setting for the occasion.

When Five and Six-Year Olds Get Together

Special Peanut Butter Sandwiches Raw Carrot Strips Peppermint Stick Tapioca Cream Cocoa

Peppermint Stick Tapioca Cream. (Serves 8)

- 2 egg yolks 4 cups milk 1/2 cup quick-cooking tapioca 1/2 cup cinnamon candies, crushed peppermint sticks, or crushed clear fruit-flavored candies 1/4 teaspoon salt 2 egg whites

Mix egg yolk with small amount of milk in top of double boiler. Add quick-cooking tapioca, candies, salt and remaining milk. Place over rapidly boiling water and cook 10 to 12 minutes after water boils again, stirring frequently. Remove from fire. (Tapioca will be well distributed throughout, but mixture will be thin. Do not overcook.) Beat egg white until just stiff enough to hold shape. Fold hot tapioca mixture gradually into egg white. Cool—mixture thickens as it cools. Chill. Serve in sherbet glasses. Garnish with whipped cream and colored candies.

Orange Ice.

- 1 cup granulated sugar 2 cups water 1 teaspoon gelatin 1 tablespoon cold water 2 cups orange juice 2 tablespoons lemon juice 1 teaspoon lemon extract 1 teaspoon orange extract

Make a syrup of the sugar and water and boil for five minutes. Remove from fire and add gelatin, which has been softened in cold water. Stir until the gelatin is entirely dissolved and then add fruit juices and flavoring extracts, and pour into freezing tray of mechanical refrigerator. Turn cold control to lowest temperature for rapid freezing. Stir three times at half-hour intervals after the ice has begun to freeze. When almost frozen, place the mixture in a chilled bowl and beat with a rotary egg beater; then return to tray and complete the freezing.

Special Peanut Butter Sandwiches.

- (Makes 1 cup filling) 1 ripe banana 1 cup peanut butter 1/4 cup dates (cut fine) 1 teaspoon lemon juice

Mash banana with a fork and thoroughly blend in remaining ingredients. Use between slices of whole wheat bread.

Little Silver Cakes. 3/4 cup shortening 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar 2 3/4 cups cake flour 3 teaspoons baking powder 1/4 teaspoon salt 1 cup milk 1 teaspoon vanilla extract 4 egg whites

Cream the shortening, add the sugar, and beat well. Sift the flour, baking powder, and salt; add alternately with the milk and vanilla. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold into the cake. Bake in greased muffin tins in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for approximately 15 to 20 minutes.

Sugared Doughnuts.

- 4 eggs 1 cup sugar 4 tablespoons shortening (melted) 1 teaspoon vanilla extract 2 1/2 to 3 cups cake flour 1/2 teaspoon salt 3 teaspoons baking powder 1 teaspoon cinnamon

Beat the eggs until light. Add sugar slowly and continue beating until foamy. Add melted shortening and vanilla extract. Mix and sift two cups of flour and all the other dry ingredients and fold into the egg mixture. Add just enough more flour to make a soft dough which can be handled. Place on lightly floured board and roll dough out to 1/4-inch thickness. Cut, and fry in deep fat (370 degrees) and drain on unglazed paper.

Grilled Bacon Sandwiches.

Remove crusts from slices of bread and toast bread on one side only. Spread untoasted side with peanut butter and top with slices of bacon. Preheat broiler to 350 degrees. Place sandwiches on broiler rack, 3 1/2 inches from flame. Broil until bacon is crisp and brown, approximately 7 minutes. Serve very hot.

'V' Stands for Vegetables.

To be sure, we all know that vegetables in one form or another are an important part of the diet. But when you're confronted with the problem of getting Junior to eat his carrots, just how will you get around that? Next week I'll give you my suggestions for solving that particular problem. Be sure and watch for them in this column next week.

Have you sent for your leaflet of "Holiday Recipes," by Eleanor Howe? Plum puddings, cakes rich with fruit and nuts, cookies for all kinds of parties, and confections, too—you'll find recipes for all of these, in this specially compiled leaflet. Send 10 cents in coin to "Holiday Recipes," care of Eleanor Howe, 519 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and get your copy, now.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D., Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for December 24

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THE CHILD AND THE KINGDOM

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 1:18-25; 18:1-6; 19:13-15. GOLDEN TEXT—A little child shall lead them.—Isaiah 11:8.

The children's holiday! Yes, Christmas is the children's day of days, and it is also the day for those who have been "converted and become as little children" (Matt. 18:3). It is quite proper that it should be so, for Christmas really means nothing very significant except as we gather at Bethlehem's manger and there we find a child, the Christ-child. Those who come on the morrow to do homage to Him in the spirit of childlike faith will truly keep Christmas.

Let us then go first of all to Bethlehem, and there having seen the One who "became flesh and dwelt among us" as a little child, we shall be ready to go on and learn from Him what a blessed example, responsibility, and opportunity there is in the childhood which we see all around us.

I. The Child—Jesus Our Saviour (Matt. 1:18-25).

The virgin mother Mary "brought forth her firstborn son" and "called his name Jesus"—the one who should "save his people from their sins" (vv. 21, 25). In order that He might be the Saviour, He had to be both God and man. This could only be true as God sent His own only-begotten Son into the world by giving to Him a human mother in whom He as the eternal Son of God was "conceived by the Holy Ghost" (as we express it in the creed) and became the Son of Man.

For anyone who believes that God has all power and all wisdom to do what He wills and as He wills, and who further believes that Christ was pre-existent as the Son of God before His incarnation, there is no difficulty in believing in the virgin birth. In fact, no other manner of incarnation would have been possible. It necessarily follows that the one who denies the virgin birth of Christ thereby declares that He does not believe in the God of the Scriptures and in Jesus Christ His Son our Lord.

II. The Child—Our Example (18:1-4).

The disciples had been having a discussion about who was to be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. This was not because they desired their brothers' advancement, for each one wanted to be the greatest (Luke 9:46).

Jesus frankly told them that they needed a real change of heart, a conversion. True greatness is not a matter of worldly position or ambition, but of a childlike humility. Such an idea was absolutely revolutionary in the day of Jesus, and in fact sounds unbelievable to the worldly man today. But it is nonetheless true that the great man or woman is the one who knows and recognizes himself to be utterly dependent on God in every moment, every circumstance, every trial, and in every opportunity of life. We need to learn of our children.

III. The Child—Our Responsibility (18:5, 6).

These awful, solemn words should be considered with great care. What a terrible judgment awaits those who cause little ones to stumble by reason of their false teaching, their failure to bring God's Word to bear upon their lives, improper discipline in the home, or the influence of a bad example.

IV. The Child—Our Opportunity (19:13-15).

Jesus knew the real value of a child and His loving heart reached out to invite the children to come unto Him in love, in obedience, and in trust. When they came, He never failed to bless them.

The glorious thing is that we are privileged to thus bring little children to Him. Someone may say, "Jesus is no longer on earth, I cannot take my child to him." Jesus is not here in the flesh, but He is here ever present with His children. You can bring your child to Him, for the coming which He has in mind in these verses is not in any physical sense but rather spiritual. The parents who teach their little ones about the birth of Christ on this Christmas day have brought them to Him. Every word of instruction, every encouragement to pray, every example of devotion to Christ which the child may follow is the true bringing of that child to Him.

QUICK QUOTES

SUCCESSFUL DEMOCRACY "THE chief problem of democracy, if it is to be successful and continuing, is the moral education and guidance of the individual, and not the suppression of the individual in the supposed interest of some mass or group."—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University.

Unforgivable Hypocrisy

The only vice that cannot be forgiven is hypocrisy. The repentance of a hypocrite is itself hypocritical.—Hazlitt.

MY P.A. MAKIN'S CIGARETTES ARE SO EASY ON THE TONGUE... SO MILD, YET RICH AND TASTY TOO. OF COURSE P.A. SMOKES COOLER!

A HINT FOR MORE JOY IN YOUR "MAKIN'S" SMOKES

In recent laboratory "smoking bowl" tests, PRINCE ALBERT burned

86 DEGREES COOLER

than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested... coolest of all!

IS THERE a difference, I "makin's" fans, in the COOLER-SMOKING TOBACCO — Prince Albert? Try it for rich taste, without parching excess smoking heat! P.A.'s choice, fully ripened tobaccos are "no-bite" treated — smoke full-bodied, yet easier on the tongue! Prince Albert pours right, rolls faster, draws better. That famous P.A. "crimp cut" is right to home in "makin's" papers. Get Prince Albert today. (So mild in pipes too!)

PRINCE ALBERT 70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy tin of Prince Albert

Prince Albert THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Let the Ads Guide Your Shopping Tour

ALAMO THEATRE

ROBERT LEE, TEXAS

Motion Pictures Are Always Good Entertainment.

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, December 22nd and 23rd

WARNER BAXTER In

"THE RETURN OF THE CISCO KID"

with Cesar Romero & Henry Hull

Comedy & Movietone News

SUNDAY, 1:30, Matinee & MONDAY, Dec. 24th & 25th

GARY COOPER In

"BEAU GESTE"

with Ray Milland, Bryan Donlevy, & a cast of a thousand

Also Comedy & Latest News

WEDNESDAY ONLY, (?) Dec. 27th

Ann Sheridan & The Dead End Kids In

"ANGELS WASH THEIR FACES"

with Bonita Granville & Ronald Reagan

Also Cartoon

TEXAS THEATRE

BRONTE, TEXAS

FRIDAY & SATURDAY, Dec. 22nd & 23rd

Judy Garland - Jack Haley - Frank Morgan in

"WIZARD OF OZ"

Comedy - News

TUESDAY ONLY, Dec. 26 h (Money Nite)

Ann Sheridan, Pat O'Brien, & John Payne In

"INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY"

Comedy

Card of Thanks

Words can not express our sincere feelings to our many many friends who came to our aid in this time of distress.

The offerings, large and small, was very much appreciated.

May God grant each of you a most healthful 1940.

Mr. & Mrs. Wayne Clift and son.

For sale or trade - Second-hand furniture store and building

A good violin for sale. Call at Observer office.



For Health's Sake

--Roller Skate

Thursday and Saturday

Nights

Saturday Matinee

M SYSTEM STORE

We know you want the best of everything for your Holiday table. We have strived to fill our counters with the things you need, at prices that will save you money without sacrificing quality

-- Christmas Candies, Fruits and Nuts of every description. --

English WALNUTS, 1 lb cello pkg 17c

Brazil NUTS, " " 15c

Pecan, Almonds, and Mixed Nuts Galore

Bulk COCOANUT, 1b cello 19c

Pitted DATES, 2 lb cello 29c

Cranberry Sauce, 2 tall cans 23c

Imperial MINCE MEAT, two 9 oz 15c

Don't forget to buy plenty of candy - Good, wholesome candies that are a treat for children and grown ups alike. Sacked in handy 10c & 19c bags so that can buy a wide assortment.

Royal Owl Flour

Guaranteed for your all purpose baking
24 lb 75c 48 lb 1.39

VEGETOLE

Shortening 4 lb crt 33c
8 lb crt 65c

Buffet, cru or tidbit PINEAPPLE, 2 for 15c

Put this on your shopping list:
2 no 2 D.M. PUMPKIN 25c
and 1 - 2 oz Pumpkin Pie Spice

Get our prices on box Apples & Bu Oranges

Our Entire Organization Wishes You A Merry Christmas

Del Monte SALE

No 2 Early Garden Asparagus, 19c

No 2 Country Gent Corn, 2 for 23c

No 300 Early Garden Peas, 2for 25c

No 2 1/2 Sweet Pickled Peaches, 23c

No 2 1/2 Royal Ann Cherries, 23c

3 Minute Wonder Ware Oats, 19c

Lettuce, 3 heads 10c

Carrots, 2 bunches 5c

Beets, color for your table 3 Bchs 10c

Cranberries, 1b 17c

the best Celery the market affords

IN OUR MARKET

HENS, dressed & drawn 1b 19c

Our Sliced Bacon, more slices per lb 29c

Sliced BACON, extra lean 1b 23c

Red Bud OLEO, 2 lb 25c

Country SAUSAGE, 2 lbs 35c

STEAK, nice and tender 2 lbs 35c

Beef ROAST, extra nice 1b 17c

Fresh Country BUTTER, 1b 27c

Bulk MINCE MEAT, 1b 15c

H. D. FISH

GROCERY Specials for Friday & Saturday, Dec. 22 & 23

TEXAS' FINEST
GLADIOLA FLOUR
AND Mary Lane RECIPE
INSURE PERFECT BAKING

Gladiola 6 lb sack 27c 24 lb sack 88c
FLOUR 12 lb sack 47c 48 lb sack 1.59

POST TOASTIES, pkg 10c

Swifts Pride SOAP, 6 large bars 10c

12 oz can Pure GRAPE JUICE, 3 for 25c

No 3 WASH TUB, 75c

No 2 " " 65c

2 Gallon OIL CAN, 45c

5 " " " 70c

2 Joints STOVE PIPE, 35c

10 qt Zinc BUCKET, 25c

Folgers COFFEE, 5 lb 1.39

GALLON PRUNES, 25c

5 lb K B OATS, 25c

Big Smith Sanforized SUITS, 2.15

Good Work SHIRT, 40c

Plenty of Christmas Candies & Fruit

WEEK END SPECIALS

Grocery Dept.

R & W Sifted PEAS, two no1 cans 2c

two no2 cans 3c

TOMATO JUICE, two 12 1/2 oz cans 15c

R & W MINCE MEAT, 39 oz 25c

R & W COFFEE, 1 lb. 25c 2 lbs 40c

Sun Spun Salad Dressing, 8oz 21c qt 35c

CRISCO, 3 lb can 40c

CELERY, large stalk 10c

LETTUCE Calif. Ice peak 2 heads 9c

ONIONS 4 lbs 5c

see Circular for other Specials

W. J. CUMBIE'S

The Red & White Store



BRYAN'S DAIRY

Delivery twice daily. Milk from the finest inspected herd in the county. Government approved barns and lots. You may inspect them yourself anytime. Frank Bryan.

SALE - TRADE

On account of deafness, will sell or trade for stock farm. A nice 5 room house, Station and Grocery. 12 miles south of Lamesa on paved highway.

H. RICHARDSON

Route B. Lamesa, Tex