

The Sudan News

VOL. 3

SUDAN, LAMB COUNTY, TEXAS, DECEMBER 23, 1927

NO. 26

A WORD TO OUR READERS

As The Old Year Wanes We Feel Drawn Closer Together By Ties Of Real Friendship.

The Sudan News has been coming to you for four or five months and will continue to come until a twelve months is rounded out. We trust that you have read it with interest, and that it has been of much benefit to you and every member of your family. It has not only been intended as a congenial and welcome visitor to your home, but we have striven to make the News as a beacon light to guide the producer from the rocks upon which so many have been shipwrecked, and as to how well we are succeeding we trust the decision to your good judgment. What we have done and tried to do for you in the past, shall be our constant aim and endeavor for the future.

With the aid of the business men of Sudan, whose names we give below, the Sudan News has been coming to many of you for four or five months free of charge and will continue until a year is out. We know you will appreciate this, and prove it in a substantial way. These men who have cooperated with the News in this good and liberal work are pure gold and worthy of your confidence.

The News and these men wish for you a Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year. Hoping to be your companion and helper during the coming year, we are, your friend,

THE SUDAN NEWS,
H. H. Weimhold, Editor.

Sudan Grain and Elevator Co.
F. Z. Payne, Manager.

Gulf Refining Company
B. R. Haney, Agent.

Sudan Mercantile Company
Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Slate, Owners.

First National Bank
V. C. Nelson, President,
P. E. Boesen, Vice-President,
J. C. Barron, Cashier,
W. H. Lyle, Assistant Cashier.

Cooper-Hutto Chevrolet Company
J. A. (Jim) Hutto, Manager.
J. C. Cooper.

Broyles & Reynolds
F. C. Broyles, Manager.

E. W. Miller & Son
F. E. Miller, Manager.

Farm Bureau
J. W. Hammock, Field Man.

Higginbotham-Bartlett Co.
J. B. (Joe) Foster, Manager.

Magnolia Oil Station
L. F. Hargrove, Agent.

Grissoms Cash Grocery
L. C. Grissom, Owner, now the M System.

H. G. Ramby Drug Store
H. G. Ramby, Owner.

J. C. Cooper

Blalock Store
L. H. Bates, Manager, Enochs, Texas.

Everybody's Cash Store
Harry Wilson, Manager.

Sudan Drug Store
V. C. Nelson, J. C. Barron, G. G. Shirley.

For Bargains

FOR SALE—2 spans of mules, 1 span 6 & 7 years old, weight 2400, mare mules; 1 span 5 & 6 years old, weight 2900 lbs. Plow implements, good Jersey cow and calf. See Roy White, d162t Sudan, Texas.

FOR SALE—Fine young Mammoth Bronze Turkey Toms, equal to the best. Prices low. You can't afford to buy sorry Toms. Mrs. E. N. Ray.

For Sale—Ford Truck—Sudan Auto Supply.

FOR SALE—Large Model Chevrolet touring car, just had motor overhauled. A car that will give you more than your money's worth. Dr. G. A. Foote.

LOST—Black hand bag between Sudan Hotel and Amherst. Finder please return to Sudan Hotel and receive reward.

Band Makes Second Appearance

The Sudan Brass Band gave our people a royal treat Wednesday evening by coming out on our streets and rendering about half a dozen of their choice selections. Judging from the "pleasing tones" of their initial renditions, the band is progressing rapidly. Music is one of the most important adjuncts to human happiness, and we wish the boys much success.

Chisholm-Vining

Mr. Curtis Chisholm and Miss Lois Vining were married in Oilton the 20th of December. Mr. Chisholm is the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Chisholm, of Littlefield, and Mrs. Chisholm is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Vining of Sudan. The young couple left immediately for Vernon, where they will spend the Christmas holidays with his uncle.

Pierce-Reed

Mr. Hiarm J. Pierce and Miss Mildred Reed, were married in Morton Wednesday.

Mr. Pierce is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Pierce formerly of Littlefield, and Mrs. Reed is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reed of Bula. The young couple left for Amarillo, where they will spend the Christmas holidays with his brother Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Pierce.

They will make their home with his parents at Eola, Texas.

Willingham-Watts

Miss Oleana Willingham, of Sudan, and Mr. Wilburn Watts, of Wellington, were married Sunday at the Methodist parsonage by Rev. H. Ledger. Miss Willingham is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Willingham and is a fine young lady. We are not acquainted with the groom but reports are that he is a fine young man.

An Error

In last week's News it was stated that both produce houses in Sudan entered the turkey market while the car was being loaded. This was a mistake, as the Simmons Produce was in the market all during the season and on Saturday paid 25c for turkeys and on Monday and Tuesday paid 29c. On gathering our information the editor was misinformed and we regret that this part of the item was wrong.

J. D. Welch, who lived with Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Sigman, south of town, brought a load of cotton to town Monday which he sold, also purchased a bill of groceries. Mr. Welch disappeared in the early part of the night and no trace of him can be found. His team was found standing on the street about 10 o'clock and his groceries were uncalled for.

For Sale—Good four gallon cow, fresh last August. See E. Lam at the Dean Gin.

For Sale or Trade—Ford Roadster, cheap, also player piano. What have you for trade? H. H. Bush at Foxworth-Galbraith Lumber Co.

For Sale—Five room lot and good house. Will trade for wagon and mules. See J. J. Blanchard.

The Play "He's My Pal" a Success

The play, "He's My Pal," promoted by the school faculty and several of the students, Wednesday evening was a decided success. The play was edifying, instructive and entertaining and speaks highly of our home talent. The program was directed by Mrs. J. R. Dean, and each character played his part in a most excellent manner. It was an evening well spent, nothing transpiring to mar its interest and pleasure. Appropriate music was furnished by the Sudan Band. A full house was present, who enjoyed the occasion from first to last.

Tax Collector's Notice

The city commissioners at their last meeting cut the city tax rate from 75 cents on the hundred dollars to 50 cents, the same rate as last year. Owing to financial conditions in general they thought that the best thing to do. So to do that and meet the city's obligations it will be necessary to collect all taxes due the city for the years 1926 and 27. All delinquent taxes not paid by February 1st, 1928, will be put in the hands of an attorney for collection, with instructions to file suits on same.

The Newspapers Part

Frequently we are so closely associated with institutions or a commodity that we do not appreciate its worth. This applies in general to newspapers. Every city, town and hamlet has its newspapers. Even sometimes a few houses and a store and a garage at a "wide place in the road" constitute excuse enough for the beginning of a newspaper, and not infrequently that wide place in the road becomes a real town and when it does one may rest assured that the newspaper that seemed to have had no excuse for beginning life had a very important part to play in the community's unexpected development.

So it is all along the line of progress. No city ever gets very far without the sincere cooperation of the newspapers. Yet no institution in a city ever gets less thanks or receives more abuse.

Probably no other one thing is a better index to a town than its weekly publications. Very often that is about all the stranger has to go by in making up his mind about a community. If the newspaper that falls into his hands is a bright-looking sheet, full of news and has a prosperous air, the stranger is certain to judge that it was published in a live, progress.

Those who read their weekly newspapers and carelessly throw them aside overlook the fact that they are not doing all for their town that they can. If those newspapers instead of being destroyed were placed in wrappers and mailed from time to time to friends and relatives at a distance, the good that could be accomplished would soon be reflected in the city's growth.

Chambers of commerce are frequently blamed for not getting out more booster literature to be sent abroad. Those who raise these complaints could do a great deal themselves by sending out the literature that comes into their own hands in the form of local periodicals. Rest assured there is no business individual in a

CHRISTMAS

The Greatest Day in Heaven and in Earth.

Time flows uninterrupted through every age, and in its immutable cycle brings to us another greatest of days—Christmas! This day is great in many ways—in every way, because on this day the Great One was born and a new dispensation ushered in to shed its sweet and benign influences upon a troubled world. In Heaven, this day is hallowed, because it bore Him that "became the first fruits of them that slept." Other days may be forgotten, but this day is written in the Book of Eternal Remembrance.

In earth, by our customs and usages, this day has become a fixture, an epoch, a guidepost. When we pass one, we instinctively turn our eyes and thoughts to the next, and through all the vicissitudes of another year we never lose sight of the fact that Christmas is ahead. It is the day that couples the finite with the infinite, and makes us realize that we are really brothers and grasp each others hands in genuine friendship. It is the day when the world relaxes from its toil and lays the burden down. In its munificent spirit some potent, gracious influence lies, that seems to steal within the fortress of the soul and binds in sleep the captured sentinels of grief and care. It is then that we hear the voices of men and maidens singing the Harvest Home, mingled with the laughter of children. It is then that we take our fill of the golden fruits of summer that breed in our minds and hearts the cloudless, happy days in which they grew—to feel within our blood the star-led dawn, the dreamy, tawny dusk of many perfect days. It stimulates and quickens all the nobler impulses and makes us feel that life is really and truly worth living. Great is Christmas! That all our readers may feel and enjoy it as we have tried to describe it, and that they may live to see many more, is the sincere wish of the Sudan News.

town more interested in the growth of the community than is the editor or publisher, for as the town grows he grows—State Line Tribune.

The News force enjoyed one more "hog killing time" the past week, and our good friend, Mr. E. N. Ray, is responsible for it. He has our thanks for a fine lot of fresh spareribs, backbones, etc. To be the recipient of a nice treat like this takes us back to the good old days when our neighbors all "come across" with one another and made life what you "read about" today.

Tom Wright, who has been connected with the Terry Gin, has returned to his home in San Antonio.

For Sale—1 lot and 2 room house, cheap for cash—J. W. Fargason, Sudan Texas.

For Sale—105 acres of the best grade of land around here, with well, pump, shack and chicken house, all fenced and in cultivation, for 32.50 per acre. W. H. Breeding, 4 1-2 miles Northwest of town, Post Office Box 79.

Mrs. L. T. Hunt and family are spending this week in Rule with friends and relatives.

Miss Odessa Collins, of Littlefield, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Elmer Loyd.

Miss Stell Ledger, who is attending the "Tech" at Lubbock, is spending the holidays with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Ledger.

Miss Eva Mae Simpson, who has been employed as bookkeeper at the Farmers Gin for the past few months, left for Amarillo Sunday and is visiting with her sister, Mrs. J. S. Bush.

Francis Miller and Ves Terry were in Amarillo Sunday.

Miss Faye Foote arrived Saturday from Lubbock to spend the holidays with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Foote.

Rev. J. W. Saffle, of Plainview, was in Sudan Saturday.

O. L. Allen is spending the holidays with relatives in Alabama.

Live Stock Squibs

Feed the sow, and feed her well, and do it largely out of home-grown crops.

Five hundred thousand of our most progressive stock farmers are using this.

Beginning a month before the breeding season, rams should be given some extra grain.

Adapt your live stock program to the feeds you can raise and the feeds you raise to the needs of your live stock.

The wise farmer gets his pig to market before it has a chance to worry over its first birthday.

Feeder lambs that get as much as one-sixth of their grain ration as cottonseed meal should not get legume roughage, too.

In food, as in shelter, the sheep is not especially demanding, so long as a balanced diet affording some variety is provided. A hay or roughage ration alone is not sufficient to get best results.

THE BAT

CHAPTER X

The Hidden Room

A few moments later Jack Bailey, seeing a thin glow of candle-light from the attic above, and hearing Lizzie's protesting voice, made his way up there. He found them in the trunk-room, a dusty, dingy apartment lined with high closets along the walls—the floor littered with an incongruous assortment of attic objects—two battered trunks, a clothes hamper, an old sewing machine, a broken-backed kitchen chair, a pair of dilapidated dress-suitcases and a shabby satchel that might once have been a woman's dressing-case—in one corner a grimy fireplace in which, obviously, no fire had been lighted for years.

But he also found Miss Cornelia holding her candle to the door and frowning at something there.

"Candle-grease!" she said, sharply, frowning at a line of white spots by the window. She stooped and touched the spots with an exploratory finger.

"Fresh candle-grease! Now who do you suppose did that? It leads straight to the fireplace!" she murmured in tones of Sherlockian gravity. Bailey repressed an involuntarily smile. But her next words gave him genuine food for thought.

"It's been going through my mind for the last few minutes that no chimney flue runs up this side of the house!" she said.

Bailey stared. "Then why the fireplace?"

"That's what I'm going to find out!" said the spinster grimly. She started to rap the mantel, testing it for secret springs.

"Jack! Jack!" It was Dale's voice, low and cautious, coming from the landing of the stairs.

Bailey stepped to the door of the trunk room.

"Come in," he called in reply. "And look the door behind you."

Dale entered, turning the key in the lock behind her.

"Where are the others?"

"They're still searching the house. There's no sign of anybody."

"They haven't found—Mr. Anderson?"

Dale shook her head. "Not yet."

She turned toward her aunt. Miss Cornelia had begun to enjoy herself once more.

Rapping on the mantelpiece, poking and pressing various corners and sections of the mantel itself, she remembered all the detective stories she had ever read and thought, with a sniff of scorn, that she could better them. She rapped on the wall above the mantel—exactly—there was the hollow echo she wanted.

"Hollow as Lizzie's head!" she said triumphantly. The fireplace was obviously not what it seemed—there must be a space behind it unaccounted for in the building plans. Now what was the next step detectives always took. Oh, yes—they looked for panels; panels that moved. And when one shoved them away there was a button or something. She pushed and pressed and finally something did move. It was the mantelpiece itself, false grate and all, which began to swing out into the room, revealing behind a dark, hollow cubbyhole, some six feet by six—the hidden room at last!

"Oh, Jack, be careful!" breathed Dale, as her lover took Miss Cornelia's candle and moved toward the dark hiding place. But her eyes had already caught the outlines of a tall iron safe in the room, and in spite of her fears, her lips formed a wordless cry of victory.

But Jack Bailey said nothing at all. One glance had shown him that the safe was empty.

The tragic collapse of all their hopes was almost more than they could bear. Coming on top of the nerve-racking events of the night, it left them dazed and directionless. It was, of course, Miss Cornelia who recovered first.

"Even without the money," she said, "the mere presence of this safe here, hidden away, tells the story. The fact that some one else knew and got here first cannot alter that."

But she could not cheer them. It was Lizzie who created a diversion. Lizzie who had bolted into the hall at the first motion of the mantelpiece outward, and who now with equal precipitation came bolting back. She rushed into the room, slamming the door behind her, and collapsed into a heap of moaning terror at her mistress's feet. At first she was completely inarticulate, but after a time she muttered that she had seen "him" and, then fell to moaning again.

The same thought was in all their minds, that in some corner of the upper floor she had come across the body of Anderson. But when Miss Cornelia finally quieted her and asked this she shook her head.

"It was the Bat I saw," she was astounding statement. "He dropped through the skylight out there and ran along the hall. I saw him, I tell you. He went right by me!"

"Nonsense," said Miss Cornelia, briskly. "How can you say such a thing?"

But Bailey pushed forward and took Lizzie by the shoulder.

"What did he look like?"

"He hadn't any face. He was all black where his face ought to be."

"Do you mean he wore a mask?"

"Maybe. I don't know."

She collapsed again, but when Bailey, followed by Miss Cornelia,

A Novel From the Play

By Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood

WNU Service

"The Bat" copyright, 1930, by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood.

made a move toward the door, she broke into frantic wailing.

"Don't go out there!" she shrieked. "He's there, I tell you. I'm not crazy. If you open that door, he'll shoot."

But the door was already open and no shot came. With the departure of Bailey and Miss Cornelia, and the resulting darkness due to their taking the candle, Lizzie and Dale were left alone. The girl was faint with disappointment and strain; she sat huddled on a trunk, saying nothing, and after a moment or so Lizzie roused to her condition.

"Not feeling sick, are you?" she asked.

"I feel a little queer."

"Who wouldn't, in the dark here, with that monster loose somewhere near by?" But she stirred herself and got up. "I'd better get the smelling salts," she said heavily. "God knows I hate to move, but if there's one place safer in this house than another, I've yet to find it."

She went out, leaving Dale alone. The trunk room was dark, save that now and then as the candle appeared and reappeared the doorway was faintly outlined. On this outline she kept her eyes fixed, by way of comfort, and thus passed the next few moments. She felt weak and dizzy and entirely despairing.

Then—the outline was not so clear. She had heard nothing, but there was something in the doorway. It stood there, formless, diabolical, and then she saw what was happening. It was closing the door. Afterward she was mercifully not to remember what came next; the figure was perhaps latent on what was going on outside, or her own movements may have been as silent as its own. That she got into the mantel room and even partially closed it behind her is certain, and that her description of what followed is fairly accurate is borne out by the facts as known.

The Bat was working rapidly. She heard his quick, nervous movements; apparently he had come back for something and secured it, for now he moved again toward the door. But he was too late; they were returning that way. She heard him mutter something and quickly turn the key in the lock. Then he seemed to run toward the window, and for some reason to recoil from it.

The next instant she realized that he was coming toward the mantel room, that he intended to hide in it. There was no doubt in her mind as to his identity. It was the Bat, and in a moment more he would be shut in there with her.

She tried to scream and could not, and the next instant she was in a dead faint on the floor.

Bailey meanwhile had crawled out on the roof and was carefully searching it. But other things were happening also. A disinterested observer could have seen very soon why the Bat had abandoned the window as a means of egress.

Almost before the mantel had swung to behind the arch-criminal, the top of a tall pruning ladder had appeared at the window, and by its quivering showed that some one was climbing up, rung by rung. Unsuspectingly enough he came on, pausing at the top to flash a light into the room, and then cautiously swinging a leg over the sill. It was the doctor. He gave a low whistle, but there was no reply, save that, had he seen it, the mantel swung out an inch or two. Perhaps he was never so near death as at that moment, but that instant of irresolution on his part saved him, for by coming into the room he had taken himself out of range.

Even then he was very close to destruction, for after a brief pause and a second rather puzzled survey of the room, he started toward the mantel itself. Only the rattle of the door-knob stopped him, and a call from outside.

"Dale!" called Bailey's voice from the corridor. "Dale!"

"Dale! Dale! The door's locked!" cried Miss Cornelia.

The doctor hesitated. The call came again.

"Dale! Dale!" and Bailey pounded on the door as if he meant to break it down.

The doctor made up his mind. "Wait a moment!" he called. He stepped to the door and unlocked it. Bailey hurried himself into the room, followed by Miss Cornelia with her candle. Lizzie stood in the doorway, timidly, ready to leap for safety at a moment's notice.

"Why did you lock that door?" said Bailey, angrily, threatening the doctor.

"But I didn't," said the latter, truthfully enough. Bailey made a movement of irritation. Then a glance about the room informed him of the amazing, the incredible fact. Dale was not there! She had disappeared!

"You—yon," he stammered at the doctor. "Where's Miss Ogden? What have you done with her?"

The doctor was equally baffled. "Done with her?" he said indignantly. "I don't know what you're talking about—I haven't seen her!"

"Then you didn't lock that door?" Bailey menaced him.

The doctor's denial was firm. "Absolutely not. I was coming through the window when I heard your voice at the door!"

Bailey's eyes leapt to the window—yes—a ladder was there—the doctor might be speaking the truth after all. But if so, how and why had Dale disappeared?

The doctor's admission of his manner of entrance did not make Lizzie any the happier.

"In at the window—just like a bat!" she muttered in shaking tones. She would not have stayed in the doorway if she had not been afraid to move anywhere else.

"I saw lights up here from outside," continued the doctor easily. "And I thought—"

Miss Cornelia interrupted him. She had laid down her candle and revolver on the top of the clothes hamper and now stood gazing at the mantel fireplace.

"The mantel's—closed!" she said. The doctor stared. So the secret of the hidden room was a secret no



"Dale!" called Bailey's voice from the Corridor.

longer. He saw ruin gaping before him—a bottomless abyss. "Damnation!" he cursed, impotently, under his breath.

Bailey turned on him savagely. "Did you shut that mantel?"

"No!"

"I'll see whether you shut it or not!" Bailey leapt toward the fireplace.

"Dale! Dale!" he called desperately, leaning against the mantel. His fingers groped for the knob that worked the mechanism of the hidden entrance.

The doctor picked up the single lighted candle from the hamper, as if to throw more light on Bailey's task. Bailey's fingers found the knob. He turned it. The mantel began to swing out into the room.

As it did so the doctor deliberately snuffed out the light of the candle he held, leaving the room in abrupt and obliterating darkness.

"Doctor, why did you put out that candle?"

Miss Cornelia's voice cut the blackness like a knife.

"I didn't—I—"

"You did—I saw you do it."

The brief exchange of accusation and denial took but an instant of time, as the mantel swung wide open. The

doctor's eyes sought the floor—the walls—wildly—for any possible loophole of escape.

"I didn't shut her in—if that's what you mean!" he said defiantly. "There was some one shut in there with her!"

He gestured at the hidden room. "Ask these people here."

Miss Cornelia caught him up at once.

"The fact remains, Doctor," she said, her voice cold with anger, "that we left her here alone. When we came back, you were here. The corridor door was locked, and she was in that room—unconscious!"

She moved forward to throw the light of her candle on the hidden room as the detective passed into it, gave it a swift professional glance, and stepped out again. But she had not finished her story by any means.

"As we opened that door," she continued to the detective, tapping the false mantel, "the doctor deliberately extinguished our only candle!"

"Do you know who was in that room?" queried the detective, fiercely, wheeling on the doctor.

But the latter had evidently made up his mind to cling stubbornly to a policy of complete denial.

"No," he said sullenly. "I didn't put out the candle. It fell. And I didn't lock that door into the hall. I found it locked!"

next instant there was a rush of feet across the floor, from the fireplace—the shock of a collision between two bodies—the sound of a heavy fall.

"What was that?" queried Bailey, dazedly, with a feeling as if some great winged creature had brushed at him and passed.

Lizzie answered from the doorway. "Oh, oh!" she groaned, in stricken accents. "Somebody knocked me down and trampled on me!"

"Matches, quick!" commanded Miss Cornelia. "Where's the candle?"

The doctor was still trying to explain his curious action of a moment before.

"Awfully sorry. I assure you—it dropped out of the holder—ah, here it is!"

He held it up triumphantly. Bailey struck a match and lighted it. The wavering little flame showed Lizzie prostrate but vocal, in the doorway—and Dale, lying on the floor of the hidden room, her eyes shut, and her face as drained of color as the face of a marble statue. For one horrible instant Bailey thought she must be dead.

He rushed to her wildly and picked her up in his arms. No—still breathing—thank God! He carried her tenderly to the only chair in the room.

"Doctor!"

The doctor, once more the physician, knelt at her side, and felt for her pulse. And Lizzie, picking herself up from where the collision with some violent body had thrown her, retrieved the smelling salts from the floor. It was onto this picture, the candle light shining on strained faces, the dramatic figure of Dale, now semi-conscious, the desperate rage of Bailey, that a new actor appeared on the scene.

Anderson, the detective, stood in the doorway, holding a candle—as grim and menacing a figure as a man just arisen from the dead.

"That's right!" said Lizzie, unappalled for once. "Come in when everything's over!"

The doctor glanced up and met the detective's eyes, cold and menacing.

"You took my revolver from me, downstairs," he said. "I'll trouble you for it."

The doctor got heavily to his feet. The others, their suspicions confirmed at last, looked at him with startled eyes. The detective seemed to enjoy the universal confusion his words had brought.

Slowly, with sullen reluctance, the doctor yielded up the stolen weapon. The detective examined it casually and replaced it in his hip pocket.

"I've something to settle with you pretty soon," he said through clenched teeth, addressing the doctor. "And I'll settle it properly. Now—what's this?"

He indicated Dale—her face still and waxen—her breath coming so faintly she seemed hardly to breathe at all, as Miss Cornelia and Bailey tried to revive her.

"She's coming to—" said Miss Cornelia, triumphantly, as a first faint flush of color reappeared in the girl's cheeks. "We found her shut in there, Mr. Anderson," the spinster added, pointing toward the gaping entrance of the hidden room.

A gleam crossed the detective's face. He went up to examine the secret chamber. As he did so, Doctor Wells, who had been inching surreptitiously toward the door, sought the opportunity of slipping out unobserved.

But Anderson was not to be caught napping again.

"Wells!" he barked. The doctor stopped and turned.

"Where were you when she was locked in this room?"

The doctor's eyes sought the floor—the walls—wildly—for any possible loophole of escape.

"I didn't shut her in—if that's what you mean!" he said defiantly. "There was some one shut in there with her!"

He gestured at the hidden room. "Ask these people here."

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She moved forward to throw the light of her candle on the hidden room as the detective passed into it, gave it a swift professional glance, and stepped out again. But she had not finished her story by any means.

"As we opened that door," she continued to the detective, tapping the false mantel, "the doctor deliberately extinguished our only candle!"

"Do you know who was in that room?" queried the detective, fiercely, wheeling on the doctor.

But the latter had evidently made up his mind to cling stubbornly to a policy of complete denial.

"No," he said sullenly. "I didn't put out the candle. It fell. And I didn't lock that door into the hall. I found it locked!"

A sign of relief from Bailey now centered everyone's attention on himself and Dale. At last the girl was recovering from the shock of her terrible experience and regaining consciousness. Her eyelids fluttered—closed again—opened once more. She tried to sit up, weakly, clinging to Bailey's shoulder. The color returned to her cheeks—the stupor left her eyes. She gave the hidden room a hunted little glance and then shuddered violently.

"Please close that awful door," she said in a tremulous voice. "I don't want to see it again."

The detective went silently to close the iron doors.

"What happened to you? Can't you remember?" faltered Bailey, on his knees at her side.

The shadow of an old terror lay on the girl's face.

"I was in here alone, in the dark," she began slowly—"Then, as I looked at the doorway there, I saw there was somebody there. He came in and closed the door. I didn't know what to do, so I slipped in—there, and after a while I knew he was coming in, too, for he couldn't get out. Then I must have fainted."

"There was nothing about the figure that you recognized?"

"No. Nothing."

"But we know it was the Bat," put in Miss Cornelia.

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"What happened to you? Can't you remember?" faltered Bailey, on his knees at her side.

The shadow of an old terror lay on the girl's face.

"I was in here alone, in the dark," she began slowly—"Then, as I looked at the doorway there, I saw there was somebody there. He came in and closed the door. I didn't know what to do, so I slipped in—there, and after a while I knew he was coming in, too, for he couldn't get out. Then I must have fainted."

"There was nothing about the figure that you recognized?"

"No. Nothing."

"But we know it was the Bat," put in Miss Cornelia.

The detective laughed sardonically. The old duel of opposing theories between the two seemed about to recommence.

"Still harping on the Bat!" he said, with a little sneer.

Miss Cornelia stuck to her guns. "I have every reason to believe that the Bat is in this house," she said.

The detective gave another jarring, mirthless laugh.

"And that he took the Union bank money out of that safe, I suppose?" he jeered. "No, Miss Van Gorder."

He wheeled on the doctor now.

"Ask the doctor who took the Union bank money out of that safe!" he thundered. "Ask the doctor who attacked me downstairs in the drawing room, knocked me senseless and locked me in the billiard room!"

There was an astounded silence. The detective added a parting shot to his indictment of the doctor.

"The next time you put handcuffs on a man, be sure to take the key out of his vest pocket," he said biting off the words.

Rage and consternation mingled on the doctor's countenance—on the faces of the others astonishment was followed by a glowing certainty. Only Miss Cornelia clung stubbornly to her original theory.

"Perhaps I'm an obstinate old woman," she said, in tones which obviously showed that if so she was rather proud of it, "but the doctor and all the rest of us were locked in the living room, not ten minutes ago!"

"By the Bat, I suppose!" mocked Anderson.

"By the Bat!" insisted Miss Cornelia inflexibly. "Who else would have fastened a dead bat to the door downstairs? Who else would have the bravado to do that? Or what you call the imagination?"

In spite of himself Anderson seemed to be impressed.

"The Bat, eh?" he muttered, then, changing his tone, "you knew about this hidden room, Wells?" he shot at the doctor.

"Yes," the doctor bowed his head. "And you knew the money was in the room?"

"Well, I was wrong, wasn't I?" parried the doctor. "You can look for yourself. That safe is empty."

The detective brushed his evasive answer aside.

"You were up in this room, earlier tonight," he said in tones of apparent certainty.

"No, I couldn't get up!" the doctor still insisted, with strange violence for a man who had already admitted such damning knowledge.

The detective's face was a study in disbelief.

"You know where that money is, Wells, and I'm going to find it!"

This last taunt seemed to goad the doctor beyond endurance.

"Good God!" he shouted recklessly. "Do you suppose if I knew where it is I'd be here? I've had plenty of chances to get away! No, you can't pin anything on me, Anderson! I isn't criminal to have known that room is here."

"Oh, don't be so d-d virtuous!" said the detective brutally. "Maybe you haven't been upstairs—but, unless I miss my guess, you know who was!"

The doctor's face changed a little.



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RENEW YOUR PEP FORCE Tonic braces and builds you up. It animates, enlivens, drives away that dull, heavy, "no account" feeling in a jiffy. It's pleasant, too. Just try it. At all drug stores. Force Tonic

Irish Holy Mountain Scene of Pilgrimage

More than 100,000 pilgrims made the tortuous climb to the summit of the holy mountain, Croagh Patrick, near Aghagower, Mayo, Ireland, to visit the spot where St. Patrick wrestled 40 days and nights with Satan before driving out the snakes.

The pilgrims included Irishmen from all over the world, to whom the spot, 2,150 feet above sea level, is hallowed, not only because of the saint but because it has been the scene of annual pilgrimages ever since the Fifth century.

All good Irishmen know, say the pilgrims, that St. Patrick received three promises: (1) That every one doing penance, even in the last hour, should not be condemned to hell; (2

Canada and United States Linked By New Submarine Telephone Cable

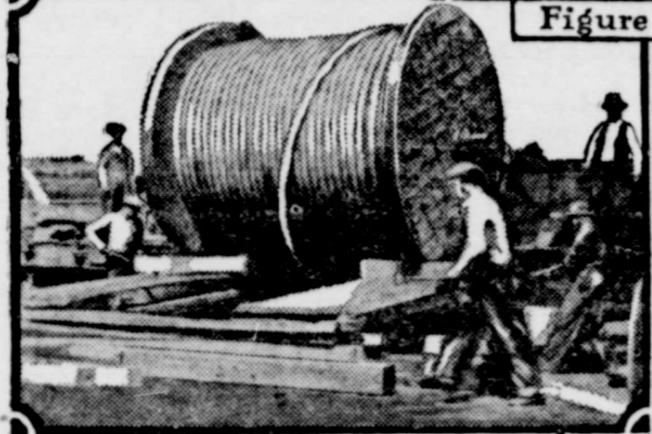
International Cable More Than Doubles Capacity
for Handling International Telephone Calls.



Miss Columbia and Miss Canada Clasp Hands



Figure Eighting the Cable



Unloading a Big Cable Reel

WITH the placing in service of the big new international telephone cable which has been laid across the river from Detroit to Windsor, another link has been established between Canada and the United States. The friendly relations between the two great nations will be still further strengthened by this new tie.

This new cable more than doubles the facilities for handling Detroit's rapidly increasing Long Distance business to Windsor and other Canadian points and also to cities in the eastern states. It contains 530 pairs of wires, in comparison with the first means of telephone communication to Canada by this route, which was inaugurated nearly forty-eight years ago and which contained only three circuits. The total distance between the Bell building on Cass Avenue, Detroit, and the central office in Windsor is approximately 10,430 feet. Of this distance 2,900 feet are in submarine cable which traverses the bottom of the Detroit river. The cable is 3 3/8 inches in diameter, but without its protecting armor, it is slightly more than

2 1/2 inches through. It is encased in a heavy iron wire binding, beneath which there is a jute wound lead sheath. Innermost is a paper insulation that encases 1960 wires, each of which is individually insulated.

More than 10,000 telephone conversations are carried each day to Canada and to eastern points in the United States through the cables connecting Detroit and Windsor. Slightly less than this number of calls originate in Canada and are brought into the United States by this route, so that these international cables daily handle an average of between 18,000 and 20,000 calls. The number of calls is growing weekly, and it was because of this rapid growth that the new cable became a necessity. It is anticipated, however, that this new cable will now take care of the service demand for a number of years.

The Laying of the Cable
It was necessary to secure four permits to lay this cable across the international boundary. A permit was secured from the United States government which was signed by the President of the United States, another permit had to be

obtained from the War Department, and still another from the city of Detroit. In Canada, the project had to be passed upon by a committee of the privy council and was then approved by the governor-general. For the laying of the existing submarine cables between the United States and Canada across the Detroit river, there are in the archives of the Michigan Bell Telephone Company permits which are signed by Presidents Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge.

When the submarine section of the cable was ready to be placed, it was put on a barge and as the boat was towed across the river the cable was fed out. It had been wound around a gigantic spool or reel and it required no small amount of clever engineering to unload this big spool containing as it did, sixty-eight thousand pounds of submarine cable. However, when all preparations have been made in advance, such undertakings proceed with astounding rapidity in these days, and in less than half an hour this new link of communication had been placed. To serve as a protection to the cable against damage from ships dragging anchor, a ditch was dredged for the cable in the shallower parts of the river.

A few moments before the international boundary was crossed, the sun broke through the cloud-banks and the fog lifted. Then occurred an event symbolical of the importance of the new cable. Miss Ruth Dixon of the Detroit toll office, representing Miss Columbia, and Miss Agnes LeFerte of the Windsor toll office, representing Miss Canada, each equipped with an operator's headset and mouthpiece and bearing the national colors of her country, clasped hands across the cable as it bridged the boundary between the two nations.

Girls of Oklahoma win National Prizes
Three Oklahoma county 4-H Club girls won national honors in the contests which featured the International Livestock Show held at Chicago. Elizabeth Houser of Choctaw was a member of the team of two girls from Oklahoma which won third place in the sanning judging contest. Lattie Mead of Oklahoma City won fourth on her exhibit of blackberries. Ellen McMillan of Jones won third on her display of canned chicken. Girls of the Jones 4-H Club also won third place on their budget of canned foods for a farm family.

Olin Butler of Guthrie was second in the leadership contest for boys and Thelma McKinney of Haskell placed second in the girls contest.

Richard and William Chiles and Loyce Kennedy of Ralston won first prize in the livestock judging contest and Richard Chiles won first place as an individual. Loyce Kennedy placed second as an individual.

Myrtle Wallace of Morse, Okfuskee county, and Frank Hastings of Kildare, Kay county, placed sixth in the girls and boys health contest.

Nellie Ryan of Elgin, Comanche county, won fourth place on a window improvement exhibit.

Maomi Mercer of Mazie, Mayes county, and Katherine Mitchell of Beaver, Beaver county, made up the Oklahoma clothing judging team which won second place.

Minister Judge for Mayes County
Pryor.—Rev. Mack R. Shanks, Christian minister of Pryor, has been appointed county judge by the Mayes county commissioners to succeed Ernest R. Brown, who resigned to enter private law practice in Pryor. Brown will take charge of the law office of Harry Seaton, who was recently appointed assistant United States district attorney for the northern judicial district of Oklahoma.

Suggests Feeding Surplus Turnips
A profitable use for the exceptionally large turnip crop being harvested in Oklahoma this year is seen by the Oklahoma county agricultural agent. The turnips make excellent feed for livestock, according to the agent. While not quite so high in feed value as stock beets, they make good feed and the large quantity grown this year makes them especially desirable as an economical feed. Care should be taken in feeding to milk cows to avoid getting the taste in the milk.

Pecan Adapted To Co-Op Sales
The pecan is better adapted to cooperative marketing than any other horticultural product of Oklahoma, according to D. V. Shuhart, specialist in pecan culture.

The pecan is reasonably perishable and it may be hauled many miles over poor roads and handled roughly without damage. Cold storage will take care of overproduction in heavy yielding years.

Oklahoma pecan production is sufficient, Shuhart estimates, to control practically one-fifth of the world's supply and the present production of native nuts is capable of being increased from 100 per cent to 500 per cent.

Oklahoma is the second largest pecan producing state, but more than 99 per cent of the product is from native stock.

Conditions surrounding the culture of pecans in Oklahoma far excel those on which the Sun Maid Raisin Growers have built up a large and profitable business through cooperative effort, Shuhart declares.

Rapid progress in the pecan cracking business in recent years has placed a new value on the native nut. The pecan sheller turns the native Oklahoma nut into a product second to none, he says. The native Oklahoma nuts are somewhat smaller, but shell out a higher per cent kernel than the native nuts from Texas, which is the largest pecan producing state.

Bus Company Adds Four Cars to Line
Hartshorne.—The Hartshorne-Fort Smith bus service has purchased one new fifteen-passenger bus, one twelve-passenger and two seven-passenger cars to take care of increasing business between these two cities. The company will appear before the Oklahoma corporation commission soon to perfect arrangements to extend the line to Oklahoma City. The new cars have just been put into service.

Claims Record Acre Profits
Grant.—A net return of \$1443.50 from three acres is the record made by W. C. Russell, farmer near here. Russell has been strictly a cotton farmer, but was this year persuaded to plant three acres in Irish potatoes. The potato crop was sold for \$1208.50. It was followed with corn, which produced 350 bushels, valued at \$175, bringing the total returns from the three acres to \$1443.50. Cost of seed, fertilizer and labor was \$174.44, leaving a net profit of \$1280.05, or an average net profit per acre of \$426.68.

Price Down in Face of Low Crop
Oklahoma's cotton crop for this year was estimated at 990,000 bales compared to 1,773,000 bales last year by the Oklahoma crop reporting service.

The year's production falls far below the five year average of 1,252,000 bales.

The abandonment of acreage in the state amounts to 18 percent of the acreage in cultivation on July 1. The revised estimate of cotton acreage for harvest in 1927 is 3,433,000.

Average yield of lint cotton is estimated at 138 pounds to the acre, compared with 131 pounds last year and 145 pounds the five-year average yield.

Cotton was planted a little late, but growing conditions were good throughout the state, the report stated. Severe weevil damage in the eastern two-thirds of the state caused complete failures in many localities.

The southwestern and central part of the state raised a large crop—more than half the state's total.

Zinc Company gets Lower Freight Rate
Washington, D. C.—By separate decisions of the interstate commerce commission, the National Zinc company of Bartlesville, has been awarded reparations in an undetermined amount from the Rock Island and other railroads on a finding that rates are unreasonable on crude fire clay from Springfield, Ill., Clayton and St. Louis, Mo.

Dance-Hall Used for Church Revival
BOWLEGS.—More than seventy-five men and women were converted in a dance hall here at revival services conducted by Rev. C. F. Stewart, of Shawnee, pastor of the Bowlegs circuit of the M. E. church. Bowlegs is a new oil town in Seminole county, six or eight miles south of Seminole. The town was named for the late Dave Bowlegs, killed a dozen years ago.

New Road Planned Through Panhandle
Beaver.—Dr. L. L. Long of Beaver has been elected president of the newly organized Tri-State Highway association. Purpose of the organization is to promote a road connecting the oil fields of Wichita, Kan., and Amarillo, Texas, by way of Beaver, Perryton, Borger and Panhandle, Texas. Lewis Boehler of Meade is vice president, James Callihan of Panhandle, Texas, second vice president; Frank William of Forgan, third vice president, and W. T. Fleeson of Perryton, Texas, secretary.

POULTRY

BIG MONTHS IN
EGG PRODUCTION

Fall and winter months may be termed the profit months in poultry culture for the reason that the big difference in production between heavy laying flocks and flocks which are not profitable comes during that season of the year. Almost any healthy hen will lay well toward spring.

It is an established fact that a flock must average approximately 100 eggs per hen per year in order to return the owner a profit. The difference between the monthly flock averages of good flocks and poor flocks comes mainly during the fall and winter months. In other words, the owners of profitable flocks have utilized methods which increase production, at a time of year when fresh eggs are scarce and therefore higher in price.

Early hatches of early maturing birds could be set down as one of the most important points in getting heavier fall and winter production. Pullets that start laying during the latter part of October are from hatches that came before May 1, usually before April 1. They are birds that have been well fed and are fully developed. Good birds of this character will produce greatly over 100 eggs per year if they are properly fed and housed.

Proper feeding and housing are the second factors that must receive attention in order to get a good yield of fall and winter eggs. Hens will lay in the spring on a straight grain ration. At that time they are answering nature's demands and will lay if conditions are at all suitable. However, after the normal laying season is over, it is correspondingly hard to secure heavy production. This can only be done by using a ration that supplies plenty of animal protein, minerals, and succulent feed in addition to grain, which is needed as the basis of all rations. Houses must be warm, well ventilated and comfortable. In other words, the hen must be fed and managed so that she will feel like keeping right on with her egg production.

Parasites and diseases are the third source of trouble. Nothing will upset a good laying flock quicker than a lot of troublesome mites that make the birds want to leave their regular houses and roost in the trees.

Preparing for Winter Around Poultry House

A thorough cleaning of the poultry house should take place at this time of year in preparation for winter. The clean-up should consist of removing nests, roosters, hoppers, drinking stands and all other equipment from the house. Each should get a thorough scrubbing with water and some good disinfectant. The house itself should be swept, ceilings, walls and floor. The floor should be well scraped clean of all hard, dried litter and droppings. Dirt floors should have at least six inches of the old dirt taken off and replaced with six inches of clean dirt.

The final clean-up step should be a thorough spraying of the inside of the house with some good disinfectant. Whitewash helps to brighten a dark house and a freshly whitewashed house has a tendency to encourage its owner to keep it looking clean for some time to come.

Poultry Facts

A young guinea is like a young grouse or quail and will hide when scared. They do not make any noise at all when they hide from a supposed enemy and are very hard to find.

Some poultrymen place a large box of coal or wood ashes in each section of their laying houses. The hens dust in the ashes and undoubtedly remove many body lice by the process.

Feeding whole, dry oats as a large part of or all whole grain ration is poor business. Even though the oats are plump and bright, the hulls make them poor feed except in limited quantities.

The Missouri College of Agriculture has recently completed some experiments in which they find that in feeding hens, soy-bean meal may be used in place of meat scrap, thereby reducing the cost of feed. They also found it paid to feed mineral.

While the hen isn't exactly a grazing animal, she does tuck a lot of grass under her belt during a summer day. And when she can't get it, she must have sprouted oats, cabbage, mangels, or such, if she's going to gladden you with eggs.

If we expect winter eggs we must produce our pullets from hens that are bred to lay during the winter.

Thoroughly spraying the poultry house, especially the roosting and laying quarters, with crude oil or coal oil will destroy the red mites.

The period when pullets start laying is a critical one. Pullets which are due to begin to lay at freezing weather usually wait until spring. This means an entire loss for several months.

The Cream of the Tobacco Crop



You, too, will find that LUCKY STRIKES give the greatest pleasure—Mild and Mel-low, the finest cigarettes you ever smoked. Made of the choicest tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—"IT'S TOAST-ED"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

Florence Reed,
Favorite Stage Star,
writes:

"Night in and night out, for months, one's voice must be in perfect condition on the stage. To safeguard it, yet get the greatest enjoyment, Lucky Strikes are the favorites in the theatre world."

Edna Reed



Photo by White Studio, N.Y.

"It's toasted" No Throat Irritation
No Cough.

Oklahoma Directory
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STOCK YARDS - OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

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The American Hotel
F. A. JENNINGS, Prop. W. 4th St. between N. Broadway and N. Robinson, OKLAHOMA CITY. Close in, Clean, Modern, Safe and Positively Respectable. Rates: \$1.00 Single; \$1.50 Double.

Played Safe
The house has been rapidly built and occupied.
"Do you find the place comfortable and substantially built?" asked the landlord when he called.
"Well," said the tenant, "I always go outside to sneeze."—London Tit-Bits.

No ugly, grimy streaks on the clothes when Red Cross Ball Blue is used. Good bluing gets good results. All grocers carry it.—Adv.

Shaky
Caesar—Ah whistles when Ah goes by a graveyard.
Napoleon—Dat explains it. Ah wondered where you learned dat tremlo effect.

When You Feel a Cold Coming On.
Take Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets to work off the Cold and to fortify the system against an attack of Grip or Influenza. 30c.—Adv.

Knew Him Well
First Business Man—By the way, my grandson works at your office.
Second Same—Yes, I remember he went to your funeral last Wednesday. —Montreal Star.

MERIT EGG MAS
Best for Laying Hens
That Good Feed Satisfies Their N HARDEMAN-KING CO., Oklahoma

Ship Your HIDE'S, PEL WOOL and FURS to
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MERIT MILK MAKI
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Motor Repairing a Speciality
Oklahoma City, Okla.

LABRAUN SELECT SCHOF OF BEAUTY CULTURE
All branches taught from manicure management of shop, students may e room and board at school, at reason price. Girls chaperoned while after school. Complete line of Labraun's P preparations for sale. Write for trial e one jar cleansing cream, one jar i builder cream, one bottle cosmetic oil, box powder, club price \$5. Labraun e of Beauty Culture, Box 297, Oklahoma.

PILES TREATED and Cure Guaranteed
Any form of Piles (itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding) are dangerous if neglected. Every Druggist sells PAZO OINTMENT with the understanding that money will be refunded if it fails to cure. In tubes with pile pipe, 75c; or in tin box, 60c.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 52—

Somewhat Mixed Up
"How did the wedding go off?"
"Fine—until the parson asked bride if she'd obey her husband."
"What happened then?"
"She replied, 'Do you think crazy?' and the groom, who was sort of dazed, said, 'I do.'"

It's a poor elevator that won't both ways.
Poverty has taken many a hard out of ambition.



Druggist
Gave Her
Advice

Miss Ruth Horowitz, Prop., N. Y., writes: "Having been troubled with indigestion caused by constipation for several months, my druggist advised me to try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. He said they are good for a hundred different ailments, if people only knew the value of them. I can safely say that since I am taking them, and only one each night, I feel like myself again and can eat most anything."

Those who suffer from sick headache, indigestion, biliousness tired-out and aches feeling, when due to constipation, will find relief in taking CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS in red packages, 25c. and 75c. Try them to-night—To-morrow refreshed—All druggists.

THE SUDAN NEWS

Entered as second class mail matter July 2, 1925 at the Postoffice at Sudan, Texas under the act of March 3, 1879.

Published every Friday by
H. H. WEIMHOLD & SON
At Its Office in Sudan, Texas

H. H. Weimhold, Editor

Subscription \$1.50 the year, invariably in advance.

Reading notices, obituaries, card of thanks, resolutions of respect, etc. 10c per line. Display rates on application.

Department of Education Favored

The proposal for the creation of a Department of Education is meeting with growing approval as the people throughout the country realize the needs of the schools and the part that such a department would play in fulfilling these needs. The Education Bill introduced before the present Congress includes the features of the Curtis-Reed Bill introduced in the Sixty-ninth Congress, with the additional provision for a council of state superintendents of education or of the highest elected or appointed school officials (in some states the highest school officer is a superintendent, in others a commissioner) to meet annually in Washington at the call of the Secretary. This serves as a safeguard from any possible tendency towards federal control or interference with States' Rights, practically the only ground on which the measure has been opposed.

It has been apparent from the first that the major part of such opposition did not come from those who are intimately connected with the public schools but rather from outsiders. Moreover they have made the old bones of contention, States' Rights and Federal Control, the main points in their dissertations against the measure, when there is no part of the bill which could be interpreted by unbiased minds as in any way threatening the rights of the states or fostering federal control. Gradually the public is awakening to this fact, and the present trend is towards country-wide approval of such a step.

Excerpts from an editorial in an Oregon paper, commenting upon the creation of a Department of Education and the Curtis-Reed bill, read as follows:

"The teachers of the country have set out to obtain recognition of the importance of education and its relations to other aspects of human activi-

ty, through the creation of a Department of Education with representation in the President's Cabinet.

In view of the difficulties that have arisen between Mexico and this government relative to the retroactive and confiscatory provisions of the land laws of Mexico as affecting the claims of certain private citizens, and since President Calles of Mexico has signified his willingness to submit the controversies arising to arbitration, Senator La Follette introduced a resolution to the effect that the United States not interfere with the policies of the Latin-American countries and submit the matters of controversy between those countries and this government to arbitration. The resolution also stated that the attitude of the United States towards Mexico and Nicaragua has been in spirit, at least, a violation of the Monroe Doctrine.

The Senator also introduced a resolution memorializing Congress to adopt Senate Concurrent Resolution 15, Sixty-ninth Congress, which provided that the President should direct all agencies of the government to refrain, directly and indirectly, from assuming responsibility for loans made between individuals of this and foreign countries.

Notice to Capon Producers

The market for capons has opened and to get the best price it will be necessary to ship our capons in car load lots. It is our aim to ship a car of hens and capons as soon as the capons will make No. 1 birds, which is eight pounds. Those who have capons are urged to call at the News office for particulars as to price and grades. Also it will be necessary to know the number that each individual has for sale so that we can be assured of a car. At the time of loading capons we will also buy hens and other fowls.

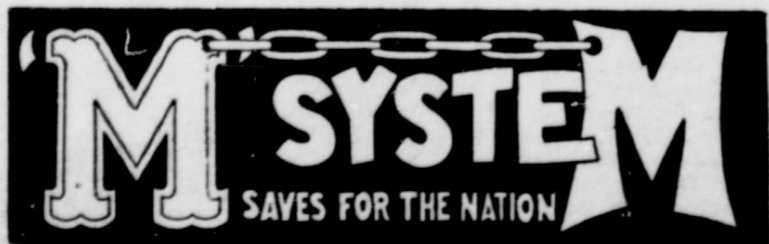


50 lb Stick of Candy Free

With every \$2 purchase we will allow one guess which will entitle you to a chance at the Free Candy.

Fruits, Nuts and Candies for your Christmas Box

Wishing one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy Prosperous New Year.



L. C. Grissom, Owner

"PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN"

Angels sang this refrain centuries ago near the little town of Bethlehem. Today it comes echoing through the years, carried to the corners of the Earth by the voices of men.

In that chorus is the voice of this Servant of the people, re-affirming on the Eve of Christmas its heartfelt wish of peace, good will for those it has served. In the house of this servant a candle is lit and a Carol is sung; Faith in mankind is high; gratitude is deep for those we serve and call our friends

And there is great joy among us; the joy that springs from an opportunity to serve, and the joy of knowing that in our hearts we have striven to serve well. It is a joy shared by each officer and employee of this organization.

Today this Company wishes to publicly acknowledge the debt it owes to its hundreds of faithful employees, whose earnest labors during the year have made such service to you possible.

Now it is the Eve of Christmas, and around the fireplace there sits tens of thousands in the South Plains of Texas. From the star-lit plains comes ringing through the centuries again that sweetest of Refrains, Its charm lifts the voices of the world to rejoicing.

Tonight the management catches up the strain, a lineman, somewhere in the night, carries it on. Above the drum of the power-house it is heard. It is the voice of 200 employees of this Company, singing from their hearts:

"PEACE ON EARTH GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN"

Texas Utilities Company

EVERYBODY'S

Everybody knows that Everybody's Cash Store is the place for Everybody to trade. Everybody will be glad to know that Everybody's Cash Store is offering bargains that cannot be duplicated anywhere. So everybody is invited to visit Everybody's and avail themselves of the many bargains offered.

If our hopes for 1928 are fulfilled, this will be for you a Merry Christmas and happy New Year, indeed. For we are wishing for you all the best things of life, and hoping that nothing will cast a shadow over the radiant spirit of the New Year.

Everybodys Cash Store

FAMOUS FOR BARGAINS
The Progressive Store in The Progressive City
of the Plains

SUDAN,

TEXAS

GREETINGS

We trust that your Christmas and New Year will be a happy one, and that each succeeding day will be brighter and more prosperous, that you shall know no adversity, and every day in the year shall bring new joys. To render this prophetic, you can count on our best efforts in the future as in the past.

Higginbotham-Bartlett Co.

Good Lumber

First National Bank

of Sudan

Stands at the Junction of the old and the new year like the

Rock of Gibraltar.

It stands as the barometer, indicative of Sudan's growth and prosperity. We promise even better service, if possible, in the future, and to make our institution a place where your money not only will be safe, but will grow if placed in its care.

As this year draws to a close it is our sincere wish that the New Year will hold for you nothing but health, happiness and prosperity. That we may continue to merit the business of all our friends, and make many new ones.

activities.

Baird—A home market for cream and dairy products has been established here with opening of a local creamery by Ed Ivey. A 20x30 foot modern building houses the place of business.

Carlsbad, N. M.—The regular irrigation season in this section has been closed for some time, and water deliveries from the storage reservoir have been discontinued.

Chilliothe—C. S. Holland, formerly of this city, is now editor of the Muleshoe Journal, owned for the past two and half years by R. B. Boyle, now of Plainview.

San Angelo—This city will be host to representatives of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce Oil and Gas Bureau January 25. All interested in development of West Texas oil and gas industries are invited to be present.

Stamford—The season's greet-

ings are extended to all West Texas by the West Texas Chamber of Commerce in the December issue of West Texas Today, just off the press.

Pecos—Hotel Pecos has been leased and is to be opened to the public as soon as it is complete and furnished. The building has twenty rooms, with hot and cold running water and circulating heat.

Baileyboro News

We have had some real cold weather for the past several days and after such a mild fall, such as we've had, it makes a fellow want to stay close by a good fire.

Folks have had such lovely weather to harvest their crops that quite a few are done and many others will be through in only a short time.

Our school, which had stopped six weeks for cotton picking, started Monday, the 12th. There are quite a few children that

were not ready to start, but we hope to have a full attendance by the first of the year.

We have for our teachers Mr. L. Stringer, Miss Croft and Miss Barrington. We are all well pleased with the service they have given, and was so sorry to see the school stop for cotton picking, but think everything will be back to normal soon, from the interest being manifested by both teachers and pupils.

My! the wedding bells continue to ring all around us from time to time. I believe the last couple to surprise us by slipping away and getting married were Mr. Elmer Sterling and Miss Bonnie Taylor. Mr. Sterling is the son of Mr. H. Sterling, of Longview community, and is a very energetic young man. Miss Taylor is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Taylor, of Baileyboro, and is a very popular young lady. We wish for this young couple many happy and prosperous years of married life.

We are glad to report that all diphtheria patients are up and doing nicely, and no new cases have been reported in several days. It is hoped no others will take it.

Bro. Booth filled his regular appointment at Baileyboro Saturday, Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night of the second Sunday. There were only a few at the Sunday morning service, but a large crowd attended Sunday night. The Lord's supper was observed at this service.

The young people are doing fine work in their B. Y. P. U. Wish every one of our young people who can, would come and help us out. If you'd like to join report to one of the group captains. He will be glad to get your name and glad to have your help.

We have singings on each first and third Sundays. If not too cold, we wish all who can to come and join us in our song service.

As my letter is getting lengthy will close and come again some other time.
Pansy.

CHEVROLET

USED CARS

with an OK that counts

Courteous Attention and Highest Dollar-For-Dollar Value

Patrons of our used car department get the same courteous attention and the same high dollar-for-dollar value as our new car customers.

Used car sales constitute a vital part of our business—consequently, our used car department is conducted on the same

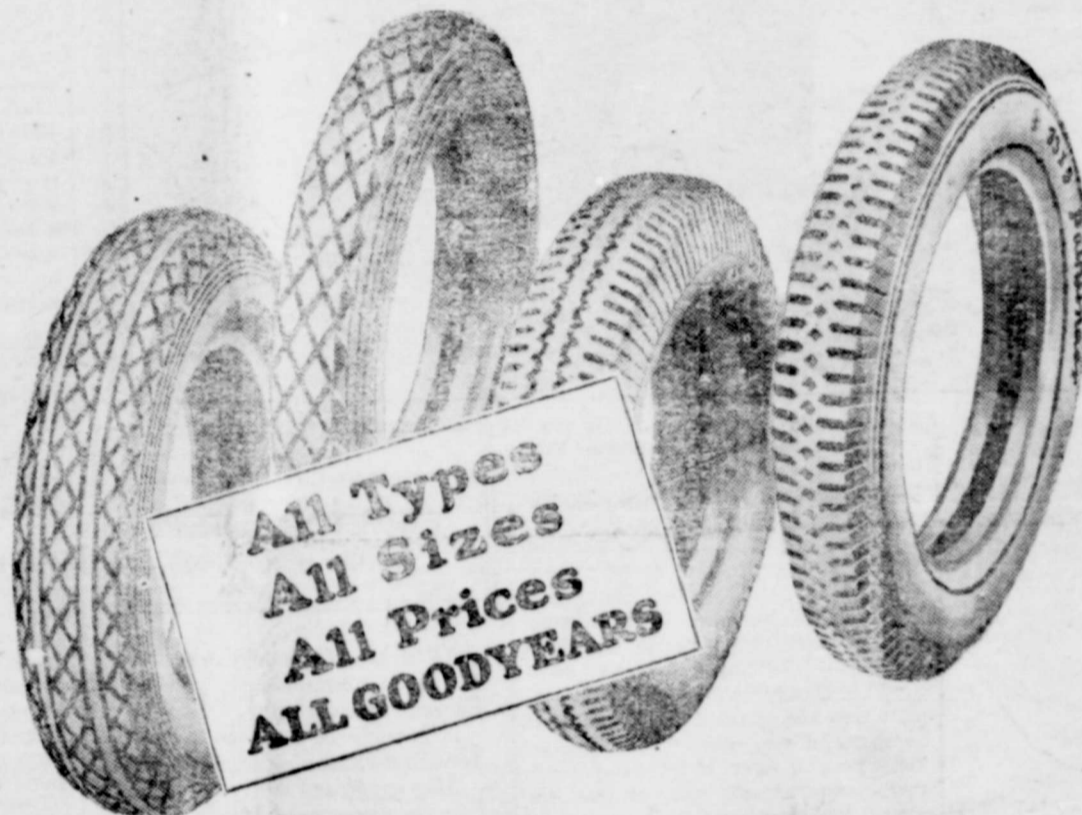
high business plane as our new car division.

Look for our red "O. K." tag when you buy a used car. It is your proof that the car has been thoroughly reconditioned by expert mechanics, using genuine parts for replacement—your guarantee of superior VALUE!

Cooper-Hutto Chevrolet Co.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

High Quality --- Still Low in Price



By J. A. (Jim) Hutto

I SUPPOSE every man sooner or later makes his share of mistakes in his business. I know I have.

But, looking back over the last--years, I'm dead sure I made no mistake when I tied up with Goodyear Tires.

I realize there are other tires on which I could have made a longer profit; other tires I could have sold cheaper; other tires on which I could have had all sorts of special concessions.

THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE

Motorists are beginning to learn nowadays that there's a big difference in tires, although they all look pretty much alike.

Some are made with skimpy short-staple cotton; some have an overdose of "filler" in the

rubber of the tread; some are long on looks and short on quality.

But you don't have to have a microscope to be sure that the Goodyear Tire you get is a real money's worth--their big average mileages tell the story.

Those average Goodyear mileage are so darned good that with them as a basis I've been able to build up the biggest and steadiest growing tire business in this part of the country.

All in all, I'm mighty proud to be selling Goodyear Tires--it's a real satisfaction to deliver merchandise so reliable and sound.

They are as standard as the American dollar and do I hear any disagreement when I say that's the best in the world?

WHAT'S DOING IN WEST TEXAS

Canadian—A new 240 horsepower unit has been purchased by this city to be installed about January 1.

Stinnett—Building under way in Stinnett for the new year includes a \$75,000 school building and a \$300,000 courthouse.

Turkey—The first carload of flour from Plainview to a point on the main line of the Fort Worth and Denver South Plains Railroad Company went from the Harvest Queen Mills at Plainview to J. Calvin Young, groceryman of Turkey. Turkey and Quitaque are the first cities on the new line to receive train service.

Sagerton—A new house of worship together with a new parsonage has been completed here. Visitors from Albany, Abilene, and Lorraine came here on the occasion of their dedication.

Alpine—Alpine has been placed before the Texas Women's Press Association as 1929 convention city. Mrs. W. B. Hamilton of this city is treasurer of the organization.

Crowell—Work is being rushed to completion on Crowell's new school building which is expected to be ready for occupancy by Christmas.

Groom—J. E. Biggs, field representative of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, will leave here the latter part of Christmas week for Stamford where he will attend the annual New Year's staff meeting of the regional organization.

Dumas—Dumas and Moore county are going to be put on the map. The Dumas Chamber of Commerce recently organized and is at work on a program that will promote real agricultural diversification and that will prepare the city for oil development

1928

We hope that all the good fortune that can come to one in this life will be yours now and during the coming year ---that your ship will come during 1928 laden with all the good things you have hoped for.

SUDAN GRAIN & ELEVATOR

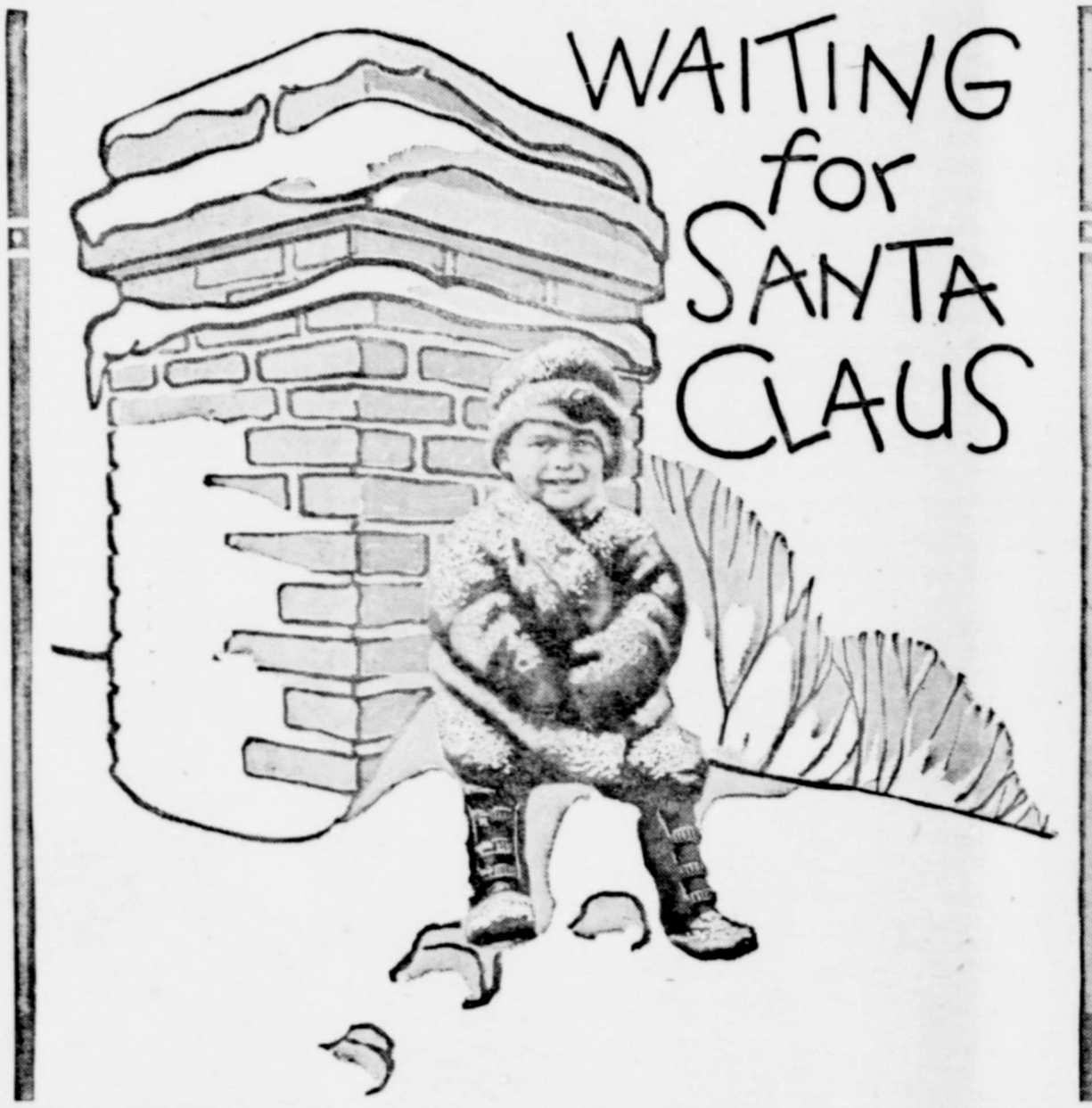
Merry
Christmas

COOPER-HUTTO CHEVROLET CO
CHEVROLET SALES AND SERVICE
SUDAN, TEXAS

Happy
New Year



Merry Christmas - 1927



Christmas Gifts By Radio

BY Florence Harris Wells

MARIAN CLARK and her father sat "listening in." It was Christmas Eve and they were alone. It was the first Christmas without the mother, who had passed on the previous summer.

Marian had not gone back to college in the fall. She had not been able to make herself feel it was right to leave her father alone on the farm. Because she was always cheerful and gay, Mr. Clark hadn't fully comprehended the sacrifice Marian had made, nor how much it had meant to her to drop out her last year. Even though she might go back later, it wouldn't be her class.

Marian had prevailed upon her father to get the radio a few weeks before. They called it their Christmas present to each other. Neither of them particularly enthused over the radio; yet it gave them a contact with the outside world.

Tonight the Christmas carols were wakening tender memories in Mr. Clark's mind; so that even while he heard them, his thoughts were far away, living over Christmas days of the past. Marian's thoughts, too, were busy, but she was thinking of a letter that had come that day, reminding her of the extra credits she had accumulated while in college, and suggesting that if she came back the

Santa Off Duty

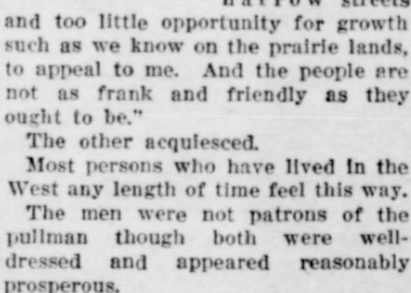


Home Again at Christmas

by W.D. Pennypacker

"Most of us," remarked one of the travelers, after he was comfortably settled and the train was well out from the yard limits, "still have strong ties in the old East."

"It is true, indeed," replied the man sitting beside him. "I love the West. I admire its freshness and bigness, its grain fields, its many diversified interests, and the fact that its possibilities for further development are still apparently limitless. I, too, am bound for the old fireplace in the city of my birth, but I can never expect the old metropolis to appeal to me as it once did. There are too many high walls, too narrow streets



and too little opportunity for growth such as we know on the prairie lands, to appeal to me. And the people are not as frank and friendly as they ought to be."

The other acquiesced.

Most persons who have lived in the West any length of time feel this way. The men were not patrons of the pullman though both were well-dressed and appeared reasonably prosperous.

"I wouldn't miss the opportunity of riding in a day coach at this time of the year and studying my fellow passengers," ventured the first speaker.

Most every seat was occupied, and there were a number of babes and children among the passengers.

Two seats before them sat an attractive young mother with a babe just able to walk. In spite of its zigzag journey and the lurching of the train as it negotiated numerous curves, the youngster persisted in walking up and down the aisle, attracting a great deal of attention and getting in the way of brakemen and passengers who had to pass to and fro. Across the aisle, was a child of about three, quite amiable, but swinging in his small hands a half-eaten banana with its golden envelope dangling about it, to the evident annoyance of an elderly semi-invalid and her dignified daughter who sat nearby.

But the holiday season was approaching and no one was "crabby" enough to complain. Old maids and confirmed bachelors, if there were any in the car, either enjoyed the baby or kept their thoughts to themselves.

Passengers moved about frequently, as is quite common on a long journey, and some of the more restless ones, it is safe to say, occupied nearly every seat in the car before they reached their journey's end.

Near the front of the car sat a woman whose only child was a song

canary, and who divided her time about equally between coaxing the bird to "sing for mother, pretty," asking the Negro brakeman questions, climbing up to get something from her suit case, or changing about from seat to seat.

It was merely the restlessness of the usual traveler, but the two men were interested.

Between their eager observance of this restlessness and their notation of the almost limitless amount of fruit, ice cream cones and confections consumed, they wondered what would come next.

But candy, and restlessness and travel have little noticeable effect. At last the train was drawing into its eastern terminal. As it crawled past a multitude of switches everyone was expectant. There was the usual climbing or reaching for hand luggage in the upper racks, the assembling of hats and outer garments, and a general effort to be ready to leave the train quickly.

The wheels stopped. Brakemen announced "All out!" In less than a minute there was a mad rush through the waiting room and towards the taxi stand.

"Hello, there, I've been looking for you," cried a man in a friendly voice, as he laid his hand on the stranger's shoulder and inquired:

"You just came in from the West on that 5:15 train, did you not?"

"I did," he replied with a degree of wonderment. "Why?"

"You left this envelope in your seat. It looks important. I wondered how I would find you."

"Gosh! It is important! There could be no Christmas for the kid dies without it. I don't know how it got out of my hand bag—probably when I removed my time table to study it. Well, you're a friend of mine and the kiddies, I am sure."

"I heard you remark that easterners were not friendly," said the new arrival comely. "I'm a New York City man, just come in from a short business trip. What's your name?"

The two men withdrew to a corner and exchanged cards.

"Come out with me," said the new-made friend to the westerner.

"My car will be waiting just around the corner and I take you part way to your destination."

The offer was accepted. The man became warm friends.

But the envelope? you ask. What of the finding of that big white envelope?

It was that that made Christmas.

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

Origin of Christmas Trees

The modern Christmas tree can be traced back to the Sixteenth century. It originated on the banks of the Rhine. Sixty years later the tree was used to carry gifts in celebration of Christmas all over the world.

The "Broke" Christmas

By James L. Hayes

"DADDY! Come to supper!" Mary Brown opened the living-room door to put her head out into the darkness and cold of a snowy Christmas Eve.

"Coming, Old Scout," replied a gruff voice which had grown coarse shouting a foreman's orders in the clanging steel mills. Dad stamped the snow from his worn-out overshoes.

"Well, I've shoveled the walk," he growled, "even if Grandma's not coming and it'll soon be drifted again. Just felt I wanted to do it, somehow."

Sis and Bob, the "twin sixes," as Dad had named them since their last birthday, now pounced on him, yelling "Gonna get a sled! Gonna get a sled!" and "I get a dollie, Papa, won't I, huh?"

After supper the little ones went reluctantly to dreamland. Oh, just to think!

Christmas at last! How hard to wait till morning! But the Sandman surprised them and made waiting easy.

"Mary," said Dad gloomily, "I'll have to speak to Jimmie. What keeps him out late this way? Even if it is vacation, it's strange. If he's hanging 'round pool halls, no good'll ever come of that."

Mother looked thoughtful.

"Well," she admitted, "he hasn't been in early for a week. But, Sam, I don't think he'd do anything wrong, you know—anything—"

"N-no, Jim's been a good boy," said Dad. "An awful good boy, but—"

"S-sh!" said Mother.

Jimmy burst in, rosy with cold, his eyes sparkling.

"Keen weather!" he announced, excitedly, dancing and blowing his hands.

"Lo, Ma! Lo, Dad! Gee, but this'll be a swell Christmas!"

Dad and Mother brightened with smiles. Who could help it with Jimmy around. But Dad shifted uneasily. Wouldn't do to take a boy to task on Christmas eve. He started to pack his pipe.

"Jimmy, your supper's still hot,"

Mother said. "We saved it for you." "Thanks, Ma! You're a peach! Boy, but I'm hungry!"

Dad found the tobacco bag. It was empty. He hastily shoved pipe and bag into his pocket. But Mother had noticed and her smile faded. Poor Sam!

The truth was the Browns were "broke" and this was to be their "slimmest" Christmas.

"Well, Daddy," she said, "We've the little tree and the doll and the sled to be thankful for. But, Sam, I did so hope your Mother could have come this year, as always. Maybe we should have borrowed."

Dad coughed.

"No, dear, we couldn't send her the fare and so that's the end of it. Next year, maybe, with no doctor bills, it'll be different. She'll be lonely, though."

"Jimmy!" exclaimed Mother. "What are you so sidgey about?"

"Oh, nothing! I thought I heard a car, though. Dad; is the walk swept? I never noticed."

Dad gasped. "Walk swept? Here, quick! Somebody fan me. He's never

asked that one before!"

Jimmy ran to his coat and fished out a package. "Look, Dad. Here's Mother's present. Let's put it on the tree!"

"Jimmy, you shouldn't! I don't need a thing. And how could you have bought it anyhow?" But Mother's eyes kindled.

"And, Mother, give Dad his present now. I saw him fishin' for a smoke and givin' up. Cigars!"

"Why, Son. You old John D! A whole box of Claros! Get me a match, quick. You shouldn't have spent it. Who'd you run errands for, anyway?"

"Run errands, humph! I'm deliverin' for Uncle Sam. Christmas rush."

Jimmy strutted. "Say, I'm a millionaire!"

An auto set its brakes and swung up to the gate.

"And here's my car!" Jimmy exclaimed, dashing out the door. Away drove a yellow cab and in marched a proud boy with a dear little old lady.

Sam and Mary stared. "It's mother!" cried Sam, taking her in his arms.

"S-sh!" cautioned grandma. "You'll wake the babies. And she pointed to her bulging shopping bag. Jimmie whisked it away to a hiding place.

"But, Grandma," said Mary, "How did you ever manage it?"

"We couldn't rake up a cent to send you," said Dad.

"Dearies," said Grandma, fumbling in her handbag. "You did send it. Twelve dollars. It was little Jim-

my's writing." Grandma's dim eyes twinkled wisely.

Jimmy blushed. Dad, blinking, put a proud arm around him and squeezed him tight.

Grandma was holding up twelve crackling bills and saying: "So sweet of Jimmy, and the best part was I didn't need to use it after all. Old Eph Saxon showed up after all these years and paid me the hundred dollars your poor grandpa loaned him. Aren't we lucky! All here together. Won't it just be the merriest Christmas ever!"

What was that? Such a racket! In dashed the pajama-clad "twin sixes," their little faces shining with ecstasy.

"Oh, it's Gran'ma! Gran'ma! Oh! Oh! Oh! Gran'ma, is Christmas come?"

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

The Yuletide Cheer

By FRED W. PEARSON in Washington Post

IN THE providence of Nature There's a consonance of good, Permeating and elating All the cosmic brotherhood. Though the waves of deep depression May engulf our struggling forms, Like the gleaming of our dreaming Are the heights above the storms; And one peak that glistens clearly Like an iridescent cone, Is the Yuletide Cheer, which yearly Brings delight to every one.

High above the range of Virtues Is this crowning pinnacle, And its luring and enduring Message freely comes to all. Shops and homes are decorated; Hearts are throbbing merrily; And each glowing face is showing Just how sweet is charity; For the season of Good Feeling, Dawning as the old year dies, Turns to gladness all our sadness, And to friends our enemies.

Some, perhaps, are thinking darkly Of their lack of means to give; They are lonely, and can only By the utmost efforts live; So, with fainting hearts, and tearful, Their self-pity grows extreme, When a ringing voice and cheerful, Sounds this axiom supreme: In the providence of Nature There's a service all may find, And the measure of its treasure Is the art of being kind.

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(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

NOT TOO GOOD FOR HER FAMILY

(By D. J. Walsh.)

ELLEN TURNER brushed the cover of the beefsteak pie with milk and smiled at the other woman who stood watching her.

"I guess there isn't another thing I can do to it, is there?" she said with a slight expression of satisfaction on her plump, fair face.

Julia Warren's dark eyes rested upon the tempting pie. One could see it coming from the oven, brown, fragrant, delicious, such a rare specimen of culinary skill as only love and careful thought may accomplish.

"That's a perfectly absurd pie to make for three persons," Julia said slowly. "There are materials enough in it for three ordinary pies. I don't see how you can afford to use so much butter at the price it is, either. I am afraid, dear, you are hopelessly extravagant when it comes to preparing food."

She turned toward the door. "I am going down to Bostwick's to look at a rug. I must have a new one for my living room. The rug I want is expensive, but I tell Bert he should not complain. I've saved nearly enough money to buy it myself."

As Julia went down the back walk Ellen stood looking at her thoughtfully from the window. Julia was slender, gracefully agile and charming in her fur-trimmed coat and bright hat, Ellen, who was a few pounds overweight, sighed. They needed a new living room rug, too. Without doubt she could have one if she saved the way Julia did, but somehow she never could. Her household allowance was gone at the end of the week. It cost a lot to feed the three of them, somehow.

"I suppose I am extravagant, perhaps sinfully so," she said to herself. She was taking the pie from the oven when her twelve-year-old son Donald burst in from school. His eyes fell upon the dish and he paused.

"I say, mother! That's a peach. What's in it? Beefsteak? Hooray! I hope dad won't be late for supper."

Ellen looked at the handsome, healthy boy admiringly. She had no cause to complain of Donald. He came as near being a model son as a woman could wish.

Dad was on time for supper and around the pie the small family sat down in the best of spirits. Donald told of some funny things that had happened to him at school and his father roared. Across the table the parents' eyes met in mutual delight in their offspring. Afterward in the living room while Donald listened in at the small radio set he had built and had devoured the evening paper Ellen lifted her eyes from her sewing to study the shabby room. It was shabby, but clean and homelike. There were books, comfortable chairs, a lounge to loll upon if one felt weary. A dear, ugly room quite unlike Julia's beautiful living room across the way.

The door opened and a girl came in. She was slender, dark, the picture of Julia.

"Mother's got a headache," she said, "so I've come over to get out of her way. Don, will you help me with my algebra? I'm stuck."

"Did your mother get her rug, Evelyn?" Ellen asked.

"I guess so," Evelyn answered indifferently.

Julia telephoned Ellen to come over and see the rug next day. It was unmistakably a beauty.

"I need another lamp, so I'm going to save for that," Julia announced. "Then I shall have things to suit me—very nearly—will you excuse me an instant until I telephone the grocery? There are some things Evelyn and her father talk at eating, but I have them just the same. I will not pamper their appetite when it comes to articles of art."

Ellen said nothing, whereas she might have said much, but she saw that Julia was in a state of nervous tension.

An hour later Donald came home bringing Evelyn with him. He put his arm about his mother whispering in her ear.

"Mother! Can Evelyn stay to supper? Her father's going to stay down town and there isn't anything but a can of something in sight in their kitchen."

Evelyn stayed, after receiving her mother's permission, of course. Julia, hurrying to get ready for a bridge party, was only too glad to be relieved. There were only pancakes and sirup, but the youngsters didn't complain.

"We never have pancakes," Evelyn said. "Mother says they're smoky and she won't have smoky things in the kitchen now that it's just been done over."

Three days later Ellen was called in haste to Julia's side. Julia had collapsed. Bert Warren dashed home from work; the doctor was summoned. It was not a case for the hospital, Doctor Jones said gravely. What Mrs. Warren needed was rest, good food, quiet. He would bring a trained nurse.

Ellen saw Julia every day, although she was kept away from everybody else.

"Doctor Jones raves because I am so thin," Julia cried. "But how can I look decent in my clothes otherwise? And food is so expensive. I'm sure I've tried to economize. I've saved and saved. And now this is the pay I get for it, Ellen"—she seized Ellen's hand—"you won't let Mary Peck bake

cakes in my lovely white and-blue kitchen, will you?"

"No," Ellen promised. "And you'll see that Evelyn doesn't put her school books on my polished table or track mud on the new rug?"

"Oh, my dear," Ellen said, "stop bothering about such things. Just get well."

"I've saved so hard to get my lovely things," Julia mourned. "It will kill me if, when I get up, I find them marred in any way."

"You shall not. I'll see to that," Ellen promised.

She consulted with Mary Peck and Evelyn and her father.

"You'd better come over and get your lessons with Don evenings," she told Evelyn.

"Oh, may I?" Evelyn's eye sparkled. "I do love your living room, dear Mrs. Turner. It's so cozy and homelike. Ours is too nice to use. When I grow up and—and get married—the young girl flushed—I shall keep house just the way you do. I shall have nothing too good for my family and I shall let them have all the beefsteak pies and pancakes they want." Evidently Don had been boasting. Ellen smiled at the thought.

Julia recovered with the aid of many fresh eggs, much cream and milk. The doctor was stern.

"I wish you'd talk to Mrs. Warren, Ellen," she said. "Tell her she's got to get on a different track—fewer fine rugs and more good food. Make it plain."

Ellen made it plain. It was a hard task, but she accomplished it as only she could.

"You mean I've been starving myself in order to save on my grocery bill?" Julia cried angrily. But her anger soon cooled. After all she had some common sense and her long expensive illness had taught her many things.

A week later Evelyn came bounding into the kitchen where Ellen was making another beefsteak pie.

"We're going to have beefsteak pie, too, for supper!" the girl cried. "You just ought to see the butter mother used in making it! And, oh, dearest Mrs. Turner, may Don come over and study with me tonight? Mother says we may use the living room all we want. She says," added Evelyn joyously, "there isn't going to be anything in the house too good for her family after this."

"Antibodies" to Blame for Peculiar Dislikes

That one man's meat is another man's poison is more than a proverb. It's an age-old mystery to which medical science is only just finding the key, says Popular Science Monthly. This mystery involves the eerie world of idiosyncrasies, in which persons grow violently ill at the passing of a horse, or, as in the case of the late Lord Roberts, become intensely disturbed at the presence of a cat. It is a world in which persons feel positive discomforts at the sight of certain colors or the subtle diffusion of curious smells.

Who of us does not know some one who cannot eat eggs, or crabs, or oysters, lobsters, almonds, onions, tomatoes, cucumbers, strawberries, fish, honey, or milk, without becoming instantly ill? Every doctor knows of patients who have an unconquerable aversion to certain drugs or chemicals, such as quinine, morphine, potassium iodide. Others cannot breathe wood dust, or pollen from certain flowers and grasses.

Recent investigations have given new insight into these peculiar reactions, and scientists have succeeded in making sufferers temporarily immune to some of them, besides conceiving an amazing theory to account for the phenomena. This theory is as follows:

Little specks of chemical dynamite called "antibodies" are present in the bodies of many people, particularly nervous persons. There are different kinds of antibodies, and each has its specific "antigen," or poison. Fish may be an antigen for one kind of antibody; the smell of horses for another. Whatever the cause, when the antigen is introduced into the body it behaves like a fuse cap and sets off the dynamite-like chemicals in the antibody—and the unfortunate person whose stomach is being made into a chemical laboratory suffers acutely.

At one time scientists imagined that the individuals who were susceptible to certain foods were, perhaps, naturally weak, and the foods poisoned them in some simple, direct way. Then a case occurred that completely upset their beliefs and indicated that one man's pet aversions could be transferred to another.

A cab driver was injured in an accident, and a blood transfusion was necessary to save his life. When he left the hospital and climbed into his old seat on the cab, he discovered to his chagrin that though he had spent all his life driving horses, he could no longer endure being near one. The doctors discovered that the person who gave the blood necessary to save his life had a profound aversion to horses. The obvious conclusion was, the idiosyncrasy had been transferred in the transfusion.

Subsequent experiments have led scientists generally to accept the theory of antibodies.

Shaving Long Practiced

The Romans commenced shaving in the Fifth century B. C. and Scipio Africanus is said to have been the first Roman to submit to the daily ministrations of the barber. The Roman emperors shaved until the time of Hadrian, who permitted his beard to grow to conceal a bad scar.

Community Building

Color Treatment of House is Important

Just as light colors make a house appear larger, so dark colors make a house appear smaller. When a large house is surrounded by dense foliage which throws it in shadow, warm grays and tans provide an interesting treatment. Tall narrow houses look shorter and in better proportion when painted a light color with a dark contrasting trim. A two-color body treatment for the tall, narrow house is also good, though it is well to remember that light colors and dark colors are greatly accentuated when used together.

The upper portion may be painted a darker color, and a medium color, used for the trim, will, if properly chosen, help to relate the two body colors. In selecting a color for the trim undue emphasis should be avoided on uninteresting architectural lines. This can be accomplished by keeping the trim color fairly close to the particular tint selected for the body treatment.

For instance, in a yellow house, a light cream trim would not overemphasize unpleasant structural lines; but should the house be green, application of this particular trim color would cause each individual detail to appear to the observer in bold relief.

Playground Seen as Aid to Child Welfare

More and more the great nations of the world are acting upon their realization that the strength of their future citizenry depends upon the welfare of the children of today and that fresh air and exercise are important factors in the development of healthy children.

Those who best understand the problems of child welfare realize the necessity of playgrounds for the children of the cities and are leading the movement to preserve these plots of ground for the children.

In England the duke of York, president of the National Playing Field Association, is leading an intensive campaign to secure sufficient recreation grounds for the 4,000,000 boys and girls who, at present, have no place but the streets in which to enjoy their games. He has emphasized that the rapidly increasing population makes the immediate procuring of the property a necessity.

The ideal of the association is to provide a minimum standard of five acres for every thousand persons. Organizations have been formed throughout the country to support the work of the association.—Welfare Magazine.

Protecting Homesites

Reports indicate that zoning ordinances have been helpful in cities throughout the country in avoiding the blighting of districts and the unnecessary scrapping of buildings and costly public utilities that are still serviceable. The razing of a single block of dwellings and the scrapping of utility connections unsuited for altered occupancy usually involved a destruction of \$100,000 or more worth of property, depending on the number and character of houses. Where the scale of such operations is reduced by a good zoning ordinance the annual savings, even in a city of moderate size, are very considerable.

Roof Needs Consideration

If you are planning to build or re-roof soon consider the relationship of the roof to the home itself. Aside from the important fact that the roof is designed to protect all the interior contents, from an architectural viewpoint it represents approximately two-thirds of the exposed (exterior) area of the building itself. Can there be any more logical reason why the selection of the roof—its color, as well as quality of materials, deserves the utmost consideration?

Zoning Idea Spreading

The report that 30,000,000 persons, representing more than one-half of the urban population of the United States, live under the protection of some form of zoning ordinance indicates the tremendous progress made in a comparatively few years. Yet there is much left to be done in this form of self-regulation to promote the greatest possible comfort, convenience and best interest of the greatest number.

Building in Beauty

Thoughtful homeowners everywhere are learning that the best way to achieve beautiful homes is to begin with the house itself. They build beauty in by selecting entrances and windows, doors and trim stairways and cabinet work of good design. Then furnishing and decorating are relatively simple tasks and can be done as time and money permit.

"Save the Surface"

Enormous sales of paints, varnishes and lacquers show that the American people are learning the wisdom of the slogan, "Save the surface and you save all!" Although this was adopted as sales propaganda, it was but the veriest truth, and, as such, struck the common sense of the public.

Improved Uniform International Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for December 25

CHRISTMAS LESSON

LESSON TEXT—Luke 1:1-29. GOLDEN TEXT—Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins. PRIMARY TOPIC—The Coming of the Christ Child. JUNIOR TOPIC—God Sends His Son to Earth. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Prince of Peace. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Promised Era of Peace.

I. The Birth of Jesus (vv. 1-7).

1. Jesus' birth foretold (Mic. 5:2). Only a little while before the fulfillment of this prophecy which was made some seven hundred years before, there seemed little likelihood that Micah's words would come true. Jesus' mother was miles away from Bethlehem in Galilee. God moved the emperor to enforce the decree of taxation which brought Mary to the village at the proper time.

2. Jesus' birth announced to Mary and Joseph (Luke 1:26-38).

Gabriel, the archangel, sent by God to the little town of Nazareth to Mary, a Jewish maiden who was betrothed to a carpenter in the village by the name of Joseph, solemnly announced that she should give birth to the Messiah and that this son should not be Joseph's, but the child of the Holy Ghost (Matt. 1:18-21). Later the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph also, making to him the same announcement and added that the child should be called Jesus, which means that Jehovah will save His people from their sins (Matt. 1:21).

3. The prediction fulfilled (v. 7).

This took place at a most opportune time. It occurred when all systems of religion and immoral worship were tottering upon their foundations, therefore most suitable for the introduction of the gospel. The whole world being under the power of the Romans who then ruled it, made it possible for Christ's ministers to go from city to city and country to country unmolested. We can be assured that the Almighty rules in the whole universe and is never tardy in His administrations.

II. Jesus Birth Announced to the Shepherds (vv. 8-14).

1. To whom (v. 8).

Jesus' birth was announced to the shepherds who were keeping watch over their flocks by night. The fact that the glorious message was first sounded forth to them shows that poverty is no barrier to its reception. Their humble station in life and their being busy with common duties did not prevent them from hearing this glorious message from God. Moses, Gideon, Amos and Elisha were all called of God from the activities of life. He never calls lazy people.

2. By whom (v. 9).

The first gospel sermon was preached by an angel of the Lord. We thus see them interested in men and having part in the announcement of God's plan for their salvation. No doubt the angelic beings earnestly sympathized with fallen, sin-cursed man.

3. The nature of the message (vv. 10, 11).

It was good tidings of great joy. It was good tidings because the darkness of heathendom, which had so long covered the earth, was beginning to vanish. The casting out of Satan, the prince of this world, was about to take place. Liberty was soon to be proclaimed to those who were in bondage. The way of salvation was to be open to all. No longer was the knowledge of God to be confined to the Jews, but offered to the whole world. Truly this was glorious news; so glorious that a multitude of the heavenly host accompanied this announcement with their song of praise.

III. The Shepherds Investigating (vv. 15, 16).

They did not stop to argue or raise questions, though these things were, no doubt, passing strange to them. They went immediately to Bethlehem, where they found everything just as represented. They had the privilege of first gazing upon the world's Savior, the very Lord of Glory. They returned with gratitude in their hearts, praising God for all these wonderful things which He had revealed unto them.

IV. The Shepherds' Witnessing (vv. 17-20).

They found things as announced by the angels. When they beheld the Lord of Glory they could not remain silent, therefore went back praising God. Those who really hear the gospel message cannot be silent. Those who really hear the gospel must tell it out to others.

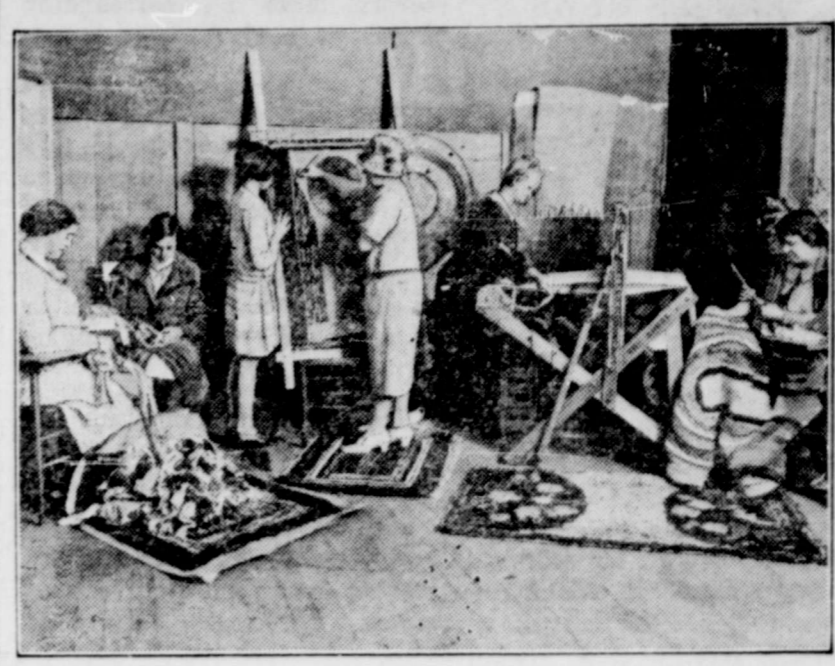
Trials That Never Come

For every trial that God sends, He gives sufficient grace to bear it, but He promises no grace to bear anticipation with, and we little know how large a portion of our mental suffering arises from trials that never come.—Evangelical Tidings.

An Unprofitable Life

The earth life which is not passed in the light which beams out from the glory world would better have not been lived at all.—Gospel Banner.

LEARN TO MAKE VARIOUS KINDS OF RUGS



Home Demonstration Agent Teaching Rug Making at Quincy, Fla.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The illustration shows a home demonstration agent in Gadsden county, Florida, teaching a group of women how to make various kinds of rugs. The meeting is being held in the women's club building at Quincy. Both braided and woven rag rugs interest a good many of the club members, and the making of hooked rugs is a revival of an old art that has become very popular all over the country. Through home industries of this kind, many rural women are increasing their cash income, and are being enabled as a result to get for themselves many household conveniences and labor-saving devices which they did not have a short time ago.

Artistic designs and patterns in beautiful color combinations are being standardized in this rug-making industry by groups of women who are working together in community or even county-wide organizations, known as county weavers' associations. Thousands of dollars have been cleared in one year's time by such groups of women working together in a single county. Community organizations have followed successful production and standardization work in rug making in a similar manner to what has been done in the co-operative marketing of other farm-home products.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING RECIPE

Have Been Kept for Year and Found Excellent.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The bureau of home economics of the Department of Agriculture gives the following recipe for a Christmas plum pudding:

- 1 pound beef suet
- 1 cup English walnuts, cut fine
- 1 pound flour
- 1 cup cider
- 1 pound granulated sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 9 eggs
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 pound seeded raisins, chopped
- 6 teaspoons cinnamon
- 1 pound seedless raisins
- 4 teaspoons cloves
- 1/2 pound citron, cut fine
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 2 1/2 teaspoons all-spice
- 3/4 teaspoon nutmeg

Mix the ground suet with the sugar and the fruit and nuts with about one-half cupful of flour. Separate the eggs and beat both the yolks and whites well. Add egg yolks to the suet and sugar, put in the fruit and nuts, and then the cider. Sift together twice the spices, salt, baking powder and flour, mix well with the first lot, then add the beaten whites of eggs.

Tin cans of No. 2 size or baking powder cans are a good size to use. grease them well and put in enough batter to fill them about three-quarters full. Steam for three hours. These ingredients will fill seven No. 2 cans. The pudding will keep for weeks if the cans are covered with paper or with the loose can tops. Before serving, set the can in boiling water for about three-quarters of an hour, so that the pudding will heat through. Serve hard sauce, made of butter and sugar creamed together, with this pudding. Any of the liquid or foamy sauces is also suitable. Some people like best of all to serve a spoonful of vanilla ice cream or mousse on the plate with the hot pudding.

The pudding can be steamed for one hour and fifteen minutes, then sealed and processed for thirty minutes at ten to fifteen pounds pressure. These puddings have been kept for one year and found excellent, according to the bureau of home economics.

Recipe for Fish Mold by Bureau of Economics

Cooked fresh fish, such as flounder, halibut or cod, or any white-fleshed fish, or any preferred canned fish, as salmon or tuna fish, may be used in the following recipe from the bureau of home economics. The fish should be carefully picked over, and all bones and skin removed:

- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon celery seed
- 1/2 teaspoon sugar
- 2 tablespoons gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 2 cups minced fish

Beat the eggs, add the seasoning, the vinegar and water and cook over boiling water until thickened. Soften the gelatin in cold water and add to the hot dressing. Then add the fish. Place in individual cups or one large mold, and let stand in a cold place until firmly set. Serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise.

Cheese Straws

Roll out plain rich pie crust to one-fourth of an inch thickness; spread one-half with grated cheese; fold over and roll again. Repeat the process three or four times. Then cut in thin strips and bake.

Stuffed Dates

Stone the dates. Fill with cream cheese, nuts or fondant. Roll in powdered sugar. Wrap in small squares of waxed paper and send as dessert with the school lunch.

Corn Custard or Pudding for Luncheon or Supper

Containing both eggs and milk, corn custard is sufficiently hearty to take the place of other protein food for lunch or supper. It might well be accompanied by a simple vegetable salad, and with cake or cookies for dessert, the meal would be entirely satisfying. The bureau of home economics gives the following directions for making it:

- 2 cups canned corn
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt or dried corn
- 3 eggs
- 2 cups milk
- 2 tablespoons melted butter

Beat the eggs and mix all the ingredients. Pour into a buttered baking dish and place in the oven in a pan containing boiling water. Bake the corn custard slowly until it is entirely set to the center in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.). Corn canned Maine style, that is with the grains scored and pulp scraped out, is especially good for use in this kind of a dish.

Date Pudding With Nuts Makes Hit With Family

If you want to make a real hit with your family give them date-nut pudding with whipped cream some day soon. It's made in this way, according to the bureau of home economics:

- 1 1/2 cups pitted dates
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon butter
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 3 eggs

Mix the butter and sugar and add the beaten eggs and milk. Sift the dry ingredients and add them to the liquid mixture, reserving enough flour to coat the dates and nuts. Add them and the vanilla. Bake in a shallow greased pan in a very slow oven for 45 to 60 minutes until set in the center. Cut in squares and serve with whipped cream.

Combination of Prunes and Apricots for Iron

The new crop of dried fruit is now on the market and at its best. Dates, prunes, figs, apricots and raisins all help to vary the fruit diet as the supply of available fresh fruit diminishes. Several of these are rich in iron and other valuable minerals—and so may be wisely introduced into the menu as often as possible. Try this combination from the bureau of home economics:

- 1/2 pound apricots
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 pound prunes
- 4 cups water

Wash the prunes and apricots thoroughly and put them in the water to soak overnight. Cook the fruit together for ten minutes, add the sugar, and simmer until the juice is fairly rich. Serve hot or cold.

Try Celery, Stewed and Creamed During Winter

When the variety of fresh vegetables dwindles down in winter time, and you are somewhat tired of the good old standbys, such as cabbage, carrots, turnips and beets, try celery, stewed and creamed. The tougher stalks from two or more bunches may be cooked, and the hearts served raw at another meal. The suggestion comes from the bureau of home economics.

Clean the celery, and cut into pieces about three-fourths inch long. Cook in a small quantity of boiling salted water for 15 to 20 minutes, or until tender. Drain and combine with white sauce made in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls of flour and two tablespoonfuls of butter to one cupful of milk. Season and serve at once. A few of the tender leaves of the celery may be minced and scattered over the top to make the dish look attractive.

ENOCHS NEWS

A Bible Study class was organized the Bula Tabernacle last Sunday afternoon, which will be under the auspices of the International Bible Students Association of Brooklyn, N. Y. The purpose of the class will be to adhere strictly to the Bible as God's revealed Word of Truth. It stands firmly upon the great ransom sacrifice as the fundamental doctrine by which all doctrines are measured. It is free from yarties, sects, and creeds of men. It does not assume a dogmatic attitude, but confidently invites a careful examination of its studies in the light of the infallible Word of God. Its purpose will not be to indulge in controversies, and its sessions are not open to personalities.

Time of meeting will be at 3 o'clock each Sunday afternoon, except the first Sunday in the month, when no class will be held, and all meetings will be at the Bula tabernacle.

G. P. Howell returned from a trip to Fort Worth last Thursday where he had been getting some machine work done for the gin engine.

Mr. and Mrs. Clide Middick left Monday morning for Davidson, Oklahoma, where they will be at home on the farm of Mr. Myddick's father.

Herman Corcoran, John Alford, and Murl Cochran, were visiting friends at Cobleland last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Clark are spending the holidays at McAdoo, their former home.

John W. Blalock was in our community last week and was so enthused over the turkey outlook (that being the market week for them) that he placed

several birds on surrounding farms as seed for next year's crop.

A number of our people have installed oil burners in their stoves recently in an attempt to cut out the high cost of coal. It is claimed that this will cut their fuel bill more than half. It looks like this should be encouraged in view of the great over-production of the oil fields.

The Jim Ayers family are expecting to spend the holiday season near Moran, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stanley and Mrs. Clide Lancaster are leaving Friday morning for Corsicana and Kerens for a brief visit.

A goodly number were in attendance at the play entitled "The Womanless Wedding," which was given at the Bula school last Friday evening. The proceeds were for the purchase of athletic equipment.

W. R. Maxwell finished threshing and marketing his grain crop this week and left for Kingfisher, Okla., his new home.

R. A. Seifers and J. C. Kiker have been busy threshing this week.

A prairie wild fire broke out last Friday morning and swooping down on the back of a stiff west wind, almost wiped out the crops of A. B. Dodgen and J. S. Ayers. These gentlemen state that the high wind in this case was really a help in fighting the flames, because of helping to blow the side fires out.

J. E. Raney and Clyde McCormick are busy threshing with the Bates & Howell machines. They finished for R. H. Kyser Monday and from there they pulled to the Paul and Kent ranch.

C. D. Sheppard, of Goodland,

was a pleasant caller at the store Tuesday morning.

Wayman Woodruff, of Seminole, Oklahoma, slipped into our midst the past week and escaped with one of the most prominent of our young ladies as his bride, Miss Hazel Taylor. We wish to join in with their many friends in a wish-you-well salutation and trust that they will not forget the place they left so suddenly, but will return and build their love nest amongst us. Mr. Woodruff is a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Woodruff, an Enochs farm owner, and Mrs. Woodruff is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Taylor, residing on their farm on the Wison Ranch.

W. H. Ford, M. D.
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Sudan, Texas

Lost, Strayed or Stolen
One pair brown mules, one mare and the other horse, 4 and 5 years old. Mare mule has scar on right fore foot, and is some larger and taller than horse mule. Will reward any information concerning them. J. E. Flatt, d163tp Goodland, Tex.

J. R. Reynolds of Mobetee, is visiting his sister, Mrs. N. A. Sigman and family.

For Sale Two Ford Touring Cars '24 models. Good running condition. Sudan Auto Supply.

Miss Ada Carruth arrived in Sudan Tuesday to spend the holidays with her father, J. M. Carruth and family.



I will sell at Public Sale at the old Whaley Lumber Yard in Sudan, on
Saturday, December 31, '27
Beginning at 1 o'clock. The following personal property.

Horses, Mares and Mules	Farm Implements
10 head good heavy work stock, ranging from 1000 to 1300 lbs, ranging in age from 5 to 10 years, 6 head of saddle horses, ranging from 2 to 9 years old.	1 two row P & O Lister planter, 2 slide godevils, 1 two section harrow, 1 Avery Bob Cat double disc, 2 two row sod planters, 1 single row lister, lister points, plow points, godevil knives and household and kitchen furniture.
Milk Cows 7 head of milk cows, 3 yearling calves.	Harness, collars, bridles and saddle.

TERMS: CASH. No property to be removed until settled for.
L. P. HAMILTON, Owner
COL. JACK ROWAN, Auctioneer.
JOE D. WEST, Clerk.

The Blalock Store

PROVIDES FREE VISION TEST

has just introduced an interesting innovation. It is a system by which people can test the accuracy of their vision free of charge. Each person does his or her own testing.

A scientific Eye Test Chart is used for the purpose. Printed directions on it tell the reader exactly what to do. The test will tell whether or not the eyes are functioning properly. If the eyes need help, it indicates what size lenses are required to give accurate and comfortable vision. It takes only a few minutes to make the test.

Most people fail to secure glasses until they are driven to it by suffering from eye-strain and headaches. This is for various reasons. Some have no idea that their vision has weakened. Others are deterred from having examination made by the matter of expense; and still others purely from neglect. Therefore, the free test, so easily made at the store, will be helpful in many ways. The store is to be congratulated for enterprise in taking this step of additional service to patrons.

The system was originated and is copyrighted by The Dayton Optical Company which furnishes high quality, low priced C-E-Z Spectacles to the above store.

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Norma Deon, on Novmber 29th at Frederick, Okla.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Middick report the rental of their farm to M. M. Baskin. They expect to tend Mr. Middick's father's farm at Davidson, Okla.

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