THE SANDERSON TIMES

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Mrs. Herbert Buchanan, who has been the guest of Mrs. Ray Caldwell the past week left Wednesday for her home in El Paso.

H. B. Palmer, Boy Scout executive with headquarters in Uvalde, was a visitor in our city last Friday in the interest of the local scout organization.

Mrs. P. F. Robertson returned last Sunday from San Antonio, where she went to spend the Thanksgiving holidays with her daughter, Mrs. Jack Reinke in San Antonio. She was accompanied home by her grandson, Jack Robertson Reinke, who will visit his grandparents for several weeks.

Lawrence Ware of Upland Cal., is visiting his mother, Mrs. Annie Ware.

The Times has an extra page of news in this edition of the paper as well as last week.

ALPINE W. B. A. MEMBERS GUESTS OF LOCAL REVIEW

Alpine Review No. 50 W. B. A. were guests of the local W. B. A. Review last Saturday night when the two reviews held a big rally meeting. The district deputy, Mrs. Lillie Holford of El Paso, was also in attendance at the rally meeting.

Following the regular meeting of the lodge a social hour was spent. A plate lunch of sandwiches, salad, cake and coffee was served by a committee of members from the local review.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Doak Jr. were in town the first of the week from their ranch near Dryden shopping and visiting friends.

DAVIS MOUNTAIN FEDERATION HOLDS SEMI-ANNUAL MEET AT MARFA

TERRELL AND REEVES COUNTY ARE ADDED TO DISTRICT.

(By Mrs. C. D. Wood.)

One of the most interesting meetings ever held by the Davis Mountain Federation was the seventh semi-annual meeting which convened in Marfa on November 18. It was held at the beautiful Christian Church, a new and modern structure of the mission style of architecture. Large floor baskets of chrysanthemums and brass bowls of American Beauty roses were placed in assembly room with true artistic effect.

The president, Mrs. J. W. Rotan of Fort Stockton, was in the chair.

The reports of standing committees were constructive and showed progress. Mrs. Shipman, Marfa, had enlarged photographs of historical places, and had cuts of plates with which her committee expects to mark the historical spots of the surrounding country. Mrs. Rigsby, Fort Stockton, reported on highways. Mrs. H. W. Moreleck of Alpine, on Sul Ross loan fund; Mrs. Meade, Marfa, legislation; Mrs. Yates, Marfa, Mexican work; Mrs. Bird, Fort Davis, chautauqua.

Mrs. Stegall, Valentine, in offering her report, called on Mrs. Van Sickle, Alpine, as having done outstanding work on her committee. Mrs. Stegall said that Mrs. Van Sickle had tied with Mrs. Thurman of Ranger in the number of clubs federated for which the Sixth District had offered a prize. Mrs. Van Sickle then reported that she had assisted in federating five clubs since last February, El Progresso Club, Alpine; P.-T. Study Club, Marathon, Study Club, Sanderson; Study Club, Shafter, and Delphian Club, Alpine. Three of the newly acquired clubs had good delegations present and prominent places on the program.

New Territory Added.

An important change in the constitution was made and the Federation voted to include Terrell and Reeves Counties along with Brewster, Presidio, Jeff Davis and Pecos Counties. With the extension of the borders of the federation, another important change was made. It was voted that all those present at the banquets given at federation meetings pay $1 for their plates, thus relieving the hostess clubs of some of the financial burden of entertainment.

The four-course turkey dinner was served in the church dining room and was a distinct success. At a large round table in the center of the room, State, district and D. M. F. officers and guests of honor were seated, 20 ladies being placed at this table. The centerpiece was an attractive arrangement of fruits and vines placed in, and overflowing from, a large pumpkin. Four other tables, all decorated with chrysanthemums, each seating 16 guests, were placed around the central table. Mrs. Brown, Marfa, very cleverly announced the numbers on the program arranged for the dinner. We enjoyed the songs by Miss Frances Mitchell, the readings by Mrs. Ruth Bailey Starnes, a piano solo by a young lady whose name escaped the reporter, and several numbers by an orchestra from Marfa post. Charming young daughters and friends of Marfa club ladies served the dinner most efficiently.

From every angle the banquet was a great success and reflects added glory to the Marfa club ladies. After the dinner, the president called the meeting to order for a Memorial service. One of our members, a delegate from her club a year ago, Mrs. Charles Flint of Fort Stockton, has recently passed on. Mrs. Rotan eulogized the departed member, and resolutions of respect were passed.

Mrs. L. C. Brite reported on the Scenic Drive recently given by the D. M. F., and read letters of appreciation from officers of the State Federation.

One of the most interesting features of the program was the report of State Federation at El Paso given by Mrs. Spalding of Marathon. This report indicated close attendance at the meetings and good judgment in selecting material for reporting.

Two outstanding papers were given at the afternoon session, both of which merit more particular attention than is possible to give them in this brief report. Mrs. Floyd Reeves of Fort Stockton spoke on "The Value of an Educated Citizenship as a Factor for World Peace." The subject of the paper given by Mrs. George Livingston of Alpine was "Woman's Influence in the Life of Today." Many features of the program must necessarily be omitted from the report, but all who attended felt that this meeting in all its parts was one of the best the Federation has had.

New Officers Chosen.

Election of officers resulted as follows:

President, Mrs. C. H. Bird, Fort Davis; vice-president at large, Mrs. E. H. Stegall, Valentine; first vice-president, Mrs. Louis Ritchey, Marathon; second vice-president, Mrs. Homer Moorman, Alpine; third vice-president, Mrs. McCracken, Marfa; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Hicks Gray, Fort Davis; parliamentarian, Mrs. Hill, Shafter; press reporter, Mrs. Harry Harris, Fort Stockton; board member, Mrs. Bernal Slight, Alpine; board member, Mrs. G. L. Mitchell, Fort Stockton.

The president, Mrs. Rotan, asked the new members to come forward as their names were called by the secretary. Presenting the new officers, the retiring president made a graceful speech of appreciation of the past and hope for the future.

An invitation to come to Fort Stockton for the spring meeting was extended and accepted.

W. M. U. HAVE SOCIAL MEETING.

The W. M. U. held their monthly social meeting on Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Druse. The program was on "Jews," which was ably discussed by the program leader, Mrs. T. L. Williams. Several other interesting numbers on the program were well given and very much enjoyed. There were twenty-two present.

Following the social meeting a short business session was held and the committee discussed the bazaar. Refreshments of sandwiches, cocoa, cake and prune pudding with whipped cream were served by the hostesses Mrs. Black and Mrs. Druse.

The next meeting will be held on the second Monday in December for Bible study at the home of Mrs. Gayle Mussey.

—Reporter.

Auxiliary Meets.

Th Ladies of the Presbyterian Auxiliary held their regular business and social meeting at the home of Mrs. Clyde Griffith Monday with Mrs. Jessie Lochausen and Mrs. Lee Van Zandt as joint hostesses. The bazaar committee gave their report and quite a neat sum was realized to the joy of the members as money is needed to carry on our work. Our Christmas party was planned and will be held at the home of Mrs. P. F. Robertson the first Monday in January.

Our missionary lesson was "Brazil." An interesting program had been prepared by our leader, Mrs. Lochausen. Papers of interest were by Mrs. J. W. McKee, Mrs. P. F. Robertson and Mrs. Lochausen. Business was closed with prayer by Mrs. Robertson.

The hostesses served cake and chocolate to 23 members and three visitors.

The next meeting will be Bible study, Monday December 12, at the home of Mrs. Fred Yeates.

—Reporter.

Night Bridge Club.

Mrs. H. R. Laurence was hostess to the members of the Night Bridge Club at her home last Saturday night.

Following several interesting games of bridge scores were added. Mrs. L. H. Lemons made high score for the ladies and was awarded a colonial powder jar as the prize. The men's high score prize, a box of handkerchiefs, went to Sims Wilkinson.

Refreshments of creamed chicken, fruit salad, pie and coffee were served.

RATTLE OF THE RAIL

The annual inspection party, composed of four cars, spent Monday night here.

E. H. O Neal is now firing out of here west to Valentine.

Fireman E. H. Sterrett of El Paso has been assigned to a freight run out of here.

T. B. Moseley has returned from El Paso and has resumed his passenger run on the El Paso division.

Boiler Inspector Downum was here from El Paso Monday.

Fireman T. R. Vaughn has been assigned to a switch engine at El Paso.

Fireman C. J. Pollock is now working out of Del Rio.

Fireman G. M. Medlock and J. D. May from Del Rio are now working out of here.

A new time table went into effect here last Sunday, November 27. No changes were made in local schedule of passenger trains here.

Mrs. A. C. Clatfelter and children returned Sunday from San Antonio where they spent the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mrs. Ray Caldwell left Wednesday for San Antonio and Lytle where she will visit Mrs. George Chapman.

Mrs. Sue Douglas left Tuesday morning for Orange where she will visit relatives.

Mrs. Lee Grigsby spent the week-end at the High Bridge with Mrs. F. S. Garrison.

W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 49--1927.

TEXAS ITEMS

Plans are under way for a poultry association to be organized in Jasper County.

Carrizo Springs has voted $88,000 bonds for water and sewer improvements.

The potato curing plant at Livingston has in storage for curing practically 3000 bushels of East Texas yams.

A $100,000 bond issue of road district No. 4, Gray County, was approved Friday by Assistant Attorney General D. L. Whitehurst.

The tax rate of the city of Austin for next year has been tentatively fixed at $1.98 by the city commission. The present rate is $2.20.

Eight cars of broom corn have moved from Devine in the past few days; some of this was held over from last year on account of low prices.

In a recent election bonds amounting to $55,000 for municipal waterworks system for the city of Lindale were defeated by a vote of 55 to 90.

Edwin Hobby, former Dallas banker, and brother of former Governor W. P. Hobby, died at Kerrville last week, where he has been under treatment for a throat affliction.

The concrete highway has been completed from the Jim Wells County line to Falfurrias. Work is now being started south of Falfurrias, the construction outfits being moved south this week.

That the raising of sheep and goats in Bastrop County is beginning to be one of the foremost industries is shown by the increase in the number of such animals over the county during the past few years.

Regardless of what his predecessors may have done, Governor Moody will not grant deficiency appropriations in excess of $200,000, what he believes to be the constittional limit, he announced.

The tusks and skeleton of a mammoth or mastodon were found near Fort Worth Saturday by workmen in excavating in a gravel pit. The tusks were approximately eight feet in length and well preserved.

The shipments of turkeys from Lampasas during the Thanksgiving buying season amounted to 24 carloads. A carload is valued at about $8,000, and the turkeys sold thus far have netted the raisers about $192,000.

On the basis of collections already totaling $1,204,458.82, S. H. Terrell, state comptroller, estimated Friday that gasoline tax revenues for October will approximate $1,600,000, representing an increase of some $200,000 over September collections.

Election of W. L. Hughes of Texas A. and M. college as president of the Texas State Teachers' association and the advocacy by Governor Dan Moody of the county unit system were the two highlights Friday at the general session of the association held in Houston.

It is estimated that hardwood timber to the value of $100,000 has been cut and shipped out of Shelby county during the past 12 months. The hardwood includes the various kinds of oaks, hickory, blackgum, sweetgum, sycamore, magnolia and dogwood.

Where land is sold under foreclosure for delinquent state and county taxes for an amount less than the judgment, the costs and fees due officers can not be paid until the entire taxes, penalty and interest are paid, the attorney general's department has ruled.

Average operating cost for each inmate of the state's 17 eleemosynary institutions was $30.89 for October, or a slight decrease under the cost for September, the board of control announces. Austin state school showed the lowest average cost, which was $20.94 for the 621 inmates.

Forced from its former policy because of an unusually large surplus in the school fund, the state board of education has bought $147,500 worth of district, county and city bonds, $120,000 worth of which will bring only 4.6 per cent interest. The board formerly would purchase no issues bearing less than 5 per cent, but has decided to take some at less profit because of the relative abundance of idle money.

The sweet potato crop in the Bastrop section is of a fair yield this year, and many farmers are realizing quite a bit of revenue through the marketing of their crop.

Warning has been issued by the state game, fish and oyster department that quail shooting cannot legally begin until December 1. Reports have been received that shooting of quail has already started in the north zone. Notice was also given that there is no open season on plover, the federal migratory bird law protecting them.

Victoria County has voted 715,000,000 to pave the remaining gaps in three highways passing through the county. Several lateral roads will figure in the improvement project.

As part of the expansion program looking toward doubling the population of Alvin, an ordinance has been passed by the city council, calling for an election January 3 to vote a 3110,000 bond issue for public improvements. Bonds will provide for a $60,000 sanitary sewer system, 330,000 street paving and $20,000 for a new city hall.

HATCHER SEES BOOM IN TEXAS

Unprecedented Prosperity Is Predicted For State of Texas Beginning Jan. 1, 1928.

Beaumont, Tex.—Prosperity of almost unprecedented proportions is predicted for Texas beginning January 1, 1928, by W. Gregory Hatcher, state treasurer, who arrived in Beaumont Friday for a conference with bankers.

"I have just completed a tour of the state's ten largest cities where I discussed the economic and agricultural situation with financial leaders," Mr. Hatcher said. "Many of the farmers' old obligations have been paid and about 25 per cent of this year's crop remains in their hands. When that equity is sold, "probably during September," the farmers will have money for the extras of life.

"Practically all outstanding cotton is 'velvet' in that it represents profit. When the money it brings is placed in circulation over the state, great prosperity should result."

Mr. Hatcher, whose offices are at Austin, has visited Dallas, Houston, Fort Worth, San Antonio, Waco, Galveston, El Paso, Wichita Falls and Beaumont, where his inspection trip ended.

At Beaumont he conferred with a group of local financial men in regard to deposits of state funds.

Texas Railroads Income Smaller.

Austin, Tex.—A $4,219,162 decrease in net operating income of Texas railroads for the nine months period ending September 30, as compared with the corresponding period of last year was noted in a report from state railroad commission. As has been the case for the last several reports, the main decrease was in passenger revenues, which fell from $25,052,242 for last year's period to $23,745,294 for this year. Freight revenue, however, continued to gain, showing an increase of $7,640,870 over last year's period, when the total was $136,755,595. The net income from all sources for this year's period, after all expenses had been deducted, was $23,195,051.

To Rule on School Funds.

Austin, Tex.—Miss Ethel Hilton, assistant attorney general, is preparing an opinion on whether county judges acting as ex officio county superintendents in counties of less than 10,000 population, should be paid from county funds or state school funds, it was learned Friday. The question has been of some import to several counties affected since Governor Dan Moody vetoed a bill passed by the Fortieth legislature attempting to prescribe method and amount of pay in such cases.

Texas Postmasters Named.

Washington, D. C.—The Postoffice Department has announced the appointment of six Texas postmasters. The offices and postmasters named are: Miss Lizeta Walker, appointed postmaster at Altair, Colorado County; Rufus M. Sikes, appointed postmaster at Doole, McCulloch County; Mrs. Myrtle E. Scott, postmaster at Staples, Guadalupe County; Charles R. Boles, postmaster at Telferner, Victoria County; Miss Minnie Laughlin, postmaster at Trickham, Coleman County, and Mrs. Eula M. Berry, postmaster at Waka, Achiltree County.

Southern Pine Mills Show Gains.

New Orleans, La.—Reports from 80 identical Southern Pine mills show orders received increased 13.62 per cent over previous week; shipments increased 2.52 per cent, and production increased 63 per cent. These 80 mills show 50,279,460 feet ordered, 44,903,258 feet shipped, and 47,472,359 feet produced, with orders on hand at end of last week amounting to 146,376,350 feet.

Coolidge For Education Secretary.

Washington, D. C.—Creation of a federal department of education and relief, the head of which would have a place in the cabinet, still is favored by President Coolidge. His position, it was said at the White House Friday, has not been changed from that which he took in several messages to congress and especially in an address which he made on July 4, 1924.

150 Deer Placed in Storage.

Kerrville, Tex.—Carcasses of 150 buck deer killed this season in the surrounding hills are in cold storage at Kerrville, a check of cold storage plants Friday revealed. There also are approximately 500 wild turkey gobblers in storage.

Gas Franchise at Austin Granted.

Austin, Tex.—The city council Friday passed finally an ordinance granting a natural gas franchise to a local company.

Bales of Cotton Ginned 10,899,182.

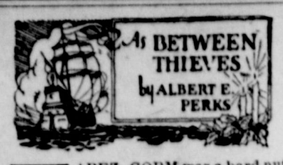
Washington, D. C.—Cotton of this year's crop ginned prior to November 14, the census bureau announced, totaled 10,899,182 bales, including 401,005 round bales, counted as half bales and excluding linters.

Ceylon Dry In 1928.

Colombo, Ceylon.—The legislative council adopted a resolution for immediate prohibition in the northern provinces and ordered the colonial secretary to introduce a scheme for enforcement before January 1.

Nothing succeeds like success.

Character is fate.—Heraclitus.



JABEZ GORM was a hard nut to crack and proud of it. Nobody realized it more than the group of hard men who sat around a table with him, comfortable in their armchairs, warm with the heat of steam radiators and plenty of coal, and little interested in those who could not pay for protection against the bitter late December cold.

"I guess he could pull through if we nursed him a bit," one of the group was remarking. "He's young, and enthusiastic. His organization's good. Never let himself get cornered like this before. Sure will be a lesson to him."

"Nurse him long enough, he'll get into the wholesale line and increase competition. Aren't there enough of us already?" It was Jabez Gorm who spoke.

"If you don't encourage the good ones a bit, you're apt to get all the more bad ones." A hard voice from a hard face was speaking on the other side of the table.

"Ever seen a good one when he's selling against you?" Jabez countered.

"Kinda hard to hammer a fellow the first time he's up against it," a rather kindlier voice broke in.

"Harder he's hammered the tougher he'll get. That's how I got toughened," said another.

On and on the debate went.

Figures were tabled. How much the debtor owed; how much he was likely to produce in bankruptcy; how much the dividend would be; whether it would pay better to take 50 per cent and get rid of a potential rival, or get 75 and let him start again with a clean sheet, or give him lots of time to pay in full.

On and on they argued.

The snow cluttered up the window and deafened the outside sounds of happiness and good cheer, of hastening feet, of shivering limbs, of arms flapping to keep hungry and ill-clad bodies warm.

"Look, Daddy, What Santa Claus Left for Me!"

And the argument went on.

Cheerful greetings, happy salutations, heartfelt good wishes were exchanged right and left in the street below; but in an upper room of the big hotel the hard-faced group argued on and heard nothing.

"Well, look, fellows, we can't stay all night. I gotta take the train tonight. All packed up an' everything. Going to play golf in Florida over the holidays. Gotta get this thing over quick or I miss that train."

"Lucky dog. I can't afford to play golf in Florida." This from Jabez Gorm. "Neither can I afford to play good Samaritan to bankrupt young fools. Let him assign and be done with it."

The final decision was so registered, and the creditors' meeting broke up, one to fly for a train heading south; some to join hilarious parties in the banquet halls of the hotel; Jabez Gorm to return to a big, stern-looking house in which many servants had prepared with professional efficiency the seasonal decorations, the gifts and the festal touches that fashion and social custom required to be provided for the children of this very elegant house.

Seven o'clock next morning. The bells were ringing their annual message of peace and good will. A choir in a little nearby church was singing, "Noel, Noel." Charlie Gorm, five years old and full of faith in the things that really matter, was dancing round the paternal bed of the Gorm household.

"Look, Daddy, what Santa Claus left for me! 'N' a letter with it an' evvythin'. Look."

Jabez roused himself and read:

"I was cleaning up your house when I saw the kid's stocking hung up and remembered about Christmas. Hate to do anybody a bad turn on Christmas Eve. Here's a buck for the baby's Christmas. Look out for your silver and other valuables some other night."

Not so long ago Jabez had taken prizes at Sunday school.

Funny that the only lesson he could think of now was about another thief who repented in time and won the first guaranteed pass through the pearly gates of heaven.

Jabez Gorm would have given a hand to call that meeting back.

But they were gone their several ways. Not for months could they all be got together again.

The church bells pealed once more. To Jebez Gorm they seemed to sing. "Too late, too late, too late, too late . . ."

Finding His Sphere

"Why did you send your son into the air service?"

"Because he is no earthly good."

Are You Left-Handed?

The Left-Handed Man Was Highly Honored In Those Days

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

ARE you left-handed?

And if you are, do your friends look upon you as being—well, just a bit "queer" because you're different, even in this little respect, from the rest of humanity?

If you are, and they do, don't let it bother you. For instead of left-handedness being something to be concerned about, it's something over which you can be just a bit proud. Here's one reason: away back in ancient times a left-handed man was considered "the darling of the gods" and he was frequently honored with high office for no other reason than that he was one of these "darlings of the gods," the evidence of which being the fact that he was left-handed. So, although you may not believe in gods, as did the ancients, if you have any faith in Lady Luck, or any of the other members of the modern pantheon which we know by a variety of names, all having to do with luck or chance, you might well allow yourself to believe that these modern gods will smile upon you because you're a "southpaw," even as the ancient deities did in the olden days.

And you can tell your friends, too, that you have illustrious company in your left-handedness. The Pharaohs are said to have been left-handed, as were the greater Caesars—and they were rather important people in their times. Alexander the Great, who conquered the world, did it with his good—not right but—left arm, for history records that he grasped his trusty sword with his left hand. Then there was Charlemagne, the patron of scholars, who, when he did any writing at all, grasped his pen in his left hand. Surely these are notables with whom you wouldn't be ashamed to claim left-handed kinship!

But to get down to more modern times—which would you rather be, one of the host of right-hand pitchers in the major leagues or one of that more exclusive group of diamond stars, such "port-wheelers" as Willie Sherdel of the St. Louis Cardinals, one of the heroes of the 1926 world's series, or Herb Pennock, the hero of the 1927 championship battle, or Babe Ruth, who was a left-handed pitcher before he deserted the slab to become the "Sultan of Swat"? Of course, one of the earliest of the great southpaws, "Rube" Waddell, is still remembered as one of the "queerest" players in baseball history. But the fact remains that he was one of the truly great slab artists of all time, so it doesn't matter whether he was "queer" because he was left-handed or left-handed because he was "queer."

As a matter of fact a lot of this belief about the "queerness" of left-handed people is mere superstition, after all. To get at the explanation of left-handedness and some of the phenomena, such as the so-called "mirror" or reversed handwriting, connected with it, it is necessary to go back to the earliest day of the genus homo. In the day of the cave man neither right nor left hand had preferred usage and modern excavations have brought to light just as many implements fashioned for left-hand use as for right-hand. When the cave man desired to set down his thoughts in picture writing, it was done with either hand.

More than that, the writing was from right to left quite as often as it was from left to right. And this survived to a much later day for a form of writing, called "boustrophedon," used in early Greek and Latin inscriptions, often showed every other line written right to left in mirror fashion, that is, it would resemble left-to-right writing if reflected in a mirror.

The increasing usage of the right hand in preference to the left came about as primitive methods of warfare developed. The left hand and arm were used to hold the shield over the heart to guard it from a fatal thrust and the sword or spear was wielded in the right. Since the nerve fibers which govern the right arm and right leg (you remember from the study of physiology in school, of course, about this "crossing over" in the nervous system) are located in the left side of the brain, that side of the brain, being more active, became highly developed and the right side of the brain, controlling the left side of the body, accordingly became less highly developed. So as time went on men became not only right-handed and right-legged and right-footed but right-eyed as well (that is to say, the vision in the right eye became keener than in the left). The skin also became more sensitive on the right side and the senses of touch, taste and smell became more acute on that section.

Along with this greater development on the right side there began to grow up a certain amount of superstition. It included the old paganistic Roman custom of putting the right foot forward at the beginning. From this custom originated the saying, which persists to this day, about "putting your best foot forward," the best foot being, of course, the right. This supersstition is responsible also for the fear which many people have of entering a room with the left foot forward.

Despite the fact that most people are right-handed, approximately one out of ever twenty-five is a "throwback" to the primitive days when all were ambidextrous and these four per cent persist in being left-handed. Just why they are left-handed science has never yet been able to explain satisfactorily. One of the curious evidences of this "throwback" is the tendency toward the so-called "mirror" or reversed writing, although not all left-handed persons have that tendency.

A short time ago one of the news pictures which was widely published in this country was that of Willie Cozens of London, Eng., a six-year-old boy who was described as "suffering from a rare ailment. He is physically normal, but because of a peculiar development of the brain he writes backwards, beginning at the right side of the paper and writing all the letters the wrong way round." As a matter of fact Willie's habit of writing his name "snezoC maillIW" (only the letters themselves are also reversed) is not a "rare ailment" at all. It is rather common, as the testimony of Dr. Robert Kingman of Brooklyn, N. Y., a physician who has made a special study of "mirror" writing, will show. He says:

In nearly every school there are several left-handed first graders who will annoy their teachers and alarm their parents by insisting on writing words backward, as "elppa" for "apple." They may also copy numbers backward, as "234" for "432." Unfortunately there are many teachers and parents who stigmatize such a child as "feebleminded" or "queer." They ridicule him and force him to write with his right hand only. Many girls and boys are afflicted with stuttering and other nervous disorders from just such coercion. If allowed to use their left hand they could learn to write the conventional way and later become ambidextrous.

Ambidexterity is advisable as a means to promote symmetrical development of body and mind. Bimanual dexterity is of practical advantage to ball players, carpenters and surgeons. The hero of the western movie thriller always saves his fair lady with two-handed gun play, and there seems sound reason for the belief that two-handed facility would serve equally well in real life.

As a matter of fact, mirror writing is the easiest and most natural movement for any untrained person who holds a pen in the left hand. This is true because outward movements are easier than inward movements. I know personally of many cases where adults of high intelligence reverted to mirror writing unconsciously at some period of their life.

According to Doctor Kingman, there are two different centers for the act of writing as for all other muscular movements. One is partially suppressed by modern habit and often tries to work at the same time as the other. When the child tries to learn a skilled movement with the right hand he cannot prevent the left hand from following with the same movement. So the left hand when it produces mirror writing uses muscle movements that are natural because the brain centers for mirror writing unconsciously are formed symmetrically with those for the right hand. Because our system of education is one-sided the mirror-writing centers in the right brain are suppressed but they are potentially available just the same. They crop out in the left-handed person but that is not a sign of "queerness" at all. It is simply the "throwback." If your child is left-handed, don't try to "break him of it," encourage him to use his right hand more, to become ambidextrous, thus promoting that "symmetrical development of body and mind" of which Doctor Kingman speaks.

Why I Love America

Now ask me why I love America! Such homes as mine are to be found all the country over and they are what make it a great country. Every boy scout has these loved ones that he prizes above all others. For these we would gladly give our lives, for all boy scouts are brave and unselfish. Being unselfish we are not only interested in the happiness of our loved ones, but we are determined to see that every other family is just as happy as our own.—Lieut. Belvin W. Maynard in Boys' Life.

Don't Ask for Perfection

Children who get the idea that it is a sign of weakness to admit any failure or fault are being prepared for a whole series of lies. No one can maintain such a standard; none of us is perfect. Yet there are parents who hold up before their children impossible notions of how exalted the position of the family is; no member of it has any defect. Fathers cherish the reputation for the perfection to preserve it; mothers are snobbish and filled with false pride. It is far better to face one's defects honestly. To be a hypocrite is to be a liar.—Winthrop D. Lane in Delineator Magazine.

Troublesome Weed

The hawkweed, introduced from Europe into Canada and the New England states, has become one of the most troublesome weeds in grass lands.

Christmas Presents and Things That Can Be Made

ONE of the annually recurring problems of the Christmas season is: "What unusual and attractive gifts are simple and inexpensive enough for the children to make?" Here are a few suggestions:

Among the easiest is a lovely perfumer made by sticking an apple with cloves until it is completely covered, and appears to be a brown ball. It will last for years, lending a delicate fragrance to lingerie or handkerchiefs.

The hostess who entertains often will welcome a scrap book of party ideas, games, refreshments, etc., which may be clipped from the newspapers and magazines. These may be grouped as to seasons—Christmas, Halloween or Thanksgiving. How-to-do-something items and recipes also make good collections. The latter may be either arranged as menus or classed as soups, vegetables, etc. These books should preferably be of the loose-leaf type, and in any case, the pages should be numbered and the items indexed.

A dainty pinholder may be made from six empty match boxes, pasted together to form a chest of drawers. Cover the front and back of each inner box, glue the outer boxes together, and paste a colored cover around the top, bottom and sides. If cloth is used, unless it is exceptionally heavy, it will be necessary to paste a cover of white paper on first, so that the printing on the match boxes will not show through. To each drawer attach a hook, snap, button, pin, etc., to serve as a handle and to indicate its contents.

Not alone women, but men, too, appreciate handkerchiefs. Some are made of crepe de chine or georgette and edged with lace. Colored threads may be drawn in them, although this work is easier in pongee or linen. To make them exceptionally distinctive and personal, in place of an initial or monogram, trace and embroider the signature of the person for whom they are intended.—Helen Galsford.

(©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

The Postman Was Loaded With a Burden of Love

"WELL, John Tracy, you look like old Santa, himself!" called Postmaster Briggs to John Tracy, the veteran mail carrier of the Heights section of Midbury.

"I not only look like one but I feel decidedly so, for a funny thing happened today!" Tracy's face was wreathed in smiles as he walked across to his locker and dropped his cargo of mysterious looking packages within.

The gang was all curiosity, but he kept them guessing while he took his time locking up the steel cabinet and seating himself for a moment's rest.

"My customers," as he always termed his patrons or the community which he served, "planned a job on me. They appointed a committee, I understand, to interview every family on my route. They asked that everyone refrain from mailing one thing this morning, that I would be empty handed unless it be a present for me. For a couple of blocks I didn't know what to think, but at almost every house I found a package for me, and then I began to get wise. So—to make a long story short—I carried nothing back with me but things addressed to myself. But, Briggs, it sure was a burden of love! Gosh, I didn't dream folks thought that much of only THEIR POSTMAN!"—L. B. Lyons.

(©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

Counting the Chickens

"Have you finished your Christmas shopping yet?"

"Heavens, yes! I've already figured out what I'm going to receive and how many exchanges I'll make."

Singing Christmas Carols

The old custom of singing carols in the streets was revived in 1917. In 1918 thirty cities co-operated. It is expected that carols will be sung this Christmas eve on the streets, in the parks, as well as in the churches, schools and public institutions of communities.

Tree Decorations

In spite of glittering decorations, the Christmas tree would only remain a dark pageant, were it not for the many colored electric lights which are deftly fastened all over it, and which, when lighted up, make it for the young people a thing of beauty and a joy—for that night at least!

The GREEN CLOAK

By YORKE DAVIS

WNU Service. Copyright, 1926

CHAPTER I

—1—

Doctor McAllister has often told me that I take life seriously because I am young. That may or may not be the reason, but I am convinced that I know the reason why he takes it so light-heartedly. It is not because he is old, but because he has already won from life all the reward he wants. In his own department of science—applied psychology—he has achieved about as high a place as it is possible for a man to reach. In this field his reputation does not have to lower its colors to any other in the world; and if in his periods of relaxation he chooses to be frivolous, no one can afford frivolity any better than he. I suppose that the very idea of frivolity used in connection with Prof. Ronald McAllister's name would make most people laugh because of the grotesque unfitness of it; and the people who know him only as a gaunt, gray old bachelor, with a rugged, homely, deeply lined Scotch face and a big rough voice, would be right to laugh.

But I am more an adopted son of his than a mere assistant, and after spending the daily number of hours in his laboratory, watching him work his miracles, I see his great mind relax, and find that he is just a boy, more of a boy than ever I was in my life.

He likes the daily papers—the yellower they are, the better; and he devours a perfectly incredible number of detective stories, good and bad. His delight over a good one is almost pathetic.

So when I read the headlines in the morning papers that day, I knew perfectly well that when work was over and we met at our special little table in a corner of the brilliant dining room of The Meredith, I should be regaled with a thrilling and enthusiastic account of the Oak Ridge murder.

It was easy indeed to prefigure the whole scene. Similar ones had been enacted so many times before. I didn't altogether relish the prospect, for I hate to see people smiling and nodding behind my old chief's back, people who, intellectually or socially, or in any other way, aren't fit to tie his shoes. He doesn't mind their smiles, and the light-hearted emptiness of their lives has a mysterious sort of attraction for him.

And when I see him across our little table, his twinkling gray eyes glowing with excitement, his long ungainly arms and expressive hands working away in enthusiastic gesticulation, his big voice booming out the story of some sensational crime, I can't really wonder that a good many people nod and wink and giggle.

The thing I did wonder at sometimes was, that Wilkins, the obsequious, omnipresent, invaluable headwaiter, contrived to preserve his respectful mask of professional imperturbability.

I had a sneaking fondness for Wilkins, based upon the fact that he at least did not underrate Doctor McAlister. Tonight, for instance, it was Wilkins himself whom I saw conducting him down the long lane of tables, to the corner of the room where we always sat.

"Tell our man what to bring us, Wilkins," he said, waving away the menu which that irreproachable functionary offered him. "You know what we want to eat, better than wo do."

Then he turned to me, "Well, have you read about it?"

"The Oak Ridge murder?" I asked smiling. "No, I've waited to get the account of it from you."

"You really haven't read a word of it?" he asked.

"Not a word. I know that Oak Ridge is one of our more remote and less fashionable suburbs, and that there has been a murder there within the past forty-eight hours. Beyond that, my ignorance is complete."

"Youth! Youth!" cried the doctor in mock dismay. "What is it coming to? Fancy being under thirty and waiting all day for such a story as that, rather than read an account of it in bad English. Well, you shall have the story now from the beginning—Wait a bit, though. Wilkins—"

The head-waiter looked up from a low-voiced discussion of the menu with the man who had special charge of our table. "Yes, sir."

"Has Ashton come in yet?"

"Not yet, sir, but he should be here before long. He's seldom later than this, sir."

"Serve for three at this table, then," said the doctor, "and when Ashton comes in, ask him to dine with us"; then, turning to me, "There are some points which the newspapers don't cover that he'll be likely to know about."

Ashton, I may say, was a rising young assistant in the district attorney's office, and I will add that he worked at the detection and prosecution of crime, con amore; it was not upon his salary that he lived at The Meredith.

The doctor leaned his elbows on the table and pointed a long finger at me. "Now, in the first place, all we know of Henry Morgan begins three years ago."

"Was Henry Morgan the name of the man who was murdered?" I asked.

"Yes—yes, at least it's the name he went by during the last three years of his life, which he spent at Oak Ridge. He got off the train there one morning with a hand bag and a check for a small steamer trunk, both well-worn and both unmarked with any initial. He went straight to the real estate office of one James McCloskey and said he wanted to rent a house.

"McCloskey took him house-hunting, and, much to that gentleman's surprise, the only place in town that took Morgan's fancy was a large, dilapidated old house in one of its remoter quarters. The old place was in a state of considerable disrepair, and it contained a lot of rattle-trap furniture which the owner had never moved away. McCloskey had confessed that he had never expected to find a tenant for it. The question of repairs didn't seem to interest Mr. Morgan much, a patch or two in the roof and new lights of glass in the broken windows comprising all he asked for.

"When McCloskey asked him what family he had and when he expected them to arrive, Mr. Morgan answered that he had no family and intended to live alone. He did, in fact, live alone, without even the service of a house-keeper, for a number of months, but finally engaged a respectable old woman, who lived in straightened circumstances not very far away, to come every day and cook his meals and keep his house in order. He let her in every morning in time to get breakfast, and she went away every night about seven o'clock, after washing up the supper dishes.

"Half an Hour Later Some Passers-by Saw Him Striding Up and Down His Rickety Old Veranda."

"There, you have, practically, the story of his life in Oak Ridge, up to two nights ago. Two nights ago the old woman got supper for him for the last time, and went home as usual about seven o'clock. Half an hour later some passers-by saw him striding up and down his rickety old veranda, smoking a pipe. Yesterday morning when his housekeeper knocked at the kitchen door, there was no answer. Then she went around to the front of the house and rang the bell, also without result. She walked back a little way up the lawn and saw that one of the windows in a sort of study he had on the third floor was open.

"Well, it seems that she told various people about her fears that all was not well with her employer, but you know what a town of that description is like. There aren't any police. Most of the men in the place commute to town on the early trains, and with one thing and another, it was ten o'clock, or so, before the house was forcibly broken open.

"The investigators found nothing disturbed either on the first floor or on the second, but in the old gentleman's study, a finished-off room in the attic, with a couple of dormer windows, they found him dead in his chair. He was leaning back in a queer, unnatural attitude, and when they looked more closely, they found that he had been strangled with a catgut string from an old violin of his. An A string," he went on, with rising voice and finger that gesticulated only about six inches from my nose—"an A string that had been deliberately removed from the fiddle and slipped in a noose around his neck, while he sat there in his chair, and drawn taut. What do you say to that, eh?"

"I don't see why they call it murder," said I. "Why isn't suicide the more likely explanation?"

"Oh, wise young judge," he mocked. "For just this reason, my boy; that the end of the string wasn't fastened to anything. He couldn't have committed suicide in that way, unless he could reach around after he was dead and untie the knot behind the back of his neck. No, it's murder, and I should be inclined to say a singularly pure example of it."

"There's no connection whatever with his past?" I inquired. "Didn't McCloskey ask for any references at the time Morgan rented the house?"

"He says he did on that first day, and Mr. Morgan assured him that there would be no difficulty on that score; he would present his references in a day or two. As a matter of fact, he never did, but as he paid a quarter's rent in advance, and as he signed an indeterminate lease of a house which the agent never expected to get off his hands, McCloskey didn't like to press the matter. He used furniture that he found in the house, and never brought in any effects of his own, beyond what came with him on the first day, in his hand bag and his little trunk. He never got any letters from out of town, and apparently never sent off any. What his business was, if he had any, no one ever knew."

"You say that nothing on the first or on the second floor had been disturbed. That would dispose of the theory of robbery."

"The whole appearance of the house and its condition would contradict the theory of any ordinary robbery," the doctor said. "No one would break into that dilapidated old structure for such a purpose, unless he had knowledge of some secret and unusual sort of treasure there. But to my mind, the manner of killing disposes even of that alternative. The house is situated in a lonely spot, remote from all other habitation. If a robber had found himself in a position where he was obliged to kill, he could have risked a pistol shot, and he couldn't have garroted his victim without taking him unawares. No, I believe it to be a case of murder, pure and simple—murder committed for its own sake and not the by-product of some other result. And these cases, you know, are rather rare—"

"Here comes Mr. Ashton now, sir," said Wilkins from where he stood not far away. "I'll have dinner served at once, sir."

Both the doctor and I like Ashton, and he often dines with us, even when there is no particular excuse, such as was offered by the Oak Ridge murder, for doing so.

He is a burly, confident, quick-tempered, generous-minded young chap of about thirty, and if he keeps on as he has begun, he will some day acquire a reputation as one of the greatest prosecutors in the country.

He was not in evening dress tonight, and he dropped into his chair at our table with the air of one who has put in a trying day.

"Confound these suburban trains," he said. "I just spent the better part of an hour in one coming in from Oak Ridge."

"Ha!" cried the doctor, with an air of the most intense satisfaction. "Then you're just the man I want to see. Did you turn up anything at the afternoon session of the inquest? The account in the evening papers leaves off at noon."

Ashton laughed. "You'll not get a word out of me about that murder, until after the fish. If you attempt to I shall call on Wilkins here for help. However," he added seriously, "I do want to talk about this case with you, for I think it not unlikely that you may be able to help us."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Curious Old Custom of Literary Giants

Lipogrammatic works, the product of the early Greek authors, are those books in which one letter of the alphabet is omitted throughout the volume. Tryphiodorus, when writing his Odyssey, had not an "a" in his first book, nor a "b" in his second. In so doing he was but copying the Lipogrammatic Iliad of Nestor.

Athenaeus writes of an ode by Pindar in which the latter purposely omitted the letter "s," thereby leading us to surmise that this little hoax was one of the literary fashions of the day. A Persian poet once read to the celebrated Jami one of his own compositions with the letter Alif consistently omitted throughout. Jami, who did not care for the sonnet, sarcastically made the following recommendation: "You can do a better thing yet, take away all the letters from every word you have written."

Although the Greeks originated this ingenious literary device, its use was by no means exclusive with them. Lope de Vega, the celebrated Spanish dramatic poet of the Sixteenth century, Gregorio Leti, and at a much later day Lord North of the court of James I all employed this literary device and produced Lipogrammatic books.—Market for Exchange.

Train Speed Cuts Static

Static decreases and radio-station strength increases with and in proportion to acceleration in the train's speed, experiments with a receiver have shown, according to Popular Mechanics Magazine. A steel bridge with no superstructure helped to increase the volume of the reception, while one with a superstructure decreased it.

Build House for Comfort

Rambling rooms may be romantic to look upon, but the romance caused by inconvenience and lack of comfort soon fades. Not only should a house be big enough and not too big, but its rooms need to be related to each other so as to save steps and lessen labor.

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne

Yessir! That's Life

The Comic Strip

PAW SEZ AN AUTO RUNS BOTH WAYS AND KIN BRING BIZNESS TO A TOWN AS WELL AS TAKE IT AWAY

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe
© Western Newspaper Union

How to Get Mail

Along the Concrete

A Hunch

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By F. O. Alexander
© by Western Newspaper Union

As Bad as That!

The Clancy Kids

Buddy Hopes Willie Will Find a Worm

By PERCY L. CROSBY

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TH' OLE G

I GOT AT LEAST O MORE GOOD WALLOP IN GOIN' T' USE IT O NOSE, YOU TROUBLE THIS HERE COMMU BEEN DWELLIN' IN P HARMONY 'N NO M POLECAT IS GOIN' T GOOD FELLOWSHIP HELP IT! GO LIVE WHERE YA BELO

BILL BOOSTER SAYS

"PEP UP, MR. BUSINESSMA RAISE YOUR SIGHTS! OUT OF THE RUT! DONT SATISFIED WITH A BARE LIVING! FELLOWS NO SMA THAN YOU ARE RIDING IN LIMOUSINES AND LIVING IN MANSIONS. BUT THEN DO GET THAT WAY BY PLUGGIN ALONG IN A RUT! NO SIR!

TURN ME OVER

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I think I'll be good all
the rest of my life
For I want to be sure
when I die
That I'll straightway
turn into an angel
You see —
I'm just crazy
to know how
to fly.

GARDEN HE WORKED

She—You did not work in the garden all summer.
He—You forget the roof garden.

Benefit Dance, Athletic High School Boys, Friday, December 9.

We clean your clothes in pure cleanersNaptha, there is no odor THE MODEL TAILORS.

GRAZING LEASE — Survey 24 and 26, Block D for lease. Apply John B. Finney, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Don't forget the big dance Friday, December 9.

Extra Sheets in This Edition.

Tuxedo, the all-around dress suit. Every man should have one in his wardrobe. They are always in style, and last for years. Priced from $36.25 upward. Empire Tailors.

Who knows, there may be many fools but none like the "Three Wise Fools."

Special service on any order from Dryden. Send it to the old reliable Empire Tailors.

Read our ad on the front page of this paper. **The Model Tailors.**

NOTICE BY GUARDIAN OF APPLICATION FOR MINERAL LEASE

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
COUNTY OF TERRELL.

No. 70. In re: Guardianship of Minors: Mildred Johnson, Morine Johnson, Hazel Johnson and William Johnson.

In the County Court of Terrell County, Texas, in Vacation, November 25, A. D. 1927.

Notice is hereby given that I, Howard Johnson, guardian of the estate of Mildred Johnson, Morine Johnson, Hazel Johnson and William Johnson, Minors, have this day filed my application in the above-entitled and numbered cause, for an order of the County Judge of Terrell County, Texas, authorizing him as guardian of the estates of the said wards, to make a mineral lease upon such terms as the Court may order and direct of the following described real estate belonging to the estates of the said wards, to-wit:

One-half interest in the following described lands:

Sur. 2, Block D-6, Cert. 41, Original Grantee M. K. & T. E. Ry. Co., Acres 640, Terrell County.

Sur. 6, Block D-6, Cert. 43, Original Grantee M. K. & T. E. Ry. Co., Acres 640, Terrell County.

Sur. 8, Block D-6, Cert. 44, Original Grantee M. K. & T. E. Ry. Co., Acres 640, Terrell County.

Sur. 10, Block D-6, Cert. 45, Original Grantee M. K. & T. E. Ry. Co., Acres 640, Terrell County.

Sur. 12, Blk. D-6, Cert. 46, Original Grantee M. K. & T. E. Ry. Co., Acres 640, Terrell County.

Sur. 14, Blk. D-6, Cert. 47, Original Grantee M. K. & T. E. Ry. Co., Acres 640, Terrell County.

Sur. 16, Blk. D-6, Cert. 48, Original Grantee M. K. & T. E. Ry. Co., Acres 640, Terrell County.

Sur. 46, Blk. D-6, Cert. 63, Original Grantee M. K. & T. E. Ry. Co., Acres 640, Terrell County.

Sur. 56, Blk. D-6, Cert. 68, Original Grantee M. K. & T. E. Ry. Co., Acres 640, Terrell County.

Said application will be heard by the County Judge at the Courthouse in the City of Sanderson, Texas, on the 13th day of December, A. D. 1927.

HOWARD JOHNSON,
Guardian of the Estate of Mildred Johnson, Morine Johnson, Hazel Johnson and William Johnson.

We're right there when it comes to high class cleaning. Ask your neighbor! Empire Tailors.

FOR RENT—One nice large room. Mrs. Harry Sharp. 2t

Send your cleaning and pressing to us. We will give you the best of service and return your garments the same day. The Model Tailors.

BAPTIST BAZAAR.

The ladies of the Baptist Church will hold a bazaar on Saturday, December 3, at the Masonic Hall, commencing at 2 p. m. All kinds of fancy work, house dresses, cakes, pies and cookies will be for sale.

Cleaning is our hobby.—THE MODEL TAILORS.

If we clean it it's clean. THE MODEL TAILORS.

NOTICE BY GUARDIAN OF APPLICATION FOR SALE OF LAND.

STATE OF TEXAS,
COUNTY OF TERRELL.

In re: Guardianship of Minors, Mildred Johnson, Morine Johnson, Hazel Johnson and William Johnson.

In the County Court of Terrell County, Texas, in Vacation, November 29, A. D. 1927.

Notice is hereby given that I, Howard Johnson, guardian of the estate of Mildred Johnson, Morine Johnson, Hazel Johnson and William Johnson, minors, have this day filed my application in the above-entitled and numbered cause, for an order of the County Judge of Terrell County, Texas, authorizing him as guardian of the estates of the said wards, to sell an undivided one-half interest and upon such terms as the Court may order and direct, of the following described real estate belonging to the estates of the said wards, to-wit:

Survey 18, Block D-6, Certificate 49, Original Grantee M. K. & T. E. Ry. Co., Acres 640, County Terrell.

Survey 20, Block D-6 Certificate 50, Original Grantee M. K. & T. E. Ry. Co., Acres 640, County Terrell.

Survey 24, Block D-6, Certificate 52, Original Grantee M. K. & T. E. Ry. Co., Acres 640, County Terrell.

Said application will be heard by the County Judge at the Courthouse in the City of Sanderson, Texas, on the 13th day of December, A. D. 1927.

HOWARD JOHNSON,
Guardian of the Estate of Mildred Johnson, Morine Johnson, Hazel Johnson and William Johnson, Minors.

STATE OF TEXAS,
COUNTY O FTERRELL.

To the Creditors of W. H. Farley:

You are hereby notified that W. H. Farley of the County of Terrell, State of Texas, on the 8th day of November, A. D. 1927, executed a Deed of Assignment, conveying to the undersigned all of his property, for the benefit of such creditors as will consent to accept their proportional share of his estate and discharge him from their respective claims, and that the undersigned accepted said trust, and has duly qualified, as required by law.

All creditors, consenting to the said assignment, must within four months after the publication of this notice, make known to the assignee, their consent in writing, and within six months from date of this notice, file their claims, as prescribed by law, with the undersigned who resides at Sanderson, Terrell County, Texas, and which is also his post office address.

Witness my hand this 29th day of November, A. D. 1927.

ALFRED E. CREIGH, Jr.,
Assignee of W. H. Farley.

Sworn to and subscribed to before me this 29th day of November, A. D. 1927.

(Seal) LUELLA LEMONS,
Clerk, County Court, Terrell County, Texas.

STATE OF TEXAS,
COUNTY OF TERRELL.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Terrell County, Texas—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summons Grant Wilmer, by making publication of this Citation, once in each week, for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some weekly newspaper, published in your County, if there be a newspaper published in your county, if not, then in the nearest county where a newspaper is published, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Terrell County, Texas, to be held at the Courthouse thereof in Sanderson, on the third Monday in January, A. D. 1928, the same being the 23rd day of January, A. D. 1928, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 29th day of November, A. D. 1927, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 1704, wherein Emile Wilmer is plaintiff, and Grant Wilmer is defendant, said petition alleging that the plaintiff was lawfully married to the defendant in Austin, Travis County, on the 29th day of October, A. D. 1922, and that they lived together as husband and wife until the 12th day of November, A. D. 1924; that there was born to the union, a son, Grant Wilmer, Jr., who is an infant; that on or about the 12th day of November, A. D. 1924, the defendant, Grant Wilmer, deserted and abandoned the plaintiff, and has not since been seen or heard of by this plaintiff.

Wherefore plaintiff prays in this suit that her petition of divorce be granted, and that she be given custody of the minor son, Grant Wilmer.

Herein fail not, but have you before the said Court on the first day of the next term thereof, this Writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

LUELLA LEMONS,
Clerk of the District Court of Terrell County, Texas.

Given under my hand and seal of the said Court in the town of Sanderson, Texas, this the 29th day of November, A. D. 1927.

(Seal) LUELLA LEMONS,
Clerk of the District Court of Terrell County, Texas.

Issued this 29th day of November, A. D. 1927.

LUELLA LEMONS,
Clerk of the District Cuort of Terrell County, Texas.

THIS IS THE MERCY PLANE BEING USED BY THE SAN ANTONIO DRUG COMPANY TO SAVE SUFFERING HUMANITY

"DETESTABLE people," said Helen, wasting a glare on the crowd milling about a bargain table. "Each one in search of the very object I am trying to get."

"Impossible," returned good old Cyrus from over his lading of bundles. "Some are men and cannot be in pursuit of the articles on your list."

Helen wanted to retort, "Stupid!" but laughed instead. "I don't mean they are looking for step-ins and teddies," she returned. "But we all want a $5 gift for 40 cents. I'm so tired! I guess I'll go home."

And went, just like that. She was that kind of a sudden person, which was why Cyrus loved her, but had never found time and place right for telling her so.

Helen fell into a waiting jitney. Oh, but she was a-weary. And how long since the nightmare started? It began in the summer, when conscience said she mustn't crochet what she wanted to crochet, but what would be useful come Christmas. Then came the slogan, "Shop Early." Helen had shopped early, but that did not mean she was able to avoid shopping late. The spirit of Christmas—love, goodwill, peace. Where was it?

Her eyes closed.

"Detour!" exclaimed the driver, as he turned on a side road. He was an "extra" earning for college. During Christmas season he, like the rest of the world, overworked and underslept. After driving 18 hours, he had taken this "trick" so the regular man could go and buy things. All the wives made all the husbands do the same.

Therefore Clay Hamilton, who had no wife, drove the jitney. Drove it on and on. Perhaps dozed off. A wheel skidded. Something careened and something else smashed.

"Where can we be?" asked Helen, gazing at a black highway.

The man laughed grimly. "I don't even know where we are," he responded. Both turned to meet the old man who hobbled from the nearest house.

"Well," he cackled, "this is Middleton, the town folks forgot. Years ago trains stopped running. We got no garage, no phone, pretty nigh no inhabitants. Me'n my sister live here 'cause we ain't able to live nowhere else. Mrs. Gould is bedridden and her daughter stays to take care of her. Come in. You can't move on tonight, wheel all crumpled up. And you can't walk if you've hurt your foot, as I suspect."

Inside the quaint house, with his shoe cut off, Clay made apology to Helen.

"I could kick myself," he said, "for getting you into such a scrape. I must have dreamed that sign 'Detour.' The truth is, I shouldn't have been driving. It's the—"

"Holiday rush," interrupted Helen. "I understand. I won't complain, though a roll of red tissue paper and

"You May Say It," Returned Helen. "I'm Reconciled."

bolt of green ribbon aren't very efficient provisions for an overnight stay. But—doesn't that coffee smell good?"

"Rather. If it wasn't that I know you are anxious to get home and finish your Christmas preparations, I'd say, 'What larks!'"

"You may say it," returned Helen. "I'm reconciled. Glory be, there are no signs of holly in this house."

"Perhaps," said the young man, following her mood, though rather amazed, "we've reached a land where Christmas ends. A test! Miss Eliot," addressing their hostess as she entered with a tray, "Can you tell us the date of day after tomorrow?"

"Day after tomorrow is the twenty-fifth," she said calmly. Then she went out for more food, and Helen grinned at Clay, as if they were old friends. The twenty-fifth of December was just a date!

They had actually got away from Christmas.

It proved a delightful evening, prolonged as the two young folks discussed everything but Christmas. The next day came, bringing a blizzard. For a little they spoke of a search being made for the jitney, but it became evident "detour" had indeed been a dream. Never mind, Clay's ankle was getting better, and Helen felt like a child out of school.

In the afternoon the two hobbled and tripped, respectively, into the kitchen entry. Through the half-open door they saw their hostess and the daughter of the bed-ridden woman. What was it they bent over?

Helen's parcel, with its bunch of scarlet tissue, its bolt of green ribbon, its sprigs of artificial holly. But with what wistful eyes were the women regarding these gewgaws.

"They say," whispered Miss Gould, barely touching the pretties with finger tips discolored by iodine, "that in lots of places one never has a Christmas gift not tied up nice. I read it somewhere—the wrapping is half the gift!"

"Maybe so," said Miss Eliot. "I never had a Christmas present."

"I did have some good times," returned Miss Gould, "before ma took sick. Hung up my stocking and always got some little tricks. Wasn't contented, though. Used to hanker for a tree."

Helen turned quickly, not to be caught eavesdropping. In the parlor

For He Pulled Birchbark From Sticks in the Woodbox.

she confronted Clay Hamilton with the air of one about to reply to a loud-spoken objection.

"For goodness gracious' sake," she exclaimed, "don't say whatever you were about to. Stop right where you are, and help me. I have to contrive a Christmas present for at least a dozen people, and deck a tree for two. And nothing to do it with—not a thing. And it's already late and night closing in."

Right here was where Clay scored above any possibilities of Cyrus, who would surely have observed the inconsistency. "Let it close," said he. "The local shops aren't closed. They never open! How would a branch off that hemlock we ran into do for a baby tree?"

"Splendiferous," said Helen. Then she wanted to know what became of the wishbone she had seen on his plate at dinner? He had saved it, for good luck. And what was it one used to do with a wishbone? Why, make a pen wiper, to be sure. So Helen made one, and dressed it in red felt cut from her overshoe lining. Clay printed the rhyme:

Once I was a little part
Of a little hen,
Now I'll be a little slave
And help you clean your pen.

"It has all the earmarks of the perfect gift," quoth Helen, "for I doubt if any one here ever uses, much less has occasion to wipe a pen."

Then she sent Clay to gather the alder berries reachable from the porch. Later she strung these for a necklace on a bit of colored string from her parcel. After the Eliots had retired she went as eagerly to work as if she had never forsworn Christmas. Twisting the strands of hay she made dainty baskets. She also constructed candlesticks of cornstalks, trimmed prettily with fringed husks. In the meantime Clay was not idle, for he pulled birchbark from sticks in the woodbox and borrowing needle and thread from the Eliot workbasket, sewed tiny hemlock sprigs into "Merry Christmases," making objects that Helen asserted would be considered "just wonderful" if discovered in a gift shop.

All was at length completed, but the two had little time for admiration of their handiwork, since the parcels must be wrapped with all the wealth of the tissue, the ribbon, the holly, and the seals.

And was Helen "tired to death" when all was complete? Nay, standing beside Clay on the little porch, listening to the cracking ice as trees swayed in the rising wind, she felt as if swaddled in the comfort of a great joy. Vainly had she thought herself "sick of Christmas." At her first chance to forget, she had worked her utmost to bring holiday to the forgotten town. With dawn, she knew the extent of her success. Clay, who had been limping about, told her that in every house some old body with trembling hands was unwrapping a gift sure to be treasured for years.

"And nothing for either of us," laughed Helem.

Yet a few moments after, when Miss Eliot entered the room, it was to say, "My dear, I never before noticed the pretty ring on your finger!"

Two golden hands clasped, an old-fashioned betrothal token, which Clay Hamilton had from his mother, and, because it was always with him, had quite providentially taken on detour!

Still Seek for Gold in the Black Hills

By searching for gold in her leisure hours many a farm wife in the Black hills of South Dakota adds to the pin money yielded by poultry flocks and gardens.

Every farm in the hills has its roaring mountain stream, the sands of which contain gold dust for those patient enough to seek it. Using the same primitive methods of placer mining employed by seekers of wealth in the early days, several farm women diligent at their tasks pan $4 or $5 worth of dust a week. Occasionally a nugget is found worth several dollars.

Prospecting days are over in the hills, but every bank vault in the vicinity has its little bottle into which are poured the gold dust gleanings of country women.

Handball Played in River

In accordance with an old custom the annual handball game between hundreds of young people representing the "Uppies" and "Doonies," was strenuously played through the streets and lanes of Jedburg, Scotland, and even into the River Jed recently. The contest started at noon and lasted for several hours, the players finally working their way into the river. Just at the moment when the "Uppies" were apparently losing the battle in a spell of river play, George Balfour, an Argentine farmer at present visiting his native town, headed a counter move, and despite a strong rejoiner by the "Doonies," the "Uppies" reached the Abbey Cauld. There, in deep water the ball was cut and the game declared won by the "Uppies."

Some Prefer Quiet Styles

"Paris arbiters of men's fashions," says an exchange, "have approved of a royal blue evening suit for men to be worn with pale blue crepe de chine underwear." Let 'em decree till they bust, say we. Speaking for one man, nothing can induce us to give up our rose beige pongee for any pale blue crepe de chine.—Boston Transcript.

They Use the Current

The 10,500,000 people of New York state use about one-seventh of all the electricity produced in the United States. Their use is increasing rapidly. About 20,000 meters are installed every month for new customers, thus extending the service.

Not Responsible

"My name is Smith, and—" began the measly mendicant.

"You have my sympathy, of course," interrupted J. Fuller Gloom, the human hyena, "but, really, I don't see how I am to blame for it."—Kansas City Star.

We Have With Us

Never was the world so wide for happiness, never so deep for the current of friendliness. Never so many men of good will, never so ardent a desire for peace on earth, never so many things to make one happy.—Woman's Home Companion.

Satisfactory Substitute

Teacher—"Where is your pen wiper today?" Bobby—"Oh, I'm wearing my black suit."

List your Oil and Gas Leases, Royalties and Real Estate with J. Calvin Stansell, office at Courthouse, Sanderson, Texas. P. O. Box 149. 4t

Three Wise Fools?

Notice to the Public.

I hereby notify the public that all my pastures are posted, and no trespassing of any kind will be allowed.

JOE F. BROWN.

FOUND—A number of traps. Owner may have same by calling at this office, describing property and paying for this notice.

—AIRPLANE FLIGHT

Upon receipt of a telegram from Cisneros Pharmacy at Brownsville for Infantile Paralysis Serum to come by Fidelity First arrangements were made with our pilot to have the ship in readiness for immediate flight and as soon as the plane was ready for the take-off we left at 1:45 p. m. Sunday, November 21, flying south into a very strong head wind which held us back during the entire trip.

We were forced to land at Orange Grove, Texas, to refuel and lost about thirty-five minutes of precious time in doing so. While waiting at Orange Grove Mr. Perry Klatt of Orange Grove Pharmacy came out to see the plane and I talked to him a few minutes telling him to give my regards to Mr. Heyland who was due there in a day or two. We had landed in a small field but experienced no difficulty in taking off.

We left Orange Grove at 4:35 p. m. and flew east to pick up the railroad tracks which we had intended to follow into Brownsville. Darkness overtook us a short distance from Kingsville and the last hour and a half we were flying in total darkness, no object being visible from our altitude of about two thousand feet and as we had surveyed the country before darkness, we knew that we were flying over dangerous country in case of a forced landing.

It was nearly an hour after darkness before we sighted a light and at least a half hour longer before we came over a town. Seeing a body of water to the right we supposed it to be the Rio Grande and that we were over Brownsville, because the pilot could not read the map in the darkness.

We circled over Raymondville for several minutes and sighted a light which proved to be a bonfire in a fruit orchard. We rose and then saw another fire and after circling several times we came down very slowly and landed in a very small and rough clearing, in fact, the men had just cut down trees and dug the stumps up without refilling the holes. Fortunately we landed without damaging the ship other than blowing out a tire.

I inquired as to our location and was told we were near Raymondville being about five miles out in the mesquite thickets from the town. I then inquired as to whether or not there was a car to be had to take us into Raymondville and after some persuasion finally got the owner to drive us into town.

We had been in the air two hours and ten minutes between Orange Grove and Raymondville.

THE SANDERSON TIMES

Official and Only Paper Published in Terrell County

$2 per year payable in advance

MRS. ADDIE LEE BOLING
Owner, Publisher and Editor

Entered assecond class matter July 22nd, 1908, at the post office, Sanderson, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Upon reaching Raymondville I telephoned a friend, the Rev. Leslie A. Boone, and told him the story and of the importance of making delivery of the serum in Brownsville and he lost no time in preparing his car for the trip from Raymondville to Brownsville.

We made good time between Raymondville and Brownsville and upon reaching Brownsville went direct to Cisneros Drug Store and found Mr. Cisneros anxiously awaiting the serum and he immediately took it to the doctor for administration.

I sent the pilot back by car to Raymondville to bring the plane down to Brownsville as we were under the impression that it would be too hard to take off in the strong wind with two in the ship so I spent the night in Brownsville.

The condition of the field was much worse than was expected as it required four men two hours to fill up the holes to make the run-way. After the tire was repaired and the ship refueled it took off for Brownsville, landing there at 11:02 a. m., a distance of about forty-eight miles by air line.

Upon landing at Fort Brown, Brownsville, the pilot was met by the officer of the day who required him to state his mission and home station, this information was transmitted to the immigration officers who posted a guard over the plane until we took off.

The doctor reported to Mr. Cisneros that the condition of the patient had improved shortly before we left.

The trip from Brownsville to San Antonio was uneventful and was made in two hours and forty-five minutes for the distance of approximately two hundred and seventy miles as we came in on a strong tail wind.

Among the visitors at Brownsville was Mr. Turney of Turney Pharmacy at Harlingen, who had seen the article in La Prensa, and he wanted to know all about the trip which I gladly told him, also, Mr. Pagan of the Donna Drug Company.

FRANK W. KNECHT,
Asst. Traffic Manager San Antonio Drug Co.

"THREE WISE FOOLS"

One of the fine attractions to be presented on our Entertainment course is the well-known comedy-drama success "Three Wise Fools," which was originally produced by Mr. John Golden and presented in New York at the Criterion Theatre with Claude Gillingwater, Harry Davenport, Helen Menken and a distinguished supporting cast. Its success which was instantaneous and enormous was duplicated in England and Australia. It is a brilliant blending of laughter and tears. There are moments when the audience rocks back and forth overcome with laughter. Then it is followed with those instants when a lump rises in the throat and a tear trembles on the eyelid.

THIRD LYCEUM NUMBER

High School Auditorium

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13

Admission at door, Adults 75c, Children 25c