



THE SAN ANGELO PRESS-NEWS

Published by the News Publishing Co.

Office No. 30 West Beauregard Avenue San Angelo, Texas Willard Carpenter Special Agency, 1204 Boyce Building, Chicago, Foreign Representative.

Telephone No. 244

Entered at the postoffice at San Angelo as second-class mail matter.

Terms of subscription: By mail or carrier, 25 cents a month.

Published daily every morning except Monday. Weekly issued every Thursday.

SATURDAY MORNING, DEC. 25, 1909

COMMON SENSE.

Perhaps there are a few people who have a clear conception of what is meant by the term, "Common Sense." There have been quite a number of definitions given the term, some satisfactory and some not satisfactory; however, it is the prevailing idea that a clear perception of that sense which is common to all classes in the community is common sense. It is a fact—as has been suggested by an Oxford professor—that England had a common law, but France has none, because England unified the customs and traditions of her various counties and out of them created a law common to them all, while in France provincial customs and tradition remained provincial until the Code of Napoleon. Common sense has its analogue to the common law. It recognizes the fact that there are certain basic principles of action which are common to the hidden life of man, and which bind men of different classes, types, conditions and races together in a common humanity and make it possible to speak of Man in capital letters as a generic being. Any code which embodies the universal, though unexpressed, consciousness of the human race knows no bounds of time or space. The Ten Commandments illustrate this very clearly in the religious sense.

The world admires a man who possesses that factor which enables him to realize and know the appetites, the passions, the desires, the ambitions, the ethical and spiritual principles which belong, not merely to men, but to Man, and which distinguish him from the brute. The man who acquires this knowledge or factor, as it may be termed, has accomplished that which is in the province of every man to attain. There are very few people whose minds are so weak from youth that they can not learn of the different effects produced by different actions in the several vocations of life. And the variety of industries, the advantages of mixing and associating with the many classes enables every one to become thoroughly familiar with that sense which prevails among all classes. There is perhaps no sense so coveted as Common Sense, and there is none easier to learn and none more remunerative; but there seems to be a lack of interest taken in the teaching of the good, old common sense. It being the fad to lead the student into the paths of antiquity in order that he may become familiar with the sense prevailing long before the time of Christ, rather than allowing the young fellow to become accustomed to the ways of the men with whom he will spend his life and make him acquainted with the methods of conduct so that he can adjust his actions in such a way as to avoid all conflict or friction when the time comes for work. The Press-News is of the opinion that there is a far greater demand for the teachings of Common Sense than there is for the many things which occupy the time of the teacher and student during the student's early life in school, the only time in which 99 per cent of the human race has in which to receive its school education.

WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL.

The kindness of a hospitable people extended to the managing and editorial departments of The Press-News warrants a public expression of thanks. We are grateful for the support the good people of San Angelo have given us and the friendly manner in which you have read our paper and the generous spirit which has been shown in carrying out many of the policies instigated by the management. This is not the place nor now the time when such things as these should be mentioned, but a grateful heart demands of us this recognition. For Christmas time is here—the greatest time of all times, a time when joy and thanksgiving should come from every heart, a time when weariness and delirium should be set aside and in a frame of mind pregnant with a feeling of gratitude or sense of ob-

literation to our great Creator we should offer thanks for the many gifts and blessings which have been received.

The Press-News is hopeful that Christmas will not pass with this day, but long let it be with us. As Dr. Jefferson, in his striking little book, "Christmas Builders," tells us, "Christmas is not a day, it is a mood. It is independent of days. We celebrate it on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, any day in the week. Christmas is different to days. It has nothing to do with the almanac. It has nothing to do with place. It is as independent of geography as it is of chronology. It has no relation to human government or even to race or blood. It is an institution which can be set up on any soul and under the folds of any flag. Christmas is a spiritual creation and belongs to the Kingdom of the heart. It is constructed by the angels of the heart of a child. If it then be a mood it can be extended over a week, a month, a year, a life time. It can be built upon time, upon eternity. If it is confined to a day, the meaning of it is missed. If you try to cram it into twenty-four hours, you crush it and lose the essence of it. The Christmas spirit is the only spirit by which men and women really live." When this day is gone, do not let loose the spirit which has been attached, but see to it that the same is retained and throughout the coming days spread the glad smile that has ever been known since first the song of "Peace on earth, good will to men" was sung to mortal man.

The pleasures of life are never known until some sorrow has tempered the sense of appreciation.

If you have been a Good Fellow, you are proud of it; your compensation is sufficient, and those who have received the remembrances are glad.

Now Fort Worth has a man who claims to be "Peary, the explorer." The producing qualities of this little town are something marvelous.

Now if there was a thorough investigation made by disinterested parties The Press-News has its doubts about Peary's ability to prove that he really discovered the North Pole.

The good crop of early shoppers has been a great relief to the clerks who have from day to day waited upon them, and one of the results is that both the early shopper and the clerk who waited upon them feel more like enjoying Christmas.

From all the explosions which are taking place with regard to stories which have been accepted as to truth, it would appear to a disinterested party that the American people, or at least a large number of them, had taken to juggling the truth. When Mrs. Belmont opened the gates to her mansion she made a charge of five dollars for each individual who entered, and turned the proceeds, together with her check for ten thousand, over to the Woman's League. There were many who doubted her sincerity. Since that time she has been devoting much of her time and money promoting this campaign and the press continues to doubt, but when she stays in a police court until three o'clock, The Press-News is of the opinion that she is sincere about something, but declines to make a suggestion as to what it is.

Some of Them Missing. "Who is lying," inquires the Evansville Journal-News. It is still impossible to list them all, of course, but there do not seem to be as many regular workers on the job as there were a year or so ago.—Washington Herald.

New Work for Women. In addition to the 481 vocations that are now open to women in this country, the Animal Rescue League of Boston suggests another—leading pet dogs out for an airing. The widening of woman's sphere seems to be inevitable.—Boston Globe.

Matter of Years. According to the Charleston News and Courier a man is at his best at thirty-three. Undoubtedly he is, only some men are thirty-three at twenty-one, others not until they are sixty and some men never are thirty-three.—Chicago Record-Herald.

GAVE BLOOD FOR BROTHER.

Transfusion May Save the Life of Dr. James Stauffer. Baltimore, Mr., Dec. 24.—Miss Felisa Stauffer and S. Theodore Stauffer, brother and sister of Dr. James H. Stauffer, are to give their blood in an effort to save the physician, who is now at the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Dr. Stauffer is a young physician of high standing and has been ill for ten weeks with leucemia, an impoverishment of the blood. His brother and sister came to Baltimore yesterday from Frick, and some of their blood was drawn at the hospital last night for the purpose of seeing how well it would mingle with that of the patient. Blood was also drawn from two other persons.

It was explained that the reason for getting blood from several persons is in order to ascertain which blood will infuse best in the veins of the patient.

Merry Christmas

TO ALL

From

Concho Drug Store

PHONE 8

Drawing in advance, as was done, is merely experimental, as when the blood is transfused from one person into another it is done by a system of tubes and must not be exposed to the air.

Although on the point of submitting to the operation, Dr. Stauffer was bright and cheerful today, and was capable of discussing his case.

Dies at Age of 115 Years. Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 24.—Born in the eighteenth century in the Providence of Kiev, Russia, Mrs. Brayne Makedensky died at the Jewish Sheltering Home last night at the age of 115 years. Mrs. Makedensky had nineteen chil-

dren, several of whom are still living, and is survived by about one hundred and fifty descendants, scattered over the United States. The oldest grandchild, Abraham Makedensky, of New York, is 70.

Mrs. Makedensky often spoke of a medal given her by Tsar Nicholas I of Russia nearly seventy-five years ago, when her parents kept an inn and the Tsar stopped there for a few hours.

Explained. He—They're going to toast the football players tomorrow. She—Oh, now I understand why they call it a gridiron.—Columbia Jester.

Merry Christmas

And if you have forgotten any one remember we have a few useful gifts left

- A Shot Gun A New Heater A Rifle A New Range A Jordan Razor A New Roaster A Gillette Safety Razor A Family Scale A Carving set An Alcohol Gas Stove A Postal Scale A Chafing Dish A Pair of Game Shears A New Set of Dishes

Remember we have the genuine Thermos Bottles, pints and quarts.

Findlater HARDWARE CO. Headquarters for Hardware and Well Supplies

CHRISTMAS

Comes but once a year. The First National Bank of San Angelo is here every day in the year, and has been here for 27 years.

We again tender you our services as your bankers.

First National Bank

of San Angelo, Texas

Table with financial data: Capital \$250,000.00, Surplus and Profits 175,000.00, Total Security to Depositors \$675,000.00

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Holiday Rates

Via

The Orient

To All Points in Texas

Tickets on sale Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 30, 31, 1909 and Jan. 1, 1910. Good to return until Jan. 5, 1910.

J. D. DOTTERER,

City Passenger Agent

PHONE 491

COUNTY TEACHERS MEET HERE MONDAY

ADDRESS BY SUPERINTENDENT HUGHES OPENS SESSION.

Institute Lasts Five Days—Teachers to Be Given Written Examination Friday.

An address by County Superintendent Hughes will mark the opening of the Tom Green County Teachers' Institute Monday. The gathering convenes at 9 o'clock Monday morning and the following program will be carried out that day: 9 a. m.—Address by County Superintendent: "The Missionary Work of the Teacher." H. J. Wilson, and general discussion of the topic: "Standards the

Teacher May Fix for the Community Miss Clara Zentmire. 1 p. m.—Text, chapter 1, L. F. John; text, chapter 2, Miss Schooler; general discussion of "Drawing." Miss Willie Johnston. The institute lasts five days. Friday afternoon a written examination will be given the teachers charge of Superintendent Hughes.

In Indianapolis Home. There are many more or less destitute men, however, who care a cent how high the price brooms goes if it interferes with sweeping which always seems necessary just about the time to settle down to the solace of a Saturday morning pipe.—Indianapolis News

Missionary Dies From Her Home. Amsterdam, N. Y., Dec. 24.—Grace Todd, of Arcola, Ill., field secretary of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, died at a hospital in this city as a result of illness sustained in an automobile accident with a carriage in which she was driving. She spent many years missionary work in China.



### Honest Oysters Honest Profit

We do not pretend that we are in the oyster business for any purpose whatsoever, except to make a fair profit. It is a satisfaction, however, to supply our customers with the very best oysters the market affords. We deal only in SEALSHIPT Oysters. Why? Because they are without question the finest shipped today. Packed solid in air-tight, germ-proof containers at the seaside, they are immediately SEALED and shipped straight to us. The containers are kept imbedded in ice the whole journey. No ice or water can possibly touch the oysters.

### Sealshipt Oysters

Under the Sealshipt System, we do not have to pay for bloated, bleached, watered oysters—we pay for solid oysters only—we sell only solid oysters to you. Oysters as firm, solid and fresh as the moment they were shucked. Oysters with all the sea flavor saved. It is a fact that a pint of Sealshipt Oysters will go as far as a quart of ordinary watered oysters. Once you try Sealshipt Oysters you will never go back to tub oysters, which are half melted ice—commonly known as "liquor." "Seaside Oyster Dishes." Call at our store and get one of our free books, "Seaside Oyster Dishes." It contains many shore recipes you will be glad to know about.

City Fish and Oyster Market  
Phone 840



### Christmas Liquors

For FAMILY USE

We recommend Mel-low Blossom whisky. Complete stock of wines, brandies and Cigars.

Arch Light Saloon  
T. H. McCLOSKEY, Prop.

We Erect and Repair Windmills Gasoline Engines Pumps And do all kinds of Machine Shop Repair Work. Pipe Work a Specialty

R. S. Rainey & Co. Chadbourne St. Phone 244

Balfanz Barber Shop ED RUSSELL, Manager

### HOORAY! WARM WINDS BRING US COMFORT

RISE IN TEMPERATURE IS WEL-COMED IN SAN ANGELO.

To Be Sure, There Is Plenty of Mud on Chadbourne Street, But We Can Wear Boots.

Warm winds from the northwest, following closely in the wake of the recent blizzards, came to this section Friday morning, and it is the general opinion that the mercury will continue to rise until the comfort of the city is again restored.

The backbone of the freeze was broken several days ago, and now most every semblance of snow has disappeared from San Angelo. The muddy streets, however, serve as a remembrance. The mud will begin to dry in a few days, it is thought, if the sunshine continues.

Maximum Temperature 62. Registering as high as 62 degrees Fahrenheit, the temperature showed that there was a great change in the weather. This high point was reached during the afternoon Friday, but near night fall the thermometer had gone down to 44 degrees. A rapid change was made during the day, but with the barometer and the thermometer. The minimum temperature for Friday was 44. That shows a difference of 18 degrees in the temperature of the day. The irregularity in the weather, according to Forecaster Sam Crowther, is a little unfavorable for good weather for the next few days.

### EGYPTIAN FARMING TOOLS.

Crude Native Thresher—Plough is Still Smoothed Off Tree Fork. "One of the curious sights in the Egyptian harvest season is a modern threshing machine noisily working in a field adjoining that in which a native thresher is treading out the grain," said Horace F. Coler of Chicago, who has made a tour of the world in the interests of American farming implements.

"The brown skinned tiller of the soil, clad in his flowing robes of white or the favored dull blue and yellow combination sitting on the high seat of the crude thresher, which is dragged over the fields by a yoke of patient camels or perhaps a camel and a donkey or a couple of buffalo cows, appears to the stranger who sees this for the first time like the principal actor in a scene worked out by an ingenious mind for stage effect.

"The native plough in Egypt is simply two pieces joined together and smoothed off, a primitive contrivance which may still be seen in use by Cuban farmers. The thresher is a sledge-like affair fitted with round crushers of wood or iron and weighted down from the top. The grain is crushed into the ground and when gathered up it is mixed with lumps of mud but it is said that never a kernel of it is lost or wasted.

"American farming machinery may be found in the remotest parts of the world and where least expected. In what manner it gets there I could not enlighten me."—Washington Herald.

Increased Price of Elk Teeth. "During the last five years the value of elk teeth has more than trebled," said a Western traveler at the Frederic. "In 1904 you could get any number of fine specimens in Idaho, Montana, Washington and bordering states for \$2.50 apiece. Now you will pay from \$7.50 to \$10, and they are hard to get for even that. The Apache, Sioux, Comanche and Chipewia Indians used to have dozens of them in their possession and traded them for trinkets. But the redskin got wise to their value, and you can buy them from a regular dealer cheaper now than from the Indian. The passing of the elk and the great demand made by the members of the Elk lodge for teeth for emblems have boosted the price.

The traveler recited an incident of an Oklahoman who bought a robe covered with elk teeth from a Wichita Indian for \$100. He cut off the teeth and cleaned up \$2,200 on the deal.—St. Paul Dispatch.

When a Man Buys the Dresses. Representative Fighting Fitz Fitzgerald of Brooklyn, who, as a member of the House Appropriations committee, just returned from the Isthmus of Panama the other day, brought back with him as a present for his wife four fine hand embroidered linen dresses. As soon as he got home he opened his trunks and turned over the presents, standing by for the outburst of gratitude that was sure to come.

"Thank you, Fitz," said Mrs. Fitz. "It was very thoughtful of you. And the dresses are fine, except that they are three years out of style." And he bought the clothes from the canal commissary department, too.—Washington Star.

Notice. EGGS. Our chickens are from Golden Princess, that holds the world's record for laying. She laid 571 eggs in two consecutive years, 291 first year. Rhode Island Reds. Eggs for sale. Also large fine cockrels and eggs from DeGraff. A. J. Sellers, phone 718 red.

Four Votes for Biddy's Man. Cook—Ye'll vote like I vote—you and the young leddies—or I'll quit ye. Chorus—Merciful heavens! And the Van Damms expected on Thursday.—Life.

### SANTA FE TO BUILD A NEW TEXAS ROUTE

CUTOFF BETWEEN SWEETWATER AND HENRIETTA PROPOSED.

First Step Is Taken to Fulfill Charter to Construct 450 Miles of West Texas Railway.

A route between Sweetwater and Henrietta, a distance of nearly 200 miles, will be the next project undertaken by the Santa Fe, according to a rumor which has gained considerable circulation here. This is the first step taken to construct the 450 miles of railway in West Texas by the Santa Fe, a charter for which has already been secured. At the time the charter was granted it was announced that this was in addition to the Coleman-Texico branch and other lines now being built and already proposed in West Texas.

These extensions are being made by an auxiliary company of the Santa Fe, which organized only a few weeks ago. They have announced that they want to develop West Texas to the fullest extent.

Stamford will be included on the route of the proposed Sweetwater-Henrietta cutoff. Henrietta is a point on the Fort Worth & Denver, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, and the county seat of Clay county. The road will be constructed through Fisher, Jones, Throckmorton, Young, Archer and Clay counties.

A gentleman here from Sweetwater Friday said that city had not been asked for a bonus for the new road, but the company had agreed to build out of there for the right of way and terminal site only. Sweetwater is the division point on the new Coleman-Texico cutoff.

### Cure for Cold in the Head.

A Paris physician, P. L. Romme, has recently announced a new cure for a cold in the head. In reality Dr. Romme's cure is said to have been discovered 150 years ago by an English doctor named Williams, well known at the close of the eighteenth century.

The remedy's simplicity itself. All one has to do is to abstain from all liquids during a period of twenty-four to forty-eight hours, starting from the moment when a sufferer feels the first irritating symptoms of a cold in the head.

Bread, fish, vegetables, white meat and pudding may be eaten, but beverages should be taken in very small quantities, a spoonful of tea, coffee or milk in the morning and a small glass of water before going to bed, or if possible not taken at all.

It is not necessary to remain at home. The dry cure, in fact, is more rapid and complete if the sufferer breathes in the open air. Dr. Steinberg, a Viennese authority, has modernized it by forbidding soup and even the small quantity of tea or milk of Dr. Williams' system. But he allows a small glass of wine and water during the day.—Leslie's Weekly.

### Friend With Good Intentions.

Mrs. Holt could be depended upon at almost any time to say the wrong thing with the best intention in the world. "Nobody minds what poor dear Fanny Holt says," her friends told each other when repeating her remarks. "We know she means all right."

"Isn't it queer how differently things affect people?" one of Mrs. Holt's neighbors said to her the day after a beach picnic. "We both got tired to death, you and I, but you say you've had just a little bit of indigestion while I have this fearful blind headache." "Why, that's perfectly natural," said Mrs. Holt, cheerily. "Of course when people are tired out it goes straight to the weakest part of them. Mine is my stomach and everybody knows yours in your head, poor dear."—Youth's Companion.

### Express Office Open Till Noon.

"Such a rush in the express business, I have never seen before," said the Wells-Fargo agent Friday. "We have been so crowded that it was impossible to be able to handle one piece of the Friday's express. People from far and near crowded at the window Friday, anxious for their presents and bundles, but all we could do was to tell them to wait." The office will be open till about noon Saturday, during which time people who are expecting express can call and get it.

### New One.

"Mamma," said the bright little boy, "there is a merry-go-round at the fair. Give me a nickel so I can get on and learn how to be president." "Learn how to be president?" echoed his mother in surprise. "Why, how in the world can you learn to be president riding on a merry-go-round?" "Easily, mamma. Don't the papers say Mr. Taft swings around in a circle?"—Chicago News.

### Willing to Share Her Luxuries.

Maude—What did you say when Miss Bullion told you she could only be a sister to you? Jack—I asked her if she thought she could get her father to sign adoption papers.

### Perhaps It's Mostly Hair.

"Is your boy getting ahead at college?" "Yes, a big one."—Boston Transcript.

### Limit Sometimes.

Would-be Hunter—Aw, me man, what's the game law limit in this locality? Guide grimly—Two deer and one guide.—Life.

SIXTEEN PAGES TODAY.

To our Friends and Patrons we wish a Merry Christmas



## Probandt & Raphael

"The Quality Store"

### NEGRO PREFERRED JAIL TO LIBERTY

EIGHT HOURS OF FREEDOM WAS ENOUGH FOR JIM BROWN.

Unable to Find Shelter, He Finally Returns to County Jail and Applies For Admission.

Jim Brown, a negro, walked up to the front door of the county jail Friday morning at 8 o'clock and rang the bell. The keeper, Pat Conway, answered it. "Lemme in, boss, it's cold out here," greeted the negro, as the huge iron door was swung open. Pat admitted him, and furthermore, he securely fastened him in a big iron cage. The negro escaped from the jail at midnight Thursday in company with four white men, Moline, Bunch, Honeycut and Hayes, and two negroes, Wilson and Davis, all with his exception on charges of misdemeanors. Although officers hunted the whole night long for the prisoners, they were not found, and so far Brown is the only one who has been replaced in jail.

The facts in the matter are, according to the negro himself, Brown would have never accompanied the other men in their daring slide from the roof of the jail down a rope constructed of spliced bedding, had he known the nature of the weather conditions prevailing.

Eight hours of liberty in the freezing morning air was sufficient for the dusky Brown. After his escape from the jail the negro wandered around the city, unable to find a place of shelter. He visited both the Santa Fe and Orient freight yards in the hopes of finding an empty box car, but without avail. The ground and everything else was thoroughly soaked with the rain, and the negro finally decided that he preferred to be in jail.

### New Directors.

Hot Scotch—Cooked oatmeal. Winter resort—The pawnshop. Near relation—One who won't loosen up. Phenomenon—A chestnut without a worm in it. Stunning gown—One for which the bill stuns you when it comes in. Insanity—Something our ancestors develop when we get into trouble.—Boston Transcript.

### DID YOU HAVE YOUR BOOTS ON?

Excess of Mud on Chadbourne Street Didn't Hinder Shoppers. Despite an excess of mud on Chad-

bourne street and the drizzle of rain which continued throughout the daylight hours, that thoroughfare was a veritable river of shoppers, a jammed and congested mass of people, who seethed into the stores in larger numbers than on any other day during the week. Today, Christmas Eve, will be the red-letter day with the merchants, and it will go down as such in the annals of the history.

### Crime Increasing.

Whereas, in 1850 there was only one convict to every 3400 of population in the United States in 1890 there was actually one prisoner to every 750 inhabitants. During the last thirty years we are told that our criminal population has increased, relatively to population by one-third.—Bench and Bar.

### There Are Many Like Him.

"Where does Luella get her beautiful brown eyes?" "From her mother. She has eyes just like them." "And where does she get her red-dish complexion?" "From her father's drug store."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Eye to Profit.

"My wife says she would rather go to cooking school than play bridge whist," said one man. "So would mine," replied the other. "But I'd rather have her play bridge." "Is she a poor cook?" "No, but she's a good bridge player."—Washington Star.

For Twenty-Seven Years

## The J. B. Taylor Grocery

Has Wished the People of Concholand

A Merry Christmas

and

A Happy New Year

and we wish you the best one

this year.

Phones: 24-319

# Shepperson Bros.

"The Furniture People"

Wishes Everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

## Beeman Studio

Maker of high grade Portraits, Post Cards and Views  
Special attention given to Kodak finishing. Mail orders promptly filled. Three doors north Baker-Hempbill's up stairs  
Phone 874, black

## PELLAGRA FROM SPOILT CORN

At the New York Academy of Medicine, with Dr. John A. Wyeth presiding, a large assembly listened to a discussion of pellagra by two physicians of South Carolina, the state with the greatest number of cases of the disease who came here at the academy's behest. A victim of the disease was also exhibited, as were various anatomical slides showing sundry manifestations of the disease on the surface of the body in different places, chiefly the backs of the hands and the neck.

The visitors were Dr. J. W. Babcock, superintendent of the South Carolina State Hospital for the Insane, and Dr. J. J. Watson of Columbia, S. C. Dr. Babcock's theme was "The Pellagra Problem, Past and Present," and Dr. Watson's was "The Symptomatology, Pathology and Treatment of Pellagra." Their professional brethren, who filled Hosack's Hall listened.

Dr. Babcock found the disease away back in the history of the American aborigines and declared that it was endemic and even epidemic in this country today, although for long it had, as he acknowledged, passed among the profession as a manifestation of various other diseases, some of them common and some of them loathsome. A disease apparently pellagra had been recorded as existing among the American Indians and as due, as then recognized, to the eating of Indian corn, or maize. He mentioned other manifestations of it which had appeared to be due to a specific blood poison.

"It is probable," said Dr. Babcock, "that pellagra existed in Europe also long before its scientific description, where it was classed among skin diseases, whereas it is as much a constitutional disease as is smallpox. The board of health of Venice was the first in 1776 to promulgate rules against pellagra and against the use of spoiled corn. Lombroso said that it was not corn, but spoiled corn, which caused the disease.

"In 1882 the corn crop of Yucatan was ruined by locusts and corn had to be imported from New York. It was sent mostly in ships on which it got spoiled. This continued until 1891, and during this period pellagra was in Yucatan, although not among the upper classes, who were not obliged to depend upon the imported corn."

"For the next ten years Yucatan raised most of its own corn, and in this period the cases of pellagra ran their course and the disease died out. Then from 1901 to 1907 there was another shortage of the local corn crop there with more importations of corn, and there was a coincident great increase in pellagra. But this time it was not confined to the lower and middle classes, for in the meantime, since the earlier shortage, it had been found profitable to raise hemp instead of corn, so this time the upper classes, too, suffered. In 1907, 8 per cent of the adult population were victims of pellagra."

Dr. Babcock mentioned a case here in New York of a man who was examined by a distinguished physician, "not a New Yorker, I am glad to say," he added, whose affliction was ascribed to another disease, but who later died of pellagra.

Dr. Babcock acknowledged that pellagra had existed, though it pained him to have to admit it, as its recognition only came later, in South Carolina for eighteen years, and he added: "If it is true that pellagra has existed here in this country for a long time, then the leading authorities have perverted, rather than aided the general practitioners making a correct diagnosis of the disease."

He mentioned the recent conference at Columbia on the subject, and the conference's resolutions that whereas sound corn is in no way connected

with pellagra, the relation of unsound corn to the prevalence of pellagra is such that the attention of corn growers was called to the facts, with the request that they see to it that corn be fully matured before cutting.

"Granting the presence of pellagra in the country for a generation or more," he said, "it must yet be acknowledged that there is now an epidemic of it and that it is an endemic disease with present epidemic manifestations. The etiology of pellagra in any scientific sense is unknown, but corn is incriminated, and the general deduction from the conditions that corn and corn alone causes pellagra."

"Pellagra is endemic only in corn-growing countries, but there are corn-growing countries where pellagra is unknown. Lombroso declared before he died that sound corn did not cause pellagra, and that unsound corn did cause it. Yet pellagra developed in persons who have never eaten corn."

Dr. Watson spoke of the insidious onset of the disease in depression, melancholy and an abnormal desire for food or drink, and of its surface manifestations in eruptions on the backs of the hands and wrists, these being intensified by exposure to sunshine.

Pellagrins were never loquacious, he said, and he told of a patient, a victim of this mysterious disease, whose physical condition improved when all medicine was stopped. He told also of a boy victim who gained fourteen pounds in weight after his father had moved from a mill where the boy could not get raw cornmeal to eat. The outlook in women was more gloomy than in men.

Dr. Howard Fox exhibited the pellagra patient, a man 51 years old, who came from a place 115 miles from Atlanta, where 25 per cent of the people ate cornbread, which this man had eaten all his life. The man was father of twelve children, of whom four were living and eight had died in infancy. Two years ago the patient had begun losing his appetite, and, as the patient expressed it, began "going down." He exhibited dermatitis in both hands and his memory was weakening.

The doctors later discussed the case presented, as well as the papers.

### He Showed Him.

A local physician who acts as examiner for an accident insurance company said that he has to be watchful in order to keep the company he represents from being "stung" on accident claims.

"A man was in my office," he said, "who said that he had fallen from a street car. I examined his arm, and though there were a few bruises on it, it didn't appear to be badly hurt."

"How high can you raise it?" I continued, and he answered by raising his arm with apparent difficulty until his hand was a few inches above his head.

"Pretty bad," I commented. "Now show me how high your could raise it before this accident happened."

"He lifted it easily then 'way up in the air, and it wasn't until I began to laugh that he realized that he had exposed himself. He cleared out in a hurry then."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Not What He Expected.

"Had a great surprise today."

"How was that?"

"My son pointed out the famous football coach to me."

"What surprised you in him?"

"Why, it was a man. I always thought it was an ambulance."—Denver News.

Brick ice cream. Phone 913.

## DON'T STARVE YOURSELF AFTER YOUR X-MAS

Mabson's pure food groceries have no bad after effects

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Mabson's Sanitary Grocery

Phone 81

## RACES COMMENCE AT 2 O'CLOCK SATURDAY

EVERYTHING READY FOR CHRISTMAS EVENTS.

Ed Russell Announces That Competition Is Keen and Interest in Contests Is High.

The races begin at 2 o'clock sharp Saturday afternoon. Ed Russell, who has charge of the horse racing department, declares that there will be some of the most interesting events at the fair grounds Saturday that have ever been seen in San Angelo. All of the horses are now in their stalls

the week not a turkey was to be found on sale at the stores, although the demand was tremendous.

The turkey will not adorn hundreds of tables in San Angelo today merely because they could not be secured. The merchants completely drained all this section of the country this year of the fowls, as well as the foreign markets, and it is said that the famine next year will be greater than ever. The scarcity of the turkey this year caused the price to be just double that of last year. The Thanksgiving turkey sold at 12 1-2 cents per pound, and since the price has risen gradually.

### FOUNDATION FINISHED.

Steel for New Bank Building Has Arrived.

The first steel to be used in the construction of the new San Angelo Bank and Trust company six-story building arrived Friday in several car load lots, and, beginning Monday, it will be set in place. The foundation

Well—Yes. "If you want a thing well done"—Get an expert to do it for you. Ain't that more sense than what you were going to say?—Cleveland Leader.

Don Lee, son of Brown F. Lee, member of the Thirty-first legislature, who has been attending the A. & M. College at College Station, returned Friday to spend the holidays in San Angelo.

### HIS LONG REST BROKEN.

Man Who Has Done No Work Since 1873 Will Labor in Workhouse. Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 24.—"Bill" Thomley has an unbeaten record for living without work and money, if what he said in the police court is true. Bill, who said he did not have any home, was arrested by Patrolman Judkins on the charge of loitering about the streets.

"How long has it been since you worked?" asked the prosecutor in the police court.

"Well, let me say," said Thomley,

thoughtfully. "The last work I did was in 1873. I quit then and haven't worked since."

Judge Whallon assessed a fine of \$1 and costs, and Thomley was sent to the workhouse for failure to pay. He is about 65 years old and did not have the appearance of being a vagrant, as his attire was in fairly good condition.

### CUT SHORT TRAILING SKIRTS.

Declares Long Trains Should Be Barred From Theaters.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 24.—"Women wearing skirts longer than ankle length should be barred from the theater," declared Col. R. J. Tiltford, building inspector, and he has prepared an ordinance to that effect for the consideration of the general council.

"No woman should wear a skirt to the theater or any other public place that comes closer than four inches to the ground," says Col. Tiltford. "Provision against the wearing of skirts with trains is just as important as legislation demanding asbestos curtains, fire escapes and numerous exits."

### Here to Spend Christmas.

"I am now in San Angelo to spend Christmas," asserted Col. Mob Massie, president of the Wool Growers' Central Storage company.

"I always take a few days off on Christmas," he continued. "With me it is like the little child, I guess, for I like to enjoy the Christmas holidays very much."

"I never saw finer weather for sheep in my life. This sunshine, following the blizzard and snow, will make the stock and sheep like fine in a few days. Grass and weeds have already started growing."

### Cheap at That.

Bung—So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestry? What is your fee?

Geneologist—Twenty dollars for keeping quiet about them.—Cassell's.

# A Merry Christmas

AND

# A Happy and Prosperous New Year to All

We have been in business but a short time, but long enough to know that our friends and the public have greatly assisted us by their patronage and friendship. We will always endeavor to merit both, and now as the year closes, take this means of acknowledging our appreciation

Crowther Hardware Co.

## RELIEVED HER MIND.

Mr. Terry Upheld His Better Half in the Umbrella Matter.

"Mercy me!" said Mrs. Terry. "Your father's left his umbrella! Here, Willie, run quick and catch him before his car comes!" She thrust an elegant gold handled umbrella into Willie's hands, and he raced out after his father, arriving at the car track barely in time to see his ponderous figure swing itself up the steps. And the car moved on.

As Willie stood there a man approached.

"What's the matter, son?" he inquired. Willie elucidated.

"Well," said the man, "that's easy. I'm going downtown on the next car, and I'll take it to him."

When Willie returned without the umbrella his mother rejoiced.

"You caught him, did you?" she smiled. Willie shook his head.

"But I did the next best thing, mother," he said. "I gave it to a man who was going downtown to give it to him." Mrs. Terry stared at him.

"Who was the man?" she asked. Willie looked foolish.

"I don't know," he said at last. "But he looked honest."

"That umbrella cost \$12," said Mrs. Terry sternly. "Come here to me." And shortly thereafter people passing wondered who was being slain.

That evening Mr. Terry returned bearing the umbrella. Mrs. Terry gazed at it, fascinated.

"Where did you get it?" she asked.

"Why," said Mr. Terry, "our neighbor Mr. Wilkins brought it to me—said you sent it."

"And to think," said Mrs. Terry, "I whipped Willie for giving it to a strange man!"

"Well," said Mr. Terry judicially, "I don't think it will hurt him. True, he gave it to the right man, but he didn't know that."

"That's right," said Mrs. Terry with relief.—Galveston News.

## FLYING ANIMALS.

The Bodies of All of Them Are Comparatively Small.

When you increase greatly the size and the weight of any moving body, whether it be traveling on the ground, floating through the air or swimming under the water, you alter in a most serious way the proportionate effect on the moving body of what is called "friction."

It is a noteworthy fact that there are no large flying animals—large, that is to say, as animals go. It is true that there is a great range in the size of flying animals, from the minutest flies up to the condor vulture and the albatross. But the bodies of those birds are small, not larger than that of an ordinary dog, and the stretch of the wings is only about ten feet, while their weight in proportion to size is reduced by great internal air sacs, which extend even into the bones.

Even when we examine the records of "extinct monsters," among which are some huge creatures as big in body as the biggest elephants of today and longer by reason of their great lizard-like tails, we find no instances of very big flying creatures. The extinct group of the flying reptiles—called pterodactyles because the wing was supported by an enormously elongated finger—were mostly small creatures, not bigger than eagles and usually of less size. The largest known had an expanse of wing giving eighteen feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other, but its body was a little thing, not bigger than that of a swan. This is the largest pair of wings known, and we must remember that in these larger pterodactyles and birds the bones are thin walled, hollow cylinders filled with air, so that these creatures are not only small, but have a small specific gravity.—Sir Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

### The Kat Plant.

In parts of Abyssinia and Yema the natives use a plant called kat (Catha edulis), the effects of which are similar to those of the Peruvian coca. The freshly cut leaves have a kind of intoxication of long duration, with none of the disagreeable features of ordinary inebriety. Messengers and soldiers are enabled by chewing the leaves to go without food for a number of days. Among those who abuse the habit the body tends to dry, the visage becomes emaciated, and nervous trouble follows, the most usual being a trembling of the limbs, but these cases are rare. At times a too copious absorption of kat produces a state of drunkenness, particularly when the large leaves are employed.—New York Post.

### The Kind of Critter He Was.

It was at the Cliff Dwellers, Chicago's literary club, and one of the members had just made a terrible, irremediable break about another—made it in his presence and that of several other members.

"What ought I to do now?" asked the breakmaker, much embarrassed.

"If I were you," suggested Fred Richardson, the artist, who had heard the whole proceeding, "I should go out and wiggle my ears and eat another thistle."—Success Magazine.

### Degrees of Hunger.

"I'm simply starving!" cried the short story writer at the Hungry club.

"I wish they'd begin dinner."

"I never saw you when you weren't starving," said the poet.

"I'm never as hungry as you are though," the short story writer declared, "because I write prose."—New York Press.

FIELD used; Mfg. C FOR Address Angelc YO oper me gain on T. W. and his ry Chr FOR S San An at The FOR SA wo mill road. Y od Sar FOR RE building Chadbou WE HA Heights erno, c ence cl West AUTOMIC City, Ca Leave L Rent car P All Prints ly sati lutely Weste Do you their fami; "No; pure Christmas

# THE OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS of The Western National Bank

Extend the Compliments of the Season, Wishing One and All a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

J. W. JOHNSON, President.  
L. L. FARR, Vice-President.  
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## CLASSIFIED ADS.

### Little Money--Large Returns

**RATES**  
One Time.....One Cent a Word  
Three Times.....Two Cents a Word  
Seven Times.....Four Cent a Word  
One-half cent a word each subsequent insertion.

**FOR SALE.**

FIELD GLASSES—Worth \$25; never used; \$15. Williams, San Angelo Mfg. Co.

FOR SALE—250 acres of stalk field. Address J. M. B., care Press-News, San Angelo.

IF YOU want to buy Chadbourne street property, it will be to your interest to see me. I am offering the best bargain on the street. J. C. Wren.

T. W. HENNING, "the new and second hand furniture dealer," wishes all his friends and customers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

FOR SALE—A life scholarship in the San Angelo Business College. Inquire at The Press-News.

FOR SALE—170 acres first-class land two miles south of Mereta, on Eola road. Would take \$1000 or \$1200 in good San Angelo property at cash price.

FOR RENT—Two new modern brick buildings each 25x90 feet, on North Chadbourne street.

WE HAVE several nice lots in Angelo Heights to sell cheap and on easy terms, or would trade for small residence close in.

HASSELL, BULLOCK & CO., Western National Bank Building.

AUTOMOBILE SERVICE—Sterling City, Carlsbad and Water Valley. Leave Landon Hotel every morning. Rent cars by the day, hour or trip.

**H. M. GARDEN**  
Practical Surveyor  
All kinds of Maps and Blue Prints done quickly and thoroughly satisfactorily. All work absolutely guaranteed. Phone 94. Western National Bank Bldg.

**Every Woman**  
is interested and should know about the wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spray. The new vaginal syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly.

**A Fair Exchange.**  
"Do you have social relations with their family?"  
"No, purely business. We exchange Christmas presents."—Life.

Tom & Will Savell. Phone 772 black.

DIRT AND GRAVEL—Excavating and foundations, houses moved and anything in the teaming line. Jim Cummings.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—A good gentle horse and rubber tire runabout. Cheap on easy terms. Phone 867 green.

A CHRISTMAS snap: 150 feet frontage, only 5 blocks from Landon Hotel. Splendid neighborhood. Price \$1500. Easy terms. If you want this don't delay. J. C. Wren.

**POSTED—WARNING NOTICE**—Keep off my premises: Glenmore farm, Gardner farm on South Concho, Spooner place and Lake Concho. Fishing, hunting, trespassing will be prosecuted. Charles B. Metcalfe.

DO YOU want a cozy cottage of 4 rooms, occupying ground 70x155 feet, southeast corner of block on South Chadbourne street, convenient to the Orient devot, nice lawn, trees and barn? Only \$600 cash and the balance monthly. This is a splendid opportunity. Perhaps it is for you. J. C. Wren.

**WANTED.**

WANT TO SELL—4 last spring bucks, subject to register. Will show 6 to 9 inches of hair now. Mothers will show 10 to 14 inches. Can see them at 420 Breusser street.

WANTED—A white woman to do general housework in small family on ranch. Good wages. Phone 264. Mrs. Joe Montague.

WANT to sell 4-year-old milk cow. Making one pound of butter per day now. \$35. Can see her at 420 Preusser street.

**Tuberculosis Book**  
200 PAGE MEDICAL BOOK ON TUBERCULOSIS FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Tuberculosis can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Tuberculosis, Consumption, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yankerman Company, 3604 Water Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail free, and also a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

**HOLIDAY** Thanksgiving day, traditional way.

even an apology shouted in a voice that seemed peculiarly disagreeable:

"Here, Goodale! Get a move on and sell all you can—10,000,000 bushels today. Keep a cool head, man."

Having given his commands, Truesdell turned to his visitor. "You'll have to excuse me," he said. "I expected a quiet day, but the bulls are on the warpath, and I'm having the fight of my life. Goodale will be back presently, and he'll tell you all about it. Come in tomorrow and I'll blow you to that luncheon—if I have money enough left to pay for it."

The excited operator was away before the startled young man could put in a word. He couldn't understand why so rich a man as Truesdell was supposed to be should agitate himself over his business. What was amiss? The idea was so irritating that he found a trifling consolation in the fact that his wooling had gone no further.

Just then Goodale returned, and Van Ingen felt it due to himself to learn something of the condition of affairs. His ideas of business were exceedingly vague, but he nerved himself for the undertaking.

"Mr. Truesdell seems to be unusually excited today," he began. "I can't help thinking something must be up."

"Something is up," Goodale admitted quietly. "Wheat is down."

"Oh, I see," said his rival, with a dazed look which belied his assumption of intelligence. "Mr. Truesdell has been dealing very heavily lately, I believe."

"Very heavily indeed," Goodale agreed promptly.

**His Malady.**

Bridget—An' did th' doctor say yez had any pronounced disease?  
Pat—Sure an' he did; but, bogorrah, Oi couldn't pronounce it!—Judge.

**Too Inquisitive.**

"Do you love your teacher, my little man?"  
"G'wan. Do yer tink I'm goin' to tell youse all about me love affairs?"—Exchange.

**No Lecture Tours for Him.**

Gunner—That chap who is going to drive the team of polar bears to the North Pole says he is going by the inside route.  
Gayer—Yes, and I guess he'll return by the inside route, too.  
Gunner—What inside route?  
Gayer—Why, inside the polar bears. Denver News.

**Bill's Perplexity.**

Newark Sunday Call—Bill was evidently worried and finally explained the situation.  
"My wife writes she will be home Thursday. Now, will you tell me, does that mean Tuesday or Thursday?"

**Virtue of Necessity.**

Jose Santos Zelaya, dictator of Nicaragua, attempts to make a virtue of necessity in his letter to the National Assembly formally resigning the presidency of the Republic. As a matter of fact, it was a clear case of recognition that discretion is the better part of valor. There was nothing else for him unless ignominious flight or an equally ignominious fate.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Dogs Not Mad—Drunk.**

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 24.—The police department of Pittsburg has decided that the alleged epidemic of hydrophobia which has been menacing Pittsburg for some time is not hydrophobia, but only a case of inebriety among the dogs.

Police Captain J. J. Ford reports that the craziness of many Pittsburg dogs recently can be traced to the fumes of gasoline coming from automobiles. The police officer elites in-

**Who is to be the favorite of fortune Is sure to bring fulfillment fit to me**

While he was eating his luncheon a man whom he knew emerged from behind his paper and came over to his table.

"Beastly panic in the wheat market," he observed rather dolefully. "Hope you're not scorched, Van."

"No money to play with, dear old chap. I've just left a man up to his eyes in it—Tom Truesdell. Know him?"

"Well, rather," the other replied. "I have just dropped a cool \$10,000 in the pit. If your man Truesdell has been equally out of luck he must be looking forward to a rather gloomy Christmas. It means millions to him."

An hour later Van Ingen went into the writing room and penned a note to Mr. Truesdell to the effect that some unexpected and important business would compel him to forego the pleasure of a further discussion of the contemplated alliance.

On Christmas eve Goodale and Van Ingen met face to face on the street. The latter would have passed without a sign of recognition, but Goodale grasped his hand and greeted him cordially.

"I am afraid you people must have come out of your deal rather badly," Van Ingen stammered.

"Not at all," declared the other readily, with a final wring of his one-time rival's hand which made him wince. "We were bears. The lower the price went the more we made. About a million is the figure."

Van Ingen smiled feebly and murmured his congratulations.

**Christmas.**

Sing holy jubilee! mistletoe stances of dogs racing close behind auto cars for miles, then falling over seemingly drunk. Chief of Police McQuaid has asked Ford for an expert opinion as to whether careless chauffeurs, too, have not been affected by the gasoline fumes.

**Would Retain Spike Shoes.**

New York, Dec. 24.—Charles A. Comiskey, owner of the Chicago American baseball club, is against the proposed new rule doing away with the use of spiked shoes.

"The moment you slow up the present style of play," he says, "public interest will decrease. Take away the sensational stealing of bases and baseball would be tiresome. Base runners and fielders cannot get along without spikes. Outfielder Barrett, for example, was permanently disabled because he wore dull spikes on his shoes. No, the use of spikes cannot be abolished in my opinion."

**Should Mean Era of Peace.**

"The real significance of the whole affair is that Zelaya, after a high-handed career of sixteen years, during which he has ruled the country by methods more in keeping with absolute and vindictive autocracy than in harmony with constitutionalism and the rights of a free people, has stepped aside. The change in conditions should make it comparatively easy for the United States to re-enter into cordial relations with Nicaragua, and should assuage a new era of peace and good order in Central America."—Troy Times.

**It Won't Come Off.**

When you see a woman plodding around on a rainy day the inference is justified that she has one of those kinds of complexions that are not rubbed off every night and put on again in the morning.—Los Angeles Times.

**Hint to the Wise.**

When both feet fly out from under you and you have a presentiment that you're going to fall, don't turn around to see if anybody is looking.—Toledo Blade.

**Adolf und Osgar.**

"I don't trust you, Adolf. I think you would steal der penny off a dead man's eyes."

"Shame on you, Osgar! You know I would nod."  
"Veil, maybe you would'd ef der coffin hat solid gokk trimmings."

**Too Old, Suicides.**

Youngstown, O., Dec. 24.—"I've lived too long."

This was the often repeated complaint of Daniel Blott, 94, farmer, who died with his son in Canfield. He committed suicide by cutting an artery in his arm.

**Germ Hunt Continues.**

Sharon, Pa., Dec. 24.—The board of health has instructed Health Officer Yahres to inspect all penny-in-the-slot peanut machines, and to put out of commission those found unsanitary. The board believes that the machines spread disease.

**Appropriate to the Season.**

Willie, seven, pair of skates; ice like glass and thin as plates; "Thinks he'll try it—won't go far; Does so; tries it; "Gates Ajar."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Didn't Propose.**

"Couldn't you be contented with love in a cottage?" timidly inquired the poor young man.

"Oh, yes," answered the girl with large ideas. "What we save on the size of the house we could put into the automobile."—Washington Herald.

**Painless.**

One morning a little girl raised her hand excitedly and pointed to a boy who seldom had clean hands.

"Teacher," she said, "look quick! Jimmie's committin' suicide. He's suckin' his thumb."—Success.

**Can You Beat It!**

She—I don't see why you should hesitate to marry on \$3000 a year. Papa says my gowns never cost more than that.

He—But, my dear, we must have something to eat.  
She (petulantly)—Isn't that just like a man—always thinking of his stomach.—Boston Transcript.

**Wonders How Far.**

"Zeloya has stepped down and out, but how far down and how far out is dependent on circumstances. Usually when a Latin-American dictator is compelled to give up his power he endeavors to have an alter ego elected his successor, and the old business is continued under a new sign. If a Zelaya sympathizer succeeds Zelayaism, which precipitated the embargo, will revive it revival being conducted circumspcctly. General Estrada, the leader of the revolution will have a good deal to say, however, on that matter, and he is not likely to acquiesce in any compromise that will rob him of the fruits of victory."—Boston Transcript.

**Hardly Worth Fighting For.**

"As a country, Nicaragua is hardly worth fighting about, but it occupies a position to interfere with trade and commerce and revolutions in that vicinity sometimes result in the unnecessary loss of human life."—Los Angeles Times.

**There's a Reason.**

They walked among the shredded wheat.  
When grape-nuts were in season; He asked her why she seemed so sweet.  
She answered: "There's a reason."—Brooklyn Life.

**That Cold Plunge.**

This is the time of the year when the cold-plunge-every-morning hat is abroad in the land.

**Explained.**

He—They're going to toast the football players tomorrow.  
She—Oh, now I understand why they call it a gridiron.—Columbia Jester.

We Wish You All A Merry Christmas Angelo Furniture & Undertaking Co.

**Mr. Roosevelt an Academician.**  
A cable dispatch from Paris says that the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has elected Mr. Theodore Roosevelt to a foreign associate membership. With this honor he will be entitled when delivering lectures at the Sorbonne to wear the plumed cap of an Academician, a pearl-handled sword and a suit embroidered with green palms. Mr. Roosevelt received twenty-five votes out of a possible twenty-eight. One blank ballot was cast and two of the electors refrained from voting.—New York Herald.

**Better Way.**  
First Boston Child—Do you believe in corporal punishment?  
Second Boston Child—No; I can usually make my parents do what I wish by moral suasion.—Life.

THIS IS

# Christmas Day

And our first Christmas in your midst. You have been generous and liberal toward us--given us patronage and encouragement for which we thank you. We like San Angelo and her people and are proud to be with you. We hope to continue to merit your good will and to grow with the town . . . We realize that there is a great deal of room for improvement in our business, we wish you a Merry Christmas.

## Patout-Gaither Co.

### FOUR DIVORCES ARE GRANTED IN COURT

OTHER SEPARATION SUITS TO BE TRIED NUMBER FIFTEEN.

District Court Adjourned Friday at Noon for Christmas, to Meet Again Monday.

Judge Timmins, the prosecuting attorney, and the rest of the court officials are observing Christmas today, having adjourned district court Friday at noon for that purpose.

Four divorces were granted by Judge Timmins Wednesday morning. They were in the cases of Casnovia Santos vs. Perrinano Santos; Ysabel Wurtenburg vs. Lee Wurtenburg; Ysabel Reyes vs. Bryida Reyes, and Fred Pahl vs. Ella Pahl.


Fifteen other divorce suits are docketed for trial at this session of district court. They are: Josefa Villareal vs. Eli Villareal; Mrs. Rosa

Pavi vs. R. W. Pavi; Phil J. Wurtenburg vs. Lulu M. Wurtenburg; G. Leyle vs. Mabel Leyle; Feena Spitzerger vs. Sam Fitzgerber; Far Ogle vs. Paul B. Ogle; Fanny Cole Boyd Cole; Mrs. Lome Vincent vs. P. Vincent; Katie Frane vs. Anast Frane; Lizzie Hill vs. E. Hill; W. Thornton vs. Lethan Thornton, and C. Reeves vs. Carrie Reeves.

**Hard to Arrange.**  
Judge—About a year ago a cook formed her Boston mistress that she was apt to leave at any time, as she was engaged to be married. The mistress was genuinely sorry, as the woman was a good cook and steady. Time passed, however, without further word of leaving, though the happy man to be was a frequent caller in the kitchen. The other day the mistress was moved by curiosity to ask:

"When are you to be married, Nora?"  
"Indeed, an' it's niver at all, I'll be thinking' mum," was the sad reply.  
"Really? What is the trouble?"  
"Tis this, mum. I won't marry Mike when he's drunk, and when he's sober he won't marry me."

SIXTEEN PAGES TODAY.



We wish you all a Merry Christmas. We are truly thankful to the public for the largest years business in our history. The people are finding out where to buy high class jewelry.

## Roberts & Roberts

### GERMANY MAKING HER NAVY STRONG

EUROPEAN EMPIRE IS ARMING IN SILENCE.

Gossip of Berlin By Malcom Clark, Publishers' Press Staff Correspondent.

By MALCOLM CLARKE. (Publishers' Press Special Service.) Berlin, Dec. 24.—Whether Germany's navy is intended to challenge Great Britain's supremacy of the seas or to try conclusions with Uncle Sam as to the status of the Monroe doctrine, the fact remains that she is quietly, and with German thoroughness, making for herself the finest navy in the world.

The launch of the German dreadnaught, Thueringer, at Bremen, follows immediately upon the production of the heaviest naval estimates in German history. The two events afford fresh proof, if any were required, of the energy and persistence with which the German people are creating a gigantic navy. The most significant feature of their preparations is the complete silence in which they are being conducted. No protests against the vast expenditure on new dreadnaughts and submarines are heard in the German press. No resistance is offered in the Reichstag. In the words of our Berlin correspondent, "the country is prepared and resigned to bear the burden"; Germany is arming in silence.

### HOSTILITY TOWARD JEWS PRONOUNCED

IMPROVEMENT IN POLITICAL CONDITIONS UNLIKELY IN RUSSIA.

M. Stolypin Assumes Anti-Semitic Attitude, But is Opposed in Senate By Minister of Commerce.

By GEORGE FRASER. (Publishers' Press Special Service.)

St. Petersburg, Dec. 24.—The hopes of the Russian Jews that there would be a speedy improvement in their political condition seems doomed to disappointment. For a time M. Stolypin gave indications that he intended to pursue a more liberal policy towards the Hebrews, but recently the premier has taken up a pronounced anti-Semitic attitude and is supported in his views by a majority of the senate. As instances of his hostility to the Jews, and his declaration that a stronger police supervision shall be exercised over the right of residence of the Jews, and his declaration that Jews ought not to be allowed to visit summer resorts. The latter point, by the way, was opposed in the senate by the minister of commerce, who drew attention to the financial loss that would result from the stringent application of such a policy.

In conversation with one of the leaders of Jewish emancipation in Russia recently he said with much feeling: "The anti-Jewish movement seems to be in full swing. Wholesale exiles are taking place. The doorway through which my co-religionists have hitherto managed to squeeze into the country is being still further narrowed. And the Duma is proposing a system of prohibitions which will be a real medical time-bomb."

### THE CAT AND THE BABY.

A Medical Opinion as to the Tradition of a Feline Danger.

Several physicians have investigated the ancient story that cats wuck the breath of babies, and Dr. J. Rice Gibbs declares that the theory is ridiculous. Cats occasionally kill children, he declares, but they do it in a different fashion.

"It has been stated that a cat's nostrils are so formed as to make a perfect juncture with the nose of a baby," said Dr. Gibbs, "and that a little pressure would push them upward and make them a perfect fit. Then the cat's chin would rest over and below the baby's mouth, preventing it from opening to relieve the strangulation while the cat sucked its breath. That is all rot. The manner in which little children are killed by cats is this: A cat looking for a warm place to curl up and sleep lies down upon the chest of a little child, and, being quite heavy—many cats are as heavy as little babies—simply crushes the breath out of the child's lungs, and strangulation takes place, but not through sucking of the child's breath.

"The idea that only black cats kill little babies is equally ridiculous. It is simply because black cats are considered unlucky. In former times the black cat was considered the very genius of witchcraft. In those days when a baby died the blame was often fixed upon some hag who, the judges said, had sent a black cat to suck the baby's breath. And often hag and cat suffered death at the stake.

"Evil omen is still the cry in many parts of the world whenever a black cat approaches a cradle. Many persons are so superstitious that the appearance of a black cat in a sick room is considered equivalent to an announcement of approaching death. What could be more absurd?

"Mothers need not be afraid of cats, black, white or green, sucking their babies' breath and murdering them. It is time that this popular fallacy should be exploded."—New York World.

### THE BASEBALL UMPIRE.

Very Different From the Fight Referee or the Race Judge.

Good umpires are rare. In the whole country there are not more than ten first rate ones. The combination of the keen eye, nimble brain and cold nerve is not a common one.

The umpire is the chain lightning of baseball. His decisions are rendered in the fifth part of a second. He renders them knowing that he must stand by them afterward, no matter what happens. Every man inside the fence, whether blinded by prejudice or loyalty to the home team, sees the same things and therefore feels that he has a right to his own opinion, but the umpire is the one man who is paid to know what he sees.

The prizefight referee sometimes has to decide which boxer won a hard battle. He has had time in which to review the situation. The whole moving picture of the fight stretches backward in his memory. Should the choice prove a difficult one there is always the comfortable middle ground—the draw decision, in which neither man wins or loses. The baseball umpire can render no draw decisions. The man is safe or he is out.

When two race horses come nodding down to the wire and two noses flash by the post so close together that a finger breadth means thousands of dollars to the backers, the race track judge may fall back on the dead heat. The baseball umpire has no dead heats. Watching foot and ball, he must know which one was first. He can confer with no one. Right or wrong, the judgment must be made in the twinkling of an eye.—C. E. Van Loan in Munsey's Magazine.

### The Piano Virtuoso's Hands.

Contrary to popular belief, the piano virtuoso as a rule has extremely unattractive hands. "The artistic hand" is a phrase peculiar to the hysterical young woman who haunts musical recitals, but in reality the hand of the pianist is not at all artistic or beautiful when judged by the usual standards of the artist, the painter or the sculptor.

Constant, vigorous practicing overdevelops the hand and makes it actually ill shaped. The fingers do not taper, but are blunt and round, ending often in what appears to be a cushion of hard flesh.—New York World.

### Honors come by diligence; riches spring from economy.—Davis.

Aggravating. When the late General Edward M. McCook lived in Pike's Peak he once presided at a dinner in honor of a famous Indian fighter.

Mr. McCook, as he then was, concluded his introduction of the Indian fighter with the words: "I can find but one fault with the colonel's methods. I allude to his well known custom of enlisting in his regiment only baldheaded men. To aggravate the Indians' feelings so cruelly as that is carrying war too far."

### Cheerful.

A certain philosopher used to thank God when he had the gout that it was not the toothache, and when he had the toothache he gave thanks because he had not both complaints at once.

### Error of the Types.

The editor wrote that the speaker's address was "notable," but the printer spaced it wrong and it read "not able."—Kansas City Star.

but without food.

**Sentence Commuted.**  
"But," said the merchant to the applicant, "you don't furnish any reference from your last place."  
"You needn't worry about that," replied the man with the close-cropped head and strange pallor; "I wouldn't be here now if it hadn't been for my good behavior in my last place."—Catholic Standard-Times.

**No Happy Medium.**  
"What's worrying you?"  
"Motor car," answered Mr. Chuggins. "It either goes so fast that I'm held up for speeding, or so slow that I'm waredn't not to obstruct traffic."—Washington Star.

**Very Chilling.**  
"That's what some salesladies display when you ask to see something cheaper."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

J. M. Treadwell of Big Springs, brother of L. F. Treadwell, cattle inspector, who is suffering from an accident, arrived in this city Friday to spend several days here during Christmas.

**Proposal.**  
He (nervously)—Er—er—Margaret—er—er—there's something has been troubling on my lips for the last two months.  
She—Yes, so I see. Why don't you shave it off?—Princeton Tiger.

**CHICKEN, CAKE AND PIE**

Will Be Fed Prisoners in the County Jail.  
Prisoners confined in the Tom Greene county jail will not receive turkey for their dinner today, in repetition of their Thanksgiving spread, but they will get chicken, cake and pie and many fancy eatables in plenty, as a gift from the county. All sorts of good things to eat were delivered to the jail Friday.

Mrs. J. P. Colville of Cleburne is spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. W. R. Woodall, of Palestine street.

nant, has undertaken the construction of the dirigible for use by Mr. Joseph Brucker in a flight across the Atlantic. Mr. Brucker will endeavor to choose a course in which he will be likely to meet with favorable winds, and he will thus be able to save fuel and he will thus be able to save fuel by setting the vessel drift as a balloon. The car of the airship is being designed so that in the event of a descent on the sea it will float for a considerable time. The attempt to travel by air from Europe to America is expected to be made in the spring.

**Artistic Vociferation.**  
"You will miss your son John when he goes back to school."  
"Yes," answered Farmer Courtassel. "I don't know how I'm going to get along. Josh has got all the critters on the place so used to his college yell that I don't suppose any one else kin drive 'em in."—Washington Star.

**Cost of Christmas Trees.**  
The Bangor estimate that the approximate value of the Christmas tree crop of Maine for this season will be \$60,000 is based upon the assumption that the Maine dealers get thirty cents a tree for about 200,000 trees. If the Maine farmers get anything like thirty cents a tree, however, they are doing a great deal better than the farmers of Vermont.—Boston Globe.

**Didn't Care for Him.**  
Little Eleanor's mother was an American, while her father was a German. One day, after Eleanor had been subjected to rather severe disciplinary measures at the hands of her father, she called her mother into another room, closed the door significantly and said: "Mother, I don't want to meddle in your business, but I wish you'd send that husband of yours back to Germany."—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Dinner for the Poor.**  
Innumerable good things to eat are stored at the Salvation Army hall, and today the poor of the city will be given a real taste of Christmas cheer. The dinner will be distributed in baskets to the many poor families.

SIXTEEN PAGES TODAY.

Everybody who smokes and smokes at the Smoke-House will have A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

Thanks for your past Patronage

Smoke House Fred Schmidt, Proprietor

3-B Electric Co. The Old Reliable Electricians

Miss Hettie Lupton HAIR SWITCHER

Austin's Transfer R. B. AUSTIN

August Ballant General Contractor and Builder

In year ty w quen two mas, gain of tl Clau Th pr unte Kring stanc on tl large drop down mas shoes city To Santo To moias rug. and t rug a To l stand you lo To I Jimm him a a disa myste to ma mamm To I let wh Old A go lars ha for Ch foreign year, I rates o busler than us To Engl most of parently she has a pound old folk Peaco turkeys

BOBBY'S CHRISTMAS PLAINT.

By WILLIS HAWKINS.

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I'M awful tired o' bein' rich. I think it was a pity We come into the money which Enticed us to the city. I wish that we was poor again An' back in Pawpaw Center A-livin' as we ust to when We was so much contented. Pa didn't have that worried look An' ma was never nervous Before we had a chef to cook An' a butler man to serve us. I'd ruther be the way we was. All feelin' fine an' happy. With simple cookin' such as ma's That never made us scrappy. An' then the lugs the girls put on! I think it's awful silly That Mary Jane is "Marie Zhon" An' Nellie is "Nattie." But, gracious, they git mad at me When I say "Nell" or "Mary," Though that was what they ust to be When they was 'tendin' dairy.



"I THINK IT'S AWFUL SILLY."

Them days I knew a lot o' boys That I could play an' fight with An' swap my marbles an' my toys Or go an' stay all night with. But now that I'm a rich man's son There'd be a great sensation If I should play with any one Beneath my lofty station.

An' now that Chris'mus time is near An' Santy Claus is comin' I don't see how he'll git in here Unless it's through the plumbin'. Instead o' chimneys we have wires Where 'lectric currents sizzle, An' I guess where you don't have fires Your Chris'mus is a fizzle.

Santa Claus on the Street.

In the larger American cities of late years Santa Claus has come to be pretty well known to everybody who frequents the business streets during the two or three weeks preceding Christmas. The Volunteers of America, organized by Ballington Booth, formerly of the Salvation Army, supply Santa Clauses in considerable numbers. The traditional chimney idea is put to practical use. A member of the Volunteers rigs himself up in true Kris Kringle costume, with long coat, flowing white beard and fur cap. He stands beside a miniature chimney set on the sidewalk, on top of which is a large placard requesting passersby to drop in a coin to help send Santa Claus down the chimney with a big Christmas dinner for the poor or to carry shoes, clothing or other supplies to the city unfortunates.

Christmas Family Advice.

To Papa—Remember the myth of Santa Claus, to keep it holy. To Mamma—Don't worry about the molasses candy getting on the parlor rug. Christmas comes but once a year, and the stores will sell you a parlor rug any day. To Miss Belle—it is not necessary to stand under a bunch of mistletoe if you look at him the right way. To Little Willy—Don't be envious of Jimmy Jones because Santa brought him a cannon. Next year you may get a disappearing gun. (It will disappear mysteriously shortly after you begin to make a noise with it, and maybe mamma can explain.) To Baby—Be good, dear child, and let who will be clever.

Old Folk at Home Remembered.

A good many hundred thousand dollars have been shipped home to Europe for Christmas, through the banks, by foreigners employed in America. This year, probably because of the high rates of wages, the banks have been busier with this class of exchange than usual. The bulk of the drafts go to England and Ireland. Servants send most of this money, and none is apparently so poor or ragged that he or she has not at least the equivalent of a pound sterling to send home to the old folks.

Peacocks For Turkeys.

Peacocks formerly took the place of turkeys on the Christmas table.



On Christmas eve the children, all gathered around the fire, Discuss the probabilities until they must retire.

'Tis then the fateful wishbone, kept over from Thanksgiving day, Is brought to light and broken in the traditional way.

With their fair, expectant faces and eyes with light aglow They await the anxious moment when all of them shall know

Who is to be the favorite of fortune and whose choice Is sure to bring fulfillment fit to make the heart rejoice.

SOMETHING NEW FOR CHRISTMAS.

By ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

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WE lash our brains to chase up something new to give our friends at Christmas. In like manner they lash their brains to think of something to give us. We say to ourselves, "Rich old Aunt Rachel ought to put up something handsome this year, the old curmudgeon!" Rich old Aunt Rachel in her turn says to us: "I suppose those beggarly pieces of mine will send me some fool trash they themselves can make and expect me to give them gifts worth forty times as much. They're a nuisance. Every way I turn there's somebody expecting me to put up a Christmas present. I wish these hungry hangers on were at the north pole."

The whole scheme of Christmas giving has been perverted till it now means only one of three things—either barter, unwilling almsgiving or tipping. Servants, deserving or otherwise; poor relatives, charity societies, people too lazy and shiftless to earn comfort for themselves, all "expect" something. The effort to fill these expectations causes a drain that makes most people look forward with dread from one Christmas to the next. Seven out of ten Christmas presents are nowadays forced from the grudging donor just because the receivers "expect" something. Mortal mind can sink to no meaner level than to "expect" a Christmas present.

Yet with all earth's giving there is one thing nobody ever thinks to bestow unless it is some man or woman, usually a woman, who has been tried in all ways by sorrow, hardship and affliction, who has looked on this world's treasures and seen them melt away and has learned there is nothing in them. To such a true, sweet, tested soul has come the full knowledge that the only Christmas present worth while is the one the Christ Child came to earth to bring. Still the Christ Child's gift is on the earth, 1,900 years after the holy Nativity. It is to be had by every human being, it is the most precious offspring human being can either give or receive, yet in our so-called Christian world today again it is so scarce as this one thing.

What was it the Christ Child came to bring? "Peace on earth, good will to men!" Down the centuries the tidings of this priceless offering have sounded, and they sound still, but now faint and afar off to the worldling sense. For weeks the atmosphere has been confused and lashed with the vibrations of Christmas buying and selling, Christmas scramble and expectancy; it is overborne and heavy with the awful weariness of the Christmas makers. Who has time to send forth the glorious gift which is the very foundation stone of Christmas itself—peace and good will?

How would it do alike for those overtaxed with giving and those too poor to give anything at all simply and quietly to bestow the Christ Child's gift on all mankind? After presenting the few material gifts one really offers for the pleasure of it, how would it do to make everybody around us happy as we can all day long, being cheerful, merry, loving and helpful to every member of our household, thinking not at all of our own deserts or disappointments, but giving forth joyfully the best that is in us—if, widening and softening our souls, we would weed from our consciousness all our pitiful little grudges against others and in fold even those we dislike most in the loving thought of Christmastide?

even an apology shouted in a voice that seemed peculiarly disagreeable:

"Here, Goodale! Get a move on and sell all you can—10,000,000 bushels today. Keep a cool head, man."

Having given his commands, Truesdell turned to his visitor. "You'll have to excuse me," he said. "I expected a quiet day, but the bulls are on the warpath, and I'm having the fight of my life. Goodale will be back presently, and he'll tell you all about it. Come in tomorrow and I'll blow you to that luncheon—if I have money enough left to pay for it."

The excited operator was away before the startled young man could put in a word. He couldn't understand why so rich a man as Truesdell was supposed to be should agitate himself over his business. What was amiss? The idea was so irritating that he found a trifling consolation in the fact that his wooling had gone no further.

Just then Goodale returned, and Van Ingen felt it due to himself to learn something of the condition of affairs. His ideas of business were exceedingly vague, but he nerved himself for the undertaking.

"Mr. Truesdell seems to be unusually excited today," he began. "I can't help thinking something must be up."

"Something is up," Goodale admitted quietly. "Wheat is down."

"Oh, I see," said his rival, with a dazed look which belied his assumption of intelligence. "Mr. Truesdell has been dealing very heavily lately, I believe."

"Very heavily indeed," Goodale agreed promptly.

"Many people will be very hard hit," "Very hard indeed."

Van Ingen concluded that he had solved the problem. He thanked his informant, rose languidly and proceeded to his club, inwardly grateful that he had escaped a terrible possibility.

While he was eating his luncheon a man whom he knew emerged from behind his paper and came over to his table.

"Beastly panic in the wheat market," he observed rather dolefully. "Hope you're not scorched, Van."

"No money to play with, dear old chap. I've just left a man up to his eyes in it—Tom Truesdell. Know him?"

"Well, rather," the other replied. "I have just dropped off cool \$10,000 in the pit. If your man Truesdell has been equally out of luck he must be looking forward to a rather gloomy Christmas. It means millions to him."

An hour later Van Ingen went into the writing room and penned a note to Mr. Truesdell to the effect that some unexpected and important business would compel him to forego the pleasure of a further discussion of the contemplated alliance.

On Christmas eve Goodale and Van Ingen met face to face on the street. The latter would have passed without a sign of recognition, but Goodale grasped his hand and greeted him cordially.

"I am afraid you people must have come out of your deal rather badly," Van Ingen stammered.

"Not at all," declared the other radiantly, with a final wring of his one time rival's hand which made him wince. "We were bears. The lower the price went the more we made. About a million is the figure."

Van Ingen smiled feebly and murmured his congratulations.

Christmas.

Sing holly now and mistletoe And all resentment from your heart. Sing the accessories which show And in this joyous day have part: Sing help to him you fain would wrong And good to him you would deride: Lift up your heart in joy and song And sing the Christ back to your side. ELBERT SHERMAN.

THE CHRISTMAS BEARS.

By GERALD PRIME.

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ISABEL was having it out with her father. It was only a few days before Christmas, and she should have been at peace with herself and all mankind in general, but she wasn't. She had been telling herself all this particular day that as soon as her father came home she would put her case before him in a light so convincing that he would be brought to admit that he had been a little too arbitrary. Her scheme had not worked. She was beginning to realize painfully that her effort to gain her point had resulted in confirming her father in his opinion that it was a man's privilege to rule in his own house, especially when the woman of it was his only daughter, a girl of twenty, who could not be expected to know her own mind.

"You know perfectly well," said Isabel, with a final heroic attempt to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. "That Jack and I have been—have been good friends for a long time. The only reason he hasn't spoken about it—to you—is because he has been waiting until he was in more of a position to do so."

"Then it's mighty lucky for him that he concluded to postpone it," declared Tom Truesdell testily. "Romance is all very well for those who can afford it, but Jack Goodale doesn't belong to that class. I pay him a fair salary, and I admit he earns it. But I don't see how he expects me to accept him as a son-in-law. How could he ever provide for a wife as extravagant as you? Absurd!"

"He has a little money, and he may make a lucky deal some day," she persisted in spite of the forlornness of her hope.

"Do you mean that the young man intends to gamble in wheat?" he asked ironically.

"Why shouldn't he? You do, don't you?"

Tom Truesdell snorted impatiently. "No," he retorted. "I do not gamble. A gambler risks his property. I never risk anything. I know how the market is going because I make the market. There is a difference, Isabel."

Driven to desperation, Isabel played her last trick. "The man you want for a son-in-law," she said, "is no better off financially. He has nothing but his debts to distinguish him."

He smiled sardonically. "If I want him for a son-in-law," he returned decidedly, "I am well enough off to afford him. I grant you Gerald Van Ingen has very little means, but he has something that the Truesdell family needs a good deal more. He has position."

"It's an empty makeshift," declared Isabel wrathfully.

"He isn't very brainy, I suppose," her father admitted. "He'll be all the easier to manipulate on that account. That ought to appeal to you, Isabel. But I haven't made up my mind yet. Mr. Van Ingen is coming to lunch with me tomorrow, and I shall make a study of him. He certainly ought to do great things for us socially."

Van Ingen was punctual at Truesdell's office on the following day. As he entered the busy place he found the bustle very disquieting to his nerves. Tape machines clicked, clerks were shouting perplexing fractions into telephones, and there was an uproar quite unfamiliar to the young man's ears. All at once Truesdell rushed into view, almost overturning his distinguished visitor, and without

CHRISTMAS ON THE POLLY.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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IT was the good ship Polly, and she sailed the wintry sea, For ships must sail though fierce the gale, and a precious freight had she. 'Twas the captain's little daughter stood beside her father's chair And illumined the dingy cabin with the sunshine of her hair.

With a yo heave ho and a yo heave ho! For ships must sail Though fierce the gale And loud the tempests blow.

The captain's fingers rested on the pretty, curly head. "Tomorrow will be Christmas day," the little maiden said.

"Do you suppose that Santa Claus will find us on the sea And make believe the stovepipe is a chimney just for me?"

Loud laughed the jovial captain and "By my faith," he cried,

"If he should come we'll let him know he has a friend inside!" And many a rugged sailor cast a loving look that night At the stovepipe where a lonely little stocking fluttered white.

With a yo heave ho and a yo heave ho! For ships must sail Though fierce the gale And loud the tempests blow.



"DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT SANTA CLAUS WILL FIND US ON THE SEA?"

On the good ship Polly the Christmas sun shone down And on a smiling little face beneath a golden crown.

No happier child he saw that day on sea or on the land Than the captain's little daughter with her treasures in her hand.

For never was a stocking so filled with curious things. There were bracelets made of pretty shells and rosy coral strings.

An elephant carved deftly from a bit of ivory tusk, A fan, an alligator tooth and a little bag of musk.

Not a tar aboard the Polly but felt the Christmas cheer, For the captain's little daughter was to every sailor dear.

They heard a Christmas carol in the shrieking wintry gust, For a child had touched them by her simple, loving trust.

With a yo heave ho and a yo heave ho! For ships must sail Though fierce the gale And loud the tempests blow.

The Truth About Santa Claus.

I write myself down as one who still believes in Santa Claus. Don't you? Are you one of those very literal folk who have their doubts whether they ought to let their children cling to the beautiful old myth?

Without imagination, without dreams, without poetry, this old world of ours would be a very wearisome place. Its road would be steeper than it is—much like sleighing over bare ground would our progress be as compared with sleighing over deep, hard packed snow.

The poetic myth of the old saint, with his reindeer and his jingling bells and his bulging pack of toys and bonbons, has charmed a thousand generations. The stocking hung by the chimney on Christmas eve, the children staying awake until sleep pounced on them like a strong man armed, the presents filling them from top to toe in the morning, the rush of the bare feet hurrying fast across the floor, the merry uproar, the bubbling laughter, the shouts of joy—the whole of this family pageant belongs to dear Santa Claus. We owe it to him. Gradually, as the golden mists of childhood clear before the sun and the "trailing clouds of glory" fade, our small men and women discover that Santa Claus is not one, but ten thousand; that he is better than they knew, being just the spirit of love, good will and beautiful unselfishness that makes the world a beautiful place to live in now and makes it a good starting point for heaven by and by. For you and me there is hope that we may do our duty in this world lovingly while we keep the child heart and believe in Santa.

WAYNE HOLT.



"Nor would I if I could dissolve the melancholy That makes her so adorable—my lady of the holly!"

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BUY EM FOR LESS - SELL EM FOR LESS

With hearts full of gratitude for your liberal patronage during the year that is closing, we wish you a

# Merry Christmas

and trust that the

# New Year

will bring you added blessings, greater prosperity and happiness without measure.

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## CITY CHURCHES GIVE CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

### Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian Sunday Schools Hold Exercises and Distribute Toys.

The Christmas entertainments at the Baptist church, Methodist church and the Harris Avenue Presbyterian church were held Friday night, and the grown-up folks in large numbers gathered to enjoy the efforts of the little boys and girls.

The Baptist church was a scene of real happiness and merriment. The little log cabin, which was so beautifully decorated with ferns and vines and well lighted, was the center of attraction for the audience. The several Sunday school classes marched out in a row and presented their gifts for the poor children of the city. Fully one hundred boys and girls who were not fortunate in receiving presents at home were presented with food, clothing and toys.

The Methodist church had a program that was well prepared by the members of the Sunday school classes, and it was well rendered by the little children. Two enjoyable hours were spent at this church by several hundred children of the city. The tree was well decorated with presents for the children, and brilliantly lighted with candles.

The entertainment given at the Harris Avenue Presbyterian church consisted of songs and recitations. Many presents were given the children, and old Santa Claus also passed among them with a well-filled bag of presents.

### Getting Results.

"A man ought to be a good mechanic in order to get satisfactory results from an automobile."

"Yes," answered Mr. Chuggins, "but it's still better to be a good financier."—Washington Star.

### Different Thing.

Of ready wit the Archbishop of Canterbury is a great example. He was going in with a number of other clergymen to luncheon after some great ecclesiastical function, when an unctuous dignitary observed: "Now to put a bridle on our appetites!"

Quick as lightning the archbishop retorted:

"Say, rather, now to put a bit between your teeth."—Pathfinder.

### Italy Firmly for Peace.

Rome, Dec. 24.—Rabon Sidney Sonnino, the new premier, formally introduced his cabinet to parliament today and briefly outlined its policy. The government, he said, proposed to encourage education by the establishment of additional popular schools. Two new departments would be created, those for labor and railways. Touching upon foreign affairs, the premier said that Italy desired the maintenance of peace and would remain loyal in the Triple Alliance.

## MARKETS.

### Stocks.

Publishers Press.  
New York, Dec. 24.—The market was bullish today, on the eve of the holiday. Steel, Union Pacific, Pennsylvania and Rock Island stocks made fractional gains in the first half-hour of trading. Later, however, scattered liquidations held down such stocks as Amalgamated, Copper, Steel (common), Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and St. Paul. Heavy selling in Reading forced the price down 7 points in the morning. London took about 100,000 shares. Harriman stocks and steel featured in the bull trading about noon. This afternoon Amalgamated Copper and Steel advanced a point. Union Pacific and Wabash stocks advanced a point later. The tone at the close was firm and active. Government bonds unchanged; others firm. No dealings in the call.

### FORT STOCKTON JUBILANT.

#### Orient Extension Work Begins Within Sixty Days.

Austin, Dec. 24.—A deal for the extension of the Orient railway from Mertzon, Irion county, to Fort Stockton, a distance of 146 miles, has been completed with President Stilwell, according to the statements of Howell Johnson, a prominent stockman of Fort Stockton, who was in the city on business with the land office. The actual work of construction will begin within sixty days. He said that this will be the first railroad to enter Fort Stockton, and the people of that place are quite jubilant as a result. He declared that lots in the town of Fort Stockton have taken a great jump. Several months ago lots were selling at \$50 to \$125 each, and now these same lots cannot be bought for less than \$125 to \$350. He said that the same may be said of acreage in that section of the state. He purchased 160 acres a few years ago adjoining the town of Fort Stockton at \$1 an acre. He said he has refused \$40 an acre for the same land.

Mr. Johnson said that the recent cold weather in that section of the state has not materially affected the stock interests, very few head having died from freezing, and on the whole stock is in fine shape. As to the farming interests, Mr. Johnson said the past two years have witnessed a revolution in agricultural lines. There are several large irrigation plants now in operation, and some capitalists of Kansas City are now contemplating the construction of a gigantic irrigation system, whereby thousands of acres of fertile land will be irrigated and on which almost any kind of crops can be produced.

### CORN CROP IMMENSE.

#### Crop Record for Missouri in 1909, Despite Poor Quality.

Columbia, Mo., Dec. 24.—Missouri has this year produced the most valuable crop in her history, not excepting the record-breaking crop of 1902, estimated at 307,364,000 bushels, and worth at the prices then prevailing \$97,039,000. The value of the present crop reaches \$114,844,044—an average of \$1000 worth of corn for each county in the state.

### SOCIETY WAS SHOCKED.

#### Leaders Are Working Among the Cocaine Fiends.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 24.—Desire to crush out the cocaine habit and the evil that comes from its use took Mrs. Mary Pemberton Baker, divorced wife of Alfred Thornton Baker, a member of Philadelphia's most exclusive set, out of a beautiful home in Philadelphia and sent her into the worst dives and holes that Boston knows, to fight beside the Watch and Ward Society for the suppression of the evil.

Boston's police department has not yet recovered from the shock it received when this strikingly handsome woman, fashionably gowned in the finest fabrics, took the stand in the municipal court to testify against the scum of the city, cocaine peddlers, druggists who cater to the depraved tastes of the victims, and even Chinamen.

### CAN'T MARRY; WANTS DAMAGE.

#### Chauffeur Suffers Mental Anguish When forced to Bid Girl Farewell.

San Antonio, Tex., Dec. 24.—Alleging, among other things, that the accident so paralyzed his left leg and hip and back as to incapacitate him from marrying on January 1, 1910, as he had planned, Michael J. Donovan, a chauffeur, yesterday afternoon entered suit for \$15,000 against the San Antonio Traction company, claiming that his injuries were received in a collision between his auto and a street car on November 21, this year.

### Method.

"What makes you keep on asking me if the razor hurts?" asked the man who was being shaved. "I've said 'Yes' three times, and it hasn't made any difference."

"No," answered the barber. "I was merely trying my razors out to see which of 'em wants honing."—Washington Star.

### Warning to Elderly Don Juans.

She—So the old millionaire is so worried over Maude's threat of a breach of promise suit that he's decided to marry her.  
He—Yes, she is bringing his gray hairs in sorrow to the altar.—Boston Transcript.

### An Even Break.

"Do plain girls or pretty girls do better in business?"  
"It's about a toss-up. The plain girls don't make so many mistakes, but nobody kicks about the blunders the pretty girls make."—Kansas City Journal.

### SOME BIG LAND DEALS.

#### Famous Spur Ranch Is Subject of Local Operations.

Stamford, Tex., Dec. 24.—W. J. Lewis of Clarendon, Texas, has leased 150,000 acres of the famous Spur ranch and will change his headquarters from Clarendon to this point. This lease will be immediately stocked and possession will be given at once. There is a clause in the contract to the effect that any part of the lease ceases when there are purchasers for it for farm purposes. The Swensons of New York will still maintain the balance of some 300,000 acres, stocking it with S. N. C. cattle, and keeping it stocked until there is a demand for it for farm purposes. Already there has been 35,000 acres sold, and the other is being sold at a rapid rate.

### MURRY HAS QUIT.

#### Philadelphia Quakers Now Without a Manager—Kling Wanted.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 24.—Billy Murray officially resigned as manager of the Philadelphia Nationals. President Fogel, who has been trying to get Catcher Kling for manager, says the way is now clear. Murray hasn't received his salary. The club magnates say he left the team several times during the season, and refuse to pay him.

### BASEBALL STRIKE LOOMS UP.

#### Contract-Signing Time May Witness Some Hot Things With Majors.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 24.—National League ball players may go on a general strike when contract-signing time rolls around. There is something more than a mere suggestion of budding strife behind the players' side of that 168-game schedule in 1910.

Several big leaguers in discussing the problem expressed curiosity over their probable fate as regards to salary increase.

Talk of war seemed to be the only right and proper source of relief, in the event the magnates decline to boost the pay checks in proportion with the extra games.

### Better Still.

"The apartments are quite satisfactory," said the would-be tenant. "I suppose it isn't necessary for me to give references, as I always pay as I go."  
"That won't do in this case," replied the landlord. "I rent only to parties who pay as they come."—Chicago News.

# Merry Christmas

# Happy New Year

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