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The Hale County Herald

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IN THE WEST

VOLUME TWENTY-ONE

THE HALE COUNTY HERALD, PLAINVIEW, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1910

NUMBER FIFTY-ONE

XMAS CROWDS THROUGH STREETS

PLAINVIEW LOOKS LIKE A LARGE METROPOLIS.

The Christmas Display of Goods Most Elaborate and Extensive in History of Town.

The high cost of living is forgotten when the Christmas spirit gets in its work. Every one seems to have ample money left to buy Christmas presents, and not for many years has the holiday trade been brisker than this season.

All the Christmas shopper needs is money—Plainview shops offer ample opportunities for spending it. Neyer were the shop windows more tempting, beautiful and attractive than this year.

Plainview certainly is the "hub of the South Plains." Holiday shoppers have been coming for hundreds of miles, even from the edge of New Mexico. Wednesday, it seemed, was Lockney day, as more than fifty from that town were on our streets.

Don't ever say again that Plainview hasn't a set of swell window decorators. The window conceits in some of the stores are so pretty that we could almost believe that the hand of a woman fashioned them. The Christmas spirit certainly is reflected in our show windows.

Speaking of the Christmas spirit being abroad, we have noticed many large cases being aboard, too—aboard the south-bound train, destined for Plainview, and marked, "Handle with Care." Horrid, isn't it? But boys will be boys, and men, too, drat 'em!

Father, too, has probably been showered with more moist kisses and kind words the past two weeks than in the previous fifty, and all he will get for his bill-paying will probably be the usual red necktie. Poor old dad!

The days are shortest in December, and so are a good many fathers—any, along about the twenty-fifth. But from the way the women folks have been buying it is evident that the South Plains papas are not so tight—at least not tight enough to squeak.

We see some men purchasing presents, but usually in an unostentatious manner. Is there anything funnier than to see a business man trying to walk down the street, in a dignified manner, with a partly-wrapped doll carriage under his arm?

Plainview's lady shoppers are certainly nicely dressed. The scenery they wear would blend nicely in the swellest-dressed crowds of the cities. Clerks tell us that the women are hard to please in selecting their presents, though—just about ten times as hard to suit as a mere man thing.

"The people are looking more to the purchase of useful, rather than ornamental and frivolous, gifts than ever before," said one merchant. Good!

There is a wonderful change in the character of the toys, compared with those of ten years ago. Santa Claus is nothing if not up-to-date. Modernism crops out in the little flying machines and imitations of other late inventions.

Remember to remove the price tags, and don't give cheap jewelry. Usually, the first thing to turn green in the spring is Christmas jewelry.

The postal clerks are aiding Santa, too. The postmaster has made arrangements for the delivery of Santa Claus gifts which do not go by reindeer. A mail clerk is stationed at a table in the lobby of the post office to weigh packages and give information concerning postal regulations.

All of the dry goods stores and most of the other business houses will be closed on next Monday, that the clerks may take their belated and much-needed holiday. For clerks have souls, too, although some shoppers act as if they didn't think they had.

The Ware hotel is preparing a swell Christmas dinner for the stranger within our gates, and for any others who may feel so disposed. It will probably be the most elaborate spread in the history of the town.

Christmas falling on Sunday this year, the churches about the town will have special programs, both the sermons and the music harmonizing with the day and its sweet significance. Christmas trees will be crowded at most of the places of worship, on Saturday night.

Now, remember that if your Christmas is not what you wish—half the people of the earth go to bed hungry;

At the Big Unloading Sale EXTRA SPECIALS FOR TWO DAYS

All Ladies' Suits \$12.50 to \$16.50 values - - - \$7.50
All Ladies' Suits \$17.50 to \$20.00 values - - - \$10.00
All Ladies' Suits \$25.00 to \$30.00 values - - - \$15.00

Our Store Will be
Closed Monday, 26

Richards Bros. & Collier
WHERE PEOPLE WHO DRESS BEST TRADE

Plainview,
Texas

that the streets of the larger cities are fringed with window wishers, ragged urchins, their cold-pinned faces pressed against the show windows, yearning for the toys displayed within; that the tragedy of the Empty Stocking will be enacted in thousands of homes; that if you and yours are warm and well fed you are better off than the majority of the people of the world.

Remember, too, that in this season for sowing good deeds, you will reap the harvest of happiness. The silent givers are the best of all. A load of coal or wood or a box of provisions, left at the home of some poor widow during the holidays will bring its reward. The newspaper man may not hear of it, but the sweet satisfaction of having done good will be worth more than columns of fulsome praise.

Make somebody happy at Christmas and you make Him happy, for He's the Spirit of Christmas. No need to give dollars or diamonds—give nothing if you can not afford it—but just show them you want them to be happy.

We wish for you a Christmas full of fun; a new year better than the year that's done. The writer will be away, at his home, next week, so good-bye and a Merry Christmas!

CHRISTMAS DINNER AT THE WARE.

On Christmas day, next Sunday, December 25 (don't forget the date), from 12 o'clock until 2, a special Christmas dinner will be served at the new Ware Hotel cafe. Drop around with your folks and take dinner at one of the swellest cafes in West Texas.

MENU:

Brisque of Tomatoes Puree a Mongol
Dill Pickles Queen Olives
French Radishes Celery Hearts

Braised Lion of Beef Pan Gravy
Young Roast Pig Apple Sauce
Calves' Tongue Vinegrette
Roast Young Turkey Oyster Dressing
Cranberry Sauce

Whipped Potatoes

English Peas en Thimbles
Sugar Corn Buttered Beets
Candied Yams English Plum Pudding
(Brandy Sauce)

Home-Made Mince Pie Pumpkin Pie
Vanilla Cream Pie Fruit Cake
Assorted Fruit

Cafe Noir Black or Green Tea
Hot Rolls

ACCIDENTS AT SILVERTON.

A horse ran away today with a buggy in which was Miss Bertha Hancock. In attempting to jump from same her ankle was broken and her skull slightly crushed.

On the Sunday following a horse ran away with a buggy in which were the Misses Malone. The horse ran into a wire fence, killing himself and badly bruising and cutting the ladies. Silverton Enterprise.

KILLS MOTHER-IN-LAW AND SELF

Hereford, Texas, Dec. 19.—Reports reach here from Dimmitt, Texas, 20 miles south of here, that A. J. Brashear shot and instantly killed his mother-in-law, Mrs. B. G. Ramey, and then turned the weapon upon himself and blew out his brains.

Mrs. Brashear is the mother of a young child, three days old. Mrs. Ramey was at the Brashear home, waiting on her daughter.

PRESENTS THAT WOULD NOT PLEASE.

Judge Lancaster would be quite some peevish if, for Christmas, some one gave publicity to the rumor that he was going to get married.

Sheriff London would get red-headed if he were notified that the sheriff is not allowed to play pool.

County Judge Mayfield would go on a rampage if some one were to send him a picture of the rising moon.

County Attorney Charles Clements would pine away if Santa were to take the telephone out of his office and leave a million dollars instead.

You would get Waterworks Engineer Hamilton's dander up if you sent him a box of cigars. He doesn't smoke (?).

Mayor DeLay would hardly appreciate some one's telling him that the city hall will not be built.

Alderman Jim Pipkin would throw a dozen fits if presented with a picture of a fat man. Getting obese? Why, certainly not.

Fire Chief Klingler would sniff if he got a hat off the Christmas tree. He only wears caps and a helmet.

Marshal Watson would get mad if every man were to sign a pledge and every boy quit crap shooting by way of the New Year's resolution. "Dull enough now."

Capitalist R. C. Ware would be mildly indifferent to the present of a box of cigars. "I'll wear my pipe, thank you."

Everyone would be very angry if Jupiter Pluvius were to bring about a twelve-inch one as his offering.

THE "DEESTRICK SKULE."

An interesting program was rendered by the students of the various public schools of Plainview on last Tuesday night. More than a hundred students took part in the various drills, readings and plays that constituted the program; also some of the faculty.

The principal feature on the program was the title play, the "Deestrick Skule." It was truly realistic of the country school room of yesterday, and brought back both pleasant and painful memories—the pleasant ones with a "never-again" pang of regret and the painful ones blunted by the action of the years.

Throughout the program the results of careful training were seen, and the students and faculty are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts. By the way, aren't there a mob of bright-faced kinds in our public schools, and hasn't Superintendent Grimm and his faculty gotten them to "going good" though, it looks like Plainview's best school year, by far.

SUPPORT YOUR MERCHANTS.

We hear some complaint from our grocers and fruit standers. It seems that they have stocked up heavily on seasonable fruits and now their sales are being seriously curtailed by parties who are shipping in fruits and vegetables in carload lots and are either selling them direct from the car or having them peddled on the streets.

Naturally these persons can undersell our merchants. They have none of our taxes to pay—no rent to dig them and we understand they even escape the license required by larger cities.

Of course every buyer wants to make his dollar stretch as far as possible nowadays. But doesn't it seem

that the truly loyal citizen of a town will spend his money with a home firm? It seems to us that there is very little difference between getting your apples etc., from a car-load lotter and sending to Sears-Roebuck & Company for your dry goods.

Don't say your home grocers are robbing you. There is very little money in that business when you take into consideration the perishable truck they handle and the low margin of profits that the fierce competition, here, has brought about. Think it over.

FARMER KILLED BY BULL.

John Ruff, a farmer living seven miles west of Happy, was attacked while in the field Saturday by a bull and was killed before anyone could reach him. The bull had come at him the day before, but Mr. Ruff had driven him off with a club. This time Mr. Ruff was not so lucky, and without any means of protection. The bull is a Red Poll and of very fine breed. No one knows the story of Mr. Ruff's death, other than he started into the field to bring in the cattle. The bull turned on him and having no means of protection, the man was knocked down, every rib broken, his wrist thrown out of place, and the whole body more or less mutilated. He was not discovered until dead.

Mr. Ruff was sixty-five years of age. He had lived in this country for some time. He was born in Switzerland. He leaves a wife and two sons, Leo and Edward. The funeral was held Monday morning at the home and the body brought to Dreamland cemetery for interment.—Randall County News.

A PLEASANT DANCE.

Miss Vera Newton was hostess to a merry crowd on last Monday night, at the beautiful Newton residence, on Wayland Boulevard. The occasion was one of the most enjoyable balls of the season. Miss and Messrs. Barker furnished the music, and some twelve or fifteen young men signed pleasure contracts on programs with space for sixteen dances and two extras. Coffee and sandwiches, punch, nuts and other viands served their part in the program. The residence was gorgeously decorated with holly, and we understand that there were several cozy, hidden corners above which the mistletoe smiled. Are Plainview boys bashful? Can a girl ever, ever marry if she refuses to pay tribute when caught under the mistletoe? In both cases the answer is an emphatic "no."

THOSE CHRISTMAS LETTERS.

As The Herald man was strolling to town from the office one day this week, Kismet (which is Turkish for fate) guided a fragment of wind-tossed paper beneath his feet. It proved to be the bottom of a letter, on which remained only the closing, in these touching words: "From one who loves you, Babe." Pathetic, sobby, isn't it? Perhaps we shall never know who "Babe" is, nor are we likely to discover whose "Baby" she is. It is veiled in mystery.

But we do know that Christmas is at hand. Probably, a few months ago "Babe" would have signed the missive to her far-away, Western lover stiffly, very stiffly, like this: "your friend," or "yours for keeps," or some such phrase. But, oh, you Christmas present! Oh, you "Babe!"

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH.

The Calvary Baptist Church was organized last Sunday by Rev. Chas. R. Lee, of Hale Center, and Rev. S. W. Smith, of this place. It consists of seventy-seven Baptists who recently withdrew from the first Baptist church of this place. It is of the same faith and order as the older church.

R. M. Irick, W. B. Joiner, J. M. Murphy, C. A. Bivens and J. C. Jones are the deacons for the new church, and Dr. C. L. Barnes is the superintendent of the Sunday school. The church extended a unanimous call to Rev. Chas. R. Lee to be their pastor. They are to be congratulated on the fact that he has accepted. He will move his family to Plainview in a short time.

The church has purchased lots on the corner of West Second and Grover streets, and will move their building to same at once.

TILING FACTORY, PROBABLY.

A couple of gentlemen garaged at the Ware this week who are here for the purpose of establishing a tiling plant, if everything works out favorably. They stated that they were not willing to give out anything for publication just yet, but that they were likely to hear from them next week.

We are satisfied that this venture would be a success, from the various tests that have been made of our clay. The Herald has been boosting for quite a while the establishment of a tiling and pottery plant, and we hope these gentlemen will locate.

CHRISTMAS WEDDING, NEARLY.

Mr. E. C. (Cad) Harrison and Miss Floy Rimes were the principal parties in a home wedding that took place on Sunday, Rev. C. N. N. Ferguson officiating. The Rimes home was beautifully decorated with carnations, and the service was simple but impressive.

The families of both parties are residents of Plainview, and the happy young couple will likely make this town their home. Here's hoping for them a "bon voyage."

CALLS PASTOR.

The First Baptist church has called Pastor Joe M. Dawson, of Hillsboro, to fill the place recently vacated by Rev. Gillon.

Rev. Dawson is a Baylor man, and has the distinction of having founded "The Lariat" while there. He is one of the strongest Baptists in the State, and Plainview is to be congratulated, should he accept.

It is announced that he is to preach at the Baptist church on Christmas day, both morning and evening.

REFUSED NEW TRIAL.

Waco, Texas, Dec. 19.—The motion for a new trial in the case of Mrs. Minnie Lee Streight, sentenced to life imprisonment on the conviction here for the murder of her husband, at McGregor, was overruled by Judge Richard Munroe, of the Fifty-fourth District Court, this afternoon. The defendant was present, but said nothing. Her attorneys will appeal.

DISTRICT COURT DOINGS.

The District Court has been occupied with the civil case of R. C. Ware vs. Posey and son, and no decision has been handed out as yet. Court adjourned today until after holidays.

WEST TEXAS AND NINETEEN-TEN

WHAT SHE HAS ACCOMPLISHED AND WHAT SHE NEEDS.

The Hard Year Just Passed Will Very Likely Prove a Blessing in Disguise.

As another year draws near to its close, it is well to look about us and see what we have accomplished in 1910. No one will deny that the drouth has handicapped Texas, as well as many other sections, but it has been less severe in the Panhandle and South Plains than in many portions of the West.

We don't think that the drouth has injured our district—that is, in the long run. It will probably prove a disguised blessing. It has taught us to husband while we may. It has shown us that the frugal and thrifty man in the West today may hold his own and more in the years of adversity, may make the proceeds from one good crop last, if necessary, over a couple of years of very poor crops.

The West of speculation is gone. Speculating on your income, from the sale of your land, the abundance and timeliness of the rainfall, will never build up a country with an agricultural reputation. What we need is the steadily-onward sort of prosperity to characterize us with a Western stability—the stability that has brought wealth to thousands in the years gone by.

We have learned to intensify our farming; we are absorbing the best methods of dry farming; we are successfully experimenting in irrigation; we are learning the crops that best suit our section; we are learning to market same to the best advantage; we now see that the sale of a few hogs, poultry, sheep, horses, mules, cattle, etc., comes in handy in hard times, and we can make more money with less trouble by putting the offerings of our fields into them than by disposing of our crops direct.

It now seems that we have, at least, been able to attract some attention down at Austin. The establishment of a State Experimental Farm on the South Plains, at Lubbock, is proof of this.

We have also learned that the appearance of shade trees and orchards make our country more attractive to the prospectors from the East and North. The Panhandle and South Plains is planting more shade and fruit trees this winter than any other portion of the State.

We have also proven, by the establishment of a half dozen colleges in this section, that West Texas is beginning to realize that the making of money is a minor thing compared to the making of men.

We have learned that it is cheaper to live than to die, and a better advertisement, too. The establishment of sewers and waterworks in our town and the enforcement of sanitary measures in the rural districts has made this one of the most healthful regions on the globe. Practically no cases of typhoid fever in the Panhandle and South Plains this year—and the doctors, in desperation, are moving away. And the best advertisement that any country can have is a low death rate.

Our country has learned that modern conveniences, such as good public buildings, electric lights, telephone systems, cement sidewalks, etc., are paying drawing cards. We have discovered, too, that it is better and cheaper to have railroads handy, even if we have to put up big bonuses for them. When a prospector rides into a new country over a young railroad that has been put into operation by the money, the faith, the brawn and brains of the citizenship, plus the capital and confidence of conservative railroad capitalists, he, naturally, is impressed.

Of course there are knockers. Every country has them, except heaven. Which shows that the knocker is worse than a wart on the public nose. He is a cancerous growth upon the face of social beauty. He is the tuberculosis of life. The stringhalted, balky horse in the team. The knocker, like the banana skin, lies in wait to trip up some innocent passer-by. And, like the banana skin, you can know him by his yellow streak. The successful optimist not only hopes for the best, but makes practical arrangement to get it. The unsuccessful farmer only hopes. The knocker does neither.

(Continued on Page Four.)

FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH LAND.
Among the many gifts that Nature has lavished on the South none is more valuable than her gift of the cotton plant. In the soil, warmth and sunshine of the South, the cotton plant attains its highest perfection. Formerly, only the white, downy lint of the cotton boll was preserved, but today, from the kernel of the cotton seed is pressed an oil which, when refined, compares favorably with the purest olive oil. From the choicest of this oil of the cotton seed is made a cooking fat called Cottolene. In efficiency, purity and wholesomeness, Cottolene far exceeds the fat of the hog, and it has well been named, "Nature's gift from the Sunny South."



THE DESPONDENT YOUNG MAN

whose home has just been burned, is offered the protection of a friendly roof by Mr.

INSURANCE POLICY.

Don't neglect your insurance, for your property is liable to be burned at any time. It costs but a small amount to get suitable insurance, and everyone is regardless of their own interest who declines to take out insurance.

Hoyle & Malone

write all kinds of

Insurance

Rooms 8 and 9, Wayland Building
Office Phone, 231; Res. Phones, 90-142
PLAINVIEW, TEXAS.

**Big Wheat Yields
H. W. Campbell**

the Soil Culture Expert has grown 41 bushels of wheat when drouth ruined others; 53 1-2 bushels when others got 20. He has spent 30 years in the study of and experimenting with the soils of the great semi-arid West. Are these facts worth knowing?

Campbell's Scientific Farmer

gives timely explanation every month, \$1.00 per year. We publish Campbell's Soil Culture Manual, 320 pages. It is full of facts, not theories, gathered from years of practical experience.

Flying machines positively do fly today. Two years ago they did not believe they could.

The Campbell System for Soil Culture

when correctly applied, positively will bring big returns. Send for valuable free booklet of information.

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FOR RENT - Four-room house; close in, yard fence, barn and lot. FULTON LUMBER CO.

Beautiful Hand-Tinted Birth Announcements can be procured at The Herald Office.

DR. COX'S Barbed Wire LINIMENT

Guaranteed to heal without a blemish, or your money refunded. Price, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. 25c size for family use only. For sale by all druggists.

Pilfered Pleasantries

'Twas Ever Thus.
Voice Over 'Phone—"Hello; is that you, darling?"
Miss Coquette—"Yes; who is talking?"

Never Had Pajamas.

The Congressional campaign has revived a lot of old stories told by the late Colonel A. K. McClure, veteran newspaper man. One of which he often told relates to the time of the Spanish-American war. The ladies of Conshohocken were engaged in making a supply of pajamas for the soldiers of a favorite regiment.

"My boys have always worn night-shirts," said an old lady, busily stitching on the modern garment; "I hope they'll know what to do with these."

The parcel was duly sent to Cuba, but no word reached the ladies from the supposedly grateful wearers of the "robes de nuit." They waited a month and then wired Col. A. K. McClure, who hailed from Conshohocken: "Anxious to know if you got the pajamas last month."

The colonel read the telegram and marveled. He was a whole-souled citizen but wore nothing newer than a night shirt when he slumbered. He would nip a slander in the bud, but his wire read:

"Story is a lie out of whole cloth, probably fabricated by enemies to ruin me politically. Admit not total abstainer, but never had pajamas last month or any other time."

When It was Rougher.

Paul Withington the Harvard coach was praising the milder football in 1910.

"Football of the '90 was a terrible game," said Mr. Withington. "Bourget, you know, devoted a whole chapter of 'Outre Mer' to its horrors. Some of the football stories of '90 or '91 are in fact almost incredible."

"A Philadelphia sporting editor returned one November Saturday from West Philadelphia with a pale frightened face.

"One frightful accident," replied the sporting editor. "A powerful mule from a neighboring coal dealer's entered the field, blundered into one of the hottest scrimmages and got killed."

Opponents.

Col. "Abe" Gruber, at a luncheon at Saratoga, paused in an eloquent address to tell a story.

"Yes," he said "those two factions are as radically opposed as Brown and Black."

"Brown and Black were always arguing. They could never see any question in the same light."

"Brown," said Black one day "I wonder what would happen if you ever agreed with me on anything?"

"I'd be wrong, I'd be wrong," answered Black hurriedly.

Just Like a Man.

"Oh, hurry up there!" growled the waiting husband.

"My dear," replied the wife, waving her curling iron in the air to cool it a bit, "you must give me time for this. You know a woman's crowning glory is her hair."

"Rats!" muttered her husband.

His New Job.

A San Francisco conductor, who recently embraced religion, was called upon to take up the Sunday morning offering. He did very well until he came to a boy. "Young man," he said sternly, "you will have to pay half-fare."

Modern Banking.

In the drawing room car of a Washington limited the conversation turned on the way interest amounts up. "It is like this," said R. B. Brown of the American Surety Company. "The leading negroes of a Georgia town started a bank, and invited persons of their race to become customers. One day a ducky with shoes run down at the heels, a gallus over one shoulder and a cotton shirt, showed up at the bank. "See, here" he said "I want my ten dollars." "Who is yuh?" asked the cashier. "Mah name is Jim Johnson and I want that ten dollars." 'Yuh ain't got no money in dis here bank,' said the cashier after looking over the books. 'Yes, I has,' insisted the visitor. 'I put ten dollahs in here six months ago.' 'Why, man you sho' is foolish. De intrist done et that up long ago.'

Both Bachelors.

Archbishop Ryan was visiting a small parish in a mining district one day for the purpose of administering confirmation, and asked one nervous little girl what matrimony was. "It is a state of terrible torment, which those who enter are compelled to undergo for a time to prepare them for a brighter and better world," she said. "No, no," remonstrated her rector; "that isn't matrimony; that is a definition of purgatory." "Leave her

alone," said the Archbishop; "maybe she is right. What do you and I know about it?"

Wanted Sanitary Grave.

Whitelaw Reid tells a story about two friends of his who removed from New York and purchased a home in a Massachusetts village. One of their first visits was to the cemetery. "We must select a burial lot," the husband remarked. "Life is uncertain, and we had better attend to it at once." The wife agreed, and chose a site on a hill overlooking a beautiful lake. But the husband objected. "No Ann, it's too much of a hill to climb. Let's look down towards the lake." These lots pleased Ann even better than those more elevated. "Here, Frederick," she said, "let's decide upon one of these." Frederick looked at her in some surprise. "Why Ann," he replied, "I did think you had better judgment. I shouldn't think of being buried in this low, marshy place. It's the unhealthiest spot in the whole cemetery."

No Doubt About It.

A Richmond mistress observed one morning recently that her dusky maid was wearing a setting almost large enough to use for a paperweight. Later in the day she chanced to overhear a fragment of conversation between the maid and the cook.

"Am dat a genuine dimont yo's a sportin round, Lucy?" the cook asked suspicion and envy about equally balanced in her tone.

"Am dis er dimont?"

"Yas am dat a dimont? Dat what I said," defiantly.

"Am dis a dimont! What yo s'pose it am, er watermelon? Why, dis hyah ring cost eighty-five cents woman!"

The Foolish Virgin.

"We should always be prepared," said H. K. Adair, the San Francisco detective, in an interview in New York and then we will miss nothing.

"You've heard perhaps of the young lady who said as she sipped her tea:

"I've just had such a dreadful experience."

"A dreadful experience?" asked another young lady.

"Yes," was the reply. "I saw a splendid bargain in shoes down town—and I've got a hole in my stocking!"

The Wiser Course.

At a little town in Southern Texas a campaign address delivered by William J. Bryan was received with the wildest enthusiasm. At its close an excited young woman rushed up and asked permission to kiss the orator. The embarrassed politician declined the salute politely, but firmly. When they had left the town, one of the gentlemen who accompanied Mr. Bryan took him to the task for his lack of gallantry and expressed his fear that the Texans might resent Mr. Bryan's actions. "Well," replied Mr. Bryan, with a glance at his wife, who was in the party, "I shall be with Texas only a few days and I shall be with Mrs. Bryan all my life."

Curiosity.

Charles Brown of the Horton Headlight tells this kid story: "A little boy drove his family nearly crazy asking questions. One day, after he had asked his mother several million questions, she said to him: 'Jimmy, for pity's sake, stop asking questions. You drive me frantic. Don't you know that curiosity killed a cat?' Jimmy was crushed and for a long time was silent. At last he went to his mother and asked: 'Ma, what did that cat want to know?'"

Happiness.

He—Remember the moonlight night twenty-five years ago when I proposed?

She—Yes indeed.

He—We sat there for more than an hour and you never opened your lips.

She—Yes dear.

He—That was the happiest hour of my life.

Rode The Chautauqua.

A Chautauqua was being held about a mile from a Georgia town, and the attendance was large from the first. An enterprising showman heard of the crowds and came to town with a steam merry-go-round, which he located about half way between the town and the Chautauqua grounds. Some time in the afternoon a young man from the country district was accosted by a citizen of the town.

"Well, Ezra, I suppose you have been into the Chautauqua?"

"I shore have. Just come from that now."

"How'd you like it?" asked the man.

"Fine," young fellow replied, "I rode the thing nine times."

We carry a complete line of Razors and Pocket Cutlery.—DONOHOO-WARE HDW. CO. 50

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO APPLY FOR SPECIAL LAW.

NOTICE of intention to apply to the Legislature of Texas, which convenes in January, 1911, for the passage of an act authorizing the GULF, COLORADO AND SANTA FE RAILWAY COMPANY to lease that portion of the railroad of The Pecos and Northern Texas Railway Company extending from Coleman, Texas, to Sweetwater, Texas, or to authorize The Pecos and Northern Texas Railway Company to contract with the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railway Company for the operation by the officers of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railway Company of said railroad from Coleman to Sweetwater.

The undersigned will apply to the Legislature of Texas, which convenes in January, 1911, for the passage of an act authorizing the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railway Company to lease the railroad of The Pecos and Northern Texas Railway Company extending from Coleman, Texas, to Sweetwater, Texas, or in the alternative to authorize The Pecos and Northern Texas Railway Company to contract with the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railway Company for the operation by the officers of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railway Company of said Railroad, for account of The Pecos and Northern Texas Railway Company.

GULF, COLORADO AND SANTA FE RAILWAY COMPANY,

By E. P. RIPLEY,

President.

THE PECOS AND NORTHERN TEXAS RAILWAY COMPANY,

By E. P. RIPLEY,

President.

ENDS WINTER'S TROUBLES.

To many, winter is a season of trouble. The frost-bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold sores, red and rough skins, prove this. But such troubles fly before Bucklen's Arnica Salve. A trial convinces. Greatest healer of Burns, Boils, Piles, Cuts, Sores, Eczema and Sprains. Only 25 cents, at all Druggists. 52

HALE CENTER ITEMS.

The cream business in Hale Center is growing to large proportions. The farmers who milk a few cows, find this a paying proposition and you can see cream cans coming to town every day. Bring your cream to Hale Center and turn it into cash.

William, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Ferguson, had the misfortune to break the large bone in his right leg, just above the ankle, Thursday. The accident happened on the school ground during the recess period in the afternoon while William and some of the other boys were running and jumping. He was taken home at once and Dr. Sanders called who reduced the fracture.

Two more families will arrive here from New Sharon, Iowa, next week. They are Clyde Phillips and family, who will move onto the W. T. Allinger farm, which Mr. Phillips recently bought, and Dale Kiser and family, who will move onto the Rice farm. T. H. Dollarhyde went to Petersburg last Saturday and brought back a load of cotton seed. Mr. Dollarhyde informs us that he intends to plant fifty or sixty acres of cotton next year.

Joe Lee Ferguson had 200 bushel of cotton seed brought over from Lockney last week by J. W. Sears, which he is disposing of to the farmers in this community.—Live Wire.

A GOOD POSITION.

Can be had by ambitious young men and ladies in the field of "Wireless" and Railway telegraphy. Since the eight hour law became effective and since the wireless companies are establishing stations throughout the country there is a great shortage of telegraphers. Positions pay beginners from \$70.00 to \$90.00 per month, with good chance of advancement. The National Telegraph Institute operates six official institutes in America, under supervision of railway and wireless officials and places all graduates into positions. It will pay you to write them for full details at Memphis Tennessee or Columbia, South Carolina. 51.

MULES—I am always in the market for mules. Will buy or sell any mules you may have or want. CLINT SHEPARD, at Red Wagon Yard. tf

Beautiful Hand-Tinted Birth Announcements can be procured at The Herald Office. tf

FOR SALE.

The northeast 1-4 and north 1-2 of southeast 1-4 section 42, block M 14 in Swisher county, 3 1-2 miles east of Kress, unimproved all tillable land. If sold by January 1st at \$15.00 per acre. Bonus 97 1-2 cents due the state. GEO. B. EYCHNER, 51 Jewell, Kan.

The Herald for Job Printing.

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R. McGEE, Agent.

R. A. Long Drug Co.
"The Busy Druggists" A complete line of Sundries, Perfumes, Talcums, Toilet Soaps, and Toilet Waters, highest quality. Come see us in our new stand, the Slonaker Building.
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The First National Bank
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Our new home places us in a position to meet all your requirements. Your patronage solicited.

The Plainview Nursery
Will trade nursery stock for grain. We have thornless Honey Locust which does not sprout from roots, and a full supply of all other nursery stock adapted to the plains. We are agents for the celebrated Luitweiler Pump.
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Manufacturers of
Flues, Tanks, Milk Troughs, Camp Stoves, and all kinds of Tin, Copper and Sheet Metal Work.
Repairing Neatly Done On Short Notice.



What Shall I Give For Christmas?

You probably have not answered this pertinent question as yet. If not, we wish to make you some good suggestions. Make your gifts something that will be useful to the recipient. You could not follow out this plan better than by picking your gifts from our varied assortment of Christmas presents. Even at this late date we have almost complete lines of gift goods. Below we name a few out of the hundreds of articles we have in stock that would make an appropriate Christmas present.

For Men

Box linen handkerchiefs, silk half hose, hose and ties to match in combination sets, Bradley mufflers and silk reefers. We have a beautiful and varied assortment of ties. Ties in Christmas boxes make good gifts.

For the Ladies

Ladies house shoes, all shades, ladies silk hose, Persian belts and belting, ladies embroidered hemstitched handkerchiefs, scarfs in all the different grades, ladies neckwear in Christmas boxes.

There are hundreds of other things which we have not space to mention. Rest assured that we are well prepared to meet the demand of all the late Christmas shoppers. Visit our store the last two days of Christmas shopping and make your selection from our well arranged gift goods. A gift parcel from "The Plainview Mercantile" insures quality. We have the brightest, best and most comfortable store in Plainview.

Plainview Mercantile Company

Store will be open at night on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th only

W. A. SHOFNER, Manager

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

You will search the world over and you rarely find the man who is so lost to nature and so depraved that he does not admire applied Christianity. Prayer alone does not feed the hungry, hymns will not clothe the naked and sermons will not heal the sick. A big box full of food with a prayer like that which Jesus prayed, soft warm clothing with a soft hymn and a long lot of medicine and a short sermon will do more to make God smile, and bring more sons to the throne of grace than all the unctious prayers, loud hymns and long sermons that were ever prayed, sang or preached.

Without the solid things which our great Master commanded us to do unto others, and which he did himself to show us that He practiced what He preached, all our prayers, our hymns, our sermons are but sounds that never reach the ears of God. A religion that does not make a man listen to the story of suffering humanity and do what he can to relieve it, is not Christianity, no matter if it has its shrine in marbled walls and its priests be robed in purple and fine linen.—Sterling News-Record.

MORE CHRISTMAS ADVICE.

The poet has found a way to add to the household fund of good cheer for Christmas. Here it is: Amid the cares of married life, In spite of toil and business strife, If you value your sweet wife, Tell her so!

Prove to her you don't forget The bond to which the seal is set; She's of life's sweets, the sweetest yet— Tell her so!

When days are dark and deeply blue, She has her troubles, same as you. Show her that your love is true— Tell her so!

There was a time you thought it bliss, To get the favor of one kiss; A dozen now won't come amiss— Tell her so!

Your love for her is no mistake— You feel it dreaming or awake— Don't conceal it, for her sake, Tell her so!

Don't act, if she has passed her prime, As though to please her were a crime

If e'er you loved her, now's the time— Tell her so!

She'll return for each caress An hundredfold of tenderness! Hearts like hers were made to bless, Tell her so!

You are hers and hers alone; Well you know she's all your own. Don't wait to "carve it on a stone" Tell her so!

Never let her heart grow cold— Richer beauties will unfold. She is worth her weight in gold, Tell her so!

CHRISTMAS DON'TS.

Don't forget your poor friends. Don't leave the cost mark on presents.

Don't embarrass yourself by giving more than you can afford.

Don't eat too much turkey. Leave room for the plum pudding.

Don't give a wadded-legged man a pair of slippers—one is quite enough.

Don't cast eyes on your pal's best girl. Look out for one for yourself.

If you have to work today don't grudge other people their Christmas

holiday. Don't forget that an ounce of contentment is better than all the presents in the world.

Don't go about boasting of the value and number of your Christmas presents. Many estimable persons, less favored, will not like it.

Don't be ill-natured today. Have a romp with the children, and forget all about Christmas bills and similar worries.

Don't smoke the cigars you get as Christmas presents. There are easier ways of committing suicide.

Don't go about with a cynical grin on your face because you don't like Christmas. A churlish heart is out of place at any time, but a hundred times more so just now.

Don't look bored if you are listening to your hosts silly jokes when you would much rather be at home—or elsewhere. That is one of the little penalties of being asked out.

Don't you think this whole Christmas business is overdone? You would if you were a postman or a letter sorter. The only pleasure they get is in knocking the corners off our presents and crumpling our cards into nothingness.

Don't decide to abstain from giving

just because you can't afford expensive presents. The thoughtfulness of your gift, the interest you take in those to whom you give, are the principal things. The intrinsic value of your gift counts very little.

OUT FOR CHRISTMAS.

The prisoner was making his appearance, a few days prior to Christmas, before the magistrate for the twentieth time.

"Well," said the magistrate, "you here again?"

"Yes, your honor," cheerfully responded the prisoner.

"What's the charge?"

"Vagrancy—same as before—your honor."

"It seems to me you are here about half your time."

"Yes, about that, your honor."

"Well, what do you do it for? Why don't you work?"

"I do, your honor, more than half my time."

"Ah, now," said the magistrate, surprised; "if you can tell me where you ever worked I'll let you go, so that you may be free on Christmas."

"In prison, your honor," answered the prisoner, brazenly, and the magistrate kept his word.

TO SANTA CLAUS.

Old king of childhood's pleasures, Old monarch of that clime Whence all our childhood treasures Are brought at Christmas time, May fortune good attend you, As in our toil we pause A moment to extend you Our greetings, Santa Claus.

In realms of childhood dreaming, You're depicted in colors rare, In fancy, your round face beaming Its light on a world of care. And we pause a while in our slaving With memory's brush to paint Thy picture, every craving Thy blessing, Gentle Saint.

May every heart that's yearning For light across the way Find joy in thy returning Upon this Christmas Day. May each of us be living In childhood land again, As the sunlight of your giving Shines in the hearts of men. —John Gould.

"Community" Silverware at DONOHOO-WARE HDW. CO.'S 50

Hale County Herald

TOM SHAFER, PUBLISHER

PHONES:

Business office, 72;
Manager's residence, 14.

Notice—All announcements of any church pertaining to services are welcomed to the columns of The Herald FREE; but any announcement of a bazaar, ice cream supper, or any plan to get money, is looked upon as a business proposition, and will be charged for accordingly.

All communications, remittances, etc., should be addressed to
THE HERALD PUBLISHING CO.,
Post Office Box 368,
Plainview, Texas.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in Plainview, Texas, under the act of March 3, 1879.

A CHRISTMAS TOAST.

"Here's to our Christmas, may it bring us good cheer!
May the joys of Christmas reach all, far and near.
May the message of Christmas to all hearts be clear;
May it soothe every sorrow and dry every tear;
May it bind closer to us each soul that is dear,
And the spirit of Christmas last all through the year!"

The Village Philosopher says that some people grumble because the rose has thorns. They ought to be thankful that thorns have roses.

A carload of two- to three-year-old orphan babies, from New York, are booked for Houston and the Alamo city. They will arrive just in time for someone's stocking. Come to Texas!

Gov. Campbell, in the role of Santa Claus, issued forty-eight pardons this week, to prisoners with good records. Liberty makes a big lump in a fellow's stocking. What!

Santa Claus Letter: "Dear Sammie—Please send us a good, old-fashioned rain, about 'steen inches deep, and then some more, too.

"Hopingly,
"SAMMY SOUTHPLAINS."

Don't pay your Christmas bills with money. Stand 'em off if you have to, but when you do pay, give a check in a nonchalant way. Then your collector thinks you have many thousands salted away, and is duly impressed accordingly.

Crosbyton is starting that stale old gag of threatening to tax bachelors, with a view to increasing her revenue. They can't flim-flam us. They don't really mean to tax them. They are just working a cute "Homer D. Wade" dodge to get their town advertised!

Now watch for better times. The idea of the great movement of insurgency (or whatever you want to call it) that is sweeping the country, is to help the small man to make a living, rather than to help the big man to make a profit.

Texas sends to New York and other Eastern markets this year one million and a half well-dressed turkeys. This strutting fowl will bring to the State about \$2,000,000, no mean sum, being about a half dollar to each inhabitant.

Santa Claus in the form of C. W. Post, is sending Post City 100,000 trees as a Christmas present. Christmas trees bloom but for a day—shade trees give pleasure the year around. 'Rah for Postum!

Clinton G. Lockhart, president of Texas Christian University, at Fort Worth, had an article in the Star-Telegram of Sunday week, in which he states that he does not believe the whale swallowed Jonah. Why, Dr. Lockhart! Do you expect us to swallow that?

When you are reading to your wife of the insurrection in Mexico and run across the word "Chihuahua," don't balk; just sneeze—"Shee-wah-wah"—and there you have it!

Don't forget the newspaper man. Make him happy by coming in with a Christmas smile and a subscription dollar. If you have enjoyed reading any of the issues during the year he would appreciate a kindly mention of it, too.

John D. Rockefeller has completed the task set for himself, and this week made public the announcement of a single and final gift of ten million dollars to Chicago University, which brings the total up to \$37,000,000 he has given the school. \$10,000,000! Rather neat Christmas present, eh?

They say the winds are the restless souls of those who long since ceased to hope, and, driven by their fitful

pains and passions, roam the earth from shore to shore. Judging by these "northerners" the South Plains is experiencing, there must have been a lot of bad people died in the North in the past.

Don't advise the preacher how to preach—help him and he will preach better. Don't tell the lawyer how he ought to plead—pay him and he will plead better. Don't tell the physician how he should do—pay fees and you will get better treatment. Don't tell the reporter, editor or solicitor how he could make a better paper—patronize and pay for the paper, and thus make it better each week.—Exchange.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

Another Christmas has rolled around, and you are already making plans and resolutions for a new year. But what have you done in 1910?

"You are going to do great things;

you say

You have splendid plans;

Your dreams are of heights that are far away;

They're a hopeful man's—

But the world, when it judges the case for you.

At the end, my son.

Will think not of what you were going to do,

But of what you've done."

Which, in baseball parlance, means that those folks who have done most of the fanning will be surprised to find life tested only by the hits they have made. Hit the line hard!

(Continued from Page One.)

WEST TEXAS AND NINETEEN-TEN

This section has recorded but few failures on the farm, and the right kind of farming never fails. There is a living for the man who is energetic, and to the man who combines a working knowledge of farming with energy there is generally a fortune near at hand in the Panhandle and South Plains country.

Of course, some go back from this country discouraged. They come to the West filled with the inspiring pictures of our usual prosperity, imbued with the idea of easy riches, fortunes to be had for the taking, and their disappointment lay in the fact that the West demands the hustler as well as the East.

Like all new sections, we have had our share (and our fill) of "roamers." This class never stay more than one year at any place. Just as long as they can muster up a pair of ponies and an old wagon they keep on the go. People who come out here to work, and have enough sense to labor to advantage, don't go back.

We are living in a new and exceptional country. West Texas is another name for Opportunity. The short history of this section appears like a final effort of the Divine Providence here in the "last West" in behalf of the human race. We have much to learn yet. Only five years ago was the farmer introduced to this country. We have barely commenced to touch the possibilities of this section. We must have settlers who are imbued with the pioneer spirit of our forefathers, who enjoy tackling the problems of a new country and the difficulties encountered and subduing them. We want the men who like to work with their own hands and hew them out a home in a new country, and whose female folks are willing to submit uncomplainingly to the discomforts of a half-fledged country until these can be removed. There is a joy in this for him who understands. To the persistent, wide-awake, intelligent man, who is willing to work with his own hands, and who will set up nights to study the science with which he is dealing, and then intelligently apply it to the conditions he encounters, there is a victory for him here that, in itself, will repay all the cost.

Men get rich by doing the opposite from the crowd. If every one is rushing to the cities, you go to the country, and, when you consider the country, come to West Texas. There is a bigness about this portion of the State that is lacking in some other parts, and we have been here long enough to learn to love it. It is the feeling of all the "old timers," and it will get its grip on the heart-strings of any one who remains here for a considerable length of time.

Now, give us men in 1911 who are willing to study these conditions and who will not lay down at the first disappointment they encounter. We want stickers, who will hang on through thick and thin, and, with accumulated experience, they are sure to win out and win something worth while.

There will be a recital at the Schick on next Friday evening, December 23, beginning at 8 o'clock, by the expression department of the High School, under the direction of Miss Lena Williams. The proceeds will go to the benefit of the library fund.

Jas. DeLay and Chas McCormick have purchased the electrical supplies of various kinds formerly carried by Chas. Malone.

CHRISTMAS AND THE MISTLETOE

THE KISSING CUSTOM IS ABOUT TO BECOME OBSOLETE.

Osculation Unsanitary and Mistletoe Green a Parasite—Just Too Horrid, Isn't It.

Having never passed the Yuletide season in Plainview, we are unable to say whether or not the mistletoe and all that it stands for is incorporated in the Christmas code here or not. But, taking for granted that the ancient and world-wide custom that has the mistletoe for its national flower, has a greater or less hold on South Plains people, after a painstaking research, we will attempt a comprehensive treatise on the mistletoe shrub and its attendant custom.

Most people will scratch their heads in perplexity when approached with the complex query as to how Christmas, the mistletoe and kissing chanced to meet, by whom they were introduced and how the cement of their friendship has withstood the elements of the ages. Who knows? Eve or Adam may have chanced under the mystic shrub, and the serpent put the other wise. We cannot be positive concerning these ancient origins.

However, historians and delvers in myths tell us that a great many years ago, before even the dawn of Christianity, the oak tree, and, more especially the mistletoe growing out of the heart of the oak, were worshiped by the Druids on account of their supposed affinity with the sun. Druidic religion held the sun as the supreme being and, in some way, they associated the oak with the king of day because they could make fire by rubbing oak sticks together. Twice a year they held festivals in their oak groves in honor of the sun, one in June, when the sun was known to have ceased mounting higher in the heavens, and the other in December, at the period of the shortest days. For the Druids feared that the sun would at some time burn up the earth, and this second celebration, in honor of the sun's turning back from his downward journey, was naturally a very happy occasion. Later, when Christianity was established and its followers turned the ancient December celebration into Christmas, the mistletoe, as a sort of compromise, alone survived the transition. So, you see, the sprig of mistletoe growing out of the heart of the oak reflects the nature worship of the ancients, which was the foundation for our December holiday.

Thus we see how the mistletoe happened to be connected with the Yuletide season, but as to how the custom of "kissing under the mistletoe" began we will have to refer you back to the realm of Scandinavian mythology. It seems that Balder, the Apollo of the North, was in bad with Loki because "everything that springs from fire, air, earth and water" had given promise not to injure that handsome fellow. The mistletoe was so insignificant that it was overlooked when the above promise was extracted. Loki was a wise one, and so he hewed an arrow from the mistletoe and had Hader, the blind god of darkness, to "William Tell" it at his good-looking rival. (That reminds us that Cupid uses the mistletoe for his arrows, sometimes, too.) Balder was killed, but the gods restored him to life at once and the mistletoe was presented to the Goddess of Love to keep. Every one who passed under it received a kiss, to show that it is the emblem of love, and not of death. Pretty sentiment, isn't it?

Now that we have captured the elusive shreds of legend and woven them into a fairly plausible connection between the myths of antiquity and the "Merry Christmas" of today, let us pause for a question: When did the divine art of osculation have its beginning?

A learned professor from Yale comes bearing the answer. Only the past year did he solve for the world this problem. Kissing started in India, the professor has discovered from an epic poem, which he unearthed in that mysterious eastern country. This ancient poem, which treats of love, tells of the first kiss, which happened to be the invention of lovely woman. The poet says, "She laid her mouth to my mouth and made a noise which gave me pleasure." This from Yale—you must believe it! The yearning of the ages for a suitable outlet for the passions of the heart given life by the genius of a brown woman inspired by love!

We will dismiss with contempt these horrible persons called Oriental Researchers, who contend that the kiss was first used among the Saxons, not on account of its qualities as an act of endearment, but as a means of determining whether the good wives had been indulging in strong waters.

But now comes Uncle Sam waging war on the mistletoe, emblem of Christmas cheer and hospitality and beneath which a beau may claim the

right to kiss a belle, alleging that it is a dangerous enemy of tree life in the Southwest, and giving orders for its utter destruction. It is claimed that, despite its grace and beauty, the mistletoe is a parasite, almost uncanny in its habits of growth, and the destroyer of thousands of trees.

And not only that, but The World's Health Organization at Cincinnati, and numerous other societies of a like nature located among the centers of higher culture in the North, are bending every effort against the kissing habit, claiming it is unsanitary, insane, etc., etc. School children at the solicitation of the clubs are pledging themselves to an agreement not to kiss any one, or to be kissed, and to wear buttons bearing the motto, "Kiss Not." "The kiss is a d-r-e-a-d communicator of disease," said the president of one of these health organizations. "My life for just one kiss!" sounds thrilling in romance and poetry; but disillusion is found in the hospitals, whence lovers follow each other to the grave in a few short months."

Then, if possible, let us look at an irrational subject in a rational manner and ask ourselves the question, "Why is it that the act of kissing a pretty girl is so diabolically pleasant?"

Kissing, on the purely physical side, is plainly not an agreeable experience. Its chief sensation is asphyxia, and asphyxia, no matter what the stage setting, is inevitably painful. Eminent actors have told us that their most disagreeable task was planting a lingering and tedious soul-kiss, night after night, upon the enameled lips of a fat old star. This proves that the physical sensation, alone, is not pleasant.

And yet people kiss, and even go to pains to get the chance. An ex-postmaster in Louisiana had to pay a \$500 fine only last month for kissing a pretty widow against her wishes. Why do men risk life and limb to kiss some other man's wife? Why is kissing placed in the front rank of stimulants, with alcohol, aviation politics and hasheesh? We can excuse the young, who have not yet attained complete command of the processes of ratiocination, but how about the widower, the grass widower, the morganatic widower? How about the scarred veteran of suits for alienation and breach of promise?

The solution of the problem, as has been shown, is not to be sought on the side of gross sensuality. The act of kissing, considered physically, is no more alluring than the act of get-

ting shaved. The answer, then, must be sought on the psychological side. Kissing inflames the imagination—not as an act, but as an idea. It makes its appeal, not to the nerves, but to the soul.

And all the organizations of crabbed old maids and bachelors and dyspeptic benedicts and matrons in the world will never be able to stop it.

Why, only this fall The Saturday Evening Post came out one week with the picture of a young man kissing a maid in the ocean, and vice versa. And the local news stand had to turn in orders twice for extra copies.

The only joke gotten off at the Schick theatre this season that has provoked a generous round of applause was a decrepit one about kissing—how it was the style in Fort Worth to kiss over the telephone, but that would never become popular in Plainview, because our boys prefer getting their electricity direct from the battery.

This is to show the hold the habit has on our people.

During the age of chivalry, in some

countries, every gentleman was expected to kiss every high-born dame to whom he was introduced. Ah, me! those good old days are gone. Now a pair of frosty finger tips is all you get.

But this is no time for lamentations. Hurrah for Christmas and the opportunity-bearing mistletoe! For, in the language of the philosopher, "When a girl objects to being kissed under the mistletoe it's a sure sign that the wrong fellow is trying." Hurrah for the rich legacies left us by the Druidic and Scandinavian heathen! Hurrah for the Indian maid that laid her mouth on her lover's and made a noise like the airy and evanescent, impalpable and illusive, blissful and ineffable—kiss!

For the sake of Christmas charity, forgive us for this, please.

Our Pure White Corn Meal is cleaned, purified and ground by special and separate processes from the very best Kansas White Corn. Try a sack. It is the only meal that you can buy in Plainview today that is really fresh. HARVEST QUEEN MILLS. 51

NOW FOR 1911

THE YEAR 1910 HAS BEEN A VERY PROSPEROUS ONE FOR US, FOR WHICH WE WISH TO THANK OUR MANY FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS—FOR IT IS TO THEM WE OWE OUR SUCCESS. NOW, FOR 1911 WE HOPE AND ANTICIPATE A STILL BETTER YEAR. IN ORDER TO HAVE THIS, WE REALIZE THE NECESSITY OF CARRYING THE FRESHEST AND BEST GOODS ON THE MARKET, EXTENDING COURTEOUS TREATMENT TO ONE AND ALL AND OF BEING READY TO SERVE YOU WITH

Quality Groceries

AT ANY AND ALL TIMES, WE WISH TO SAY THAT WE HAVE COMBINED OUR TWO GROCERY BUSINESSES, WHICH HERETOFORE HAVE BEEN RUN SEPARATELY, INTO ONE, AND YOU WILL FIND US IN THE OLD WRIGHT & DUNAWAY STAND, NORTH SIDE OF SQUARE. THIS PUTS US IN A POSITION TO GIVE YOU THE BEST SERVICE POSSIBLE.

MAKE IT ONE OF YOUR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS THAT YOU WILL BUY YOUR GROCERIES FROM US IN 1911, AND THUS BE ASSURED OF ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

WISHING YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A MOST PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR, WE ARE,

Wright & Dunaway

Yours for Business

PHONE 35 and 355

WALLER'S ...Tailor Shop...

Successor to Miller Tailoring Co.

Old Clothes Made New

New Clothes Made Too

Yes We Dye

Altering a Specialty Over Surprise Store

To Our Many Friends and Customers

The People of Hale and Adjoining Counties We Wish You a Merry Xmas.

WE have tried hard to please you and give the same reliable brands of goods at lower prices regardless of the higher cost of articles.

For the Eleventh Hour Shopper

Our store is full of useful articles for presents. Right up to Christmas day new goods will be arriving. For the father, husband, son or brother nothing would be more useful or more highly appreciated than a **Hart Schaffner & Marx** suit or overcoat, and you can buy them at **33 1-3 Per Cent Off.**



Christmas Suggestions

- Bradley Full-Fashioned Mufflers—For Men, Women and Children; fifteen colors; 10 to 18 collar sizes: each **50c**
- Men's Silk Half Hose—All Colors; in Holly Boxes **50c**
- Men's Ties, the "Keiser" Kind—Solid Colors and Fancies; in Holly Boxes **50c**
- Men's "H. & P." Gloves—They fit; Kids, Capes and Suedes; black, brown, tan and grey; some silk lined; in Holly Boxes and priced from \$1 to **\$2.50**
- MANY OTHER THINGS THE MEN WOULD LIKE FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.**
- Ladies' Silk Hose—We have a nice assortment at 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and **\$2.50**
- Simmons' Kid Gloves—All shades; \$1.00, \$1.25 and **\$1.50**
- Simmons' Long Kid Gloves—Extra Quality; on sale at **\$3.50**
- Ladies' Neckwear—Handsome designs; at prices from 25c to **\$1.00**
- Silk and Knitted Scarfs—Very pretty and suitable for gifts; 50c to **\$6.00**
- Ladies' Fancy Handkerchiefs—Nice to give a friend; 25c to **\$1.00**

Store will be closed
Monday, December 26,
next day after Christmas

Carter Mercantile Company

The Store
of Quality

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Buy Sewing Machines, with 10-year warranty, at DONOHOO-WARE'S. 50

Bob Malone is holidaying in his old home town, Abilene.

Buy your Hammered Brass at DONOHOO-WARE HDW. CO.'S. 50

A. J. Ballard left this week, on a business trip to Sherman.

Prof. and Mrs. Jas. Anderson are spending the holidays in Amarillo.

Imported China at DONOHOO-WARE'S. 50

Drs. Gidney and Anderson came in from Granger on Wednesday.

Mrs. Bainbridge, of Lamesa, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Jm Hamilton.

DONOHOO-WARE has Student's Lamps for sale. 50

J. L. Nunn, of Amarillo, was down, on business, this week.

Buy your "1847" Rogers' Silverware at DONOHOO-WARE HDW. CO.'S. 50

SEWELL'S for Nuts, Fruits and Candies of all kinds. 51

Chafing Dishes at DONOHOO-WARE HARDWARE CO.'S. 50

Miss Pinchbeck, with the Plainview Mercantile Company, is spending Christmas at her home, in Alabama.

Geo. Bailey has returned to his old home, in Lancaster, Wisconsin, where he will spend the winter.

J. M. Shafer returned on Sunday from a few weeks' visit to New Mexico.

Better buy early and get what you want in the Holiday line.—R. A. Long Drug Company.

The Herald for Job Printing.

We sell "Universal" Percolators.—DONOHOO-WARE HDW. CO. 50

A dollar saved is a dollar made. make a few dollars by buying your Coal and Feed from TANDY-COLEMAN CO. Phone 176. 52

Electric Portables at DONOHOO-WARE'S. 50

L. M. Frogge and Ed Catron left on Monday on a 30-day visit to their old home town, South Center, Ky.

Buy your Haviland China from DONOHOO-WARE HDW. CO. 50

J. W. Campbell has returned from Maypearl, to be with his family over Christmas.

Our stock of Christmas trees for residence will be in soon. Make your selection early.—R. A. Long Drug Company.

Coal and Feed is our line. We have it at all times, at prices that can not be beat. TANDY-COLEMAN COMPANY. Phone 176. Near Depot. 52

A Baking Dish will make a nice gift.—DONOHOO-WARE HDW. CO. 50

Mrs. G. W. Brewster, of Lockney, visited her sister, Mrs. J. M. Shafer, the first of the week.

"Uncle Joe" Foster will take charge of the Tulla Herald at once, we understand. May good luck accompany him.

"1847" Roger's Carving Sets at DONOHOO-WARE HDW. CO.'S. 50

Miss Ruth Shropshire is home from college, at Denton, for the holidays.

Miss Willie May Hall and Miss Lalla Dean Peace are Christmasing in McGregor.

An "Ender's" Safty Razor will always be appreciated.—DONOHOO-WARE HDW. CO. 50

Mr. and Mrs. John Roberts, of Hale Center, have been visiting relatives here the past week.

Hand-Painted China at DONOHOO-WARE'S. 50

See our line of Candies, Nuts and Fruits before making your Christmas purchases. SEWELL'S. 51

Ben Thomas and wife, of Lockney, were through Tuesday, on their way to McGregor, where they will Christmas.

Our stock of Guns is complete.—DONOHOO-WARE HDW. CO. 50

Attorney Fred Pierce, the partner of L. C. Penry, lately here from Lubbock, is spending the holidays in Waco.

Your Christmas Baking will be a bigger success if you use Plainview's Best Flour. Ask your neighbor. She will tell you so. 51

R. A. Long Drug Company has a full line of Holiday Goods. Buy early and avoid the rush.

Miss Ollie Cochran was here this week in the interest of Baylor College, at Belton.

A nice line of Jardinieres at DONOHOO-WARE'S. 50

County Treasurer John Hamilton is spending a few days in Amarillo, from which place he may go to Texico, to visit his son.

Cut glass and nickle-plated ware at Donohoo-Ware Hardware Company. 51

Ask your grocer for Plainview's Best Flour, and take no substitute. We guarantee it to be as good, if not better, than any other flour. HARVEST QUEEN MILLS. 51

All that's love-ly. "Beauties of Friendship," "Glorious Mother," "Pictures of Memory." All beautiful gift books. 50c each at Duncan's Pharmacy. 51

Chas. Saigling has returned to McKinney, after a few months' devotion to his ranch near Hale Center and the social affairs of Plainview.

We carry a full line of velocipedes and express wagons.—Donohoo-Ware Hardware Company. 51

By using Plainview's Best Flour you are not only getting complete flour satisfaction, but, at the same time, you are helping a home industry. That is helping Plainview. 51

FOR SALE—320 acre improved lease, 11 miles south and one mile east. A bargain if taken at once. See or write Willis E. Humber, Ellen, Texas.

J. J. Ellerd left on Tuesday on an extended business trip to Mississippi and other states.

I have 120 acre farm with good improvements, located 3 1-2 miles north-east of Plainview, to trade for city property or will trade for horses and mules. Also one business lot on south side of square. 51

ROBERT WHITELEY.

WANTED—Man and wife without children to do farm and house work on ranch. Fine place for right parties. Phone write or call to see C. E. Donnell at Saigland Ranch, Hale Center. 51

W. H. Scarborough, who has been attending Wayland Baptist College, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. W. H. Harris, left on Tuesday for Midland.

A select crowd enjoyed a dance on the stage of the Schick on last Friday night, after the play of "Hans Hansson" was over. The excellent orchestra of that company furnished the music.

Mrs. Barnhart and daughter, of Childress, and Mrs. M. C. Cook, of Granger, who have been visiting the families of Drs. Anderson and Gidney, returned to their homes on Monday.

Mayo Harris, of Montezuma, Iowa, walked into The News office on Friday morning and gave The News man a pleasant surprise. We used to live in Montezuma, and have known Mr. Harris all our lives. Mr. Harris has land near Plainview, and is spending this week there. He was agreeably

surprised at the great improvements made in Canyon since his last trip here, three years ago.—Randall County News.

A cloud about the size of a man's hand spilled about a pint of rain on our town on Wednesday night. We regret that, owing to the lateness of the hour, few had the pleasure of witnessing the falling drops.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Wilson left for Waco on Tuesday, where they will spend the holidays with their children, Maple and Miss Ethel, who are attending Baylor University. After that they will go to MBrownsville for the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Penry and family left on Tuesday for Canadian, where they will spend the Christmas holidays with their daughter at that place and, also, Miss Allene Penry, who will be visiting there, from Miami.

VERDICT OF GUILTY!

The jury finds TANDY-COLEMAN COMPANY guilty of selling the best Coal on the market—"Simon-Pure Niggerhead"—for less money than inferior coals. 52

"A FULL-DRESS AFFAIR."

Thursday afternoon, from the time you read this until Christmas we will have dressed poultry of all kinds. SEWELL'S. Phone 29. 51

EPWORTH LEAGUE.

The following program has been arranged for the meeting of the Epworth League on Sunday afternoon, December 25:

Subject—"The Fullness of Time and God's Great Gift." Gal. 4:5.

Leader's Address.

Prayer.

Song.

Scripture Readings—Isa. 5:3; Luke 2:1-16.

1. "Give the Jewish History at the Time of Christ"—Miss Pearl Betts.

Song.

2. "What Is God's Great Gift too?"

Miss Elizabeth West.

3. "How Can We Give the Christ-Life to Others?"—Miss Frona Bell. Song.

4. "Contrast Between Religious Life at the Time of Christ and Now"—Miss Martilla Espy. Open Meeting. Song.

Leader—Miss Lois Pack.

WHY SO WEAK!

Kidney Troubles May Be Sapping Your Life Away—Plainview People Have Learned This Fact.

When a healthy man or woman begins to run down without apparent cause, becomes weak, languid, depressed, suffers backache, headache, dizzy spells and urinary disorders, kidney weakness may be the cause of it all. Keep the kidneys well and they will keep you well. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys and keep them well. Can Plainview readers demand further proof than the following statement?

Mrs. E. J. Shaw, 501 Lamar Ave., Wichita Falls, Texas, says: "I have no doubt that a cold was the cause of backache in my case. From the time the complaint attacked me, I do not think I had a moment's relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. I was so weak that I was unable to do any work that brought a strain on my back. I used one box of Doan's Kidney Pills, and soon was as strong and well as ever. This remedy gave me complete freedom from my trouble, and, consequently, I can not speak too highly in its favor."

For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. 52

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Rev. Edwin Weary, rector of the Episcopal church, will preach at the Christian church on next Sunday afternoon, Dec. 25, at 3:30 o'clock. Come.

Wedding Invitations at The Herald

Only Two More Days

In which to do your Christmas shopping. You will have to hurry, and just a word of advice, when you buy, buy a gift that will carry with it a lasting remembrance. Furniture is the thing. We have been making special prices to holiday buyers for the past two weeks, and we are highly pleased with the tremendous business these attractive prices have secured for us. We are going to continue those prices for two days longer, 23rd and 24th only. These prices should make you stop and consider.

BIG SELECTION OF AXMINSTER RUGS.
Latest Pattern, Brand New Shipment; 9-ft. by 12-ft.; regular price \$22.00; now **\$18.50**

LARGEST SELECTION OF SMALL RUGS EVER CARRIED IN PLAINVIEW.
30-in. by 30-in.; regular price \$1.75; now **\$1.50**

PICTURES.
16-in. by 20-in.; 3-inch Gold Framed; regular \$2.25 value; now **\$1.25**

PICTURES.
10-in. by 12-in.; regular \$1.00 value; now **65c**

THE GUARANTEED "KORPEN" LINE OF FANCY ROCKERS FOR CHRISTMAS.

The prices on this well-known brand range from \$1.75 to **\$18.50**

CENTER TABLES.
Regular price \$1.25; now **95c**

LIBRARY TABLES.
\$15.00 values now going at **\$11.00**

LACE CURTAINS AND PORTIERS.
Special prices on this Line. Buy early. Prices are from 50c to **\$10.00**

Sealey Mattresses guaranteed 20 years. To sleep on a Sealey is like sleeping on a cloud. Do your buying early, do it where stocks are largest and best, do it where good quality goes with low prices, do it at

Opposite Postoffice

E. R. WILLIAMS

Phone 105 Plainview

The Furniture Man

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned that during the next regular session of the Legislature of the State of Texas, which is to convene at Austin, Texas, on the 10th day of January, 1911, the undersigned railway companies will apply for and request the passage by said Legislature of a special law for the following purposes:

To authorize The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway Company of Texas to lease for a term of not less than twenty-five years the railroad of the Texas Central Railroad Company, extending from the City of Waco, in McLennan County, Texas to the town of Rotan, in Fisher County, Texas, and its branches and extensions, constructed or to be constructed, together with the properties, franchises and appurtenances pertaining thereto, and to at any time during the life of such lease purchase, own, operate and maintain the same as a part of its line, and to complete and extend the same as contemplated and provided in the charter of said Texas Central Railroad Company, with the right to make such other extensions and construct such branches as may be hereafter authorized by amendment of its charter under the General Laws of the State of Texas, and vesting said companies, and each of them, with the power to make and execute all necessary contracts and agreements to effect said lease, purchase and sale; and authorizing the said The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway Company of Texas to assume the payment of the bonds and other indebtedness of the said Texas Central Railroad Company, and to purchase the issued and outstanding stock of the Texas Central Railroad Company and to exchange its stocks and bonds for the stocks and bonds of said Texas Central Railroad Company, or to substitute its own bonds, under the General Laws of the State of Texas and subject to the approval of the Railroad Commission of Texas, in lieu thereof, and prescribing the terms and conditions upon which said lease, purchase and sale may be made.

THE MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY COMPANY OF TEXAS.
By A. A. ALLEN, President.
THE TEXAS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY.
By R. H. BAKER, President.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, price 75 cents.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

SAVED FROM AWFUL DEATH.

How an appalling calamity in his family was prevented is told by A. D. McDonald, of Fayetteville, N. C., R. F. D. No. 8. "My sister had consumption," he writes. "She was very thin and pale, had no appetite and seemed to grow weaker every day, as all remedies failed, till Dr. King's New Discovery was tried, and so completely cured her that she has not been troubled with a cough since. It's the best medicine I ever saw or heard of." For coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, hemorrhage—all bronchial trouble—it has no equal. 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottles free. Guaranteed by all Druggists. 52

BANKS ON SURE THING NOW.

"I'll never be without Dr. King's New Life Pills again," writes A. Schingeeck, 647 Elm St., Buffalo, N. Y. "They cured me of chronic constipation when all others failed. Unequaled for Billousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Headache, Chills, Malaria and Debility. 25 cents, at all Druggists. 52

Please remember that I have bought the Morehead Meat Market and am operating same under the name of the "City Meat Market." Of course you know it is located in the Sewell Grocery building, but is separate from that establishment. Phone 437. R. W. OTTO, Prop. tf.

PICKED UP AT THE POSTOFFICE

RAMBLING DISCOURSE ON WAITERS FOR THE MAIL.

The Cosmopolitan Postoffice Lobby is a Picture Gallery of Human Nature.

The greatest event in the daily life of the Plainview citizen is the coming of the mail.

If you are inclined to doubt this, we offer as proof the crowds that foregather at the Postoffice every day and especially Sunday. If the census man had merely stationed himself at the restless doors of the above establishment and recorded the names of those who passed its portals on a single day, we doubt not that Plainview would have a better batting average on Uncle Sam's score card.

The postoffice is the leveler of the castes of society. All must pay allegiance to this democratic concern. The Dallas News comes no sooner to the poor than to the rich; the pampered plutocrat gets no more stamps for a dime than any old poverty-stricken person. Hurrah for the post office policy!

Usually the train is late. There is a little bulletin board in our postoffice and a little poem appears on it with such frequent recurrence that we have committed it to memory. It runs something like this: "The train is late, just stand around and wait." Short, isn't it, and simple. They are patient waiters too, for sometimes, Twilight, her finger on her lips, has brought the hush of night, ere the mail comes but one will find them waiting still—did we say patiently? No, Esmeraldy, we did not.

There are many men in this town that are as glib in reciting the weekly names on the advertised letter list as a Boston school boy is with the roll of Presidents. But the reading of signs and such is not the only occupation of the waiters for the mail. Both stale, and splay jokes of a later mintage, gems of oratory, sparkling epigrams, rare truths, dug from the depths of philosophy—quite a medley of hot air is there that blends with the breaths of a hundred pipes

and cigarettes. But it is not all idle "hot air." The unostentatious observer and listener may stand near a little knot of real estate or a small group of farmers almost any day and hear numerous plans for the salvation of the country. Almost anyone has a dozen ideas as to what the South Plains must do before she comes into her own, and they don't mind repeating them day after day even if they have to neglect their business to do so.

Then, too, there is a social side to the post office lobby life. Many promising young men and maids of the cigarette and gum-chewing age, respectively, find the lobby a delightful spooning place even after they have gotten their mail. The post office lobby is always crowded.

Mostly, the crowd is in bad humor when the train is late. It is interesting to note how the various ones take their misfortune. Some will stand and mope, others squat and smoke and others still, a very few, will laugh and joke. But the mail comes just as early to the just as to the unjust. One day, just after a certain "bill-bearing" first, when the weather was dry, the dust blowing and the news that Johnson had licked Jeffries had just arrived, a general atmosphere of blueness seemed to hover over the crowd. Suddenly and

from a cause unknown to most of us some one laughed a loud, ringing "horse laugh" and you know the spirits of the entire crowd seemed to rise at once. Good cheer and lively conversation became general and the belated mail came at once. All because of one hearty laugh.

And now the mail rolls in! The click of the cancelling machine is heard and a look of expectancy brightens the face of the watcher at the box. There stands with glistening gaze the college boy, awaiting the long-expected letter from home, containing the monthly allowance. Ever been in his condition? Perhaps, too, a square missive, addressed in backhand, is due, that hints vaguely of a certain girl that was at the depot the morning he left for school. You know how it is.

Note the corpulent gentleman there whose bulk blocks the access to a score of boxes. He is reading an interesting letter, as one can see by the intent expression on his face. There are expressions on the faces of those whose boxes are blocked, too. By and by he will have finished. Doesn't this type of man arouse your righteous ire? The only excuse for him is thoughtlessness, but sometimes we fear it is carelessness.

Then, there is the guy who will butt in ahead of a lady at the delivery window. There is absolutely no excuse for him. What, in the name of Southern chivalry, are we coming to? In the reign of the rough cowboy such a thing never occurred. We are grieved to admit that we have observed a few such examples of boorishness and churlish incivility right here in Plainview.

The post office clerks have a terrible time with the mail of the Mexican employes of the Santa Fe and of the various foreigners lately immigrated into this country. They have such impossible names and such a weird conception as to how the postal affairs are handled. One wanted to know how much a five-dollar money order would cost. When told "five cents," he handed over the nickel and demanded the order.

The absent-minded man gets in bad, too. Plainview is a dry town, consequently—but that's none of your business. Not long ago a prominent citizen sallied up to the money order window and asked for a post office order.

"For how much?" asked the courteous clerk.
"Two gallons," was the prompt but amazing reply.

Let PETERSON fit your Glasses. tf.

Some Real Bargains

7 SECTIONS good, smooth land; all in one solid body; located 15 miles of Plainview and close to railroad station; all fenced and cross-fenced, with good 3 and 4 wires; 6 wells and windmills; plenty good water; 3 good farm houses; good sheds, corrals etc. About 1,500 acres in cultivation, divided into 5 farms, and fenced separately. About 300 acres fenced with good woven wire, and divided into 3 pastures, with water and hog sheds in each.

5 SECTIONS good, smooth land, 8 to 12 miles of Plainview, and close to railroad stations; mostly all in one solid body. Will sell this land in tracts to suit the purchaser, on easy payments. The above tracts are the very choicest agricultural land to be found in the Plainview country. For plats, prices and terms, address

Otus Reeves Realty Co. Plainview, Hale Co. Texas

For Sale Cheap Must be Sold

- 100 feet black pipe.
- Small building 10x18 on runners, easy to move.
- 1 Singer sewing machine.
- 1 writing desk.
- 1 rug 9x12.
- 1 oil stove.
- 1 kitchen table, new and nice.
- 1 nice show case.
- 1 display wall case.
- 1 large mirror.
- 1 6 ft settee, nice condition.
- 1 willow rocking chair.

See Wheelock At Stephens Building

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

Change exhilarates us. Variety is the spice of life. We who inhabit this temperate zone see many changes, and this is not the least of the reasons why it is good to live in the United States. If we were subjected to the monotony of perpetual summer our skins would become dark colored, and our third or fourth generations would turn out shiftless and be content to go half naked. If we lived much further north the extent of our desires would be blubber and a gum drop.

How do you feel about the approach of winter? The shortening days and increasing crispness of the atmosphere bring to many of us a pleasant anticipation of long evenings by the fireside, oyster suppers, farm sausage, hog killings, etc. A new song goes, "There are still a few rocks left in the old rocking chair." It's great to sit before an open fire on a winter evening, when the window shades have shut out the night, in just any old kind of a chair. Some one says the open fire is a primitive, elemental thing. It cheers with more than mere heat. It is a bit of the

red heart of Nature laid bare: it is a dragon of the prince, docile and friendly there in the corner. What pictures; what activity; how social; how it keep up the talk! You are not permitted to forget it for a moment. How it rejoices when you nudge it! How it rejoices when you fed it! Why, an open fire in your room is a whole literature. It supplements your library as nothing else in the room does or can.

By and by we will tire of winter and long for the first sign of bud and blossom. But now, aren't these cool mornings just right for sleeping purposes? Let us sing with the poet:
"Weather strip the doors, dad; order in your coal—
Boreas is raising Ned and storms begin to roll;
Butter paint the shutters and clean the furnace out;
Icicles are growing on the ancient water spout.

"Get the woolens, mother; shake the camphor free;
Summer stuff is much to light for the likes o' me
Fix my old wrist warmers—darn my heavy socks—
For my ship of summer joy is bursting on the rocks!"

Oo-o-ooo! The wind is whistling through the naked trees!
Send the shivers creeping, shakes me at the knees!
Tuck me beddy early, please, and let me sleep till eight.
And leave a stock of kindlings beside my open grate!

"Overcoats, goloshes, woolens and umbrellas—
Freeze is on the housetops, winter's in the walls!
South the birds are flying—righto! let 'em fly!
Winter's on the rampage, and the goose is hanging high!"

NEW EPWORTH LEAGUE.

The young people of the First Methodist Episcopal church met on Wednesday evening and organized an Epworth League, with the following cabinet:
President—Maurice G. Ballinger.
First Vice President—Miss Nellie Coryell.
Second Vice President—William G. Hahn.
Third Vice President—Miss Eva Jones.

Fourth Vice Perseident—Miss Alice Whitley.
Secretary—Sherman Scott.
Treasurer—Geo. H. Jones.
Organist—Miss Gladys' Morganstern.
Meetings are to be held on each Sunday, at 6:30 p. m.
They will give a social in the church on next Thursday evening.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Rev. C. E. Hastings, B. D., pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church—"The Home-Like Church"—announces the following services for Sunday, December 25:
10 a. m.—Sunday School.
11 a. m.—Preaching—Subject: "The Incarnation."
7:30 p. m.—Preaching—Subject: "No Room for Jesus."
Prayer meeting on Wednesday night.
Christmas entertainment, by Sunday School, on Saturday night.
Everybody is invited to attend any or all of these services.

HANS HANSON.

The play with the above title was probably the best that has been shown in Plainview this season. The presence of a band with the troupe drew perhaps a record-breaking house also. Nelson Lorenger, in the title role, was easily the star, his quaint Swedish dialect, and his yodling never having been excelled on the stage of the Schick.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

If you happen to have sheets that are too short and pull from the foot of the bed, sew three buttons on the foot of the mattress and make three strong button holes in the foot of the hem of the sheets to correspond with the buttons, then button down, and you will have no further trouble. Potatoes will bake more quickly if there is a fire in the stove. To keep lettuce fresh and crisp, place it on the ice chest and don't eat it. To tell when a pie is done, hold it up side down over the sink; if baked sufficiently it will fall out on the tin. To keep the soup from boiling over, remove the kettle from the stove. Butter will last longer if sprayed with kerosene before serving. To keep the dust from flying don't disturb it with broom or cloth.
Furthermore, if you are bothered with bats in your belfry, wear a bird cage on your hat. A good way to get the washing out early is to let the laundress come with the milk

man. To keep waffles from sticking to the irons, bake them on a shingle. For removing buttermilk from your whiskers, the best way is to soak your head.—Dallas News.

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WEST.

The Earth, a monthly magazine put out by the immigration men of the Santa Fe system, was devoted this month to what the women of the West have contributed to its upbuilding. Almost every article in same was either from the pen of a woman or was written by the editors concerning the part women are playing in the transformation of the West. Here are three articles clipped from same concerning Panhandle women:

Mrs. Pauline Whitman, formerly of Denver, is noted as a cattle expert and range manager down in the Texas Panhandle. Mrs. Whitman was compelled to take charge of the L. S. R. Ranch by the death of her husband then became one of the largest stock growers in the world, having over a 100,000 acres of pasture besides the ranch house and a score of other buildings to look after. Her yearly beef crop aggregates train loads of from 10,000 to 20,000 steer. Mrs. Whitman knows every point in the business from judging the age of a calf, to throwing a steer with a lariat. She is a skilled horsewoman and when on the ranch frequently visits the different herds, especially at round-up time. The ranch has doubled its income since she took hold.

We have lived in this country two years last November, and can say this is a good country for poultry raising.

First year from 115 Brown Leghorn hens we sold \$140.45, besides raising 100 young chickens, and the eggs that were used for home consumption. For 1909 sold \$119.00 worth of eggs and raised \$125 chickens.

Our poultry and eggs buy all our groceries and flour for a family of six, and pay us a revenue besides.
MRS. EL. MILLER.
Plainview, Texas.

Seven women down on the Texas Panhandle have purchased 340 acres of land and are breaking up and planting the entire tract to kafir corn this year and in the fall the farm will be divided into forty acre blocks with a drive around each. On these drives fast growing trees will be planted. A plat of ground will be set aside for a house or houses and other buildings. Miss Annie Biederman, a

graduate of the Swiss agricultural college, is in charge of the farm.

REGARDING OUR POPULATION.

In the United States, and all its possessions, the Star and Stripes protect 101,100,000 souls. This enormous number is the official estimate of the United States Bureau of the Census, announced today in connection with the population statistics for the country as enumerated in the thirteenth census. It includes the Philippines, Guam, Samoa, Hawaii, Alaska and the Panama canal zone.

Within its borders on the North American continent, exclusive of Alaska, the United States has a population of 91,972,226 inhabitants. During the last ten years the States of the Union had an aggregate increase in population of 15,977,691, which amounts to 21 per cent over the 1900 figures.

Since the first census was taken in 1790, the country has grown twenty five times as large, for the population then having been 3,929,214, slightly larger than the present population of the State of Texas.—Dallas News.

SCHOOL GIRLS.

The high school building at Fort Worth burned last week, and the Star-Telegram pathetically describes the grief of the girls as they stood and gazed at the blackened walls through tear-dimmed eyes. But not a whimper from the bereaved boys! Nay, nay; not one! When you were a little chap could you imagine a diviner consummation than having both the books and the building burn?—Hale County Herald.

The reason girls like to go to school more than boys is because the former are more gregarious. The social instinct is strong in every woman, and from her babyhood to her farewell summons she likes to be with others, to have something to talk about and some one to talk to. In childhood, the school is the girl's social center, and she enjoys the contact with her classmates. Besides, she is naturally more industrious than her brother, and invariably knows her lessons better, because she studies them more industriously and consistently. She likes to go to school because it is a pleasure; her brother dislikes it because it is an embarrassment to always be behind with his lessons—and he would rather take trouncings than be diligent at his books.—Dallas News.

"Pride of the Plains"

FLOUR

Always Better

Why?

Because we observe and utilize the most essential features characteristic in the manufacture of a high grade flour. We are grinding the choicest wheat on the market today—Plains wheat. Our unique methods of steaming, washing, and drying wheat—the many processes of separating and purifying the flour are the most up to date. Our head miller, Mr. Norman, a man of wide milling experience, is undoubtedly as thorough in all the detail work of the trade as any man in the profession. We guarantee our flour absolutely. Customers are telling us every day that our flour is the best they have ever used. If you have not tried a sack, begin the new year right by patronizing home industry. It will be appreciated.

The Harvest Queen Mills

of late passed to their ft."