

# THE LUBBOCK AVALANCHE.

VOLUME XIII.

LUBBOCK LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1912

NUMBER 21

## 1912 THANKSGIVING IN LUBBOCK

OUR PEOPLE CANNOT BUT BE TRULY THANKFUL FOR THE BLESSINGS BESTOWED UPON US

### BUSINESS HOUSES CLOSE THEIR DOORS AND REST

Union Services Held at The Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Prosperity and Good Health of the Community. Causes Happiness To Our People.

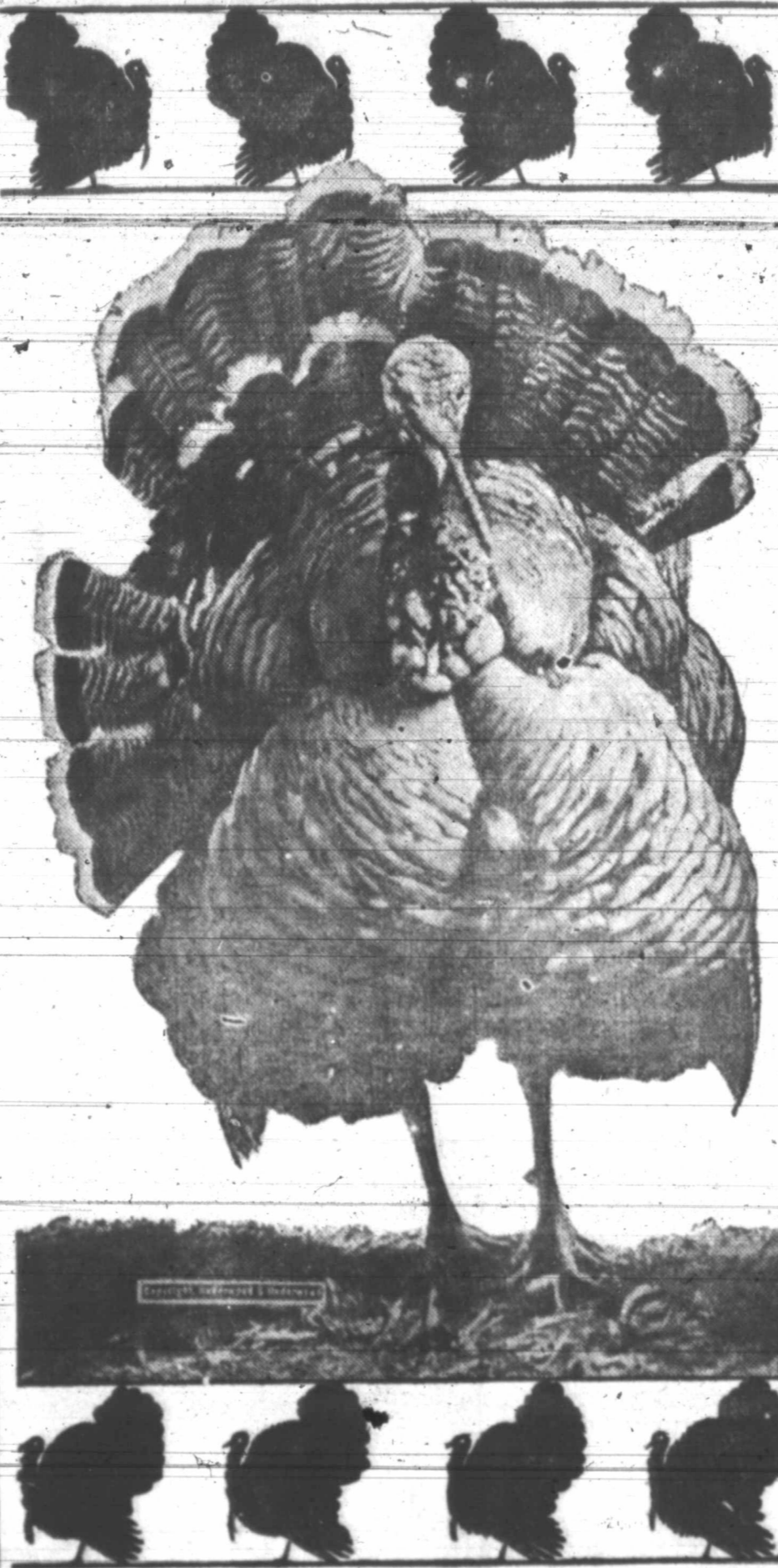
Thanksgiving day this year in Lubbock is being more unanimously celebrated than probably every before in the history of the city. Our people are truly thankful for the bountiful blessing bestowed upon them, and they feel like spending the day as pleasantly as possible. The various ways by which this national holiday will be spent are numerous.

The business men of the town, or a greater portion of them at least have closed their doors for the day, that they and their employees may enjoy the day as they choose.

Union services were conducted at the Cumberland Presbyterian church, Rev. Thomas N. Plunkett, of the South Side Christian Church delivering the Thanksgiving sermon, assisted in the various churches of the city.

Conditions in the South Plains truly warrant the sincere thankful feeling prevalent in the people of Lubbock and vicinity. No country in the United States has been smiled upon more

abundantly than the beautiful south plains country. The land has been made to yield liberally and the farmers are enjoying prosperity on account of the good yield and the splendid prices realized from his products. The ranch man is happy because of the big prices he is getting for his cattle, and the excellent range conditions; the merchant is smiling on account of the good business. The laborer is happy because he is able to get all the work he wants at a good wage, and the general prosperous condition of the community warrants the happiness of the entire population of the South Plains. We are all thankful for the liberality of our Heavenly Father toward us. We are in a great and grand country, this South Plains of Texas, and Lubbock is the center of attraction. We are the place where the people are looking forward to as the place which will some Thanksgiving day in the not far distant future will be the biggest city on the plains. Come to Lubbock; be happy and you will be thankful.



## THE CONTEST GOES MERRILY ON

NEW CONTESTANTS ARE BEING ENTERED AND LIVELY TIMES ARE AHEAD FOR THOSE ENGAGED IN THE CONTEST.

### CARLISLE SCHOOL HOUSE MAKES BIGGEST GAIN

Many Votes Are Being Held Back For the Final Rush For the Second Prize on the 10th of December. Big Vote Looked For Next Week. More Communities Interested.

The tabulation of votes in the Diamond Ring, Watch and Organ contest show a light vote this week. The voting has not been keen, but there have been some new entries this week that will likely start anew the flames of enthusiasm, and cause some of the contestants to stand up and take notice.

No changes in the position of the contestants appear this week. Miss Hurst is contesting closely for the first place, while Miss Debardeleben holds third, with Miss Abney competing lively for third position. Miss Hawkins drops out of the race and her name is omitted this week. Miss Friedrich received nomination this week and a nice vote given her, but she refuses to let her name appear in the list of contestants. Miss Boles is a new one in the race and it is expected that she will reckon with the winner in the final contest. The Carlisle Sunday School is still a leader for the organ by a very large majority having gained something over five thousand votes this week.

There is evidently a very heavy vote being held out for the final dash for the second special prize which will be given away Dec. 10th, (not Dec. 6th as stated in last week's issue,) and there will likely be some interesting changing about of positions and increasing number of votes of all the contestants next week. We are informed that there will be a few more organizations placed in the race soon and they intimate that they will make the winner hard to catch. If you are interested you should get a list of those who are authorized to issue tickets for this contest and get your votes.

The vote stands at noon Thursday as follows:

Miss Willie Wilson	12,592
Miss Minnie Hurst	12,100
Miss Babe DeBardeleben	7,496
Miss Carrie Abney	6,852
Miss Bernice Cox	4,559
Miss Lula Kate Wiley	1,026
Miss Boles	508
Miss Effie Norris	500

ORGANIZATIONS

Carlisle Sunday School	24,039
Lindsey School House	875

### Church Notes

[We will be glad to make any announcements of Church Services, Programs, etc., in this column free of charge, where no revenue is received from the services.—Editor.]

**SOUTH SIDE CHURCH OF CHRIST**  
Regular services next Lord's day as follows:  
Bible School 10:00 a. m.  
Sermon 11:00 a. m.; Communion 12:00 a. m.; evening sermon, 7:00 p. m.; Prayer and praise, Wednesday 7:00 p. m.  
Let us try and finish the old year according to our resolutions that we made when this same old year was new, and therefore strengthen our hearts, and begin the new year with renewed strength and faith.  
We extend a cordial invitation to all the brethren of Lubbock to worship with us.  
THOS. N. PLUNKETT, pastor.  
J. D. QUICK, Bible School Supt.

Rev. Edwin Weary of the Episcopal Church, will be in Lubbock Dec. 8th, and will preach at the First Presbyterian Church at 7:30 o'clock. All are invited to hear him.

**BAPTIST CHURCH NOTES.**  
A large audience, representing nearly every church in Lubbock greeted our pastor last Sunday morning.  
His remarks were directed chiefly to his own people and Christians generally. He spoke of how each Christian had a special work he or she could do, sometimes seemingly very insignificant but in God's sight just as great and just as important as that performed by the more talented and brilliant. He compared each member to a stone in the walls of the church and urged that they be "living stones" and stand firm in their places that the walls of this great building might not totter as they so often do when built of weak material.  
He dwelt upon the distinguishing and strongest point of our Baptist doctrine, that each member in order to be a "living stone" must be "fashioned and set" by the great Architect of the Universe. At the close of the sermon the church covenant was read in concert by pastor and congregation.

Joe. Eaton was here from Dickens Monday and Tuesday.

### THE CHRISTMAS AVALANCHE

Splendid Holiday Edition Will Be Published December 19th. Advertisers Notice.

The Avalanche will make its appearance on December 19th in a beautifully colored, cover and much illustrated reading matter including some splendid Christmas stories. The management hopes to make this edition a creditable one and in order to do this the business men of the city must do their part well by furnishing us large ads and give us the copy for same early, so that we can give them the best we have with regard to position, etc.

A paper like the one we contemplate getting out on this date cannot be completed within a week, but we must work on it at least two weeks in order to get it out on time. We hope our advertisers will make their ads attractively large and that they will furnish us copy for same at least a week ahead so that we can do our best and make them show up nicely.

Extra copies of the paper will be printed and those who should want extras will please let us know by the 10th of the month so that we will have a better idea what number to print above our regular list.

Mr. Stewart, who is advance man for Ellen Beach Yaw, will be in our city Friday and has consented to run fifty views of California in connection with the operetta by the school children Friday evening. This is quite a valuable feature added to the program and adds nothing to the price of admission.

Mrs. T. J. Bennett, who has been in the sanitarium here for the past two weeks, left yesterday for her home at Austin, where she will spend a few days before going to Long Beach, Cal., where she will spend the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. H. C. Duering was in from the ranch near Monroe Wednesday and was a very pleasant caller at the Avalanche office. The Avalanche will visit her for the next twelve months.

Mrs. McElhenie was a very pleasant caller at the Avalanche office Wednesday morning.

### School Notes

We wish we might say or do something to interest the mothers in beautifying the school premises and providing playgrounds for the children. If they could see the children wading around in the sand, I know they would be willing to assist in the good work.

The debate Friday evening was very instructive. The debaters studied the question very thoroughly, but the one speaker on the affirmative convinced the two on the negative that she was master of the situation and gave the Hawaiians Islands statehood.

Many thanks to Mesdames Posey, Hunt, Taylor, Green, Elliott and Simpson for their presence at school, also their words of encouragement.

We were agreeably surprised Friday evening when Miss Beard's Spanish class sang to us in the original Spanish. "Learn to do by doing," is the class motto.

Miss Maude Burns, one of our much loved teachers the past year, visited us last week. The members of the society wonder why the critic criticised the local reporter so favorably and yet, failed to mention some other selections. We presume it was his interest in German.

The many trees that are being set out in Lubbock just now emphasize the need of trees in the school yard. There are six or seven little trees—a hundred children to each tree—and the children spend about one-half of their waking hours at the school! If you have a small tree that you do not need, send it to the school with your compliments or let Mrs. Wester know and she will send for it.

Miss Elizabeth Webb, who is possessor of a soprano voice of rare quality, sang a selection from Balfe's celebrated opera "The Bohemian Girl", at chapel last Friday morning, accompanied by Miss Margaret Huff. Music of this kind has great cultural value, and is appreciated by the young people of Lubbock; as the warm applause testified.

The boy scouts of Tulsa Oklahoma, have done such splendid work that the merchants of the town sent them to Washington City in recognition of the value

of the league to Tulsa. In addition to furnishing the good times every boy needs, the League teaches the boys to be honorable, self reliant and useful. They are required to earn and bank money among the other useful things. Educators are recognizing that the Boy Scout League supplies the things that the home and school both fail to give.

An entertainment is being planned for the mothers and others with mother hearts. It will probably be given soon after Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Haynes' pupils rendered a very interesting Thanksgiving program Tuesday morning at chapel service.

**Texas a World Show Ground**  
It is said Texas is the show-ground of the universe. We fitted out Buffalo Bill with his unique array of primitive western life and sent him out to thrill the hearts of the rich and the poor of both hemispheres. We are now providing the scenes for moving picture shows and one cannot visit these popular places of amusement anywhere on the face of the earth without coming in contact with Texas frontier life.

We are the national preserves for human character in its primitive state. On our ranches and in the homes of our pioneers, honesty, friendship and courage abound in their native state untroubled by the soot of civilization and our frontiers are populated with stalwart, rugged characters out of which great men are hewn, presenting a panorama of American life as it entered the gates of civilization.

Mr. McGinty, who is connected with the Robinson Furniture store, made a trip to Dallas this week.

J. R. Handy, of Snyder, was in our city on business, Tuesday and Wednesday.

J. T. Bullock made a business trip to Eagle Pass last week, returning to Lubbock Monday.

W. K. Easter, of Snyder, was here today.

Sam C. Arnett was in from the ranch last night and today.

P. Rosenberg was here from Abilene yesterday.

### Mrs. Neal Cass Dead

Last Friday afternoon all that was mortal of Mrs. Neal Cass, passed back to the giver who does all this for the best. Funeral services were held at the residence of C. A. Cass Sunday afternoon at 2:30 and interment in the Lubbock Cemetery immediately following. The many friends of this good woman and the family grieve with the Avalanche in the great loss of a good mother. May God deal with them gently and heal this, the greatest of wounds. Rev. W. M. Lane conducted the funeral services.

E. L. Meridith purchased the building on the south side of the square, moved it onto lots in the north east part of town and will occupy same for a residence.

Miss Lola Craig, who has had a long spell of typhoid fever, is able to be up again. This will be good news to her many friends in our city.

The Eastern Star Ladies are preparing a play entitled "Miss Fearless & Co." at the Opera House December 10th, for benefit Masonic Hall.

W. D. Kincannon was here Monday with a load of peas, which he offered for sale on the local market.

W. B. Atkin, of the McAdams Lumber Co., made a business trip to Plainview and Tulia the first of the week.

J. F. Inmon made a business trip to Hereford the latter part of last week.

Lawrence Thorn, an old time friend of Judge McGee, was in the city the first of this week.

W. E. Bradley, of Dallas, was here yesterday looking after business interests.

C. B. Travis, a prosperous farmer of the Cone community, was in the city yesterday.

J. H. Vanderrine, of Plainview, spent a day or so of this week in the city.

M. Morman, of Lewis, Kan., was in the city yesterday.

W. L. Ellwood, of Dekalb, spent yesterday in Lubbock.

E. M. Pittman was down from Amarillo, Wednesday.

### Four Sections Sold

Wednesday morning Mr. Harvey Herd, of Fort Worth, bought of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Lowe, four sections of land in the northwest part of the county. We did not learn the consideration, but understand the price paid was a big sum. These four sections of land are excellent and we are sure that Mr. Herd will be more than well pleased with his purchase.

Mrs. P. D. Haney Dead  
Mrs. P. D. Haney, one of our most highly esteemed ladies, died yesterday afternoon. She will be buried today. We were unable to learn who would conduct the funeral services or at what hour the interment would take place.

**A Correction**  
In our notice to boys and girls in another part of this paper, we made a mistake of the date on which our Christmas Edition would appear. It will be Dec. 19th instead of the 22nd, as stated in the notice.

Tom Pratt of Roswell, N. M., was a business visitor here this morning.

G. Buttler, of Eureka, Kan., was a business visitor here today.

M. Pennington of Clovis, N. M., was in the city yesterday and today.

Dr. Carter, a prominent citizen of Crosbyton, spent yesterday and today in Lubbock.

P. R. Rosenberg, of Snyder, was in our city yesterday.

C. C. Carpenter was here from Snyder today.

Clarence Moore was here from Talso, yesterday and today.

J. S. Greenfield was here from Clovis, New Mexico today.

Joe Miller, of Clovis, N. M., was here on business today.

Jack Pender was in the city today from Galveston.

K. H. Alber, of Denver, Colo., was here yesterday and today.

L. M. LaRue, of Fort Worth, spent the day in Lubbock.

W. R. Lewis was down from Plainview this morning.

# ALFALFA LUMBER COMPANY

Lumber, Sash, Doors, Lime, Cement, Plaster, Posts, Blocks, Glass, Paints and Coal

PHONE 311

A. M. RAMP, Manager

## Two States Vote on Prohibition

In the general election, last week the States of Colorado and West Virginia voted on the question of Constitutional prohibition. The amendment was defeated in the former state but in the latter it carried by a good majority.

From the distance it would seem to have been an ill-advised move on the part of the pros to bring on an election in Colorado at this time, for temperance is not as well defined in that state as in others. Then, as in usual cities, like Denver and other places of large population in the state, are saloon-ridden and vice-in-

fest, prohibition being looked upon with little favor. The mining sections of the state are populated largely with the worse element, and their influence and vote are against the overthrow of existing conditions as regards the saloon. However the fact that women have the right to vote in Colorado was regarded as favorable to the success of the pro cause, but the results tell a strange tale in this connection.

In West Virginia, a State already largely dry by local option, conditions were more inviting to a favorable vote. In the first place the sentiment through local option and other measures was inculcated and developed to an extent where it permeated every nook and corner of the State. Then, two years back the present campaign was promulgated and those behind it have been thoroughly alive to the situation from the very

start. But when the fight began in earnest it was a battle royal between the contending forces, and the pros won handsomely.

The conversion of West Virginia to the prohibition ranks makes nine States now listed in the dry column. Before another two years roll by this number will be added to and additional impetus will be given the whole prohibition movement.—Home and State.

The boy who has the freedom of the street after nightfall without business or permission, is cultivating a dangerous habit. Any place where a boy has no business is no place for him, be it on the street, in stores or in the livery barn. A boy that is all right will prefer his home, friends, books or newspapers to the class found on the street. Business men of all kinds look upon the boy loafers as the "dead beats" of the future. Boys, if you will adopt the right habits while boys, you will, in manhood, be useful to the world, but will be a source of comfort to your parents and friends, and then you will have the satisfaction of looking back upon a well spent past.

A young woman in Illinois has resigned her position as teacher in the public schools for the purpose of going as a missionary to Africa. Why should she go so far when Chicago is so near, and where there are more heathens to the square yard than there are in Africa to the twelve square miles. Strange ideas of missionary work these school marmes have.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Brian, of Brownfield, spent Friday in the city.

A. F. Decker was here from Dallas Sunday.



## If Your Watch, Clock or Jewelry

Needs repairing. I can do the work correctly. I guarantee every job and my prices are reasonable.

## Prompt Attention Is Given To Mail Orders.

Send your watches to me by registered mail and I will examine them and tell you what it will cost to put them in running order. Or will act upon your instructions.

**W. S. NORTON, JEWELER**

WITH RED-CROSS DRUG AND JEWELRY STORE

## SHOOTING IN TEXICO

One Man Shot and Seriously Wounded. Shooter Under Bond to Appear in Court.

What was a very serious and almost fatal shooting affray occurred last Friday evening in front of the Texico saloon in Texico, when Ray Moss shot John Foster with a .38 caliber automatic pistol, the ball entering the breast and passing entirely through the body.

The altercation, it is said, came up over a very trivial matter, and which principally concerned the younger brothers of the two boys.

Moss was put under bond for his appearance in court at Clovis on the 6th of December. Foster, under the skillful treatment of Dr. H. P. Oliver, is now up and walking around.—State Line Tribune.

Many a mother who knows all about the work of missionaries in the interior villages of the Fiji Islands hasn't the remotest idea what her seventeen-year-old son is doing down town till midnight. What's more, she doesn't seem to think it's her business to know.

An accident in the power house of the Sweetwater Light plant last Friday caused a damage of probably \$2,000. The big fly wheel bursted and tore things up considerably.

C. A. Walker was down from Plainview Saturday.

W. G. Carroll, of Beaumont, spent Saturday here.

## IS YOUR BANK STRONG, CONSERVATIVE AND ACCOMMODATING? IT SHOULD BE

You should always feel free to go to your bank for advice. You should at all times be able to feel perfectly at home in the bank you transact your business with, and if it's OUR BANK YOU WILL.

## CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK

LUBBOCK, TEXAS

### West Texas Cotton

D. M. Hall, commercial agent for the Frisco, is back from a trip through West Texas, and reports more cotton gathered than he has ever known of before in that section of the state.

Said Mr. Hall: "I went over the Orient looking after the business for our lines coming from that road, and everywhere I went I saw yards jammed with cotton awaiting cars for shipment. In spite of the much increased facilities of the Orient, they are unable to supply cars to handle the cotton crop at this time.

"The cotton in that section is not much more than half gathered, as it is later there than in this part of the state. There will be cotton picking in West

Texas till late in January. "I was surprised at the price it is bringing along the Orient. I saw cotton sell at 13 cents a Rule, and they told me the price has not been under 12 cents for some time".—Fort Worth Star Telegram.

City Marshal, Fry, slipped noose on the hind foot of a dog Monday morning which had eaten too much poison and was having fits, dragged him around behind the office of J. E. Murf and proceeded to make a target of him, and now he is a long time dead dog.

J. A. Elliott, a prominent citizen of Tahoka, was in the city Saturday and Sunday.

M. H. Allen of Post City, was a visitor in the city Saturday.

**WALL PAPER**  
Artistic and up-to-date  
Cheaper than Ever. Pictures Artistically Framed.  
A. J. Towle, North Side Square  
Phone 269.

## OPERA HOUSE

Thursday, Dec. 12th.

ASKILL and Mac VITTY (Inc.)

offers

A NEW PRODUCTION OF HUMAN INTEREST

# THE ROSARY

The Great New York, Chicago and Boston Success

FOUNDED UPON AN EMBLEM OF PURITY BY EDWARD E. ROSE

# A GREAT PLAY CAST PRODUCTION SERMON

Written And Staged by the Author of More Successes Than Any Other Playwright in the World

PRICES

## Buggies And Harness

I have a full and complete line of MOLINE BUGGIES, HACKS AND SURREYS. If in need of any of them call and inspect my line. I also handle a complete line of HARNESS. Will be glad to see you.

**Jno. W. Cone**

GREENHILL OLD STAND NORTH SIDE SQUARE  
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

# ARE YOU LOOKING

FOR A STORE WHERE QUALITY REIGNS SUPREME?

If this be the case we believe we can fill the bill, especially if it is a Grocery Bill. Long experience in the Grocery business in Lubbock has taught us that the very best is what the people want.

## WE WANT YOUR GROCERY TRADE

We therefore invite you to investigate the matter of groceries before you buy your next supply and see if we are not the people you want to trade with. A trial order is sure to convince you.

RANCH ORDERS FILLED WITHOUT DELAY

CITY ORDERS DELIVERED PROMPTLY

PHONE 243

**SPIKES & SON**

PHONE 243



# Ellen Beach Yaw



Prima Donna Soprano

Will appear at the OPERA HOUSE on the evening of December 6th.

This Great Singer has been secured for this date at a big guarantee and all lovers of vocal music will be delighted to have an opportunity to hear this noted singer.

REMEMBER THE DATE OF THIS SPLENDID ATTRACTION

Prices: 50c, 75c and \$1.00

## Stock Notes

Lynn County News:

R. W. Cowden, of Abilene, Texas was here Tuesday loading about 70 head of stock horses for shipment to the eastern markets. Mr. Cowden had these horses in B. H. Black's stalk field for the last month or more and he says they are looking much improved. He traded for a span of work mules of C. V. Harris, of Bronco, N. M., Tuesday morning, giving a mare and colt and \$502.50 difference.

Post City Post:

T. E. Payne brought in a bunch of cattle from Terry county Wednesday and will pasture them east of Post City this winter.

E. W. Clark shipped two cars of cows to the Fort Worth markets last Saturday.

Sim Russell was here from Snyder this week buying up cattle, which he will feed near Snyder this winter.

J. B. Slaughter shipped a bunch of cattle from here to the Fort Worth markets Tuesday.

Midland Reporter:

On Saturday last there were three shipments made from Monahans. W. H. Williams shipped two cars of cows to Ft. Worth, Thos. Voliva, of Midland shipped 4 cars of cows to the same place, and Sanders Estes shipped one car of calves to Midland.

Lanier Bros. and their nephew, Vince Johnson, formerly of Midland county, but now located near Sierra Blanca, bought this week from the Benton ranch in Chihuahua, Mexico, 530 Black Muile steer yearlings. They brought them across the Rio Grande and placed them on their ranch.

B. Logsdon came in this week with a car of horses and mules, which he shipped to Tyler.

Geo. G. Gray returned home this week from Fort Worth, where he had been to market with seven cars of fat cows from his ranch near Monahans.

Carroll Holcombe was in Midland Monday and Tuesday for the purpose of buying up a bunch of horses. He purchased 31 from Henry M. Haiff, and two of other parties. We are not informed as to the price paid.

Wm. Yates bought and received this week from Waddell & Company 317 cows which he placed on his ranch south of Staton. He also purchased of other parties 210 cows and shipped one car to the Fort Worth market.

On Thursday afternoon of last week, while on their way to their home near Mesquite, an auto crashed into the carriage containing J. A. Grindley, wife and two daughters, Mrs. Josie Smith and Miss Stella Girdley. All were painfully injured. Mr. Girdley having three ribs broken and receiving internal injuries. Mrs. Girdley was injured about the head and was unconscious for some time.

Scharbauer Bros. sold this week 100 registered Hereford cows at \$60 per head. The purchaser was Wilbur Wadley. These cows are dandies and Mr. Wadley will put them on his ranch for breeding purposes.

Arthur Wright, who was in this week from his ranch in the vicinity of Odessa, reports the sale of 300 calves to Graham Bros. The price received was \$15 per head. Graham Bros. shipped the calves to the Fort Worth market.

O. B. Holt, one of Midland's successful cowmen, came in Thursday from Missouri, where he bought and shipped to Midland a car of fine registered Hereford bulls. These bulls are coming twos and will be placed on Mr. Holt's ranch.

Dickson Bros. shipped from their ranch this week, two carloads of horses to eastern markets.

G. W. Terry shipped last Monday, two horses to his nephew at Malakoff.

A beautiful \$25.00 hornless Symphony Talking Machine given away. For particulars call at Long Bros. grocery store. 211

A. L. Thomas, of Quay, N. M., was in the city Tuesday.

### The Parcel Post Law

The postal authorities wish to get before the public: That distinctive parcel post stamps will be used on all fourth-class matter beginning January 1, 1913, and that such matter bearing ordinary postage stamps will be treated as "Held for Postage;" that parcels will be mailable only at postoffices, branch offices, lettered and local named stations, and such numbered stations as may be designated by the postmasters; that all parcels must bear the return card of the sender; otherwise they will not be accepted for mailing.

We notice in the Brownfield Herald this week, that several of the Brownfield people proceeded to pound Rev. B. F. Dixon most severely last week. After it was all over, however, the Rev. gentleman found that his larder had been most lavishly supplied with the necessities of life.

Editor Frank White, of the Crosbyton Review, is now advocating the building of a good court house in Crosbyton, since the county seat fight is settled. Build a good one gentlemen, when you do build. It would be poor policy to build anything else at this stage of the game of progress in the South Plains.

P. Rosenberg, of Austin, spent the first of the week in Lubbock and was registered at the Lubbock hotel.

V. Dennis was down from Amarillo Tuesday talking business with the Lubbock merchants.

G. W. James, of St. Louis, spent yesterday and today here looking after matters pertaining to his business.

H. A. Tandy, a prominent citizen of Plains, was in our city for a couple of days this week.

E. V. Erving, of Oleta, Kan., is here today looking after business matters.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spencer and little son, spent yesterday in Lubbock, from Crosbyton.

C. P. Sandin and Miss Ola Sandin, of Crosbyton, were trading in our city yesterday.



It's the car that has "made good." Since the dawn of the automobile age—in numbers far exceeding any other car—on all sorts of roads and under all sorts of conditions—in all countries, climates, altitudes—it has stood the test—it has "made good."

Every third car a Ford—and every Ford user a Ford "booster." New prices run about \$525—touring car \$600—delivery car \$625—town car \$800 with all equipment, f. o. b. Detroit. Get particulars from Ford Motor Company, Michigan and Fourteenth Streets—or direct from Detroit factory.

## THANKS THANKS THANKS

I am THANKFUL to you for the business you have given me the past year. Keep up the good work and I will be Thankful next Thanksgiving also.

DAVIDSON FEED STORE

PHONE 134

Ernest Howard, of Plainview, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Howard, of the Howard Hotel, the first of the week.

Attorney E. L. Klett, of the firm of Bean & Klett, made a business trip to Amarillo Friday, returning Saturday.

John Gilbert, of Houston, transacted business in our city Tuesday and Wednesday.

Thomas Arnold, of Ira, was in the city this week.

Buy a Cream Separator and make your living at home. Martin & Wolcott sells the best Separator on earth, the "Sharples." We have different styles and prices to offer you. Come and see them. 20 11

W. J. Cunningham, a prominent attorney of Abilene, was in our city the latter part of last week attending District Court.

W. R. Whalen was down from Amarillo Tuesday.

## Nice Furs

Silk Kimonos

Silk Hose

Holly Boxes

Holly Ribbon

Holly Branches

Appropriate Holiday Gifts for your Wife, Mother, Daughter, Sister, Sweetheart, Aunt and Cousins.

Wheelock's Dress Shop  
The Ladies Store  
LUBBOCK

20  
3.00

M. C. Bazar, a resident of Midland, was in our city Monday morning and informed us that when he left home a few days previous, that there were over forty teams at work on the grade of the Texas, Gulf and Northern railroad and that there was every evidence that the rapid construction of same would now go forward.

Buy a Cream Separator and make your living at home. Martin & Wolcott sells the best Separator on earth, the "Sharples." We have different styles and prices to offer you. Come and see them. 20 11

Mrs. T. J. Bennett and sister were in the city the first of the week from their ranch and farm near Monroe.

H. L. Cooper, of Amarillo, spent Tuesday and Wednesday here.

E. C. Howe, of Matador, spent Monday and Tuesday in Lubbock.

In our last week's issue we stated that J. G. Walton and family had left for Sweetwater, where Mr. Walton had purchased a half interest in a barber shop. Mr. Walton failed to make the deal in Sweetwater and we will say that Mrs. Walton and children are still residents of our city.

See Spikes' Son before you sell your grain. 11 11

G. A. Allen, of Knox City, was here the greater part of this week prospecting with a view of buying.

We are glad to note D. C. Turbeville able to be out on the streets again after an illness which confined him to his room several weeks.

Rev. G. B. Overton preached at the Methodist church in Lubbock last Sunday evening.

Mrs. H. A. Tandy, of Plains, visited in Lubbock the first of the week.

## LIVE STOCK SPECIAL

The Santa Fe Live Stock Demonstration Train will be in Lubbock, Thursday, December 12th, 9 a. m. to 11:30 a. m. It will be in Abernathy the same day from 12:30 p. m. to 2:30 p. m., and in Staton Wednesday, December 11th, 3:45 p. m. to 6:00 p. m.

LIVE STOCK DEMONSTRATION. The train will carry DAIRY COWS, DAIRY EQUIPMENT, MODEL SILO, HOGS, POULTRY and POULTRY EQUIPMENT.

In addition to the demonstration practical talks will be given on dairy cows, pigs, hogs and poultry. Good exhibits. No charges. Every farmer, farmer's wife, banker, merchant and business man should be there. Nothing of interest to school children below the sixth grade.

TRAIN WILL COME RAIN OR SHINE.

## WE HAVE PREPARED FOR YOUR DECEMBER BUSINESS

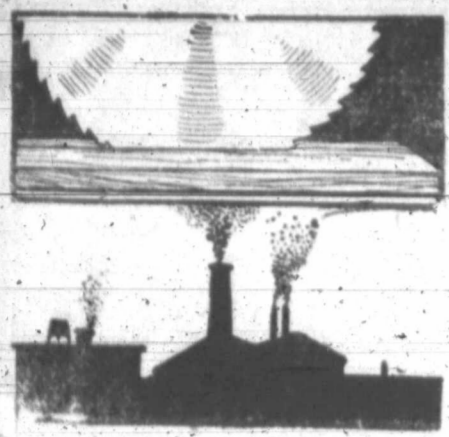
Your wants in the Grocery Line can be fully supplied if you will trade with us this month. We have everything that you will need for the holiday cooking. Everything for the Christmas cakes and "knick-knacks."

LET US BE YOUR GROCER FOR DECEMBER. PROMPT SERVICE

PHONE 310

# MARTIN & WOLCOTT

PHONE 122



A STEAM SAW MILL

with its lightning rip saws, turns out lumber at a rate that would make our forefathers look on with wonder and amazement.

GOOD LUMBER SOLD CHEAP

is what happens the year round at our yards. Low prices is caused by improved methods at the mill. Before contracting consult us.

**A. G. McADAMS LUMBER CO.**

SIX BUILDINGS BURNED

Spur Has First Serious Conflagration Last Week. Loss Covered by Insurance

Thursday morning about ten o'clock fire completely destroyed six of the business houses on Burlington Avenue, the main street of Spur.

The fire originated in the Central Rooming House, a two story frame structure operated by Wes Hisey. From this the McDonald Confectionary building on the north, caught fire. The wind coming from the north caused the fire to travel south, taking in the business house occupied by Will Stephens and family, the Neely Boarding House, the Hastings Restaurant, and the two Patterson buildings used as store rooms, leaving only one building standing on the west side of the street near the depot.

All of the contents of the lower rooms of the Central Rooming House were removed from the building, nothing being saved from the upper rooms in which a number of boarders lost clothing and personal effects. Everything was removed from all other buildings, but the damage was considerable in breakage and from the necessary rapid work in removing.

All buildings were wooden structures and the loss is considerable with partial insurance, the amount not being obtainable at this time.

Considerable damage was done to the Electric Light Company in the destruction of wires and posts. The Telephone Companies also sustained slight damages. Texas Spur.

C. E. Howard, of the Howard hotel, made a business trip to Plainview Monday returning Tuesday.

Sam Gentry made a business trip to Crosbyton the first of the week.

IN DISTRICT COURT

Proceedings in District Court Up Until Tuesday Morning November, 26th

APPEARANCE DOCKET

M. C. Overton, vs A. J. McClung, suit on note. Continued for service.

J. M. Dupree vs Ed S. Beck, et al, trespass to try title. Continued for service.

J. B. Stone vs J. E. Stegall, suit on note. Judgment for plaintiff as prayed for.

J. T. Loftin vs Geo. B. Bondles, suit on note. Continued.

W. J. Vesey vs J. F. Burg et al, suit on note. Defendant granted leave to annul.

J. Colby, Thomas vs U. H. Helm, suit to cancel lien. Judgment for plaintiff, cancelling lien as prayed for.

Mack N. Flippen vs John H. Eaton, trespass to try title. Dismissed at cost of plaintiff.

H. T. Kimbro vs Theodore Summers, suit on note. Passed.

Mack N. Flippen vs John H. Eaton, Trespass to try title. Dismissed at cost of plaintiff.

M. G. Abernathy vs Jasper N. Haney, Suit on notes. Continued for service.

Oran Lee vs Nellie Lee, Divorce, Dismissed for want of prosecution at cost of plaintiff.

L. M. McCrummen vs Annie M. Black, Suit on note. Continued for service.

A. G. McAdams Lumber Co., vs E. B. Green et al. Suit on note. Judgment for plaintiff against E. B. Green, R. E. Penney and J. S. Penney for amount of debt interest and attorney's fees.

W. O. Tubbs vs M. S. Acuff, et al. Suit on account. Continued by agreement.

J. H. Robinson vs R. E. Penney, Suit on note. Judgment against R. E. Penney and Geo. W. Carter.

Ed McCarty vs unknown heirs of James G. Burks (deceased).

O. L. SLATON, President  
H. B. REED, Vice President  
R. A. BARCLAY, Vice President

W. S. POSEY, Cashier  
F. W. BOERNER, Asst. Cashier  
J. E. PENNEY, Asst. Cashier

No matter how strong a bank may be in Capital and Surplus, it's strength depends chiefly upon the character of the men back of it, and the conservative policies to which they may adhere.

No bank is any stronger or better than the men who manage it. The policy of the Officers and Directors of this Bank is to maintain it's well earned reputation for safety and conservatism.

The Lubbock State Bank

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS

\$90,000.00

Citation by publication, continued to perfect service.

J. T. Loftin vs W. E. Monk, et al. Suit on notes. Judgment by default in favor of J. T. Loftin against W. E. Monk and M. C. Overton for amount of note, interest attorney's fees and cost.

C. H. Burrus vs Wichita Mill & Elevator Co. Suit to cancel bond. Judgment for plaintiff.

A. E. Whitesides vs W. M. Allison. Suit on note. Passed.

T. T. Easter vs Commonwealth Bonding & Causalty Insurance Co., et al. Suit to cancel note and deed of trust. Venue changed to District Court of Baylor county by agreement.

J. K. Caraway vs B. H. Stuckert, Trespass to try title. Citation by publication. Continued to perfect service.

John Glenn vs R. W. Graves, et al. Motion to correct citation

plaintiff against R. W. Graves for three notes sued upon and interest, cost and attorney's fees.

E. B. Wright vs J. R. Lanier, et al. Suit on note. Continued.

Ada Garrison vs J. H. Garrison, Divorce. Granted.

E. J. Cowart, Administrator, vs Mrs. Amelia Cowart. Suit on note. Judgment for plaintiff for debt, interest, cost and attorney's fees.

Ex Parte Roy McCrary, Removal of disabilities of minority. Judgment removing disabilities as prayed for.

MOTION DOCKET

John Glenn vs R. W. Graves, To dismiss writ of injunction. Dismissed at cost of defendant.

L. B. Minor vs P. & N. T. Ry., et al. Motion to correct citation

and return. Motion granted.

C. H. Burrus vs Wichita Mill & Elevator Co. Motion for new trial and to set aside judgment. Motion over ruled.

CIVIL DOCKET

N. E. Dupree vs R. E. Penney, Suit on notes. Continued.

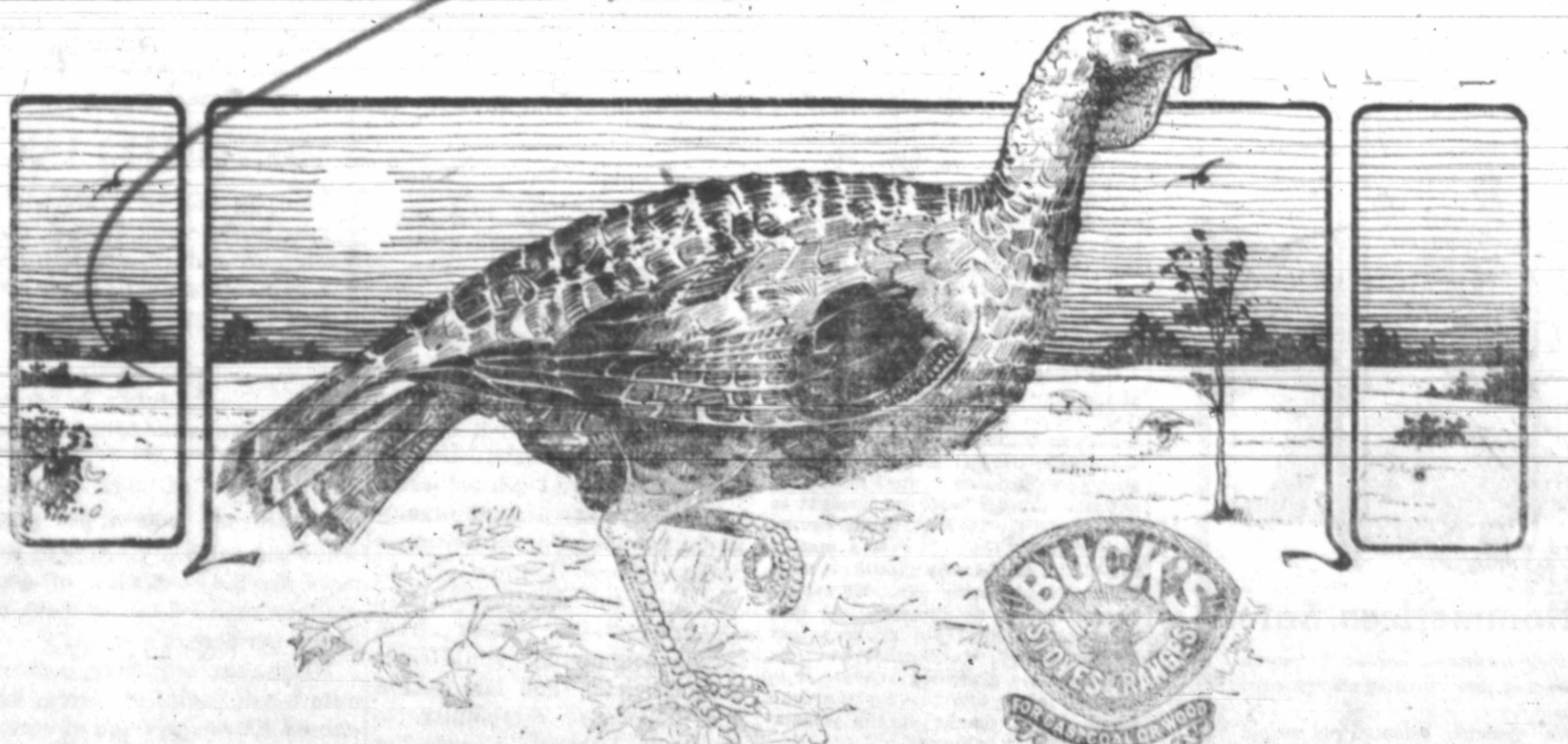
O. C. Belt vs E. W. Hatch, et al. Suit on note. Judgment for plaintiff against W. H. Bledsoe, T. T. Price, E. W. Hatch, and M. C. Overton.

C. H. Pickett et al J. F. Merritt, Compromised and dismissed.

Martha A. Brown vs Amarillo National Life Insurance Co. Suit on life. Continued by agreement.

T. K. Brazwell, a barber of Post City, was in our city on business the first of the week.

600/720



When we look back over the past year we find many things to be thankful for. One of these is that we have a host of customers who have assisted us in making this a good business year with us. We wish for each and everyone of our customers and friends a happy Thanksgiving. We have the most up-to-date and complete line of Hardware, Windmills, Pipe, Cylinders and Farm Implements on the Plains. We are always glad to see you at our store, and want to fill your wants in the lines we handle. Our prices are as low as any and the quality of our goods the best.

The Western Windmill Co.

PHONE 127

# THE AVALANCHE

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
THE AVALANCHE PUBLISHING CO.  
INCORPORATED

JAMES L. DOW,

EDITOR.

Entered at the Postoffice at Lubbock, Texas, for transmission through the mails as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
(Strictly in Advance)

One Year \$1.00 Six Months 50c

ADVERTISING RATES:—Locals 10 cents per line each insertion. Display advertisements 15 cents per single column inch per week; special rates on year contracts. Cards of thanks, resolutions, Obituaries, (other than written by ourselves) 2-1-3 cents per line. Church advertisements; where a venture is desired therefrom 3 cents per line. Professional cards \$1.00 per month or \$10 per year if paid in advance.

Phones Business Office 14  
Residence 242

LUBBOCK, TEXAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1912

## AVALANCHE SNAP SHOTS

An inactive commercial club is a great drawback to a city. No club at all is just as bad. How about a commercial club in Lubbock?

The prosperity of a community is reflected through results obtained by co-operation. This has been proven by the co-operative spirit in Lubbock people.

Dead men tell no tales but slumbering people are sometimes great talkers. Wide-awakes are better than either.

Financial assistance is usually a cold proposition with both the giver and the recipient.

Cement sidewalks, nice brick buildings and lighted streets are standing testimonials to the progressiveness of the citizenship. Let's have more of all of them.

You can sometimes progress more rapidly by standing still than by running around in a circle, but where a fellow goes right ahead like Lubbock people there is something doing all the time. Come to Lubbock.

Opportunity sometimes stumbles on the door mat and even then is overlooked or unheard. How many times has this individual stumbled on the door mat of Miss Lubbock and she has failed to hear the peculiar sound.

There is absolutely no gamble in city building when you have the co-operation of the entire citizenship. Come to Lubbock, buy property here and you have a cinch that you will sometime in the near future get good returns from the investment, and it won't be boom money either.

A blind man sometimes has better eyesight than a wide-awake citizen who lets a good opportunity go past.

A commercial club, like a human being, should have but one life to live and that existence should be expressed every minute. The Lubbock Commercial Club has as many lives as a cat, or more.

There is no limit to city development. The only stumbling block is sometimes the mental limit of the citizens.

Good business men make big cities for they can generally grasp the opportunities to be gained through progress and de-

velopment. Newspapers are generally progressive and if the citizens did as much for the city as the editor did, they would be more contented and prosperous.

Better no job at all than a bad one. Better no organization than a dead one. Things that pass beyond always leave a sad memory. Things that don't exist bother no one.

## THE TULIA AVALANCHE

Monday's mail brought us a copy of the Tulia Avalanche, the new newspaper venture in Tulia, the county seat of Swisher County. This town has been the seat of much newspaper turmoil the past few months, and a number of remains have been laid peacefully away in the Newspaper Cemetery in that vicinity. We thought at first we would wait a few days and see if the youngster was going to live before placing its name on the register of our exchanges, but we will risk it again. We are placing it among our most cherished exchanges and hope it will be permitted to remain on our list long enough for us to become accustomed to the wrapper that it comes in. We know them all, and its appearance this week was made noticeable by the unfamiliarity of the hand write and the color of the wrapper. It is published by Webster and Knight and we wish for them success.

## NOT THAT WAY IN MY BOOK

One of our Socialist friends was looking over the election returns in the Dallas News the other day and being disappointed in the showing made by the party, he doubted the correctness of the report and said that he would wait to see what the Appeal to Reason and the Rebel say. Another Socialist refused to believe that Editor Wayland had committed suicide until he saw it told in his party papers. — Snyder Signal.

Its the same old story and about the same class of people who when downed in some sort of a subject in school would say: "It is not that way in my book."

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.  
We, the undersigned, have known J. C. Cheney for the last 15 years, and he has been perfectly honorable in all his business dealings and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him to the NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, Ohio.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## CAUSE FOR THANKS

BISHOP E. H. HUGHES.

"Give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness."—Psa 30:4.  
If the spirit of gratitude is to be awakened in the hearts of those who receive this Thanksgiving message, it will be necessary that we think together of some ground that is unmistakably common to all. It is probably true that, if we wished to do so, we could find reason for thankfulness in the material side of our lives; for we have not been reduced to starvation or nakedness or homelessness. But without doubt there would be vast differences among us in this respect. Some of us have walked with steady feet up the ascent of prosperity. Others of us have slipped down the hill, which we had before climbed toward ease and independence.

From this you will see that if our thankfulness is to be unanimous, its field must be above our differences in situation and in opinion. Our gratitude must go up toward him who is the owner of the earth, with its silver and gold; toward him who by the discipline of the world's suffering prepares men for the painless and deathless country; toward him who presides over all our partings and is to be the last ruler of all rulers. In this effort to gain a common and lofty ground for our gratitude, let us raise our thanksgiving to the very highest thing and let us heed this ancient commandment: "Give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness."

You will note that this text connects thanksgiving with remembrance. Perhaps more than any other day in the year this holiday is a day for a personal retrospect. The only date which would challenge its field in this respect is New Year's day, and that, as even its name indicates, looks forward rather than backward; it is a day for resolves rather than for remembrance. Whatever may be the reason for a man's gratitude, it has to do in some form with his memory. If he is thankful for his future it is because he throws into it the confidence that he has won from his past. This is true in reference even to the gratitude that a man would feel for the promised heaven. He who is thankful for worldly success gives thanks because he remembers; he who is thankful for bodily health gives thanks because he remembers. And he who is thankful for the highest things gives thanks at the remembrance of God's holiness. Thanking is simply remembering seasoned with justice and reverence; it is thinking backward over the past and upward to God. It is thought climbing from the lowest to the highest. It is the mind traversing its old journeys, recognizing that God's company was all along the ways, and lifting up here and there memories of the divine holiness. The word of the psalmist thus states the process through which one must come to his real thanksgiving.

But we have here given not merely the path along which gratitude comes, but also the goal which gratitude must reach. Unless a man's heart arrives at God, the day is without meaning. An athletic people could have no Thanksgiving day. Such a day without God would be an eye with nothing to see, a voice with nothing to hear, a heart with nothing to love. It is true that men might have a Thanksgiving day wherein they should pass from house to house and from man to man, giving praise to human-kind for help, and friendship.

But in the ordinary sense a Thanksgiving day is impossible without a God. It is the conception that he broods in holiness over our lives, that alone gave the day its historic beginning and continues it until now. This psalmist thinker leads us straight to this thought. True gratitude cannot stop short of God. If ever a man is the victim of his own unfaith, it must be on Thanksgiving day. He cannot be grateful to nothingness. At that time no man can really get on unless he has a God. In deepest truth he can have no gratitude because it is impossible for him to obey the command, "Give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness."

## Boys and Girls

Come on with your letters to Santa Claus. We will print all that we receive in our Christmas Edition, December 22nd. On that date we will issue our special Christmas number and your letters will receive special attention.

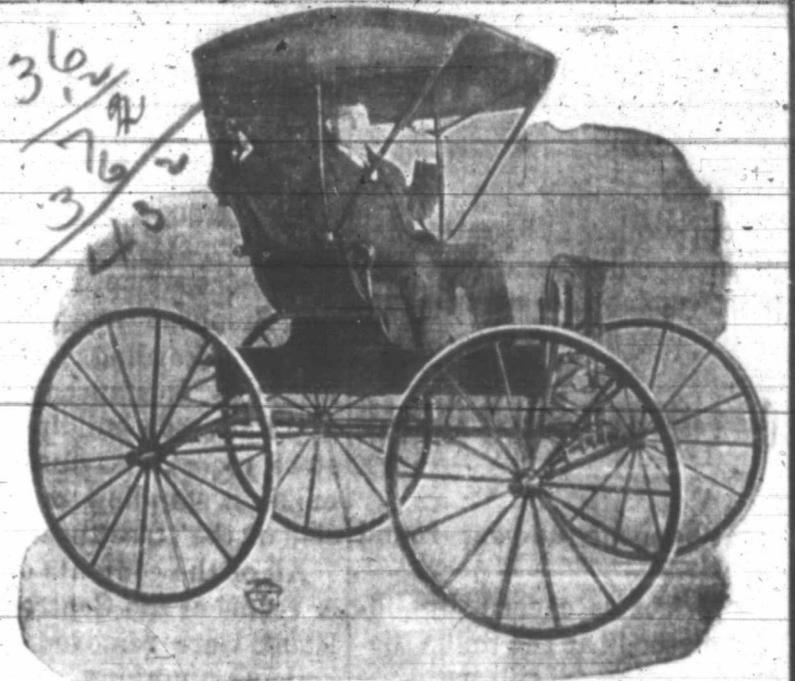
# L. B. WRIGHT

## Emerson Buggies

come equipped with twin reach gear; absolutely original, unbreakable, on account of our rear axle center connection. The finest gear of its kind built. Also the new "Ideal" Attachment makes it a real pleasure, particularly in bad weather. Note the clean, neat appearance—no joints on the outside—

none to rattle—top can be lowered easily, quickly. The inside joints are strictly "Emerson Ideas," covered and protected against infringement by our patents.

Comfort and cleanliness for the ladies, and best of all absolute safety—easy for them to get in and out—not necessary to drop the top unless desired. Works better, quicker, easier and makes a nicer appearance. Works as well with curtains on as without. Come in and see these new revolutionizing features of Emerson Buggies.



## My Harness Department

Is in charge of E. J. Cowart, an experienced Harness and Saddle man, and I assure you all your wants will be carefully looked to.

I carry several styles of Saddles, ranging in prices \$65.00 down to \$35.00. Navajo Blankets, McChesney hand made Spurs and Bridle Bits guaranteed for life to Never Break, Tarps, Bed Sheets, Saddle Rope and all kindred articles.



Remember Our Furniture Department—New Goods Arriving Daily.

# L. B. Wright

THE HOUSE FURNISHER  
West Side Square

## TEXAS INDUSTRIAL CONGRESS

County Judge Haynes Selects Delegates to Attend as Representatives From Lubbock Co.

The Fourth Annual Convention of the Texas Industrial Congress will meet in Dallas, Texas, in the auditorium of the Chamber of Commerce at 9:00 o'clock a. m. Thursday, December 12, 1912, and I am requested by the Secretary of said organization to appoint three delegates from Lubbock County to be present at the meeting. I have appointed S. S. Rush from Canyon community, Jim Reiger from Block 20, and Mr. Beeton from Bledsoe community, to represent Lubbock County at said meeting.

E. R. HAYNES,  
County Judge, Lubbock, Texas.

The above appointments were made in accordance with a request from the Secretary of that organization. In his communication he states in part: "As you perhaps know, our contestants in 1911 averaged

## WINDMILLING IS MY BUSINESS

I am prepared to do all kind of windmill work. I can build you a tower, put up your windmill, tank, etc., or will do any kind of repair work of this nature. I guarantee every job and my prices are reasonable. Let me figure with you before you have your windmill work done.

W. S. CLARK, Phone No. 1

31-2 bushels of corn and 5-8 of a bale of cotton per acre, while the general average of the state was 9.6 bushels of corn and less than 1-3 of a bale of cotton per acre.

"This year we have contestants whose yield of corn, will exceed 100 bushels and of cotton more than a bale to the acre. An exhibit of the prize winning crops will be the feature of the Convention, but the principal event will be the awarding of the \$10,000 in cash in prizes to the 141 contestants coming from every section of the state who show the largest yield, cost of production considered. The railroads have made a rate of one and one-third fares for the round trip and we hope to have a very large attendance."

According to the report recently issued by the Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, stock raising is among the chief resources of Texas. The total number of livestock in this state on January 1, 1912, was 12,679,000 valued at \$304,833,000. The rapid development of this industry may be increased by feeding resources resulting from extensive irrigation in various parts of the state, and the successful work of the veterinary authorities in checking disease to which livestock is subject.

**REMINGTON UMC**  
The Remington Club demonstrate the only human ejecting Pump Gun.

**PUMP GUN**  
Solid-Breach, Hammerless, Safe.

Bottom Ejection—empty shells are thrown downward—smoke and gases must go the same way, too—insuring uninterrupted sight—rapid pointing always.

Solid Breach—Hammerless—perfectly balanced—a straight strong sweep of beauty from stock to muzzle.

Three Safety Devices—accidental discharge impossible.

Simple Take-Down—a quarter turn of the barrel does it—carrying, cleaning, interchange of barrels made easy—your fingers are your only tools.

For trap or field work the latest natural pointer. Your dealer has one. Look it over today.

**Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.**  
299 Broadway New York City

## I Can Save You Money

If you will let me figure your bill for

## Dry Goods and Groceries

I will make you attractive figures on any article in my store. Don't fail to visit me when in town.

**The Cash Bargain Store**  
D. C. WORSHAM, PROPRIETOR

12/30

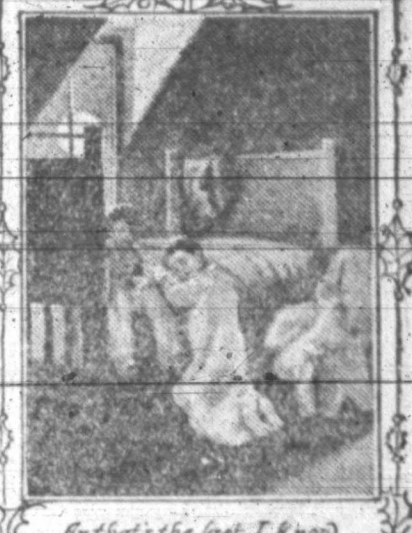
# A Defective Santa Claus

(by) James Whitcomb Riley

Illustrations by  
C. M. Relyea and Will Vawter

Decorations by  
Elsworth Young

COPYRIGHT BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



*In that's the last I know*

A kinda' scuffin' roun' the floors—  
An' openin' doors, an' shettin' doors—  
An' could hear-Trip a-whinin', too,  
Like he didn't know ist what to do—  
An' tongs a-clankin' down t' thump!—  
Nen some one squeakin' the old pump—  
An' Whooh! how cold it soun' out there!  
I could ist see the pump-spout where  
It's got ice chin-whiskers all wet  
An' drippy—An' I see it yet!  
An' nen, seem-like, I hear some mens  
A-talkin' out there by the fence  
An' one says, "Oh, 'bout twelve o'clock"  
"Nen," another n' says, "Here's to you,  
"Nen," "Do!"



*An' one hand's froze, too*

God bless us ever one! An' nen—  
I heerd the old pump squeak again,  
An' nen I say my prayer all through  
Like Uncle Sidney learn' me to—  
"O Father mine, e'en as Thine own,  
This child lookin' up to Thee alone,  
Asleep or waking, give him still  
His Elder brother's wish and will."  
An' that's the last I know—Till Ma  
She's callin' us—an' so it is—  
He holler "Chris-mus-gif!" an' say,  
"I'm got back home for Chris-mus-Day!"  
An' Uncle Sid's here, too—an' he  
Is hobblin' roun' yer Chris-mus-Tree!  
Nen Uncle holler, "I suppose  
Yer Pa's so proud he's froze his nose  
He wants to turn it up at us,  
'Cause Santy kick' up such a fuss—  
Tetchin' hisse' off same as ef  
He was his own fireworks hisse'!"



*An' Uncle Sid's face*

An' when we're down-stairs—shore  
enough,  
Pa's nose is froze, an' salve an' stuff  
All on it—an' one hand's froze, too,  
An' got a old yarn red-and-blue  
Mitt on it—An' he's froze some more  
Acrost his chest, an' kindo' sore  
All roun' his dy-gram," Uncle say—  
"But Pa he'd out a-seen the way  
Santy bear up last night when that  
Air fire broke out, an' quicker'n scat  
He's all a-blazin', an' them-air  
Gun-cottin whistlers that he wear  
Ist flashin'—till I burn a hole  
In the snow with him, and he roll  
The front yard dry as Chris-mus jobs  
Old parents plays on little folked  
But long's a smell o' tow'er wool,  
I kept him rogin' beautiful!  
Till I wuz sure I shorely see  
He's squenched! W'y, haidn't b'en fer ma  
That old man might a-burn clear down  
Clean—plum—level with the groun'!"  
Nen Ma say, "There, Sid, that'll do—  
Breakfast is ready—Chris-mus too—  
Yer voice 'ud soun' best, sayin' Grace—  
Say it." An' Uncle bow his face  
An' say so long a Blessin' nen,  
Trip back two times 'fore it's "A-mint"

"Hush! Listen theret! Hain't that a sleigh  
An' sleighbells jinglin'?" Trip go "Whooh!"  
Like he hear bells an' smell 'em, too,  
Nen we all listen. An'-sir, shore  
Enough, we hear bells—more and more  
A-jinglin' clost'er—clost'er still  
Down the old crook-road roun' the hill.  
An' Uncle he jumps up, an' all  
The chairs he jeries back by the wall  
An' th'ows a' overcoat an' pair  
O' winder-curtains over there  
An' says, "Hide quick, er you're too late!  
Them bells is stoppin' at the gate!  
Git back o' them-air chairs an' hide,  
Cause I hear Santy's voice outside!  
An' Bang! bang! bang! we heerd the door—



*Nen it flew open*

Nen it flew open, and the floor  
Blowed full o' snow—that's first we saw,  
Till little Lee-Bob shriek' at Ma  
"There's Santy Claus! I know him by  
His big white muffash!"—an' ist cry  
An' laugh an' squeal an' dance an' yell—  
Till, when he quiet down a spell,  
Old Santy bow an' throw a kiss  
To him—an' one to me an' Sid—  
An' nen go clost' to Ma an' stoop  
An' kiss her—An' nen give a whoop  
That faintest heef—Cause when he behs  
An' kiss her, he ist backed an' went  
Wite 'ginet the Chris-mus-Tree ist where  
The candle's at Lee-Bob lit theret—  
An' set his white-fur belt afire—  
An' blaze streaked roun' his waist an'  
higher o'—



*He ist got to put you out*

Wite up his old white beard an' thout  
Nen Uncle grabs th' old overcoat  
An' flops it over Santy's head,  
An' swing the door wide back an' yell  
"Come out, old man!—an' quick about  
It—I've ist got to put you out!"  
An' out he sprawled him in the snow—  
"Now roll," he says—"Hi-rolle-ol"  
An' Santy, spitter n'—Couch! Gee-what!  
Ist roll an' roll for all they ist!  
An' Trip he's out there, too—I know,  
'Cause I could hear him yappin' so  
An' I heerd Santy, wunst er twice  
Say, as he's rollin', "Drat the ficks!  
Nen Uncle come back in, an' wuz  
Ma up, an' say, "Fer mercy sake!  
He hain't hurt none!" An' nen he said,  
"You youngsters h'ist up-stairs to bed!  
Here! kiss yer Ma. Good-night," an' me,  
We'll he'p old Santy fix the Tree—  
An' all yer whistles, drums an' drums  
I'll he'p you foot wuz mortin' comes!"



*Some wuz a-barkin' out there for the horses*



*But Uncle et, an' Ma*

Away tonight, when Santy he—  
Is go' be here, sleighbells an' all,  
To make you kids a Chris-mus-call!  
An' we're so glad to know fer shore  
He's comin', I roll on the floor—  
An' here come Trip a-waller n' roun'  
An' purt-nigh knock the clo'shore  
An' go—  
An' Etty grab Lee-Bob an' prance  
All roun' the room like it's a dance—  
Till Ma she come and march us nen  
To dinner, where we're still again,  
But tickled so we hain't can't eat  
But pie, an' ist the hat mince-meat  
With raisins in 't—But Uncle et,  
An' Ma. An' here they set and set



*When we all saddle back with it*

Till purt-nigh supper-time; nen we  
Tell him he's got to fix the Tree  
"Pore Santy gets here, like he said,  
We go nen to the old woodshed—  
All bundled up, through the deep snow—  
An' sownin' yet, jee-rooshy-ol  
Uncle he said, an' he'p us wade  
Back where the Chris-mus-Tree he  
made  
Out of a little jackoak-top  
He git down at the sawmill-shed  
An' Trip 'ud run ahead, you know,  
An' tend-like he 'uz eatin' snow—  
When we all waddle back with it;  
An' Uncle set it up—and git



*Hain't that a sleigh an' sleighbells jinglin'?"*

It wuz in front the fireplace—cause  
He says "Tain't no' at Santy Claus  
Comes down all chimblees—least tonight  
He's comin' in this house all right—  
By the front-door, as ort to be!  
We'll all be hid where we can see  
Nen he look up, an' he see Ma  
An' say, "It's ist too bad their Pa  
Can't be here, so's to see the fun  
The children will have, ever oop!"  
Well, we—We hardly couldn't wait  
Till it wuz dusk, an' dark an' late  
Enough to light the lamp!—An' Lee-  
Bob light a candle on the tree—  
"Ist one—'cause I'm 'The Lighter!"—Nen  
He clumb on Uncle's knee again  
An' hug us boys—an' Etty git  
Her little chest an' set on it  
Wite clost' while Uncle telled some more  
'Bout Santy Claus, an' clo's he wore  
"All maked o' furs, an' trimmed w' white  
As cotton is, er snow at night!"  
An' nen, all sudden-like, he say—

With Santy!—Wah! Pa'd be here, too!  
Nen Uncle sigh at Ma, an' she  
Pat him again, an' say to me  
An' Etty—"You take warning fair!  
Don't talk too much, like Uncle there,  
Ner don't fertit, like him, my dears,  
That 'little pitchers has big ears!"  
But Uncle say to her, "Clear out!  
Yer brother-knows what he's about—  
You git your Chris-mus-cookin' done  
Er these pore children won't have none!"  
Nen Trip wake up an' raise, an' nen  
Turn roun' an' nen lay down again,  
An' one time Uncle Sidney say,—  
"When dogs is sleepin' thataway,  
Like Trip, an' whimpers, it's a sign  
He'll ketch eight rabbits—mayby nine—  
Afere his fleas'll wake him—nen—  
He'll bite hisse' I to sleep again  
An' try to dream he's got ketch ten."



*Till he had eight rabbits—mayby nine*

An' when Ma's gone again back in  
The kitchen, Uncle scratch his chin  
An' say, "When Santy Claus an' Pa  
An' me wuz little boys—an' Ma,  
When she's 'bout big as Etty there—  
W'y,—When we're growed—no matter  
where, she  
Santy he cross his heart an' say  
"I'll come to see you, all some day  
When you' got children—all but me  
An' pore old Sid!" Nen Uncle he  
Ist kindo' shade his eyes an' pour  
'Bout forty-seven bottles more  
O' popcorn out the chibut there  
In Ma's new basket on the chair



*It'll come to see you all, someday*

An' nen he telled us—an' talk 'low  
"So Ma can't hear," he say—"You know  
Yer Pa know," when he drived away,  
Tomorry's go' be Chris-mus-Day—  
Well, nen tonight," he whisper, "see?  
It's go' be Chris-mus-Eve," says-ee,  
"An', like yer Pa hint, when he went,  
Old Santy Claus (now hush) he's sent  
Yer Pa a postul card, an' write  
He's shorely go' be here to-night  
That's why your Pa's so bored to be



*He shorely go' be here tonight...*



*An' he roll them old big taters in the place*

Nen Uncle, when she's gone back to  
The kitchen, says, "We ust to do  
Some cookin' in the ashes—Say,  
Sposin' we try some, thataway!"  
An' nen he send us to jell Ma  
Send two big 'taters in he saw  
Pa's b'en a-keepin' 'cause they got  
The premium at the Fair. An' what  
You think?—He rake a grea' big hole  
In the hot ashes, an' he roll  
Them old big 'taters in the place.  
An' rake the coals back, an' his face  
Ist swettin' so's he purt-nigh swear  
Cause it's so hot!—An' when they're there  
'Bout-time 'at we fertit, 'em, he  
Ist rake 'em out again—an' jell  
He bu' ist 'em with his fist wite on  
A' old stove-let, while Etty's gone  
To get the salt, an' butter, too—  
Ist like he said she huf to do,  
No matter what Ma say! An' so



*Got the best Lighter ever wuz!*

He salt an' butter 'em, an' blow  
'Em out enough to eat—  
An' mos' my they're hard to beat!  
An' Trip 'ud ist lay there an' pant  
Like he'd laugh out loud, but he can't  
Nen Uncle fill his pipe—an' we  
'Ud he'p him light it—Sis an' me,  
But mostly little Lee-Bob, 'cause  
"He's the best lighter ever wuz!"  
Like Uncle telled him wunst when Lee-  
Bob cried an' jered the light from me,  
He wuz so mad! So Uncle pat  
An' pet him. (Lee-Bob's ust to that—  
'Cause he's the littlest, you know,  
An' althas has b'en ignored so!)



*An' old three-legged still-ist*

Nen Uncle gits the fat-arn out,  
An' while he's telled us all 'bout  
Old Chris-mus-times when he's a kid,  
He ist cracked hickernuts, he did,  
Till they's a crackful, mighty nigh  
An' when they're all done by an' by,  
He raked the red coals out again  
An' telled me, "Fertit that popcorn in  
An' old three-legged still-ist—an'  
The led an' all row, little man—  
An' yer old Uncle here, 'all show  
You how com' a popped, long years ago  
When me an' Santy Claus wuz boys  
On Pa's old place in Illinois—  
An' your Pa, too, wuz chums, all through

**A**LLS when our Pa he's  
away  
Nen Uncle Sidney  
comes to stay  
An' our house here—so  
An' an' me  
An' Etty an' Lee-Bob  
won't be  
Afeard of anything at  
night  
Might happen—like Ma  
says it might.  
(Ef Trip wuz big, I bet you he  
'Ud best watch-dog you ever see!)  
An' so last winter—ist before  
It's go' be Chris-mus Day,—w'y, shore  
Enough, Pa had to haf to go  
To 'tend a lawsuit—An' the snow  
Ist right fer Santy Claus! Pa said,  
As he clum in old Ayerus' sled,  
An' said he's sorry he can't be  
With us that night—"Cause," he says-ee,  
"Old Santy might be comin' here—  
This very night of all the year,  
I got to be away!—so all  
You kids must tell him—ef he call—  
He's mighty welcome, an' yer Pa  
He left his love with you an' Ma,  
An' Uncle Sid!" An' etched, an' leant  
Back, laughin'—an' away they went



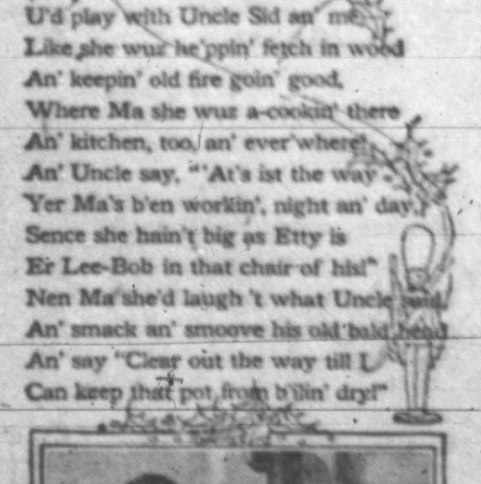
*An' Uncle wave his hands an' yell*

An' Uncle wave his hands an' yell  
"Yer old horse ort to have jn belts!"  
But Pa yell back an' laugh an' say  
"I spect when Santy come this way  
It's time enough fer sleighbells nen"  
An' holler back "Good-by!" again,  
An' reach out with the driver's whip  
An' cut behind an' drive back Trip.



*An' so all day it snowed*

An' Lee-Bob he ist watched the road,  
In his high-chair, an' Etty she



*An' Lee-Bob, he ist watched the road*



*Where the old sled, an' wuz a-keepin' the reins*

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MY CHRISTMAS DREAM

NOW, this was the wonderful dream I had— a dream of the Christmas Tree: I dreamed that a melody sweet and glad rang out from somewhere to me; And out of the silvered east they came and out of the rosy west— More children than ever a man might name or ever a man has guessed; And going and coming, and coming and going. With drummers a-drumming and buglers a-blowing. Were all the children that ever were known since ever there was an earth. In hundreds, in couples, and all alone, each chanting a song of mirth.

And then in this wonderful dream of mine the children ran to and fro And marched in a long and winding line as swiftly as they might go; And each as he passed the Christmas Tree looked up with a radiant face, And each as he came there bent the knee with curious, childish grace— And coming and going, and going and coming. With buglers a-blowing and drummers a-drumming. Were all of the children that ever have been since there was a world at all. And none was a bungered or pale or thin, or crippled or like to fall.

And all of them sang in this dream of mine, a song that I wish I knew. For it had a melody fair and fine and every tone was true; And all of the children they looked at me in pity—or so it seemed— While stars in the boughs of this Christmas Tree in marvelous glory gleamed. And going and coming, and coming and going. With drummers a-drumming and buglers a-blowing. Were all of the children that ever have played since ever the world began. And each little fellow and each little maid delightedly laughed and ran.

And then in this wonderful dream I dreamed that the Christmas Tree Grew fairer and fairer until it seemed no fairer a thing could be; And all of the children they called my name and all of the children smiled. And suddenly then to my heart there came the faith of a little child, And going and coming and coming and going. With drummers a-drumming and buglers a-blowing. I marched with the children of all the lands, of all the years and times. And laughed as we ran with our close-linked hands and chanted our world-old rhymes. WILBUR D. NESBIT.



Valuable Gift. "Talking about Christmas-boxes," remarked a commercial traveler, "the one I got last year would be hard to beat. Our governor never gave us a Christmas-box, so you can imagine how surprised we were when he told us all to go into his office, where he sat with a pile of envelopes in his hand. "Gentlemen," said he, "I intend to give each of you a Christmas present this year. These envelopes contain something valuable, which I hope you will make good use of." Of course we thanked him and marched out, thinking that he was a good sort, after all. And what do you think was in the envelopes? "A check!" "No; it was a confounded prescription for the cure of indigestion!"

Whom to Thank. "I suppose you feel very thankful to Santa Claus for providing you with such a fine turkey?" said the minister to Uncle Tildah's little boy. "Naw, sah," replied the picaninny. "Uncle Tildah chile ter be thanful ter Farmer Green for leavin' his hen house done on de jar."

CHRISTMAS ROMANCE

I was preparing for Christmas—me— Goodness knows I wish I was, but Christmas feelings ain't for me no more. And just because I was a-baking something to eat tomorrow, which happens to be Christmas, she thought I was preparing for that day a special.

Betty Green sighed as she placed the pie in the oven, and pulled a kitchen chair up beside the stove. The new neighbor, who had but recently moved into the town, and who knew nothing of Betty's history, had just left. With the Christmas spirit everywhere she had thought of course Betty was preparing a feast for the day. "Now, if Jim hadn't never sailed away on that water-logged old Mary Ann, as he did a-going on four year ago, I guess I could a-been preparing for Christmas like other folks. If there hadn't been nobody else, Jim and me could of enjoyed Christmas, and then maybe there'd a-been somebody else—somebody what just about now would a-been liking dolls or tin cars, and if so Jim and me would a-been having a Christmas tree for that someboddy. And we'd be a-having the best Christmas in all South Cove. "My, how I did, try to keep Jim from sailing to that Mary Ann. Anybody what knew anything about ships knew she wasn't fit to go to sea in, but Jim says it's the only berth he's likely to get, and taking it would our marrying just that much sooner, and the Mary Ann or Jim ain't never been heard of since she left that South America place to go round the Horn on her way to China."

The bright eyes of Betty Green were wet with tears as she opened the oven door to raise the pie to a higher shelf. Ever since Jim Busby failed to return in time for the wedding which Betty had so carefully prepared for four years ago—a wedding which was to be the big event of the Christmas season at South Cove—she had had a lonesome life. Two months after the Christmas that was to have been Betty's wedding day her aged father had been carried to the village cemetery, leaving her alone in the world. With no other relatives, and with no friends except those at South Cove Betty remained in the little fishing town in which she had been born nearly twenty-seven years ago.

With the baking finished, Betty left the kitchen and went into her bedroom. She wanted nothing so much as to be alone in that room that had been her father's—in that room where she kept carefully preserved the wedding clothes she had lavished so much care upon four years ago. These clothes and the faded photograph of Jim Busby on her bureau were all that were left her of her romance. With these she would spend her Christmas eve, would live over again the courting days. And Jim should be there with her. That would be her Christmas.

With care she took each garment from its wrappings in the bureau drawer and spread them on the bed. The pretty wedding dress which Sarah Glover had helped her make—yes, she would put it on tonight just as she had planned to four years ago. Jim would like her to do that; he had always liked to see her prettily dressed, and maybe Jim might see her from the spirit world tonight. As she fastened the gown she almost forgot that Jim could not be there, that it was all a make-believe. As she stood before the mirror the smile of four years ago came back again. She noted the color in her cheeks; it was like a bridal blush. A rap at the door dispelled the illusion she had permitted herself for a few moments. She could not go to the door in that dress. The caller would have to wait, but he did not wait. She heard the door swing a heavy step on the floor, and a voice—oh! such a familiar voice—calling Betty. "Hi! My Jim!" she answered, as she pulled open the door of her bedroom and sprang into the arms of a strong, bronzed sailor. Far into the night she listened to Jim's tale of shipwreck on the Patagonian coast, of the months and years of practical captivity before he could get back to a spar.

WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

HER BEST CHRISTMAS

COME on along, Sandy; I'll treat to dinner at the Metropolitan!" Sandy, a tall girl who didn't look her thirty years, was busy glancing over a typewritten sheet and for a moment did not answer. Bob stood watching her, taking in the delicate lines of her face and the beauty of the "sandy" hair, which when he was alone and forgot that Sandy was a newspaper-woman, and his "pal," he was pleased to call golden.

"Cut that out, Sandy. You'll be back. I have a check and it's Christmas Eve. I'm for a treat. I say—did you hear me ask you to go to the Metropolitan? You take it as calmly as if I had asked you to go around to Otto's lunch counter. Du-ee take it! Why can't you be a little enthusiastic?" Slowly the girl raised her head. More than a sheet of copy had been holding her attention. But she caught Bob's frown and immediately the mother instinct in her was aroused. She broke into her usual comrade laugh. "All right, Bob. The invitation overwhelmed me. The Metropolitan? But I couldn't. Bobby dear, my shirtwaist is soiled and you yourself said there was a hole in my beautiful brown coat."

"Oh, come along! I was only joking. You'd outshine all the women at the Metropolitan if you went there in a khaki suit. I wish you had a little more vanity. Women are awfully tame when they haven't." "Come, now, you know I'm vain of the fact that I haven't any vanity. Don't call me tame. I won't go to the Metropolitan with you if you do. Somehow I feel—" "Fiddlesticks! Get on your hat. I'm going. The idea of a newspaper woman's feeling! Cut it out!" The Metropolitan was filled with the "vulgar rich" in holiday attire; but Sandy and Bob were happy in true bohemian style as they sat at their little table chatting and joking like two boys. Sandy never would play the woman—that was the only objection Bob had to her.

"I like her now that I know her." She says Carl was perfectly miserable over a girl he was in love with, who had gone abroad for the winter. She did not know the girl's name. I blushed furiously when she spoke of it. That was Sunday. We have seen Mrs. Harmon several times since then. I made mother promise to take me home. She called dad, and said she would be thankful to get back to plain home cooking and her own bathroom. Mother is a dear, and so funny. December 25. What a happy, happy Christmas day it has been! The very best I have ever known. Once I said I hated America—New York—but I don't. I love New York and America. Riverside, home, mother, dad and Carl. Oh, I love Carl best of all! He has been so sweet, so dear and kind, since we came home two weeks ago. He met us at the pier. I was never so glad to see anybody in my life as I was to see dear old Carl. Dad was there, too.

My Christmas gifts are lovely. Best of all is Carl's love and the ring he gave me as a token of his deep, undying love. I think it was sweet of him to give me such a wonderful diamond, besides the candy and books and flowers. It flashes fire as I turn my hand in the light. Daddy says I'm too young to marry, but I shall coax him to let me marry Carl in June. I'm the happiest girl in the world tonight, and Carl is the happiest man. He has told me so himself. I wish everybody in the world were as happy as we this Christmas night. "New York Mail."

HER CHRISTMAS GIFT

I SAID, tomorrow. I am devotedly thankful to dad for insisting that mother take me away for a while. Perhaps we will remain a year. I hope it may be ten. I hate America, loathe New York, and want to live the rest of my life in Europe.

Asia—Africa—anywhere, as far away from Riverside as possible. Mother says I'm a silly little loveless girl; but dad thinks I need a change. I'm not silly—and I'm not loveless. Carl has behaved in a most ungenerously way. Just because I motored to Lakewood with Sam Perkins and his sister is no reason why he should get cross and take that artless-looking person with him everywhere he goes. Sam's sister says she is a Frenchwoman. I always did hate French, and I'm glad I refused Carl to meet her, glad I snubbed Carl and glad I was out when he called. Two long, miserable weeks without seeing Carl—and tomorrow we sail. Perhaps I won't see him for months—maybe never again. I wonder if I care.

October 20. More than a month has passed since I have written in my little diary. I wouldn't write now, only this morning a letter came from Carl, and I just have to record it. Carl says he is lonely; he misses me, and he cannot understand why I ran away to Europe so suddenly. The letter is full of reproaches for my treatment of HIM, when all the time it was HIS meanness to me that made me so ill, so that I had to get away from everybody. He does not mention one word about that horrid French creature. I shall not write. Well—perhaps I will. November 24. At first I hated Paris. London was nice, Vienna stupid, but Paris—impossible, until last Sunday, when we met Mrs. Harmon. Isn't it strange what a change one day, one hour, can make in a girl's life? Mr. and Mrs. Field, friends of mother's, gave a dinner for us. Mrs. Harmon was one of the guests. She looks much better in the evening gown than in her street suits; not nearly so froissy, and the rouge on her cheeks doesn't show at night. I was appalled when mother introduced me to her, to recognize Carl's French friend. She is his cousin, but she has lived in Paris since she was a little girl. We had a lovely talk. She told me all about her recent visit to America and how good Carl had been in taking her about.

I like her now that I know her. She says Carl was perfectly miserable over a girl he was in love with, who had gone abroad for the winter. She did not know the girl's name. I blushed furiously when she spoke of it. That was Sunday. We have seen Mrs. Harmon several times since then. I made mother promise to take me home. She called dad, and said she would be thankful to get back to plain home cooking and her own bathroom. Mother is a dear, and so funny. December 25. What a happy, happy Christmas day it has been! The very best I have ever known. Once I said I hated America—New York—but I don't. I love New York and America. Riverside, home, mother, dad and Carl. Oh, I love Carl best of all! He has been so sweet, so dear and kind, since we came home two weeks ago. He met us at the pier. I was never so glad to see anybody in my life as I was to see dear old Carl. Dad was there, too.

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HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

I HAD been west taking a convalescent patient to his home and was returning to New York when a case fell unexpectedly into my hands. The Pullman conductor started us early one morning by calling out to know if there was a physician in the car. There was no response, so without hesitation I offered my services. He took me at once into the stateroom and introduced me to a worried-looking young man. There was no need to ask his trouble. On the couch tossed a little girl of five or six years, her cheeks and eyes bright with fever.

I had a few simple remedies with me, but the child showed rather alarming symptoms of an aggravated cold. Deciding to take no risk, I sent a telegram ahead, and when we reached Chicago a physician with necessary medicines came aboard and accompanied us to Buffalo. Dorothy escaped all of the maladies with which she was threatened and by the time we reached New York was very much better. However, Mr. Singleton, her father, retained me, and the three of us went to a fashionable hotel. The little girl continued to improve, but the spontaneous gaiety of childhood was lacking. Christmas was approaching and Dorothy was now able to go about. I was instructed to take her to shops and matinees—in fact, to do everything to afford her amusement. Her father suggested that she give a Christmas tree for twenty less fortunate little girls, and he kept the big limousine car touring the shopping district while we played Santa Claus. One day we had been out all of the afternoon. Dorothy had selected twenty dolls, and in retrospect I viewed my own meager childhood and fancied what such a glorious afternoon would have meant to me, but the child appeared even more listless than usual. Feeling rather anxious, I took her temperature, gave her some stimulating nourishment and asked her to get into my lap while I read to her.

Dorothy had the beautiful old young manners in which the little children of the rich are drilled, and always treated me with careful consideration and politeness, regardless of her own wishes. Obediently she climbed into my lap, put her head against my shoulder, and I began to read about a wonderful Christmas tale. We are all of us children at Christmas and I found enjoyment in the story. Dorothy was very quiet, and as I turned a page I looked down to see if she had fallen asleep. To my consternation, the wide blue eyes were brimming with tears, fast overflowing and running down the child's white cheeks. As I dropped the book and clasped her closely in my arms she gave way to convulsive sobs. Mr. Singleton came in. The opening of the door roused Dorothy, and, seeing her father, she stretched eager arms to him and cried out: "Father, dear, I don't want a tree. I just want mother for Christmas."

I placed the child in her father's arms and left the room. An hour passed and then Mr. Singleton rapped on my door. He told me the story. Mrs. Singleton was not dead, as I had supposed; she was in Paris, and if the separation of which he told me was caused by fault of hers he did not so much as hint at it. Mr. Singleton called at once to Paris. There would just be time. Christmas Eve came and still no word, and though Mr. Singleton's face looked thin and strained, he started out with Dorothy at noon, telling her they were going to have a grand and glorious time that afternoon. I was left to attend to the last details of the tree that stood in glittering bravery in the center of the sitting room. There was a lot to do, and I was bustling around when the door flew open and a radiant young woman rushed in, calling: "Dan! Dorothy!" Stopping quickly, her look arrested by my uniform, she exclaimed: "He—she—oh, who is that?" She faltered, going white. My smiling assurance that all was well brought forth a thousand questions, and we both talked at once, and I helped her off with her wraps. She cried in my arms and kissed me with fervor when I told her of how Dorothy had begged for her, and then she bubbled over and we had a gay afternoon finishing the tree. Mrs. Singleton was on the step, laughing down at me when Dorothy and her father came in. The laugh died on her lips, but I caught his glorified look and heard Dorothy's glad cry. Then I crept silently from the room, feeling the loneliness of spinsterhood as I had never thought to do.

HARRY IRVING GREEN.

THE CHURCH MOUSE.

THEY stood in the deserted vestry of the church, facing each other angrily for the first time in their lives. Then suddenly Janet swept the diamond from the third finger of her left hand and held it forth. "You will oblige me by taking this back," she said bitterly. He stood looking into her eyes, growing grayer of face as he saw the stubborn anger that reposed within them. "Which means that our engagement is broken, and that I may not hope for its renewal," he replied very low.

For an instant their gaze met as the glittering thing, lightly held, was passing from hand to hand; then as she released it and before his grip had become secure there was a tinkle the ring fell upon the iron grating of the floor register. Faintly he heard it go bounding far down the metal pipe which led to the furnace below, each supposing it lost forever in the flames and not knowing that in its fall by some strange fate it had bounced through a small hole in the pipe and now lay amidst the rubbish of the church's basement. For an instant the girl's eyes softened, then hardened again and she turned them aside. Upon the floor in a corner of the room the little church mouse was sitting upon its haunches, and she nodded towards him. "To be renewed when the little church mouse brings it back to me," she returned coldly. They turned their backs upon each other and walked away.

A week passed, and the little church mouse prowling about in the darkness of the basement, saw something through the gloom that glittered even more brightly than did his own eyes. Cautionously, hungrily, he approached it, snuff of it, felt of it with his gray whiskers; then stood up before him. Its glitter fascinated him. Surely this glittering thing about the size of a kernel of corn must be good to eat, and he tried his sharp teeth upon it. Yet gnaw as he would, he could not even scratch it, and at last he decided that it was only good to play with. He was a little thing, and half started as he sat at church mice, so it came to pass that it was not long before he had worked his head and forelegs through it encircling his middle, a very small creature wearing a diamond saddle with a gold girth. It was fun for a time, but he soon became tired of it and tried to crawl out. He could not. Becoming panic stricken he ran frantically up the stairs.

Janet, alone and very unhappy, sat in her pew at the Christmas morning service. It was rather chilly in the church and she slipped one hand into her muff. Then she gave a start for within it she felt a small, struggling thing involuntarily she closed her hand, and as she did so the little church mouse popped out of the muff and scampered away, leaving the round object in her fingers. She drew it forth. It was her engagement ring. The last of all to leave her paw, Janet stepped into the vestry upon her way out. Dick was standing before a window with head bowed, looking older, grayer of face than he had a few weeks ago, and she saw the deep unhappiness that lay in his eyes. She approached him, looking up at him with the old expression which he knew so well. Sooty she slipped one hand into his own, and as his fingers gently closed about it he felt something hard, round and familiar within his grasp. He raised her hand. The engagement ring—his own—encircled her third left finger. "The little church mouse brought it back to me. Listen while I tell you," she said, drawing a trifle closer. For a moment her voice murmured. "Is it not wonderful?" she exclaimed, half awed, as she fastened. His eyes lightened. "Wonderful, dear! That is far more than that. It is a miracle of His Spirit wrought upon His Son. His token of love everlasting, and that even we are not forgotten." Tightly his arms closed about her. HARRY IRVING GREEN.

A Christmas Time Saver. To save the minutes on Christmas eve and leave time for the many things that are bound to come up, shut off from the children one room in the house suitable for the tree a couple of weeks before Christmas, and gradually accumulate there all decorations and presents. The tree can be trimmed a day or two before the holiday, and the presents wrapped more quickly and easily because they are all in one place. The children, too, will enjoy the mystery that centers around an inaccessible room—Huntsinger.

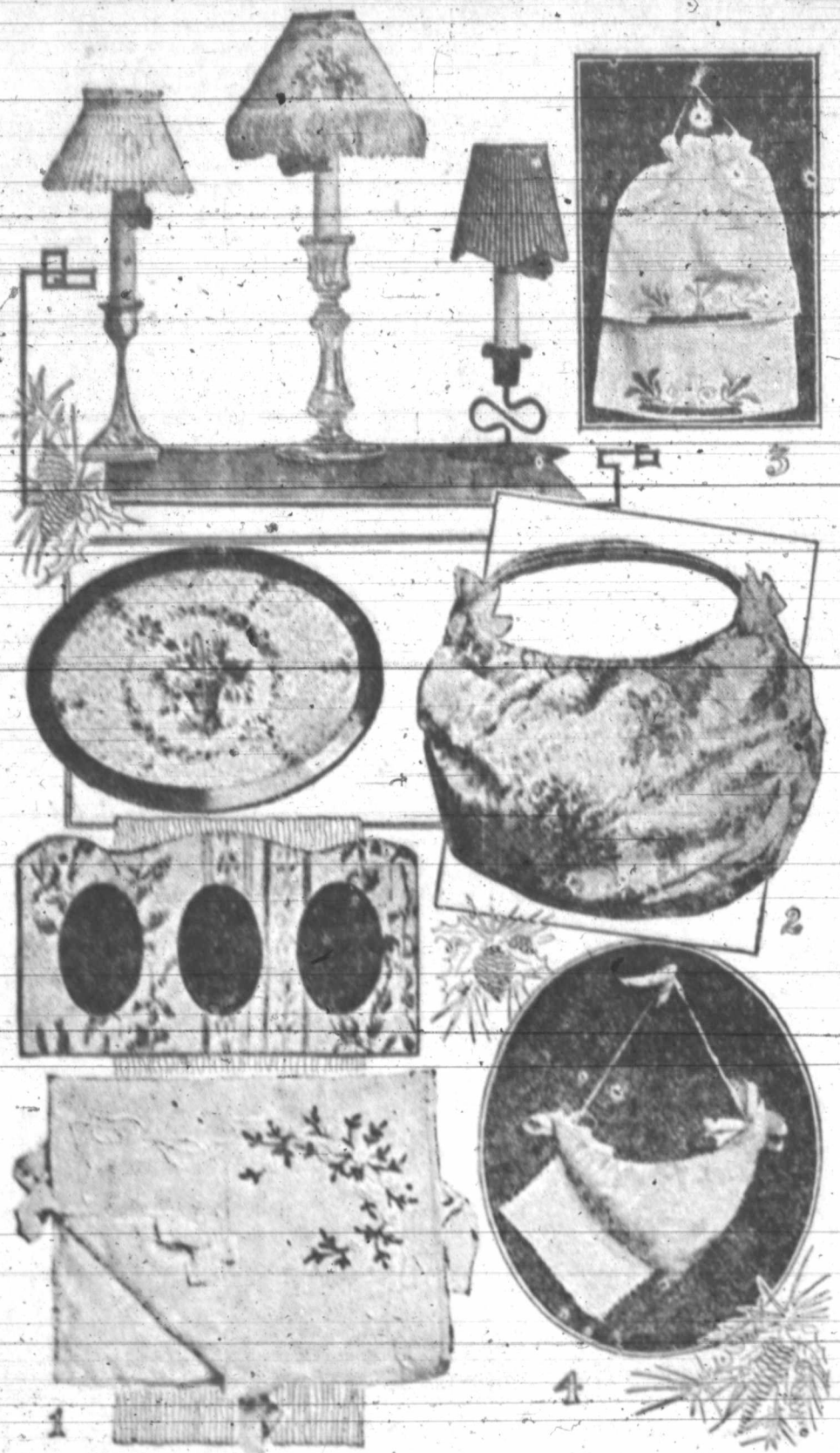


Cretonnes have inspired fancies for perforation, etc. flowered cretonne popular than tasteful and furnishing. been feature porches, but signs that the erything else dainty and be able. Crash fast color en rated with cup and with There is a k things which ble fabrics. case sets, wh are among th effective of C acceptable to friends. The flowers covering box chiefs, gloves vels, and th and shirtwa laundry bags, pli cushions, and tea cos made of a pli cretonne. Pic with it and t plied to cand chairs help cretonne dec In the pict shades, a fin photograph, tonne or on the tray and candle shades rejoice the h proceeds a pr are all very e To make th frame with gl Plenty of th the ten cent which it is a take out and the glass a sti out (using th a backing to Paste the crv smoothly or a the edge and i stitches draw cardboard. Si to the frame piece the back paper or felt tray. The photo cardboard 9 1/2 inches high, 1 1/2 inches wide, 1 1/2 inches to turn and 1/4 inch. It must be sli make it fit a down about board is then of cardboard board) which edge of the fr strips are gl inch allowan brought over and glued do glass is laid. Ings at the b means of strip and in the ha



# Gifts of Crash and Cretonne

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.



Cretonnes are so attractive that they have inspired much designing of articles for personal use and house decoration. Recently linen crash and flowered cretonnes have become more popular than any other fabrics for tasteful and inexpensive fittings and furnishings. Certain patterns have been featured for living rooms and porches, but it is in bedroom furnishings that they take precedence of everything else. They are bright and dainty and better still, they are washable. Crashes are embroidered in fast color embroidery silks or decorated with cut figures of cretonne applied and button-hole stitched down. There is a long list of attractive things which are made of these durable fabrics. Among them the dressing case sets, which cannot fail to please, are among the least costly and most effective of Christmas gifts. They are acceptable to either men or women friends.

The flowered cretonnes are used for covering boxes made to hold handkerchiefs, gloves, neckwear, cravats and veils, and the large boxes for hats and shirtwaists. They are fine for laundry bags, shoe and slipper bags, pin cushions and pin trays, tea trays and tea cozies. Dresser scarfs are made of a plain fabric bordered with cretonne. Picture frames are covered with it and the cut-out figures are applied to candle shades. Cushions for chairs help carry out the scheme for cretonne decorations.

In the picture are three candle shades, a fine tray and a frame for photographs. They are made of cretonne or of linen. A set made up of the tray and frame and one or two candle shades all matching ought to rejoice the heart of any one who appreciates a pretty dressing case. They are all very easily made.

To make the pin tray a small oval frame with glass and back is needed. Plenty of these are to be found at the ten-cent stores framing pictures which it is a decided satisfaction to take out and destroy. After cleaning the glass a stiff cardboard is to be cut out (using the glass as a guide) into a backing for a cretonne covering. Paste the cretonne to this backing smoothly or allow a half inch around the edge and fasten the cretonne with stitches drawn across the back of the cardboard. Slip the covered form into the frame under the glass and replace the back. Paste a piece of plain paper or felt over the bottom of the tray.

The photo frame is made of heavy cardboard 9 1/2 inches long and 3 1/2 inches high. The oval openings are a trifle over 3 inches high and 2 inches broad. The cretonne is cut allowing 1 inch to turn over the edge all around and 1/4 inch about the oval openings. It must be slashed at the openings to make it fit and is pasted or glued down about the ovals first. The cardboard is then mounted to four strips of cardboard (as heavy as corrugated board) which extend all round the edge of the frame at the back. These strips are glued to the frame. The inch allowance in the material is brought over the edge of the frame and glued down. A narrow strip of glass is laid against the oval openings at the back and fastened by means of strips of paper pasted over it and to the back of the frame. Finally

a backing of this cardboard is pasted to the frame across the top and sides, leaving the bottom open for slipping in the pictures. A small wire ring is fastened in for a hanger or an easel support glued to the back by means of a cloth hinge.

The tallest of the three candles has a shade made of a stiff pink linen fabric and decorated with garlands and a figure cut from the cretonne, pasted down. It is finished with a narrow silk fringe. A pair of candles with candlesticks fitted with shades and holders make a gift that everyone enjoys. Glass or silver candlesticks are best for bedrooms. Brass and iron ones are appropriate for living rooms. The plain iron candlestick with rose-colored candle and fluted rose-colored shade is suited to a man's room.

The shade is made of a smooth linen starched and fluted on an iron. It is pasted on a cardboard ring at the top and finished with a piece of fancy rose-colored braid.

The dainty figured shade shown with the silver candlestick is pure white with a tiny flower wreath. There is a lace edge about the top and bottom. It is made of a linen evidently woven for the purpose, stiffened and fluted. It is mounted to a cardboard ring and finished about the top with a white braid.

One of the easiest ways to shade a candle as well as one of the prettiest, is to cut a disk of cardboard about 5 inches in diameter, with a circle cut out of the center to fit over the candle holder. Cover this with a square of cretonne edged with bead fringe, cut the cretonne seven inches square allowing an extra half inch for a narrow hem. Hem the hem and sew the fringe over it. Cut an opening from the center to fit over the candleholder and allow a half inch hem also. The pretty handkerchief case of crash shown in Fig. 1 hardly needs description. It is embroidered with small pink roses, green leaves and a ribbon design in light blue. It is lined with pink wash silk, button-hole stitched about the edge and tied with wash ribbons. One corner is turned back. This is a gift which a man will appreciate.

The bag in Fig. 2 may be made either of cretonne or flowered silk. The handles are made of embroidery rings wound with narrow blue ribbon. The upper part of the bag is gathered over one-half of each ring and the fullness at the ends is also gathered into small rings having one and a half inch diameter. Little ribbon bows, matching the handles, provide the finishing touch.

A double bag of linen ornamented with embroidery, serves as a receptacle for soiled handkerchiefs, or other small accessories. It is washable and will last a long time. Men as well as women like these handy bags. This is true of the little cretonne, crash or silk, with pinked flannel leaves for the needles and ribbons for hanging.

Where one does not embroider a very pretty substitute is possible with cut out cretonne flowers applied to linen and stitched down with button-hole or chain stitch. There is no end to the more than good looking presents which are made of cretonne and crash.

# Ribbon Bags for Christmas



Opera bags, handsome work bags and small ribbon bags that are so welcome with each returning Christmas are more beautiful than ever this year. For the art of weaving ribbons, which amounts to as much as painting when it comes to picturing flowers, seems to have reached perfection. Woven and printed Dresden ribbons and the richest brocades are used for the various kinds of bags. The heavy brocades are used for bags to be carried on the street, the flowered and gayly striped printed ribbons are chosen for work bags and the small toilet or vanity bags for carrying powder and powder puff, a small hand mirror, a little square of chamolis and all the other little requirements which women find it necessary to have within easy reach all the time.

The colors chosen for hand bags are soft and rich and the flowers shown in raised velvet against a satin background. Eggplant and deep royal purple shading into black in the background, blossom into rich American Beauty roses in their natural colorings with dark green shadowy foliage melting into the ground. Little rosettes finished with pendant ribbon flowers or little bows are used as a finish. Such a bag is shown in Figs. 1 and 2.

For Fig. 2 a lighter brocade is used, with woven-in instead of raised flowers. But the design is gorgeous with gold thread woven into the design. The bag is a trifle smaller and the corners of it are rounded. Narrow satin ribbon in the prevailing color of the bag finishes the sides with loops and furnishes the means of carrying the bag.

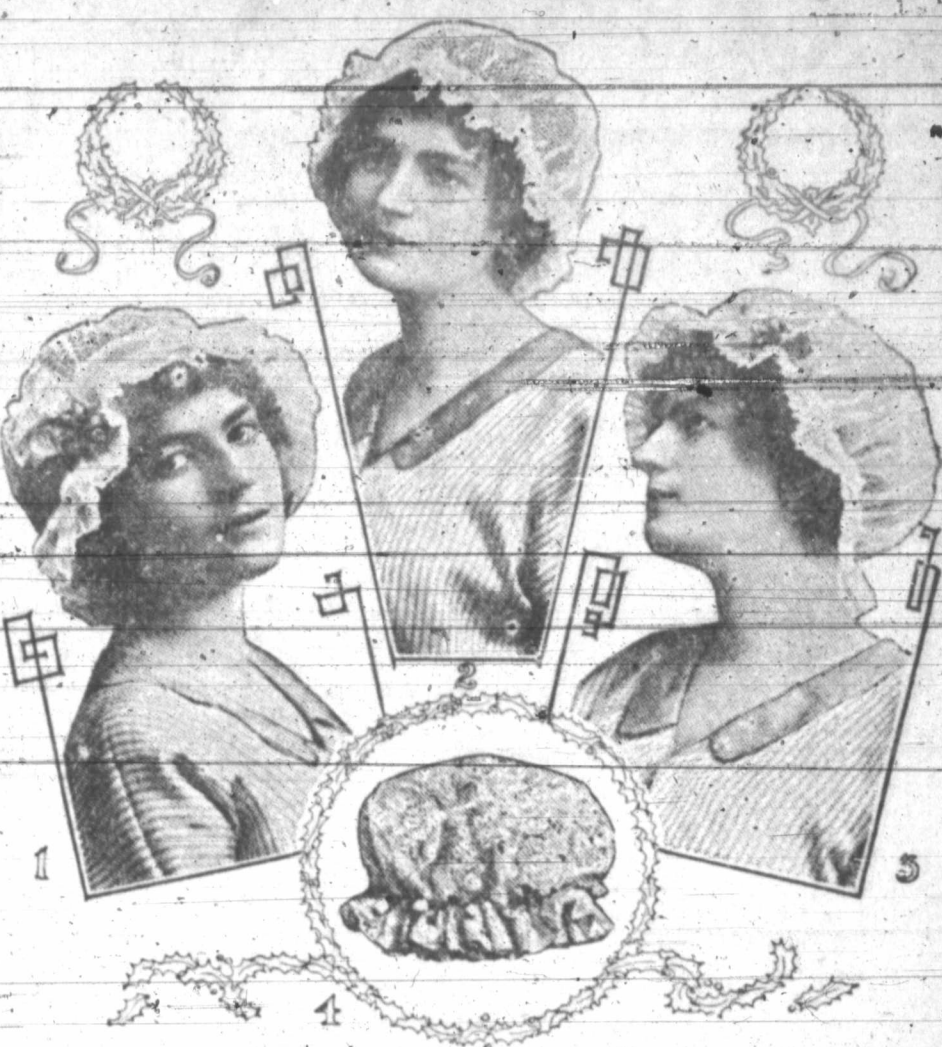
Fig. 3 is a work bag made of gray Dresden ribbon with dark stripes sewed to plain satin ribbon in the same color as the background of the Dresden. This bag is provided with a cardboard bottom covered with the ribbon and finished with hangers of narrow satin ribbon and two rosettes of it. These Dresden and plain satin ribbons are inexpensive but beautiful.

Fig. 4 is a very handsome bag in flowered ribbon in which black and gold are the predominating colors with touches of scarlet. It is made on a circular bottom like Fig. 3, but the lengthwise of the ribbon run around the bag. It is hemmed at the top without a standing ruffle and rosettes of narrow black satin ribbon are set about it, four of them altogether. At the sides flower pendants made of the narrow ribbon hang from full rosettes.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

# Some Pretty Breakfast Caps

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.



When Christmas gifts bear with them kindly thoughts or careful work on the part of their donor and a recognition of good taste in those to whom they are given, the recipients are sure to be pleased. And, whether the purse be fat or lean, good management and cleverness make it possible to embody these ideas in all gifts. Those which are the handwork of the giver are those which make the strongest appeal to our hearts and bring home the sweet, gracious spirit of Christmas.

What taxes us most each year is the matter of deciding on what to give. After this has been settled upon and our list made out, the rest is easy and brings a pleasure. There are innumerable pretty things for women and girls. All of them love articles made to decorate their homes, and those made for their personal adornment; so the choice is not so hard. It does require some thing to find out gifts for men. But we won't go far wrong if we stick to things which add to their comfort. And they like, too, those things which add to the attractiveness of their rooms.

About the prettiest and easiest gift to make is the bewitching breakfast cap. Everybody, that is anybody, has a little frivolous and dainty cap for morning wear these days. They are a delight to the eye and anybody may own one. Some people call them boucior caps and, furthermore, there are caps made of nicer materials which are worn in the evening and are called opera caps. They are all simply made. It isn't a bad idea to decide on a gift of this kind and make them up for all one's girl or women friends. Each one may have some little individual touch to make it different from the others. By planning to make several caps at one sitting there is a saving in material and time.

These caps are very inexpensive. They are made of plain or dotted net, all-over lace, thin silk, mull, batiste, embroidery and chiffon and edged with narrow platings of net or lace. A square of the fabric used makes the crown, that is a piece of goods 18 inches wide and of the same length as all that is required for the crown. The corners are trimmed away making the pieces somewhat circular. A narrow binding is sewed about the edge of this piece and an elastic cord run in. It is long enough to reach about the head with a little stretching. A single or a double fall of plaited net or lace is sewed about the edge, one row being slightly wider than the others and falling a half inch below it. A single ruffle is often edged with narrow ribbon.

The cap shown in Fig. 1 has a crown of sheer eyelet embroidery with a double ruffle falling about the face. The upper ruffle is edged with a narrow Valenciennes insertion. These

plaited ruffles may be bought, and range from twenty-five to fifty cents a yard already sewed on.

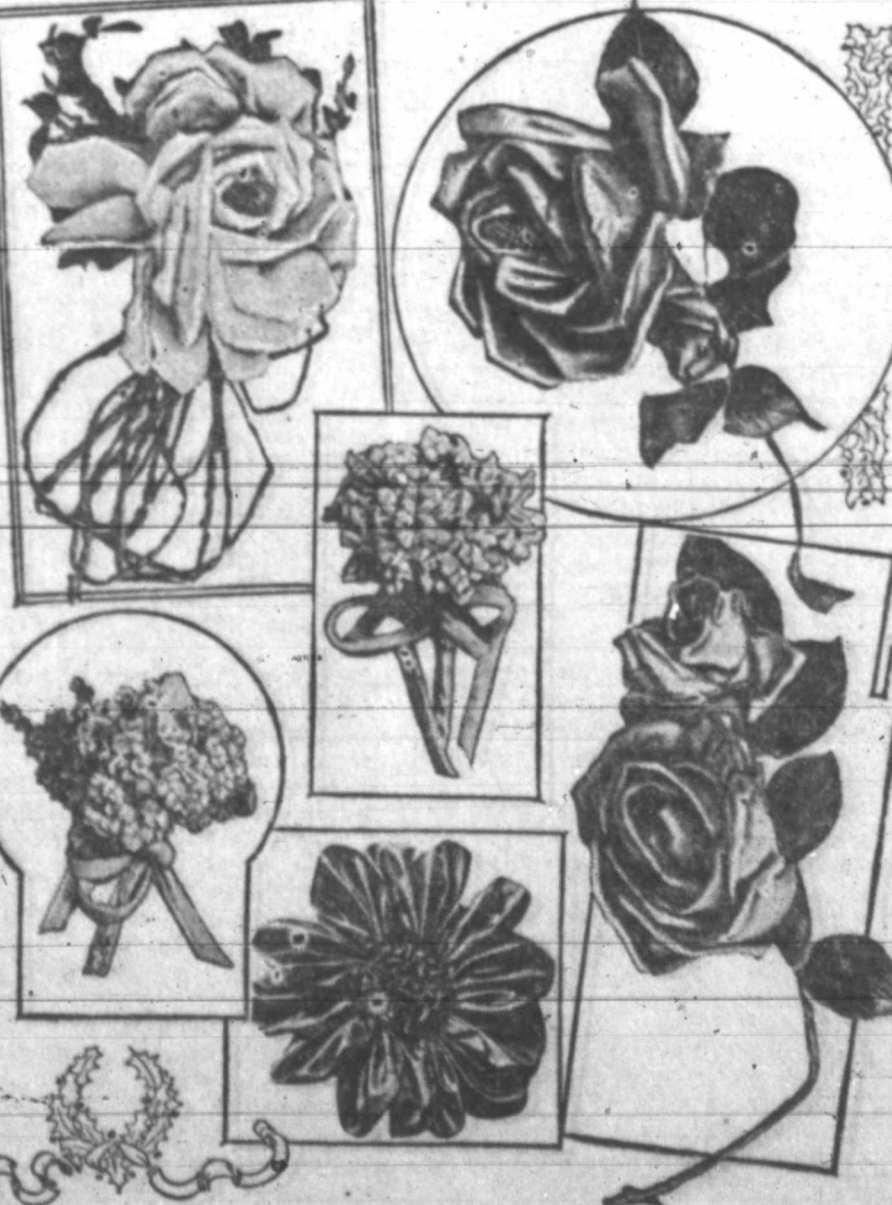
A band of soft messaline ribbons in light blue, extends about the cap with a small flat rosette at each side. This is made by gathering a quarter of a yard of ribbon along one edge. A little bunch of pink rosebuds is perched under the rosette, just where the ruffle joins the crown. It requires one and a half yards of ribbon for this little cap, such as may be bought for fifteen or twenty cents a yard. Three quarters of a yard of plaiting is a little more than is needed but is the allowance for one ruffle. One and a third yards will easily make two ruffles.

Fig. 2 shows a less expensive cap made of a coarse dotted net. It is made in the same way and edged with a ruffle of net having a finish of narrow Val lace. Under this ruffle a plaiting is sewed, finished with a hem-stitched hem. Pink and blue satin ribbon one inch wide is made into little bows and mounted at each side. Such a little cap costs only fifty cents.

A lovely cap of spangled chiffon is pictured in Fig. 4 and this cap is also very cheap in price. The chiffon is light blue with little crystal dots over the surface. A plain, thin net crown lines the chiffon, to protect it. They are bound with a thin, narrow satin ribbon in pale blue, through which the elastic cord is run. The ruffle is made of the same chiffon edged with a border of the ribbon. A little bunch of pink moss roses and leaves is sewed to the left side. This cap is made in pink or light green or lavender or in all white. It requires almost no time to make and is one of the prettiest of all. If one has time to make the plaited ruffles, the expense is lessened. But even buying it ready made it only requires three yards to make the single edging for four caps. An average of seventy-five cents each will cover the cost, when several caps are planned to be made at one time.

Evening caps are more expensive. One is shown in Fig. 4 made of silver lace. The ruffle is a satin ribbon, is blue, covered with the silver and there is a hand made wreath of little ribbon rose buds made of narrow pink satin ribbon set about the top of the ruffle. Pretty flowered ribbons and those of rich brocade make beautiful opera caps. Nearly always tiny made flowers, or small millinery flowers like the forget-me-not, are used in trimming them. Rich laces are draped in full puffs for crowns and lace edgings fall about the face and over the neck in caps that are worn with evening dress. But, however grand, the opera cap is not quite so sweet as the little breakfast cap nor nearly so useful. For breakfast is a daily happening, and anything that makes the young day cheerful is a Christmas gift worth having.

# Little Novelties for Christmas



Flat rosettes and velvet roses, and trellis roses of ribbon, more wonderfully well made than ever, are the fad of the hour. With small, compact nosegays made of ribbon or millinery flowers, they divide honors in millinery's favor. For furnishing separate girdles flat ribbon rosettes are used. The corsage rose is fastened just above the waist line and it is a superb touch to the dinner or evening toilet. The exquisite little nosegays bloom on all sorts of dress and are liked for the tailor-made coat with its dainty finish of white platings at the collar and sleeves. Two American Beauty roses are shown here made of satin ribbon.

Each petal is carefully curled and tucked at the edges to look like a gleaming natural rose. The ribbon is in two and sometimes three shades and millinery foliage of the most natural-looking variety is used with the roses. Finally, not to disappoint anyone, the flowers are scented with attar of roses.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

# CHRISTMAS BALL A NOVELTY

Will Prove Something New and Entertaining for the Children on Christmas Morning.

This is a novel receptacle holding twenty or more small gifts for the entertainment of children on Christmas morning. When the children are seated on the floor, this ball is set in motion by a grown-up; the child to whom it is rolled takes out a gift, and sends the ball spinning to another, and so on until the gifts are exhausted. The framework is made as follows: Buy two pairs of ten-inch wooden embroidery hoops, and put them inside each other until you have the skeleton of a globe with eight curved ribs.

Where the hoops intersect, top and bottom, fasten securely with raffia. The circles are now vertical, and a cross circle is needed to stay them; this is to be made of coarse rattan (or reed), and must be fastened to the bulging part of each rib; do not join the rattan ends together, as an opening must be left between two of the ribs to allow the children to reach in for the gifts. If you should cut the rim of an orange into eight sections, from bud end to stem end,

you would have the shape of the sections for the inner covering of the framework; cut from stout cotton eight of these pieces, allowing amply for seams. Sew four pieces together, and fit to half the framework, letting seams come between ribs, not on them; now sew the fifth piece to the joined four, sew the sixth piece to the joined five, and so on until framework is covered. Do not entirely close the last seam, sewing it only one-third way up from bottom and one-half way down from top, leaving an open third. Make the outer covering the same way, using white Christmas cloth having stamped on it figures of Santa Claus, holly, bells, or just plain red cloth—Women's Home Companion.

Useless Presents. Aunt—Yes, Johnny, Santa Claus brought you a baby brother. Johnny—Great Scott! Another present that ain't any use!

Depends on the Man. A woman under the mistletoe can look mighty unconscious if the right man is in sight.

Christmas Spirit. Too many of us take mean things on faith and demand proof of good things.

# CHRISTMAS WITH "DAD" AS THE GOAT

By BYRON WILLIAMS

Along about October 1 when the granaries of the world are full of bursting and the cellar is so cluttered up with coal and preserves that the maid cannot reach the laundry taps without stepping over the snow shovel, somebody says something about Christmas and gives father heart disease. An summer "dad" has been wrestling with the problems of business—this was presidential year, and everybody had to have vacations and Billy & Jones started in direct competition—and oh, the dickens knows what!

And now he has to face that Christmas thing again!

The list is a mile long and father knows it will put a crimp in his bank account amounting almost to cramp, but mother says it will have to be added to, if anything, so there!

But somehow as I look at "dad," I cannot restrain from asking:

"Why should father be the goat?"

It wasn't so in the days when I was dreaming of a wonderful career in letters. Everybody worked on Christmas presents then and father was not called upon to settle the Christmas bills for all the family. I made a "corner-copia" (We don't spell it now the way we pronounced it then) for mother. She knitted some

socks for me. I rigged up a shaving-paper outfit for pa and he gave me a perfectly good twenty-five cent jack-knife. I made a wood box for the neighbor's wife and she sewed me a pair of mittens. Everybody made things in those days. For weeks before the holidays, mother worked every night on Christmas gifts, and she was as happy as could be doing things for those she loved. Into the fabric of what she was sewing, she put the love and affection of a great heart—and all of us did the same.

And I'll leave it to you—didn't the things we got in the old days, the presents we made ourselves for each other, come nearer exemplifying the true Christmas spirit?

Of course they did!

And father did not have to dig down in his pocket and pay for two hundred and fifty-seven presents, two hundred of which are given just because somebody else gave us something and got on the confounded list!

I'm for Christmas—but I like the old-fashioned observance best. It isn't observing the "peace-on-earth" spirit to load "dad" up with so much debt that he can't crawl out in five months. Better take to wood boxes and cornucopias.

# THE LAND OF CHRISTMAS TREES

The express wagon is backed to the grocery store entrance and the driver, assisted by the grocer's boy, begins to unload Christmas trees. Soon the walk is cluttered with them and the passersby, catching the spirit of the tree, smile at the children gathering round. A light snow is falling and the green of the spruce is inviting, to say nothing of the reason, it has come to town.

What a lot of Christmas trees the grocer has ordered—and yet how few compared to the many thousands that grow in Christmas Tree Land, away up north. Up there the woods are full of Christmas trees and the snows are so deep that snowshoes may be necessary. And in Christmas Tree Land there are vast stretches of nothing but evergreen trees and white snow—and in the snow, if you are versed in woodcraft, you might find the track of a deer and innumerable trails of Brer Rabbit, leading away through the greenery to the quiet, vast places.

Probably you pay \$1 or more for a Christmas tree. Up north they are free, but the hardy men who gather them must wade in the deep snow and draw them many miles to the railroad that they may be shipped to the little boys and girls of the city.

And as you sit beside your tree, with your heart glad and your spirits gay, you might ponder on how that tree got to you. You can picture the vast snow field and the forest with the December sun shining on it, shedding

jewels of light. A squirrel is floundering about in the snow trying to locate some buried nuts and a bluejay is scolding saucily from a maple tree hard by. And then, into the quiet comes a man. He is a sturdy man with a woolen cap drawn closely over his ears and nose. There are arils for his eyes. On his feet are great woolen packs with rubber shoes and his trousers are tucked inside the packs. His coat is very odd, to you, consisting of a great, bright sweater sort of garment, buckled closely around him. On his shoulder he carries an ax. He begins to cut Christmas trees and the one you have in your home is a very pretty one that pleases him as he hauls it away to where his team awaits. With many other trees your tree is put on the sled and after a time, is hauled to the depot where it is shipped to your grocer.

The man who cut it was no doubt a lumberjack and if he is like his kind, he lives in a log cabin with his wife and children. In the olden days he worked in the timber exclusively, but now he farms during the summer on a wee farm that he is clearing of stumps, and in the winter time he cuts wood for the lumber companies.

And his little ones always have a Christmas tree, for Christmas trees are free where he lives, but probably it is not as plentifully loaded with gifts as yours, for which you should be very thankful.

# CANDY BY THE BARREL

If candy makers had to depend on men consumers instead of upon Cupid and the kids, there would be great failures in saccharine circles—but there is one time of the year that my masculine sweet-tooth asserts itself and then, instead of yearning for the chocolate-cream confections or the fruit dips, it clamors for a big bag of mixed candy, right out of the barrel!

I admit it is a plebeian taste, that the candy is mostly blue and flour jumbled to suit the taste of the adolescent—but somehow I cannot feel that I have rightly celebrated Christmas without this bag of candy. When I was a boy this is the sort of candy we got and the taste was early acquired. And what a lot of anticipation there was in eating the stuff—anticipation because when you stuck your hand in the sack for a sweet bit, you never knew whether it would come out clutched a lemon-drop, a caramel or a peppermint!

And, too, the candy was cheap. You

could get a big bag full of it for ten cents—and some of it was red and some white and some yellow and there were sugar hearts with motes on them and nice round marble-balls with nuts in them and funny animal shapes that tickled—and oh! heaps of interesting things in that Christmas sack of candy.

This was the same kind of candy we got sewed up in red mosquito-bat sacks at the Sunday school Christmas tree festivities, along with the nuts and the popcorn tails.

And now, man that I am, I cannot get across the Rubicon of Christmas without sauntering down to the candy store and asking for a sack of candy "out of the barrel." Invariably the candy man will tell me he has much better candy and look at me in a surprised sort of way, but I know what I want when I want it—and Christmas is the time.

How about you? Haven't you a sweet tooth left for the old-fashioned candy?

## PREPARING FOR HIS ANNUAL JOURNEY



## CHRISTMAS FOR TWO

By AGNES HOWARD BUTLER.



The two children sat on the edge of their chairs in the bleak asylum parlor, where three holly wreaths in the curtained windows proclaimed that it was Christmas. Both were dressed in the institutional blue and white check, and there was a red whiteness about their faces which told of the recent and vigorous application of soap and water. Lily was cream and roses with appealing long-lashed eyes that would have secured her a home many times over if she had been willing to go alone. No one wants to adopt a boy. Even the blonde ones were unclaimed, so what chances had Thomas, brown as to hair and eyes and skin, although anything but somber in effect? The overworked Matron had reluctantly given up the idea of "placing" the two children together. A desirable home had been found for the girl with two prim maiden ladies and little brother had to remain behind. So the tiny folks were to spend their last Christmas together with Lily's new guardians.

"Sister will come every Saturday to see brother," said the little girl, who accepted the coming separation with a child's strange fatality, although her heart was aching.

"Yes," assented Brother non-committally. He was less concerned with future happiness than with the pleasing prospect of a day in new surroundings.

A carriage drawn by a fat slug of a horse drew up to the curbing, two ladies got out and cautiously ascended the slippery steps.

"Miss-Priscilla-red-headed and Miss-Mattie-pull-hor-hair-back," announced Thomas, who had his own way of characterizing people.

"Tommy! Tommy! Don't call them that," wailed Lily; "say Miss-Priscilla and Miss-Mattie or maybe they won't want me."

At this awful thought even Thomas was abashed, so it was the shy little Lily alone who slipped from her chair and offered her hand to the two ladies as they entered the room followed by the Matron. Miss-Priscilla shook hands in a matter of fact way, but Miss-Mattie bent to kiss the children as she helped them on with their wraps and gathered up the meager parcel that contained Lily's personal belongings.

"Shall we go now, Sister?" she ventured. The dominant chord of her existence had always tinkled a soft accompaniment to the leitmotif of the declivity Miss-Pris.

"Yes," assented the latter positively, "and we will return the boy, precisely at five," she added to the Matron, who had been hovering over Lily with good-byes and admonitions.

Mrs. Moore was born an orphan. So far as he was concerned, his brief history began and ended at the Children's home. His big sister Lily, who was six and therefore should have known better, told vague tales of a real mother and a little house, long accustomed to the decorous ways of sober middle age. A black and white Japanese spaniel, with a nose so short that he seemed always on the point of a sneeze, jumped up beside her and laid his head affectionately on her arm.

"What a picture," sighed Miss-Mattie. "Don't spoil the child," rejoined her sister, with a glance at small Thomas, who seemed rather out of it. "Come, it's time for the tree."

A white-capped maid shoved aside the portieres and revealed a tree, glittering with tinsel and beaded round with various ribbon-tied packages. There was a satisfying smelliness, a cozy portion for two, feeling about this fat little tree, in contrast to the usual spindly, sparsely-trimmed evergreen at the Asylum, which was so large that it never seemed to belong to anyone but the Board of Directors.

After a moment of rapturous silence Lily hugged a real dolly, and Thomas fell upon a toy horse. Being of an investigating turn of mind, it was soon minus saddle and bridle and the tall was about to follow when Miss-Pris created a diversion by lighting the tree so that he might see it in all its glory before he went back.

The early winter twilight began to shadow the room as she rang for tea. Then thoughtfully she hung Tom's coat by the fire to warm in preparation for his cold ride.

The tea-wagon appeared. In honor of the day it bore the Martha Washington set of colonial tradition, a cherished heirloom whose egg-shell fragility had been guarded from destruction through five careful generations. Besides the usual tea service, there was a pitcher of milk and thin slices of bread, spread with raspberry jam, and a plate heaped with bananas.

It was wheeled into place before Miss-Mattie, whose transparent hands had barely tilted the teapot, when with a whoop of joy the riotous Thomas made descent. Heedless of his sister's warning cry and poor Miss-Mattie's horrified gasp, he grasped the handle of this novel, push-cart, shouting:

"Bananas! Bananas!"

The coachman carried both children down the icy steps and they bore themselves with becoming modesty, as if accustomed to such care, while the orphans in the front ward watched enviously, and one of them opened the window wide enough to call down:

"Aw, Tommy's coming back anyhow," as a salve to their slighted condition.

When the big house was reached there was a delightful holiday smell in the air of evergreens, oranges and freshly burning driftwood. Lily was taken upstairs to come down later, her blonde beauty radiant in the white lawn and blue ribbons in which Miss-Mattie had dressed her. With a child's adaptability she seemed to fit in perfectly with her surroundings in contrast to Thomas in his coarse blue gingham and heavy shoes. She would bring the spirit of youth to a

house, long accustomed to the decorous ways of sober middle age. A black and white Japanese spaniel, with a nose so short that he seemed always on the point of a sneeze, jumped up beside her and laid his head affectionately on her arm.

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"Bananas! Bananas!"

The peculiar fatality which pursues small boys in a drawing-room swooped down upon him. There was a crash and a tinkle of silver as the wheels met the edge of a heavy rug, and Tom, the devastator, sat amid the ruins.

"Oh, Miss-Priscilla-red-headed! Miss-Mattie-pull-your-hair-back! I didn't mean to break it; don't send Lily back to the 'alum 'cause I've had, and he-my-Musty's, 'cause," he concluded breathlessly.

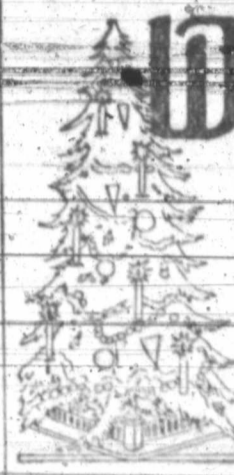
It was Miss-Pris who picked him out of the debris, and as his short arms met around her neck and his shoulder-streaked face went down on her shoulder, she looked across at Miss-Mattie and as one who has at length arrived at a happy decision, she announced:

"You take the girl—the boy is mine."

## OUR FIRST CHRISTMAS

Holiday Celebrated in America Before Time of Columbus.

The Christian Norsemen Undoubtedly Observed the Occasion on the New England Coast—in Early Colonial Days.



WHILE the settlement of the American continent is a modern and its history clearly defined, probably there were Christmas celebrations in what is now the United States several centuries before the first voyage of Columbus. The chronicles of Iceland tell the story of the visit made to Greenland by Lief

son of Eric the Red, of Norway, and describe the southward voyage of his little vessel past the snow-clad mountains of Labrador and the wooded shores of Newfoundland, until Vineland, an indefinite region on the New England coast, was reached.

Here Lief, who was a Christian, and the members of his little band of daring adventurers spent the winter of 1002 and no doubt on the bleak New England shore the beautiful feast, whose God-like spirit has softened and conquered the world, was celebrated.

The Norwegian visits to Vineland were continued by Thorwald and Thorstein, brothers of Lief, who had succeeded to the patriarchal office and possessions of his father; and on the death in quick succession of both Thorwald and Thorstein the wife of the latter, Gudrida, married a rich Norwegian named Thord and accompanied him and a company of his followers to Vineland, where they lived three years. Gudrida was a pious soul. When her second husband died she visited Rome, narrated to Pope Benedict an account of her adventures in this far western world and with the papal blessing returned to Iceland, where she founded a convent, of which she became abbess.

There are no records bearing on the Christmas days spent by these hardy Norwegians in New England, but imagination can well picture the renewal in this strange land of the Christmas customs of Scandinavia. And thus it is entirely legitimate to assume that by them the first celebration of the day was observed in the new world.

History, and tradition as well, are silent after this on new world affairs until the coming of the Spaniards, followed by the Portuguese, French and English. By them the feast of the Nativity was celebrated, and long before Plymouth Rock was discovered, to be made the cornerstone of a new civilization, hardy fishermen from France chanted the hymns of the Catholic church in the waters of Maine. An old French chart gives to certain islands near the Machias river, east of Penobscot, the names of Isles des Rois Mages and Havre Mage—Isles of the Magian kings, and Magian harbor—

in memory of the three wise men, who followed the mysterious star, to lay their offerings of gold, of frankincense and of myrrh before the Babe of Bethlehem.

In stern and puritan New England Christmas was placed under ban. The Plymouth colony, indeed, did not pass prohibitive laws, but in 1623 Gov. Bradford placed all Christmas games under interdiction and those who afterward observed the day did so secretly. But

the Massachusetts Bay colony, following the example of Cromwell's parliament, which prohibited all observance of the feast and decreed that "holly and ivy were badges of sedition," enacted a law, in 1659, obliging all men to labor on Christmas day and inflicting a fine upon those who observed the feast. It was not until 1861—more than 20 years after the passing of the Cromwell Regime and the restoration of the Stuart dynasty to the throne—that this law, abolishing personal freedom and liberty of worship, was repealed; and several years after this the spirit of New England was reflected in a letter written by Rev. Joshua Moody to Rev. Increase Mather, in which the observance of Christmas was thus referred to: "And the shutting up of shops on Christmas day and driving the master out of school on Xmas holidays are very greivous."

Elsewhere throughout the colonies the feast of Christmas was observed. Both New Amsterdam and New York maintained the old world customs associated with the day and in the south the beautiful festival never lost its hold upon the hearts of the English settlers.

Today there is no north, no south, no east, no west, to Christmas celebration in the United States. The story of the babe of Bethlehem is written on every heart and every tongue on Christmas morning repeats the song the angels sang over the Judean hills: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

BY D MACE-LDINGTON

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Dear... bring me... and an air...  
WANT...  
Dear Sar... toy laundry... It is in the... & Compan... for little... little floor... Then I wa... The floor t... I want a to... \$1.10.  
A COON-TOV...  
Dear Sa... getting alot... plenty of th... boys and gi... shot air gur... gomery. W... catalog, an... only costs 3... Wizzard liq... \$1c. and a...  
CH... MA... PR... EN...  
At ou... will fi... ous ar... able I... mas... and y... after... goods... are a... priced... Do Yo... mas... Early... Make... your... ters.  
TH... IDE...  
GEO.

# The Bulliest Christmas Present of All

For yourself as well as the rest of the family, would be a good real estate investment. Come in and look at our list of properties and let us point out those that represent splendid bargains. Don't worry about the terms—they can be arranged to suit you. It is hardly possible, certain of these bargains will remain on our list long so it will be well not to delay at least looking into them. See whether they meet your idea. Remember it is easier to buy a farm than to pay rent.

**KIMBRO & PARKS, REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENTS**

## LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS

From Lubbock's Little Folks

### A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Dear Santa Claus:—Please bring me a violin, a cap pistol and an air gun. Carlise Tubbs.

gallery, but that, I don't know what it cost; think they are all in the Montgomery Ward catalog. Léop Prang.

### WANTS A LAUNDRY SET

Dear Santa Claus:—I want a toy laundry set. It costs \$1.35. It is in the Montgomery, Ward & Compny's catalog. This is for little Buddy. He wants a little floor train. It costs \$1.98. Then I want a toy grocery store. The floor train is a fast freight. I want a toy parlor set. It costs \$1.10. Mildred Prang.

Dear Santa Claus:—Please do not forget my little brother and myself Christmas. I want three boxes of firecrackers; would like to have a pair of gloves, also a story book.

Leonard wants a little Teddy Bear; one that grunts when he turns over, and some fire crackers.

Wishing you a merry Christmas, we remain your true friends, Fred and Leonard Heim.

### WANTS LOTS OF CANDY

Dear Old Santa:—I am a little boy three years old. I want you to bring me a tricycle, a little dog, a teddy bear and a horn and lots of candy, apples, oranges and nuts. Goodbye, Master Cecil Flanagan.

### A LITTLE TWELVE-YEAR-OLD

Dear Santa:—I am a little girl twelve years old. Santa, I want a basket ball, story book, bracelet and ring. Please bring me apples, candy and nuts. Mae Flanagan.

P. S. Please Santa; remember Grandma, Mamma and Papa.

### YOU KNOW WHAT IS BEST

Dear Santa Claus:—Now Santa I will write so you may know what I want most. I want a little sleepy doll in a buggy, a story book, ring and bracelet. I shall be so glad for these things, and bring my little brother something, you know what little boys like best, and oh, don't forget the little boys and girls that have no Mamma's and Papa's. Bye-bye, Thelma Fitzgerald, North Singer Street.

### REMEMBER PHILLIP OVERTON

Santa: Fire crackers, Indian book, Buster Brown and his mule, parade box, auto. Please bring these presents to Phillip Overton.

### OBLIGE BUCK OVERTON

Lubbock, Tex., Dec 8, 1912. Dear Santa Claus: Please bring me an Indian book, Santa book, knife, auto work with peddles, foot ball, wagon, and oblige, Buck Overton.

### LIVES WEST OF THE SQUARE

Dear Santa Claus: I am going to ask you to bring me a cow boy suit, age 6 years, a pistol and scabbard, also a drum, lots of candy, fruit and nuts, a tricycle and anything you can spare me. I would like an auto. Your little boy, Roy McElroy.

Santa, we live in the Mobly old home.

### WANTS AN AIR GUN

My dear Santa Claus: I am going to ask you for a good air gun. I would like a watch, loggings, also gloves and cow boy suit. Would like plenty of fruit, nuts and candy and anything you like for me to have. Your little boy, Aubra Cooper.

### TRYING TO BE A GOOD BOY

Dear Santa Claus: Please bring me an Indian suit, a spring top, an air gun, also a little air ship, a train with

fail to bring me all the candy, nuts and fruit you can spare a little boy to eat. I would like for you to bring me some gloves and leggings. I am going to try and be a good boy. Joly McElroy.

Dec. 14, 1912.

Dear Santa Claus: Please send me a stove and a set of dishes and a range. Unknown.

Dear Santa Claus: I want a bicycle and a little pistol and a little cow and a little horse and a ball and mit and bat and base ball suit. When will you bring them? You wrote a nice letter in the Sweetwater paper. I sat down and read half of it, Papa knows that you won't come, but you will because you are so good to us and you gave me some play pretties. I will hang my stocking up. Rankin Dow.

Dear Santa Claus: Please bring me a tricycle and air gun, and bring little sister some dolls and a doll go cart. Geo. M. Hill, Jr.

Dear Santa: How are you, over in toy-land? I want a billy-goat and wagon, a coaster wagon and a sled, foot ball and Indian book. Are you coming on your airship or your automobile, or your sled, or on your bicycle. I will hang up my stocking Christmas Eve night. I have been a good boy. Melvin Dow.

Read Martin Wolcott's ad on page two. 24 It

## Stock Notes

**HASKELL COUNTY STEERS**  
A high mark on yearlings for 1912 was established at the stock yards in Fort Worth last Friday when a consignment of sillaged steers from Haskell county sold at \$7.50. The steers averaged 869 pounds and brought a price of \$63.67.

The consignment was sent in by Tom McLendon.

Mr. McLendon is enthusiastically for the silo and predicted that the use of these strong storage tanks will greatly increase in Texas during the next year.

The steers were purchased by Swift & Co.

McPhaul Brothers and Bacon received 1000 head of cattle at their Terry county ranch last week, which they recently purchased of Will Franklin in Culberson county. These cattle were known as the Roy Bennett cattle and are looked upon as a fine bunch of cattle. They expect to keep this herd as breeders. They also purchased 400 head of Mr. Neal of Andrews county, which will be delivered to the Terry county ranch about the first of the year. McPhaul Brothers, Bacon and T. C. Ivy have contracted for 1400 yearlings from parties in the vicinity of Lovington, New Mexico, for spring delivery.

Geo. W. Wolfarth recently purchased of Ellwood & Arnett 1300 black muley cows. This is said to be one of the finest looking herds in this part of the country.

### GAINES COUNTY

**BRENNAND SELLS SEVERAL FINE BULLS**

W. H. Brennand has just delivered to Allen C. Heard of Carlsbad, N. M., three of his fine registered Hereford bulls at \$100

each. Mr. Brennand also sold to Anderson Bros. of Eddie county, N. M., six head of registered Hereford bulls, coming two of \$100 each, and six head of pure blood Hereford bulls at \$75 each. Mr. Brennand's herd of Hereford cattle which consists of about 200 head is one of the best in the state and is valued at between \$25,000 and \$30,000.

### SELL TWO CARS OF YOUNG MULES

J. J. Williams and W. W. Harbour sold 60 head of coming 3-year-old mules this week to W. D. Ellis. Mr. Ellis left with these mules the first of the week for Midland, and will ship them to the eastern market.

Mr. Harbour also sold to T. C. Ivey of Yoakum county, 14 head of saddle horses.

### YOAKUM COUNTY

There is no lull in the cattle sales, and buyers are all over the county buying and trying to buy. The demand is not confined to any one class of cattle. There are buyers for steers of all ages, stock cattle and fat stuff, and prices are still advancing. The biggest sale that has been made in Yoakum county this year was closed in Plains on Thursday of this week when Will Belcher sold to Lumsdon & Pratt of the north Plains country twelve hundred coming 2-year-old steers. One thousand of these steers were bought by Mr. Belcher last spring, having been on good grass since that time

enough to say that Mr. Belcher has made a good profit on his steers. Perhaps there is no other man in this part of the country who has made more money on cattle since last spring, according to the amount of capital invested than Mr. Belcher.

At Opera House

"Hamlet"

January 2nd

The Whittaker Co.

2 Nights

January 15 and 16

# CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

At our store you will find numerous articles suitable for Christmas presents, and you will find after pricing our goods that they are attractively priced.

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early.

Make this store your headquarters.

# THE IDEAL

GEO. L. DESHAZO  
MANAGER

# Christmas Bells-- Belle of Wichita

These are days of Christmas Bells, you see them everywhere; they denote happiness and good cheer and cause us to forget for the time, our troubles, and feast upon the beauties of Yuletide season. Christmas bells are essential to the Christmas decorations, but

# The Belle of Wichita Flour

is more essential for baking when it comes time to prepare the Christmas dinner. We have a good stock of Christmas specials in Groceries that will add very materially to the Holiday Menu. How about the list below:

## SPECIALS

Nuts, (shelled and unshelled) Fine Candy, (home made) Apples, Oranges, Bananas, Lemons, Grape Fruit, Figs, Dates, Grapes, Coconuts, Many kinds of package edibles, Fancy Canned and Bottled Goods, Cranberries, Celery, Etc.

Aside from the above we have a full stock of all Staple and Fancy Groceries. We want your order for Holiday Necessities in the Grocery Line and will give you the very best prices possible as well as quick, accurate service.

PHONE TWO DOZEN (24)  
THAT'S

**C. E. HUNT, Grocer**  
QUALITY SOLD; NOT TALKED

## A BANK ACCOUNT FOR CHRISTMAS

Present your wife with a deposit slip showing that she has a nice sum of money to her credit at this bank as a Christmas present. She will appreciate it and it will be a very appropriate gift.

WE WISH EVERY CUSTOMER AND FRIEND OF THIS BANK  
A MERRY CHRISTMAS

## CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK

LUBBOCK, TEXAS

### Church Notes

[We will be glad to make any announcements of Church Services, Programs, etc., in this column free of charge, where no revenue is received from the services.—Editor.]

#### THE BUSY MEN'S BIBLE CLASS

#### METHODIST CHURCH

Our last Sunday's lesson was one freighted with suggestions and instructions that go to the very heart of our religion. He who does not forgive trespasses against him, when requested to do so by the penitent offender, is lacking in the very essential principle of the religion of Christ. But there is obligation on him who is the aggressor, as well. He must ask for forgiveness. And until this is done the offended one can do no more than place himself in an attitude of willingness to forgive. When he has done so, he meets the Divine requirement of a forgiving spirit, until the request comes for the outward exercise of the Christ principle of forgiveness.

We pass from this, one of the greatest lessons of the New Testament, recorded in Matthew, to a study next Sunday of that divinely beautiful prophetic vision of Isaiah, at the beginning of chapter 9 of his prophecies. It is the glorious vision of the fulfillment of the ancient promise of God to fallen man, in the person and life, death and resurrection of the Savior of men.

In this connection the first part of chapter 11 should be read. In these two chapters is told, in prophetic language surpassingly beautiful, the story of the accomplishment and the consummation of the hope of mankind.

We sometimes hear Christians say that there is nothing in the Old Testament that is of value to a child that has been redeemed by faith in Him, that it is nothing more than a mere history of the Jewish nation. But such a view robs the child of Faith of some of the most comforting assurances that can come to the earnest soul. God, in dealing with man, prior to the consummation of his full purpose in giving us the Redeemer, has, in numberless passages of the Old Testament, spoken words that have brought peace and comfort to millions as nothing else could do.

And Isaiah, in speaking of the coming Christ, uses the present tense. "For unto us a Child is

born." The Christ is one and the same, from the promise to Adam and Eve until the resurrection morn. He was as much a reality to Isaiah and those who lived before His advent into the world as He is to us of this day. The Old Testament view was one of hopeful anticipation, and the present day view is one of glorious realization—not different in fact except as to time. And the full accomplishment of the purpose of God, in these prophecies, was when "the Lord Jesus began to appear as a prophet and to preach the gospel in the land of Zebulun and Naphthali, and in Galilee of the Gentiles."

Let us read the Old Testament more, in connection with the New, for in it there is a mine of comfort, joy and peace, that becomes richer and more enticing the more we take from it. The well springs of truth shall never fail, and the Prince of Peace shall reign eternal, as the consummation of the promise of redemptive grace. "The zeal of the Lord of Hosts shall perform this."

Come, be with us Sunday at 10 a. m., in our private room back of the Methodist church, and let's help each other.

—ONE OF THE CLASS.

#### SUNBEAM PROGRAM, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22, 2:30 O'CLOCK

Subject—The Birth of Christ.  
Bible Reading, Matthew 2:1-11—Royce Waters.  
Song—Low in a Manger.  
Prayer—Bro. Grumbles.  
God's Bells—By five boys.  
Recitation—E. J. Simmons.  
Christmas Candles—By six small girls.  
Song—Christmas is Here.  
Recitation—Viola Mobley.  
Heralds for Jesus—By five girls.  
Recitation—Pauline Miller.  
Like the Wise Men of Long Ago—By eight girls.  
Recitation—Lilla Fay / Simmons.  
Christmas—By eight girls.  
Song—Christmas.  
Talk—Bro. Grumbles.  
Song—When the Offering is taken I'll Be There.

Rev. G. B. Overton preached for the Methodist congregation at this place last Sunday night in the absence of the pastor. There was quite a good sized audience present to hear Bro. Overton, and his sermon was timely, simple and instructive. He pleaded with his hearers to refrain from

doing anything that would not reverence the name of Him whose birth Christmas day is celebrated for, and withal his sermon was full of good thought and was enjoyed greatly by many whom we have heard speak of it.

#### PROGRAM AT THE METHODIST CHURCH SUNDAY MORNING

Voluntary.  
Song—Joy to the World.  
Song—120 in the hymnal.  
The Apostles' Creed.  
Prayer.  
Solo—The City of Our King.  
First Lesson.  
Gloria-Patria.  
Second Lesson.  
Quartette—Christmas Song.  
Sermon.  
Song—Silent Night.  
Benediction.

In the absence of their pastor—the Methodist people, most of them, worshipped with the Baptist congregation Sunday at the 11:00 o'clock hour and heard a splendid discourse by Rev. Grumbles.

Read Martin & Wolcott's ad on page two. 24 lt

#### Panhandle Sheriffs.

The second annual meeting of the Panhandle Sheriffs and Tax Collectors' association, held in Amarillo, elected the following officers:

President, W. M. Burwell, Amarillo; vice president, W. A. Jennings, Canyon; secretary-treasurer, Frank E. Buckingham, Amarillo.

Amarillo was chosen as the place for the meeting next June.

Remember the vocal concert at the Opera House, Friday evening, December 20th, by Miss Aileen Marie Brazelton, for the benefit of the Ladies Aid Society of the First Presbyterian Church. 20 lt

A letter from Rev. W. M. Lane the early part of this week brings the information that he found his father slightly improved, but in a very critical condition, suffering from blood-poisoning. He said he would return home at the earliest possible date, or as soon as his father seemed to be out of danger. We are glad to report that he is improved and hope that Bro. Lane will be able to return to us soon.

Read Martin & Wolcott's ad on page two. 24 lt

John W. Herman, division superintendent of the DeLaval Separator Company of Chicago, was in the city the early part of the week, looking after the company's business at this point. He expressed himself as being well pleased with the sales that have been made through their representative at this place, the Western Windmill Company.

The new car of White Crest Flour is better than ever. 24 lt MARTIN & WOLCOTT.

Wiley Brashears, who is well known in this section for his excellent base ball playing, has signed a contract to play with the Sherman team in 1913.

Miss Gertrude Starnes, niece of Mrs. Geo. M. Hill, came in yesterday from Fort Worth, and has accepted a position with the Southwestern Telephone Co.

Miss Brazelton, soprano, will appear in the Opera House Friday night, December 20th, in vocal concert, under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society of the First Presbyterian Church. Don't fail to attend. 24 lt

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Duncan are now occupying the residence of E. L. Crosser during the absence of Mrs. Crosser.

Alex H. Smith of Emhouse, Texas, sends us a dollar for the Avalanche the next twelve months.

The new car of White Crest Flour is better than ever. 24 lt MARTIN & WOLCOTT.

Will F. Ezell, county and district clerk of Crosby county, was in Lubbock yesterday for a few hours on his return trip home from a visit to Cloudercroft, N. M.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Moody returned yesterday from Sweetwater, where they visited the first of the week.

Prof. Smith of Crosbyton, spent a few hours in our city yesterday.

Geo. M. Hill, Jr. came in from Crosbyton yesterday where he had been visiting for the past week.

J. P. Jamison of Clyde, was a prospector in Lubbock the first of the week.

# JNO. P. LEWIS & CO.

## DISCOUNTS

### Greater Than Ever!

We have decided to take our inventory January 1st., and in order to reduce stock as much as possible have placed a special discount of

## 20 PER CENT OFF FOR CASH

ON ALL LADIES' SUITS AND CLOAKS AND ON ALL BOY'S KNEE SUITS.

Regular price Ladies' Suits Fabian and other good brands \$15.00, 17.50, 20.00 and 25.00. Regular price of "Woolly Boy" Suits \$5.00, 6.00, 7.50 to 10.00.

EVERY ONE GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION

15 TO 25 PER CENT OFF All Men's Suits and Overcoats from now till Christmas.

Remember there is 15 off of the price on any Suit or Cloak you select. Good assortment of sizes and patterns, but the best is for those who come first.

REMEMBER THE PLACE:  
The Store without a sign in the State Bank Building.



GUARANTEED Kirschbaum Clothes ALL WOOL HAND MADE



Copyright, 1912, J. P. Kirschbaum Co.



## CHRISTMAS CHAWINGS

### FOR LIVE STOCK

Nothing in the way of "Delicacies," but the "old fashioned" kind, namely: Oats, Corn, Threshed Mize Chops, Corn Chops, Bran, Meal, Shorts, Cold Pressed Cake, Hulls and Meal ready mixed, Cotton Seed Cake, Choice Leafy Alfalfa, Bright Millet Hay.

CRAW FILLINGS ALSO, namely: Wheat, Grit, Oyster Shells, Davidson Dope Mixture.

WHO IS TALKING?

## DAVIDSON FEED STORE

PHONE 134

DO YOUR SHOPPING EARLY  
Store Closed All Day Christmas

## You Can Get Your Christmas Gifts Here

Something that is useful is better. Something that will give valuable service for months and months after Christmas Times are gone. For example: A suit of clothes for father or brother, also shoes, hats, caps, collars, ties, socks, in fancy boxes, suspenders in fancy boxes. For mother, wife or sister, a nice dress, cloak, hose, gloves, handkerchiefs, etc. Many other articles to numerous to mention that would be greatly appreciated. You will find bargains in this stock and the prices are down in reach of every Christmas shopper. Come and see. ASK US ABOUT OUR FANCY GROCERIES.

**The Cash Bargain Store, D. C. WORSHAM Proprietor**  
West Side of the Square

### Dear Housewife:

In your letter to Old Santa be certain to ask for a sack of **CREAM OF THE PLAINS FLOUR**. This, without a doubt is the best of all Christmas presents. Try a sack and be convinced.

### SPIKES & SON

FLOUR HEADQUARTERS FOR SANTA  
PHONE 243

**Chas. McDonald Dead**  
Last Sunday afternoon at 5:15 o'clock Chas. McDonald, who had been employed at the Denison camp as night watchman on December 49, drove into Lubbock in another gentleman in a buggy and when he alighted in the buggy in front of the Hotel, he fainted and fell to the sidewalk. Will's hands picked him up and tried him into the hotel, but he died of heart failure before a physician could reach his side. McDonald had come to town the day for his old home at Nepege, Canada. He was a sufferer from that deadly disease tuberculosis and had been working at the camps mostly for

his health. The Robinson Undertaking establishment took charge of the remains and prepared them for burial, which took place in the Lubbock Cemetery yesterday afternoon, Rev. J. P. Word conducting the funeral services.  
Do not fail to hear Miss Allene Marie Brazelton in vocal concert at the Opera House, Friday night, December 20th. Benefit Ladies Aid Society First Presbyterian Church.  
Preston Majors, who was in our city last week as a witness in District Court, left Friday for his home in Tahoka.  
The new sack of White Crest Flour is better than ever.  
24 1t MARTIN & WOLCOTT.

**CHRISTMAS TREES**  
The Several Churches of Lybbock Will Have Christmas Trees For The Little Folks.

Christmas eve night will see many Christmas trees in Lybbock. The several churches of our city will have trees, besides there will be numerous trees in private homes. The following are the organizations that will on this night have a tree - at their churches:  
The Methodist will have in place of a tree, a Christmas ladder, which will be something novel in its way. The Baptist people will have a tree, as will the South Side Christian Church, the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and the First Presbyterian Church. We understand the Canyon School will have a tree at their school house on Christmas night.

The Avaianche wishes and feels sure that each and every tree will be a success and wishes for all a very merry Christmas.

Read Martin & Wolcott's ad on page two. 24 1t

**Notice**  
The tax rolls for the City of Lubbock are now open for the payment of taxes for the year 1912. These taxes will become delinquent after January 31st 1913.  
24 3t W. M. SHAW, Sec.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Walton left Sunday for Abilene where Mrs. Walton will be placed in the Alexander Sanitarium for treatment.

Martin & Wolcott have just what you want to make your table complete. 24 1t

**TAYLOR COMES CLEAR**  
In the Case of Wm. E. Taylor for the Killing of Thomas M. Collins.

The trial of Wm. E. Taylor for the killing of Thomas M. Collins in the Blue Front Restaurant in this city on the 19th of October, which consumed last week, was given to the jury late Saturday afternoon. The jury after about three hours deliberation, made known their desire to return a verdict, which was "not guilty." This was one of the most interesting cases which has been tried in Lubbock in many days and the court room was crowded at each session of court, there

being many women in attendance. The case of the State of Texas vs Wm. E. Taylor for the killing of J. J. Reynolds on the same date, has been transferred to Lynn county and will be tried at

the next term of court which comes up in that county. Martin & Wolcott have just what you want to make your table complete. 24 1t

### Lubbock Music Lovers

Will be given another opportunity of hearing good music on the evening of December 20th, at the Opera House when Miss Allene Marie Brazelton, will appear in vocal concert, begins promptly at 8:30 o'clock. Benefit Ladies Aid Society, First Presbyterian Church.

Admission 35c and 50c.

## GIVE US YOUR ORDERS FOR SUNLIGHT COAL

ALSO  
Hay or Grain of Any Kind, Cotton Seed Cake and Meal, Kaffir, Maize and Corn Chops

NOBODY SELLS SUNLIGHT COAL BUT US

PHONE  
**319 AMES & CO. 319**

**W. K. DICKINSON, Sr.**  
Vice President  
**C. E. PARKS,**  
Vice President

**JOHN W. BAKER,**  
President

**C. D. LESTER,**  
Cashier  
**F. E. CRAIG,**  
Asst. Cashier

## This is The Season of Good Cheer

We hope every one who reads this, will be enjoying the blessings that they have so justly earned during the year, and that every home into which this shall find its way, shall be a happy home, and one of real cheer.

Our friends have made it possible for our bank to feel the prosperity that has come to our goodly country, and as a result every one connected with the bank is very much delighted with the good things that are in store for our friends and ourselves.

We are mindful of the fact that whatever success has attended our efforts this year, is shared in by every customer of ours, and we wish for every one a very, very happy Christmas, and may this season of happiness bring to every one of our friends, the joy and pleasure they so richly deserve. Our people, are a great people, in a goodly land, and surrounded by pleasant circumstances, and we join in with them in proclaiming peace and good will to all.

Assuring you of our appreciation, of favors extended to us, and trusting that you and your friends will continue to enjoy the good things of our land, we are joyfully,

# The First National Bank

**Neighboring County News**  
From Our Exchanges

**CROSBY COUNTY**

**Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hines** are the happy parents of a fine girl baby born to them at 7:30 p. m. Tuesday. Mother and child doing well.

and that he was contemplating locating in Crosbyton and we will say that he has been among us again this week and informed us that he was thinking seriously of coming to Crosbyton and that he would open a law business here as soon as he could arrange matters.

Will T. Hughes of Cone, was in the city Tuesday afternoon figuring with our lumbermen on a \$2,500 bill of lumber with which to build Cone's fine public school building.

Chas. Ellis and Jack Lynn of Estacado, accompanied by Leale Ellis of Lubbock, were in Crosbyton Tuesday.

Mrs. C. C. Elam was a visitor in the city of Lubbock the last of the week, and was shopping with the Lubbock merchants.

Tuesday morning, Oscar Kidd accidentally shot himself in the muscle of the left forearm, and was forced to travel 15 miles before medical aid could be given him. Oscar, while taking a shot gun from a wagon, muzzle first, struck the hammer against the edge of the wagon and caused the gun to discharge, the whole load taking effect just above the wrist and tearing most of the flesh from the arm to the elbow.

The Crosbyton Inn is nearing completion and it is certainly a beauty and will prove a great asset to the town of Crosbyton. This Inn has always been a credit to the South Plains country and has at all times been rated as the best hotel in this part of Texas from a standpoint of consideration for its guests and their comfort. It is now thoroughly rebuilt and will be a dandy from every standpoint.

**DAWSON COUNTY**

Frank Good and family left last week for New Mexico where they have decided to locate permanently.

A good soaking rain fell here last Saturday night and Sunday morning, with quite a flurry of snow. It all went down into the ground where it will do the most good. This country has a very good start for a winter season now and if the moisture continues to come the South Plains will once more put on the old-time prosperity garb, which is after all the only style of garment that suits her shape.

Mr. A. L. Woodward has traded section 12 in the north part of Dawson county for land near Texarkana and has moved there from Miles Texas.

**LYNN COUNTY**

J. E. Cunningham, who has been working on the Singleton ranch in the southwest corner of Lynn county for about a year, passed through Tahoka Monday on his way to the north Panhandle to attend the funeral of his wife's mother. Mrs. Cunningham took the train in Tahoka last Saturday and reached her destination after her mother died.

Last week saw the cotton market reach the top in Tahoka for this year so far. Paul Miller paid 12-42 1-2 for six bales of the fleecy staple. Mr. Miller says that the best grades of cotton are now at a premium.

C. A. Wasson, of Lamesa, has had a new building put up on the south side of the square, next to the Fair store. The building is a box and weather



**CHRISTMAS PINES**

are often used as decorations, but the pine that we sell is well seasoned, straight grained building material. We can furnish you with

**ANY KIND OF LUMBER**

that is needed for building or repairing. The use of our lumber will assure a better construction, and it costs no more for this satisfaction.

**OUR YARD WILL BE CLOSED CHRISTMAS DAY**

**A. G. McADAMS LUMBER CO.**

board affair with a square top front, one story, 18x40 feet and will be used as a pool hall. Mr. Wasson has not yet moved his family here but will in a few days if nothing happens to prevent.

Miss Poole, the lady who was to have been here Thursday night to lecture on missionary work in Japan, failed to arrive and we have heard since that her sister was taken very ill and had to be carried to the sanitarium. Mrs. Crie, president of the W. H. M. Society, received a phone call this morning from Miss Poole at Lubbock and it was arranged for Miss Poole to come down on the train tomorrow and deliver the lecture at the Methodist church some time Sunday.

**YOAKUM COUNTY**

D. R. Cousineau, of Seminole stopped over in Plains Wednesday night on his way to T. C. Ivey's ranch, where he has a two months job putting up windmills and repairing old ones. Mr. Cousineau is an experienced man at that business, having been windmill man for the Spade ranch for several years.

Little Scott Gilliam had the misfortune to get a leg broken Monday evening from a fall. The bone was set by his father and the little fellow is doing nicely.

Lee Roy McCravy expects his family home tomorrow to spend a three week's vacation with him. School closed at Lubbock

yesterday until Monday after New Year's.

**MARRIED**—Mr. S. H. Blanton and Miss Clemmie Chisholm, of Terry county, were married in Plains last Sunday afternoon. Judge J. T. Gainer officiating. These young people reside in the J Cross community and have many friends to extend them congratulations.

Rev. B. F. Dixon came over from Brownfield last Saturday and held his appointment here Sunday and Sunday night. He returned last week from a trip to Dallas, where he attended the annual meeting of the State Missionary Board of his church and secured an appropriation of \$2,000 for the Brownfield Association, \$800 of which will be applied to the salary of the preacher in this field.

Read Martin & Wolcott's ad on page two. 24 1t

The Operetta given as a "repeater," at the Opera House last Monday night by the school children, was well attended. This beautiful play was gotten up under the instruction of Miss Brown, music teacher, and Miss Word, expression teacher. The first time that this play was put on it was such a success that it was demanded again, and at both entertainments there were large crowds to receive it.

Five gallons coal oil at J. H. Moore's for 22 ct

W. C. Green left Monday afternoon for Littlefield where he has a contract for about three months' painting.

Read Martin & Wolcott's ad on page two. 24 1t

T. B. Hooker, of Hansford, Cal., will take the Avalanche beginning with this issue and receive same for six months.

C. E. Ligon was down from Abernathy Sunday.

Mrs. C. K. Kelsey of Lorenzo, passed through Lubbock Monday on her way to Hico, where she goes to visit relatives.

Five gallons coal oil at J. H. Moore's for 22 ct

P. M. Faulkner was here from Slaton Monday.

**SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS**

Martin's Pure Candies for the Children; Buy them by the pound.

Martin's Fine Fruit Cake for Grown-ups. They will please the most discriminating.

**MARTIN'S BAKERY**

LUBBOCK, TEXAS

**LOANS AND INSURANCE**

In addition to my regular loan connections I beg leave to announce that I have associated myself with

**THE AMERICAN NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY**  
OF GALVESTON, TEXAS

AND AM THEREFORE IN POSITION

- 1st. To make loans without insurance.
- 2nd. To write insurance without loans.
- 3rd. To make loans and write insurance under one contract.

**J. F. PERRY**

**Dusting, Cleaning and Polishing**  
All at One Time

THE old way to clean a hardwood floor was to dust it, then clean it, then oil and polish it. A half-day's task—lots of back-breaking work—and even then the result was not always satisfactory.

But the new way—with the O-Cedar Polish Mop—you dust, clean and polish all at once. Easy, quick and satisfactory. No stooping or bending. No hard rubbing. You simply pass the mop over the floor—all the dust and dirt is collected and held and the floor is given a hard, durable, lasting polish. A few minutes easy work and the result is always satisfactory.

**O-Cedar Mop Polish**

for cleaning and dusting everywhere—not only the floors, but the tops of doors, the stairs and banisters, etc. Everywhere, all the hard-to-get-at-places. You don't have to move the beds and heavy furniture, you can reach under them easily, for the handle of the mop is 54 inches long.

**Try It at Our Risk**

The price of the O-Cedar Polish Mop is only \$1.50 and every cent of your money will be refunded, in full, if you do not find it satisfactory in every respect. You will find it the most satisfactory household article you ever used.

**R. A. RANKIN & SONS**

**It Is Now Almost Christmas Time.**

And the wind is blowing hard; just such times as we are going to have for the next few days or weeks very dangerous times with reference to FIRES, and if you haven't any protection against fire you had better hurry and take out a policy covering your dwelling and household goods, it is much better to have it and not need it than to need it and not have it.

**SEE Stubbs & Adams, For Fire Insurance at the office of the Guarantee Abstract and Title Company**