

SECTION TWO

THE LUBBOCK AVALANCHE.

VOLUME XIII.

LUBBOCK, LUBBOCK COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1912

NUMBER 24

J. H. Belcher of Guthrie, Oklahoma, was here Saturday.

Five gallons of coal oil at J. H. Moore's for 75c. 22 tf

H. Humphrey was here from Wichita Falls, Friday.

C. E. Sams, of Carlsbad, N. M., was in the city Saturday.

R. M. Randel of Dallas, was here Sunday and Monday.

R. A. Sowder made a business trip to Amarillo last Friday.

C. A. Thompson of Wichita Falls, was in the city last week.

Fred Neill, of Dallas, was here Friday and Saturday.

H. E. Smith, Jr., of Crosbyton, spent Friday and Saturday in Lubbock.

Mr. and Mrs. Colby Thomas left Monday for Dallas where they will spend the holidays.

Miss Oma Lee Travis and Miss Goggins of Falls, were shopping in Lubbock Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Spencer of Crosbyton, passed through Lubbock Saturday on their way home from a visit north.

Five gallons of the best quality of Coal Oil at J. H. Moore's for 75c. Bring your car and let us fill it for you. 22 tf

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Pierce and children left Saturday for Waxahachie, where they will spend some time visiting.

Earl Standefer of Canada, came in Saturday and is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Standifer.

Miss Ceryl Potts, who is teaching school at Estacado, came over Saturday and spent the time between trains shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hughes and children left the first of the week for Plainview, where they will make their future home. We hate to lose this good family and feel that they need no introduction to the people of Plainview, as they are well known in that city.

Mrs. T. M. Maddox and baby of Butlinger, came in Sunday and joined her husband at this place. They will make Lubbock their future home. Mr. Maddox is of the firm of Moody & Maddox insurance agents.

L. M. Hunt of Colorado Springs, Colo., was the guest of W. A. Bacon a day or so last week. Mr. Hunt is a cousin of Mesdames Bacon, Wheelock, Wolfarth and the Hunt boys of this city.

Little Misses Ollie and Dera Pettit who visited the first of the week at the home of T. L. Vaughn, left Monday for their home in the northwest part of the county.

District Attorney-elect Lockhart of Tahoka, who spent the greater part of last week here attending District court, left for his home Friday.

Mrs. Frank Snodgrass of Coleman, spent a greater part of last week here with her husband, who was an attorney in the Taylor case.

Miss Hattie Peters of Snyder, came in Saturday and has accepted a position with the Southwestern Telephone Company.

F. G. Leque of San Antonio, spent a day or so of last week in Lubbock looking after business matters.

**To Dedicate Orphans Home**  
Friends and helpers of Buckner Orphans Home have agreed on January 3rd, 1913, for the dedication of Manna Hall, which is believed to be the largest dining hall for orphans on the American continent. It is proposed to raise at least \$80,000 for the home on that day. It will be the 80th birthday of Dr. Buckner, its founder and manager. The purpose was adopted on the motion of Dr. Geo. Truett. All money and gifts will go exclusively to the Orphans Home itself, and nothing to Dr. Buckner, or any other person.

Everybody is respectfully requested to bring on that day, or to send check in advance for as liberal a contribution as the personal heart and conscience may suggest. Buckner Orphans Home has never closed its doors against a single child, homeless and without father and mother. It has cared for nearly 7,000 and it always supports a family of more than 600. Children are admitted whether their parents were Christians or not, and no distinction is made between religious denominations or territorial boundaries.

In making remittances, or writing for further information, address Buckner Orphans Home, Dallas, Texas, Route 3.

Did you know that you could get five gallons of as good Coal Oil as you will find in town at J. H. Moore's for 75c. Let us sell you your oil. 22 tf

Louis DeNoya and wife were here here the first of the week from Sulphur, Okla.

Elder Penney made a business trip to Abilene the latter part of last week.

**A Shame in Texas**  
The State Penitentiary Agent committed a very grave offense against the peace and dignity of the state and brought a blush of shame to the fair face of Texas on Thanksgiving Day, when he marched in locked step seventeen convicted men down a main street in Fort Worth, the men all wearing heavy chains and bound together like galley slaves. The news report says that a large number of men and boys "lined up" along the sidewalks to view the march; that the convicts were jeered and taunted by the unfeeling crowd. It is bad enough for men to commit crime and fall under the condemnation of the law, but it is ill fitting for an officer of the law to expose these convicted men to the unfeeling jeers of a maudlin crowd. Little did these convicts have cause to thank on that sad day, when most of them were to have the doors of hope and ambition closed against them forever and perhaps for eternity, and to be marched in "grand review" on Thanksgiving Day would never tend to kindle the spark of manhood in them. Even if men have fallen, the great State of Texas has no right crush the life out of these human beings just because they have been condemned to hard labor. Mercy is often better than punishment. — Hereford Brand.

Misses Flora and Bertha Webb of Slaton, came in the first of the week and attended the Teachers Institute which was in session here this week.

C. D. Jackson was here from Dallas, Monday.

**Mrs. Fitzgerald Dead**  
Last Saturday night, death again visited our beautiful little city and claimed for its own a loving wife and mother, Mrs. Mollie Fitzgerald, who resided in the northwest part of Lubbock. The remains of this good woman were carried across country Sunday to Abernathy where they were laid to rest in the Abernathy cemetery. Quite a number of friends accompanied them to their last resting place. The Avalanche joins the many friends of this excellent family in offering condolence in this, the greatest loss that comes to our homes, of a wife and mother.

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The foot ball game Saturday on the local field between Lubbock and Abernathy, resulted in a score of 36 to 0 in favor of Lubbock. Lubbock is hard to beat in anything she goes at.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Robertson were in from the ranch near Slaton Monday buying their Christmas supplies.

Mrs. Arthur Kelsey of Lorenzo, passed through our city Monday en route to Hico, where she will spend the holidays.

Miss Pearl Mitchell of Lorenzo, was here a few hours Wednesday. She was on her way to Hico to visit.

Jno. P. Slaton of Slaton, visited the family of his brother, O. L. Slaton this week.

H. C. Rogers was down from Abernathy Tuesday.

J. S. Grant was in from Slide Tuesday.

Five gallons coal oil at J. H. Moore's for 75c. 22 tf

L. M. Laird of Slide, was in the city Tuesday.

E. Howard of Plainview was here from Amarillo Tuesday.

Lester Mathis was in Lovington, N. M., the first of the week.

J. R. Smith of Brownfield, was in the city Monday.

Ed Green returned from a business trip Monday to Abilene.

Kit Carter of Loring, N. M., was in the city Monday.

C. N. Curtis was here from Waco the first of the week.

M. Murry of Byens, spent the first of the week in our city.

E. B. Walker of Clinton, Ohio, was here Tuesday and was a guest at the Howard.

R. F. Bob was down from Plainview Tuesday talking business with our merchants.

Mrs. Walter Posey visited her parents in Floydada the first of the week.

C. P. Jones was a business visitor in the city Tuesday from his home in Lynn county.

W. M. Brown came down from Amarillo Sunday and returned Monday.

H. K. Frederick of Wichita, Kan., spent a few days here the first of the week.

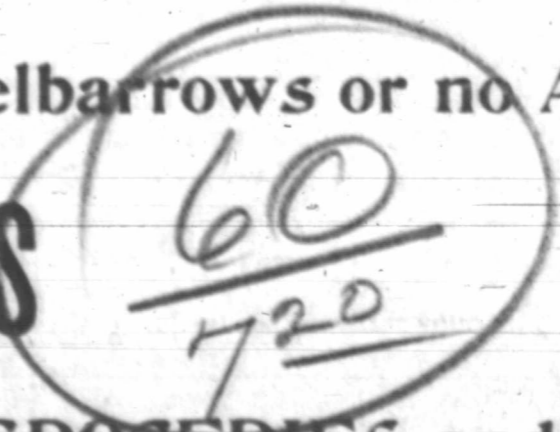
B. K. Huckleberry of Meadow, spent a day or so the first of the week in the city.

Mrs. Ben Moore of Tahoka, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. L. O. Buford, in north Lubbock.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING--OUR GOODS ARE HERE

We have no Toys, nor no Diamonds, nor no Wheelbarrows or no Autos

IT'S "JIST" GROCERIES



But we want to tell you right now we sure have the GROCERIES and we have them fresh and fine. We have a variety that is unexcelled in the city.

You are sure to find what you need for your Christmas baking if you place your orders with us. : : : : : : : :

YOU DON'T HAVE TO COME, JUST PHONE US THE ORDER

PHONE 243

SPIKES & SON

PHONE 243

P. S. We wish you a Merry Christmas. A box of fancy apples or oranges will bring a great amount of good cheer to the family, and we have them. Shall we send you up a box?---SPIKES & SON. ; ; ; ; ; ; ; ;

CHRISTMAS IS IN THE AIR. Protect yourself from fire losses that so often occur about this time of the year by letting  
**S. P. ROBBINS & COMPANY**  
 write you a fire insurance policy in the strongest company on earth

**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), 12 cents per line. Church advertisements, where a revenue is derived therefrom, 5 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, DECEMBER 19, 1912

**THE HOME MERCHANT**

That eventful, "once a year" when Christmas comes around, is now at hand. Unless one's liver is out of fix, every one of us hopes that the coming Christmas will be the brightest and the best that we have ever known. And hoping for it, we should try to make it so. And in trying to make it so, we should try to make it so for others. In trying to make it so for others, we should not only include our home folks, but our home town and our home merchants. Our home folks come first, of course, but next to them are our neighbors, the home merchants. The home merchant needs our money and by all the rules of trade and fair play he is entitled to it. Our home merchant helps to make our home town. He helps to build up and support our home institutions. He helps to bring in new enterprises and to advertise our home town. He is one of us, and his life, like ours, is wrapped up in our home town. With all these facts staring us in the face it would hardly seem necessary for us to repeat that

old-time admonition, "Trade at Home!"—Amarillo Daily News.

Our people should think the question of trading at home, over more seriously than many do. The home merchant spends much money advertising his business and he is entitled to your most careful consideration. Look through the pages of this issue of the Avalanche. You will see in it big advertisements from the representative firms of the city. They are bidding for your trade. They go to the trouble and expense to let you know about their wares, and you should certainly return the favor by trading with them. You can find what you want in Lubbock stores and you run no risk of delay in delivery. You are safe; you will receive your purchase in good order. Buy at home!

It wouldn't hurt for Lubbock to have a clean-up day—month—couldn't do it all in one day.

**FRIDAY, THE 13TH**

Oh you superstitious! The Fort Worth Star-Telegram commenting on this unusual occurrence says:

"Friday is the day when the cars run a minute ahead of time, and the would-be passenger misses his after chancing it for two blocks; it's the day when every man at some time is the only man in a full car when an ugly old maid gets on; it's the day when every man is idiot enough to wear his new hat and have it blow off in the muddy street; it's the day of general and particular calamity—Friday, the 13th.

"The unkind fate that rules the world on that day doesn't tear down any buildings or kill anybody. These things are too obvious. It merely drives a man to desperation by inflicting all the petty annoyances that he never has or could imagine before and then refuses to put him out of his misery.

"It won't do any good to take precautions, because the misfortunes of the day are never repeated, but here are some things that are advised against in order to lighten the certain load of troubles:

"Don't try to stand in front of a street car. The motorman will stop the car after both your legs are broken.

"Don't show resentment if some 200-pounder steps on your corn.

"Don't say you're sick and can't go to the office. You'll probably be "canned" and the office will burn down with your overcoat in it.

"Don't bother to pick up any pocketbooks you see on the street. If you pick them up they'll be empty, and if you don't they'll contain from \$50 to \$100.

"Don't do anything. Just try

to live through the day."

It was alright in Lubbock. It was a good day for the people of our fair city; nothing that we could justly regret happened, on the other hand many things occurred for us to be thankful for. Our merchants all enjoyed a liberal patronage and sent away many pleased customers. The school boys and girls enjoyed the announcement of a two-weeks lay-off on that day. They had their annual exchange of gifts, one with another on that day and all seemed to be bubbling over with happiness and good cheer. It was Friday the 13th, and the memories of the happy day will linger long in Lubbock.

**Notice**

Notice is hereby given to all persons that during the next regular session of the Legislature of the State of Texas, which convenes at Austin, Texas, on the 14th day of January, 1913, the undersigned railway and railroad companies will apply for, and request the passage by said Legislature of a special law or laws for the following purposes: To authorize the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway Company of Texas to lease, for a term of not less than twenty-five years, the railroad of the Texas Central Railway Company, extending from the city of Waco, McLennan county, Texas, to the town of Rotan, Fisher county, Texas; the railroad of the Wichita Falls & Northwestern Railway Company of Texas, extending from the city of Wichita Falls, Wichita county, Texas, to the town of Newcastle, Young county, Texas; the railroad of the Wichita Falls & Wellington Railway Company of Texas, extending from the town of Wellington, Young county, Texas, to the town of Henrietta, Clay county, Texas; the city of Wichita Falls, Wichita county, Texas; the railroad of the Denton, Bonham & New Orleans Railway Company, extending from the city of Denton, Grayson county, Texas, to the city of Bonham, Fannin county, Texas; the railroad of the Dallas, Cleburne & Southwestern Railway Company, extending from the city of Cleburne, Texas, to the town of Wadon, in Houston county, Texas; or any of them, with the branches and extensions of said railroads constructed or to be constructed, together with the proper franchises and appurtenances pertaining thereto, and at any time during the life of said lease or leases to purchase, own, operate and maintain the same, or any of them, as a part of its line, and to complete and extend the said railroads, or any of them, as contemplated and provided in the respective charters of the said Texas Central

Railroad company, the Wichita Falls & Northwestern Railway company of Texas; the Wichita Falls & Southern Railway Company, Wichita Falls & Wellington Railway Company, the Denton, Bonham & New Orleans Railroad Company, the Dallas, Cleburne & Southwestern Railway Company, and the Beaumont & Great Northern Railroad, with the right to make such other extensions and construct such branches as may be hereafter authorized by amendment of the charter under the laws of the State of Texas, and to vest said companies, and each of them, with the power to make and execute all necessary contracts and agreements to effect said leases, purchases, and sales, or any of them; and to authorize the said Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway Company of Texas to assume the payment of the bonds and other indebtedness of the said railroad and railway companies, or any of them and to purchase the issued and outstanding stock of the said railroad and railway companies, or any of them, and to exchange its own stock and bonds for the stock and bonds of the said railroad and railway companies, or any of them, or to substitute its own bonds under the laws of the State of Texas and subject to the approval of the Railroad Commission of Texas, in lieu thereof; and to prescribe the terms and conditions upon which said leases, purchases, and sales may be made.

Dated this 9th day of November, 1912.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway Company of Texas. By C. E. Schaff, President.

The Wichita Falls & Northwestern Railway Company of Texas. By C. E. Schaff, President.

The Wichita Falls & Southern Railway Company. By C. E. Schaff, President.

The Wichita Falls & Wellington Railway Company of Texas. By C. E. Schaff, President.

The Denton, Bonham & New Orleans Railway Company. By C. E. Schaff, President.

The Dallas, Cleburne & Southwestern Railway Company. By C. E. Schaff, President.

The Beaumont & Great Northern Railroad. By William Carlisle, President.

Ben Bounds of Crosbyton, spent Friday in Lubbock.

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

**MONEY TO LOAN**

Why pay 10 per cent for farm and ranch loans when you can get 8 per cent money? Ranch loans, any size, a specialty. Good loaning proposition on improved stock farms. Long time loans with optional payments. Extend payment on vendor lien notes. No stock nor insurance proposition. Let me know your wants.

**W. B. JOINER, Plainview, Texas**

**GET THAT CAR IN GOOD SHAPE FOR CHRISTMAS**  
 OR WE WILL TAKE YOU IN OUR SERVICE CARS ANYWHERE YOU WANT TO GO. WE ARE READY ON SHORT NOTICE

**TUBBS BROTHERS**

CASS AUTO COMPANY'S OLD STAND

PHONE 265

**KAFFIR AS GOOD AS CORN**  
 Authority On Quality of Feed Says It is—The South Plains Raises it in Abundance.

Kaffir is as good a feed as corn. Because farmers are learning this, Kaffir has become one of the most important crops grown in Kansas today. The grain is valued highly as a feed for all classes of livestock. In feeding five bushels of Kaffir seed are considered as being equivalent to four bushels of shelled corn. It should be ground for all classes of livestock, excepting poultry, as it is so hard that they do not masticate it thoroughly if it is fed whole. It should never be fed wet.

Silage made from Kaffir excels corn silage as a feed, as the percentage of grain and leaf to stalk is much higher in Kaffir. The same thing is true in regard to Kaffir fodder and corn stover.

Some of the farmers over the state cut their Kaffir with a corn binder. They then cut the heads off with a knife, similar to a tobacco cutter, only much

larger, which is attached to the side of a wagon box. The heads are allowed to fall in the wagon box and are then threshed. The fodder which is left is excellent feed. Some persons have advocated the feeding of the fodder to horses suffering with the heaves, but Dr. C. W. McCampbell, assistant professor of animal husbandry at the Kansas Agricultural College, says that it has no more value for this purpose than any other similar feed.—The Kansas Industrialist.

With the facts before us that this variety of feed stuff is no longer an experiment among feeders, but has been tested and found to contain many of the best qualities of Indian corn besides some that the Indian corn has not. The South Plains is sure to become one of the greatest feeding grounds for cattle and hogs in the State. In years to come the man with a few head of cattle and a good farm will be as independent as a "hog on ice." He will have all the feed required to keep his stock in fine shape; have some to sell and also fatten several head of cattle for the market—the finished product.

Last Friday, G. S. Debardeleben, proprietor of the Lubbock Hotel, celebrated his 56th birthday with a big turkey dinner and other good eatables in connection. We were sorry it was impossible for us to accept the kind invitation to attend this dinner. It is the habit of Mr. Debardeleben to have a big dinner each time his birthday rolls around, and he always has plenty of other good cheer to go with the dinner.

J. D. Howard, of Boosby, Wash., was a business visitor here the first of the week.

E. E. Boles of Clovis, N. M., was here the latter part of last week.

C. W. Fisher was here from Crosbyton Saturday.

The Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1913 Almanac  
 The Rev. Irl R. Hicks Almanac for 1913 is now ready. It is the most splendid number of this popular Year Book ever printed. Its value has been more than ever proven by remarkable fulfillments of its storm, weather and earthquake forecasts this year. Professor Hicks justly merits the confidence and support of all the people. Don't fail to send 35c for this 1913 Almanac, or only one dollar for his splendid Magazine and Almanac one year. The best one dollar investment possible in any home or business. Send to Word and Works Publishing Company, 3401 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

**The Cash Market**

Phone 146

**Fresh and Cured Meats**

You will find everything usually kept in a first-class meat market and it will be delivered to you in first-class condition. Below you will find a list of a few things you can get at this market:

Beef	Smoked Cow Tongue	Balnogas	Crackers
Veal	Cured Ham	Cheese	Sweet Relish
Pork	Boiled Ham	Souse	Celery Sauce
Sausage	Dried Beef	Pure Lard	Mustard
Mutton	Mince Meat	Chili Meat	Pickles
Goat	Pickled Pig Feet	Hamburger	Olives
			Bread

Phone us your orders for Fresh Fish and Oysters

We can sell you Turkeys and Chickens dressed or undressed

**Cash Meat Market** Phone 146

**YOUR LIVESTOCK WILL ENJOY CHRISTMAS**

to the "fullest" extent if you will procure plenty of good Corn Chops, Kaffir Chops, Bran, Cotton Meal and Cake, Bright Alfalfa and Millet Hay for their Christmas dinner; we have it.

**DOWNING & HILL**

DEALERS IN COAL, GRAIN AND FEED STUFF OF ALL KINDS



**Jno. W. Cone**

Dealer in  
**Buggies, Hacks, Surries, and  
Harness**

Greenhill Old Stand North Side Square  
**LUBBOCK, TEXAS**

1,500 YEAR OLD PAPER

Chinese Publication Silenced  
After 1,500 Years of  
Service.

New York, Dec. 12.—The president of the Chinese Republic, Yuan Shi Kai, recently suppressed the newspaper King Bao, which was undoubtedly the oldest paper in the world, says The Christian Herald. For 1,500 years it has reported the more important news, not only of China, but also of foreign countries.

The first edition was printed on ten sheets of yellow silk neat-

**WINDOW GLASS  
WE CUT IT FOR YOU**

And will set it.  
Don't forget about the Picture Framing Department  
A. J. TAYLOR N. Side Square  
Phone 269.

pressions were taken from them. The newspaper King Bao, founded in the year 400 of the Christian era is the natural product of the part of printing in that day. It is presumed that the President of the Republic suppressed this paper because it was unfriendly to democracy, or to the present administration of the government.

To Prohibit Mixed Marriage.

Washington, Dec. 12.—Representative Roddenberry of Georgia, speaking late yesterday in favor of a resolution he introduced to prohibit intermarriage between whites and negroes, predicted that the present legal sanction of mixed marriages eventually will bring this country to a conflict.

He deplored the legal procedure under which "a brown-hued, black-skinned, thick-lipped, brutal-hearted African can walk into an office of the law and demand an edict granting him legal marriage with a white woman."

"No brutality, infamy or degradation in all the days of Southern slavery," he continued, possessed such villainous characteristics and atrocious qualities as the permission of that marriage by the laws of this country.

Texas has 176,064 bachelors. What do you know about that? Texas does not lead in this respect, however, as Illinois shows up with a grand total of 260,759. However, it is a fact according to statistics that if all the maids were to marry there would remain in the United States over four million bachelors.

T. L. Ball, a traveling salesman of Plainview, was in the city Friday.

Mrs. R. Hawthorn of Crosbyton, was in the city the latter part of last week shopping.

B. L. Hargis, of Plainview, spent Friday and Saturday in Lubbock.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known. It cures Catarrh of the Bladder, and all the other Catarrhs of the Urinary System. It is a constitutional medicine, and it cures the disease by acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and restoring nature to doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

PRES. TAFT RECOMMENDS

His Recent Message to Congress Several Recommendations and Some Disapprovals.

President Taft's principal recommendations in his message to congress last week.

The plan of currency reform outlined by the monetary commission.

Amendment of the law to lessen the penalty when corporations inadvertently disobey the corporation tax laws.

Congressional approval of plan of army reorganization prepared by the war college last spring.

The passage of militia pay bill increasing compensation to militia in the field.

Citizenship without statehood for Porto Rico.

Regulation of water power grants so navigable streams might be improved by water companies.

Elevation of Col. Goethals, builder of the Panama canal, to a major generalship.

Return to the policy of two battleships a year by an appropriation for three battleships this year.

Authority to the United States supreme court to make rules of procedure in common law cases in federal courts, to expedite and lessen the cost of litigation.

He disapproved the following: Autonomy and independence in eight years for the Philippines. Amendment of the Sherman

anti-trust law.

The President made no recommendations for tariff revision, stating that he would leave that subject to the incoming congress.

Slaton Squibs.

T. J. Mabry came across an old bill of sale among his papers the other day which is quite interesting in comparing the price of cattle twenty years ago and today. The bill of sale was executed on the 8th day of August, 1890, in Llano county, Texas, by one J. T. Simpson, who sold to one A. J. Simpson an 8-year-old red cow, the consideration being \$8.00. The high price for cow and calf was \$72.50 in that portion of the universe at those days.

E. E. Bailes of Clovis, N. M., was in Slaton Tuesday and Wednesday to secure a horse and buggy of his which had been stolen at Clovis recently and driven to Slaton, where it was sold. Jesse Jones recognized the property as stolen, and attached it, notifying Mr. Bailes that it was here.

Dr. S. H. Adams was on the sick list a few days this week.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Dennis, who live about two miles west of town, Sunday.

John K. Fullingim, of Crosbyton, was here Friday.

**It Helps!**

Mrs. J. F. Daniels, of Slaton, writes: "I was so sick for 3 or 4 years, I had to hire my work done most of the time. I had given up hope. When I began to take Cardui, I knew right away it was helping me. Now I am better than ever before in my life, and Cardui did it!"

Take **CARDUI**

The Woman's Tonic

Cardui has helped thousands of weak, tired, worn-out women, back to health. It has a gentle, tonic action on the womanly system. It goes to the cause of the trouble. It helps, it helps quickly, surely, safely. It has helped others. Why not you? It will. Try it. Get a bottle today!

T. C. Mathis was over from Crosbyton Friday.

**GRAND OPERA IN DALLAS**  
The World's Greatest Artists  
MARY GARDEN, TETRAZZINI, DALMORES, FRAEMSTED, CAPPANINI and many others of world-wide renown will appear in Grand Opera in Dallas, under the auspices of the "Grand Opera Committee" of Dallas, on February 28th and March 1st, 1913. The railroads will offer special rates for this unusual event to Dallas and return.  
For ticket reservations and information call over Southwestern Telephone, Dallas, Main 3732.

# Holiday Buying Made Easy At THE MERCANTILE

Because of our gigantic showing of useful and appropriate merchandise. If you want something useful for man, woman, boy or a girl we have it. A few suggestions listed below:

<p><b>Gifts For Her</b></p> <p>Ladies' short kid gloves in white, black, tans and grey 1.25 1.50 1.75</p> <p>Chamoisette gloves, black and browns 35c 50c</p> <p>Ladies' golf gloves, special 25c, now 15c</p> <p>Infants' gloves and mittens 25c 50c</p> <p><b>Jewelry Novelties</b></p> <p>Bow Pins 35c 60c</p> <p>Bar pins 25c 50c 75c</p> <p>Small stran beads, wax pearl beads 75c 1.00</p> <p><b>Linens</b></p> <p>60 pieces hand worked embroidery, pieces such as center pieces and scrabs choice 2.00</p> <p>64-inch mercerized Damask, per yard 50c</p> <p>All linen damasks imported from Belfast, Ireland 75c 1.00 1.25</p>	<p>Linen towels per pair 50c 1.00 1.50</p> <p><b>Ladies' Dresses</b></p> <p>Big reductions on Ladies' Suits, One Piece Dresses and Coats.</p> <p>33 1-3 per cent discount on all Ladies' Dresses priced \$20.00 and up.</p> <p>30.00 One piece dresses 20.00</p> <p>25.00 One piece dresses 16.65</p> <p>22.50 One piece dresses 15.00</p> <p>15.00 One-piece serge dresses 12.50</p> <p>12.50 One piece serge dresses 10.00</p> <p>10.00 One piece serge dresses 8.50</p> <p><b>Ladies' Suits</b></p> <p>30.00 Ladies' suits 22.50</p> <p>25.00 and 27.50 suits 20.00</p> <p>20.00 suits 15.00</p>	<p>15.00 suits 12.50</p> <p>12.50 suits 10.00</p> <p>A few suits full-satin lined special at 8.00</p> <p><b>Gifts For Him</b></p> <p>Addler's kid gloves, special browns and tans 1.50</p> <p>Addler's macha gloves, special 1.50</p> <p>Addler's lined gloves, special 1.75</p> <p>Gauntlett gloves, for riding and autoing 1.50 1.75 2.25</p> <p>A lined horse hide glove, every seam welted, worth 1.50, our price 1.00</p> <p>An all leather glove, heavy palm 65c</p> <p>Silk Ties 35c 50c 75c</p> <p>Silk hose, all colors, and tie to match, per box 1.00</p> <p>Suspenders, arm bands and supporters to match, in box 1.00</p> <p>Knit scarfs and mufflers 25c to 3.00</p>	<p>Large brocaded silk mufflers 1.25</p> <p>Scarf pins 25c 50c</p> <p>Tie holders 25c 50c</p> <p>Cuff Buttons 40c 1.50</p> <p><b>Big Reduction on Men's Suits</b></p> <p>30.00 Suits from the House of Kuppenheimer 25.00</p> <p>25.00 Suits from the House of Kuppenheimer 20.00</p> <p>20.00 Suits from the House of Kuppenheimer 16.00</p> <p>25.00 Faller Suits 18.00</p> <p>20.00 and 18.00 Faller Suits 15.00</p> <p>15.00 Faller Suits 12.50</p> <p>18.00 Blue Serge special 12.50</p> <p>An all wool Serge special 10.00</p> <p>See our line of heavy, rough Suits for boys 4.95</p>
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**LUBBOCK MERCANTILE COMPANY**  
THE HOUSE OF QUALITY

# A CAR OF FLOUR FOR CHRISTMAS

We have received a full car of the celebrated GERMAN MILLS FLOUR, recognized by all who know good flour, and have used it, as being the best on the market today. Good bread will bring good cheer to the entire household. It is the foundation on which every good meal is built, without good bread, there is little happiness in the home and without good flour good bread is impossible. There is none "just as good" as the German Mills Brands, because the process which this flour is made is entirely different from that used in making by other mills. This flour has stood the test for years, and many people will turn other high patent flour down if they can get that put up by the GERMAN MILLS. By receiving this car of flour we have laid the foundation for your Christmas Dinner. We have everything else you need to complete one of the most delicious and sumptuous repasts that you have enjoyed, though you be a centenarian, such as Turkey, Cranberries, Celery and everything to make the turkey better. Fresh Fruits of the many different kinds. Canned Goods in many varieties. Bottled Goods of most every description (except the intoxicating kind) and Candies, well we believe we have as nice an assortment of fancy candy as you will find in town, and we want you to try some of it. There is no use to go anywhere else to get everything you need in Christmas groceries.

## TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!

They are here, lots of them and many kinds, and are on display in our store, ready for your inspection. In the racket goods department you are sure to find suitable articles for anyone that you desire to remember with a Christmas gift. We ask that you visit our store early while the stock is complete and make your selections. We will deliver the goods any time you say.

### Beautiful \$25.00 Hornless Symphony Talking Machines to Customers of this Store

The instruments are now on display in our store. Call and see them. You don't realize what a sensational offer this is until you actually see the machine and hear it played! Truly, it is wonderful. This instrument is of the very latest modern improved type. An instrument of this high quality could not be bought anywhere for less than \$25.00 and yet it is free to our customers—absolutely free of all cost.

#### How To Get One Of These Machines

You don't pay one single penny for this machine—a free talking machine coupon will be given with every purchase, according to the amount of your purchase. For example: If your purchase amounts to \$2.50, you will receive coupons to that amount. You save these; when you have a total amounting to \$25.00 worth of coupons, bring them in and exchange them for a Talking Machine Absolutely Free.

### To Our Country Trade

When you come to town to do your Christmas shopping bring along what cream you have on hand, and we will pay you the highest market price for it, which is at present 30c per pound. Why worry about churning and get much less for your produce?

### We Wish For All Our Customers a Merry Christmas

We trust you will enjoy the spirit of the season. We hope you can bring good cheer to many and that you will receive in return all that you desire.

OUR STORE WILL BE CLOSED CHRISTMAS DAY, BUT WE WILL BE HERE BRIGHT AND EARLY DECEMBER 26, READY TO FILL YOUR ORDERS.

# LONG BROTHERS

ONE DOOR EAST OF POST OFFICE

PHONE 284



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YULET

By PRUDEN



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### ENTERTAINING THE YULETIDE ANGELS

By PRUDENCE STANDISH.

**W**HERE are these angels, invisible to mortal eyes, and how may we entertain them? They are in the spirit of Christmas, in that glad feeling in the heart which knows there is reason for joy and which tells us to do all we can for others.

When we transgress against the laws of joy and kindness we are turning the Yuletide angels from our doors. When we open our hearts fully to the Christmas spirit, in every sense of the word, we are flinging wide the portals to the winged ones and spreading the banquet they love. To come down to plain, everyday speaking, here are a few of the sinners most well-meaning persons complain against: the holiness, love and comfort of the Christmastide.

Everybody knows that year by year the shops make a strenuous effort to encourage the early buying of gifts. Christmas goods are put on sale quite a few weeks before they are needed, while many a mercantile advertisement openly pleads the case of the poor people. When we put off our buying until the eleventh hour, men, women and children—all of whom have a right to their own share of Christmas—must work overtime. Nothing is said of the awful heat of the crowded shops, of the exhausted, of the toiling beings who swelter, and in icy draughts, who faint and, perhaps, are sometimes discharged for inadequacy with the last hideous battle of buying. But those who are behind the scenes know it all and every part open to human justice must surely see this side of late Christmas shopping—the bitter side.

How inadequate is the last-moment present bought under such conditions—the usual conditions in cities—to express the rightful Christmas sentiment. Instead of telling of Christmas joy if it could but speak the gift would say:

"I bring you a friend's irritability, and a sales-woman's white cheeks, and a little cash girl's sobs, and wish you a miserable Christmas." In short, this belated purchase, obtained with such effort to all concerned, carries with it the unheard tears and sighs of the Yuletide angels, those shining spirits of gladness we turn from our doors. There is a way to escape this very great annoyance to ourselves and injustice to others. The shops are never crowded in the early morning, so do the shopping then with the very first hour. Or if you are a business person and cannot spare the time, write the friend whom you recall at this late hour a nice little note full of Christmas feeling or else run around the corner and buy her a bunch of bright berries from any of the temporary stands, which if not patronized would mean ruin to their owners. At any rate, however, you solve the problem, keep one thought in your heart:

Peace on earth and good will toward all the poor souls hired to sell Christmas presents.

The next sinners against the Yuletide angels are the family ones who deny the home children their rightful share of Christmas joy, who fret about having the little Christmas tree with its trifling gifts, who shatter infantile idols by revealing the sacred mystery of Santa Claus, and so on and so on. Ah, me, ah, me, could I not tell weeping stories, myself of the hardness of grown-up hearts at this time—stories of the dark and dreadful day when a silly aunt of seventeen mocked me for my belief in good Kris Kringle and when, a little later, the edict went forth that I was too old to "think much of Christmas" any more. Is anybody ever "too old" to think of Christmas? Is the heart ever too hardened not to suffer when the dearest of its saints is ruthlessly taken away?

As to this rubbishy talk of the Christmas tree being too much trouble, or too much expense, it only means that the grown-ups are thinking entirely of themselves. There are Christmas trees and Christmas trees, and the cheapest and lightest may bring just as much joy to small hearts as the most expensive ones. In fact, I

have seen little Christmas trees burdened with tiny gifts, and gay with candies, that cost no more than a couple of dollars. They were set up with love and trimmed with love, and revealed with love; and the children and the grown-ups were all as happy as happy could be because they had invited every one of the Yuletide angels to the fun.

So don't rob the children of their good Christmas saint, Santa Claus, but leave them to find out the facts of Christmas giving themselves. And, be your home ever so poor, save something from the housekeeping money to give the children their rightful Christmas joy in another way when the tree cannot be managed. An orange, a big, rosy apple, and a walking stick of striped peppermint candy cost but little. Yet the bunch of cheap things will seem like Christmas, the real true—true Christmas, when it is dumped out of the little stocking.

Concerning more important gifts than these, they also may be of the cheapest sort. All a little child expects is something new, so the trifles bought at a reasonable hour at the ten-cent store, the cheap, home-fashioned doll, the nickel watch or fifteen-cent box of paints, are all equally prized. What the kiddies want is to feel their Yuletide angels near them, and a little extra bother, a little extra patience, will achieve this blessing. Remember, too, the child without the gates, for it needs a share of your joy. Sit up a little later for the next six nights and see what you can make out of pretty scraps of stuff on hand, the colored pictures in the old fashion books, etc. Let all the children who cross your way feel some of the gladness that is in your own heart. It is so easy. Don't grumble; do what you can with enthusiasm and give everything with love.

The worst sinners against Christmas peace are those who feel the season is a nuisance and who do their level best to make others feel the same thing. They hate the excitement, the exchange of presents, the letters or cards they must send, the idea of having to give servants money, the dinners they must get up, those which they must attend. And in hating these, and all the dozen and one duties of the Christmastide, they hate everything—the joy that is in the air, the sweet church bells, the cherubim and seraphim of Bethlehem, and even him whose coming the prophet Micah foretold so long before.

## HOBBO JIM

BY HARRY TRYING GREENE

Copyright 1915, by HARRY TRYING GREENE

**D**OWN the long, gray country road an automobile came whizzing ahead of a cloud of dust that rolled away behind it like smoke from a bomb. In the middle of the road half a dozen turkeys were congregated, long of neck, long of limb, fat of body, juicy, tempting—basking in the fall sunlight. Suddenly there was a rattling gobble from the machine, an answering gobble from the throats of the turkeys, a cloud of feathers in the air and the man at the wheel passed on with a backward grin at the fowl as if lay fluttering by the wayside. "One more gobble gathered to the eternal roost," he chuckled.

From out of the long grass that fringed the wayside a man arose, lean and hungry, and stood looking at the still kicking victim. Then he drew a huge, old-fashioned silver watch from his pocket and glanced at it. "Just dinner time, and I haven't had a taste of a turkey in a year. Guess this is my lucky day," he soliloquized. Then he picked up the bird and started for the brook near by.

He seated himself by the bank and commenced dressing his find, tossing handfuls of feathers to the winds, feeling of the plump body with grins of satisfaction. Then all at once he looked up. A sour-faced man with a big star on his coat was standing over him. "Come with me," he commanded.

"To where?" grunted Hobbo Jim.

"To the place where all turkey thieves should go—to the coop."

"But I didn't steal this bird—"

Jim began, then stopped short. He was staring into the open countenance of a disagreeable looking revolver and he dropped his prey. "All right, I'll go," he said, sullenly.

Night had smothered the countryside and from out of it the snow was



"Come With Me," He Commanded.

coming down in hard, frozen particles like sifted sands. Across the fields the wind came nipping like a sharp toothed terrier, and Hobbo Jim glanced anxiously about through the gloom. He had been released from the "coop" only that day after two months of confinement for having been caught with a dead turkey in his possession, and he shivered a bit beneath his thin clothes as he hurried along the lone road. To make matters worse he was hungry, broke and friendless, and to be hungry, broke and friendless upon Christmas eve is hard enough luck for any man. Then as he peered, he saw through the darkness of the roadside a glimmer of light that twinkled before his eyes like a great star of hope and he paused with his gaze fastened wistfully upon it.

With a caution grown of long experience he passed quietly to the back of the building and peered through a window. He could see into the dining room from here, and as he gazed and sniffed at a crack deep within him his stomach began clamoring like a famished wolf pack, for within a dozen feet of him was a table piled high with good things to eat, while about it the gorged family still sat nibbling. "There is enough left for a dozen lunches, and still things to throw away," he muttered as his eyes roved over the board. Much encouraged by the sight he stretched forth his knuckles in a timid tap, then putting on his most woebegone face stood awaiting his fate with a heart that fluttered anxiously.

The door opened and a man stood before it peering into the darkness. And as the lamp light from within fell upon the hobo's cringing form, the face of the one upon the threshold darkened until it matched the night. "So it is you—sneaking around here and looking for more of my turkeys," he said threateningly. "I have a no-

tion to run you in again upon suspicion. Get out of here, thief."

"But I didn't steal that bird—"

whined the caller. Then he paused suddenly, for once more he was staring into the mouth of that same unpleasant looking revolver. "Oh, I'll go all right," he added hastily.

Up the road he went hurrying, angry, disappointed, hungrier and colder than ever. In the bottom of a pocket where he had plunged a hand for warmth his big, old-fashioned watch lay ticking and his fingers closed about it fondly. It was his only possession of slightest value. Twenty years ago it had been given to him upon a Christmas eve twenty years ago in the days of his boyhood, and he had carried it with him incessantly throughout all his wanderings. "I suppose I could get the price of a meal and a bed from that old thief," he mused, then his jaw set. "But I wouldn't part with it for its weight in greenbacks. It is the last thing she ever gave me, and I'll hang on to it if I hang for doing it. I'll beg, starve—yes, or help myself when nobody is looking before I'll part with it." He shoved it deeper into its place and bent forward against the wind.

Five minutes later he again paused suddenly. By the wayside another light was shining, and with a quick glance up and down the road he stood listening. Nothing came to his ears but the low growl of the wind and he hesitated no longer. Sneaking into the yard with feet that fell as softly as the snowflakes themselves he once more peered through a window. There was no laden table here, but instead he saw a bed upon which lay a white faced boy with a woman close beside him. He put his ear to the pane and listened. It was not long before he learned that the two were alone in the house, and at that good news Hobbo Jim smiled approvingly.

He passed quickly to the kitchen door and tried the latch. The door was not locked and he entered with the stealth of a panther. A spare bed room with door ajar was adjoining, and forming his plans as he sneaked along Jim crept within. Here, in the darkness, he would hide beneath the bed, wait until all was still, and then in the early morning hours fill his stomach and pockets from the pantry and silently steal away. Instinct told him that the woman would sleep beside the sick boy and he had little fear of being discovered. And what if he was—with a lone woman and a helpless kid as his only bar to escape! Noiselessly he crept beneath his shelter and lay listening.

Through the stillness their voices came to him in murmurs. It had been a bad year for the two in the next room, a year of privation and want, and the morrow would be the holiest mockery of any Christmas that had ever come to them; a day when a skeleton would preside at their board and hunger be an unwilling guest. Patiently the woman was explaining to the sufferer, telling him that she feared that this year Santa Claus would pass him by without stopping. But the boy was unbelieving.

"Santa Claus does not forget. Hang up my stocking, please," he told her, and Jim heard her sigh as she crossed the room to obey him. Then as the warmth of the house came stealing softly over him Jim's eyelids fluttered and closed, the last thing he remembered hearing being the woman's voice as it began reading to the sick one.

"More blessed to give than to receive—" But Hobbo Jim was now sleeping.

He was awakened and raised his head a trifle as he listened. There had been an accident in the room, a serious accident as he soon gathered, for through some misfortune the clock had been knocked from the mantle and now lay a ruin upon the floor. It was the only timepiece they had, and the woman was worrying over it considerably, for she no longer had the means of telling when it was time to give the boy his medi-

cine, and the proper administration of the medicine was a very important matter to the sick one. "That's kind of tough on the kid," thought the hobo as he hid his hiding place. But it was no fault of his and anyway he had troubles enough of his own.

Midnight came and for the last hour all had been still as a cavern. Cautiously, silently, Jim backed out of his lair and rising to his feet stood alert. By the dim light from the other room he could see the pantry. Then he gave a snort of disappointment. There was not enough upon the barren shelves to fill any corner of his hollow stomach, and here was a woman and a sick boy to feed on it. It was disgusting. Shipping merely a crust of bread into his pocket, he crept out again.

From where he stood he could see the interior of the dimly lighted room beyond, and curiosity arose within him. With the tread of a prowling fox he stepped to the threshold and



Slid the Watch Into the Stocking.

peered around the corner. The boy was sleeping now, while beside the bed the woman was sitting with head drooped forward as worn-out from her long vigil she had fallen asleep in the midst of her watching. And as he gazed at their tired faces there came to Jim a picture of many long years before, a picture of when he had been a boy and sick as this one now was, when a woman had sat beside him the long nights through giving him his medicine and ministering to him as she read—what was it she had read? Yes, he remembered now. "More blessed to give than to receive." That was it. He had never had a great deal of confidence in these words and had never tried them out, still he had sometimes thought that one day he would put them to the test. But he had never had enough for himself, let alone others, while now—his eyes fell upon the stocking hanging from the mantle and a queer look came creeping over his face. They certainly were in tough luck, tougher luck than he was in himself, and the smashing of the clock had been bad business. For a full minute he stood blinking at them, then for the second time that night he chuckled as his hand wandered into his one good pocket. Then he withdrew it, and stretching forth a long arm slid the big silver watch into the hanging stocking.

Along the black road Jim went hurrying, hunger gnawing at his stomach, the teeth of the wind sharper than ever. In one hand he held the crust of bread and now and then he bit at it savagely. "More blessed to give than to receive." He laughed as he buttoned his coat around his throat and bent further forward against the gale.

"I dunno—I dunno, but anyway I've tried it out at last. Only thing I'm sorry for is that I won't see that sick kid's face when he finds that old ticker in the morning."

### How Far Is It to Christmas?

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

*How far is it to Christmas? It's across the Land of Dreams, where are the laughing valleys and the ever-singing streams, and up the hill of doubting and along the road of smiles until you reach the border of the land of otherwhites.*

*It's far away, and near us; it is there, and close at hand—oh, earnest little fellow, can I make you understand? You lie awake and whisper, you count and count the days, and try to bring it nearer in a hundred varied ways!*

*Already you have seen it in a gleam of joy afar, have seen its joy approaching in the wrinkle of a star; you hear the bells that jingle and the clatter of the hoofs that ring a song of gladness as they gallop on the roofs.*

*How far is it to Christmas? It's not so far away—for all I know, already you have and hold the day; it has no time nor season; it is not set apart, but sends its blessed sunshine to every little heart.*

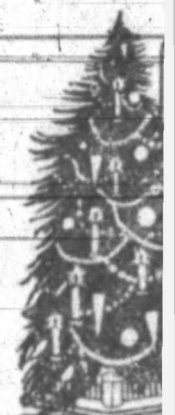


# MERRY CHRISTMAS



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## KRIS KRINGLE IN COMMON CLAY

MODEL BY C. A. BEATY.



## A Christmas Carmin

John Greenleaf Whitmer

Sound over all waters, reach out from  
all lands,  
The chorus of voices, the claspings of  
hands;  
Sing hymns that were sung by the  
stars of the morn,  
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus  
was born!  
With glad jublations  
Bring hope to the nations!  
The dark night is ending and dawn  
has begun;  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like  
the sun,  
All speech flow to music, all hearts  
beat as one!

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of  
peace;  
East, west, north and south, let the  
long quarrel cease;  
Sing the song of great joy that the  
angels began,  
Sing of glory to God and of good will  
to man!

Hark, joining in chorus  
The heavens bend o'er us!

The dark night is ending and dawn  
has begun;  
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like  
the sun,  
All speech flow to music, all hearts  
beat as one!

## "AS YE DID UNTO THEM"

So he died, and they said unto him:  
"It is written against you that you  
headed not the sorrow and the want  
of them that were stricken in poverty  
and suffered in illness and want."  
And he said:  
"That is unfair, for all my life long  
I noted especially the suffering and  
want of the poor, and not a Christmas  
went by that I did not say over and  
over that I was sorry for them. No  
one gave them more sympathy than I,  
no one showed more commiseration  
for them. Why, lots of times I  
thought of them on cold winter  
nights, and said to my friends that it  
was too bad they had to endure priv-  
ations."

"That is correct," they said unto  
him. "But it is written that you did  
not materialize your sympathy—you  
simply sympathized in words, and  
words are not eaten, nor are they  
worn, nor are they burned in stoves."  
So he was abashed, and stood silent  
for a space. Then he said meekly:  
"And I must not come in!"  
As to that, they did not answer, but  
they said again unto him:  
"All those that you sympathized  
with are here, and now they will sym-  
pathize with you."

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

His Hard Work.  
Mrs. Wunder—Does anybody ever  
read those Christmas poems in the  
papers?  
Mr. Wunder—Oh, yes. The editor  
and the proofreaders have to.

## LAST CHRISTMAS WAS A YEAR AGO

(THE OLD LADY SPEAKS)  
By James Whitcomb Riley  
Copyright by James Whitcomb Riley

Last Christmas was a year ago,  
Says I to David, I says I,  
"We're goin' to morning service, so  
You hitch up right away; I'll try  
To tell the girls jes' what to do  
For dinner. We'll be back by tws."  
I didn't wait to hear what he  
Would more'n like say back to me,  
But banged the stable door and flew  
Back to the rouse, jes' plumb chilled  
through.

Cold! Wooh! how cold it wa! My—  
Oh!  
Frost flyin', and the air, you know,  
"Jes' sharp  
enough," heard  
David swear,  
"To shave a man  
and cut his  
hair!"  
And blow and  
blow! and know  
snow!

Where it had  
drifted long the  
fence  
And 'cross the  
road—some  
places though,  
Jes' sweep clean to the gravel, so  
The goin' was as bad for sleighs  
As 't was for wagons—and both ways.  
"Twixt snowdrifts and the bare  
ground, I've  
Jes' wondered we got through alive;  
I hain't saw nothin', fore er sence,  
'At beat it anywhere, I know—  
'Last Christmas was a year ago.

And David said, as we set out,  
'At Christmas services was 'bout  
As cold and wuthless kind o' love  
To offer up as he know of;  
And as fer him, he rally thought  
'At the Good Bein' up above  
Would think more of us—as he  
ought—  
A stayin' home on sich a day,  
And thankin' of him thataway!  
And jawed on, in an undertone,  
'Bout leavin' Lide and Jane alone  
There on the place, and me not there  
To oversee 'em and p-pare  
The stuffin' fer the turkey and  
The sass and all, you understand.

I've allus managed David by  
Jes' sayin' nothin'. That was why  
He's chased Lide's  
beau away—  
cause Lide  
She'd allus take  
up Perry's side  
When David lack-  
ed him; and so,  
Last Christmas  
was a year  
ago—  
Er ruther, 'bout a  
week afore—  
David and Perry'd  
quarrel'd about  
Some tom-fool argyment, you know,  
And pap told him to "Jes' git out  
O' there, and not to come no more,  
And, when he went out, to shet the  
door."

And as he passed the winder, we  
Saw Perry, white as white could be  
March-past, onhitch his hoss, and  
light  
A see-eyar, and loup out o' sight.  
Then Lide she come to me and cried:  
And I said nothin'—was no need,  
And yit, you know, that man jes' got  
Right out o' there's of he'd be'n shot,  
'P'tendin' he must go and feed  
The stock er sumpin'. Then I tried  
To git the pore gal pacified.

But gittin' back to—where was we?  
Oh, yes!—where David lectered me  
All way to meet-  
in', high and  
low,  
Last Christmas  
was a year ago;  
Fer all the awful  
cold there was  
A fair attendance;  
mosty, though  
The crowd was  
'round the  
stores, you see,  
Thawin' their  
heels and  
scruggin' us.

Er 't 'adn't be'n fer the old squire  
Givin' his seat to us; as in—  
We stomped, a-fairly perlishin',  
And David could 'a' got no fire,  
He'd jes' 'a' dropped there in his  
tracks;  
And squire, as I was tryin' to yit  
Make room for him, says, "No; the  
fac's  
Is, I got to git up and git

And gravel flyin' thick and fast—  
Last Christmas was a year ago.  
Wy, that air seven-mild jant we  
come—  
Jes' seven mild scant from church to  
home—  
It didn't pear, that day, to be  
Much furdur rally 'n 'bout three!

But I was purty squeamish by  
The time home hove in sight and I  
See two vehickles  
standin' there  
All to mysef. And  
presently  
David he sobered;  
and says he,  
"Hain't that air  
Squire Hanch's  
oid  
Buggy," says he,  
"and claybank  
mare!"  
Says I, "Le's 'git  
out the cold—  
Your company's nigh 'bout froze!" He  
says,  
'Whose sleigh 's that air, a-standin'  
there?"  
Says I, "It's no odds whose you jes'  
Drive to the rouse and let us out,  
'Cause we're jes' froezin', nigh  
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Well, David swung up to the door,  
And out we piled. And first I heard  
Jane's voice, then Lide's—I thought  
afore  
I reached that gyrl I'd jes' die shore;  
And when I reached her, wouldn't  
keered  
Much if I had, I was so glad,  
A-kissin' her through my green veil,  
And jes' excitin' her so bad,  
'At she broke down herself—and Jane  
She cried—and we all hugged again.  
And David? David jes' turned pale—  
Looked at the gyrls, and then at me,  
Then at the open  
door—and  
then—  
'Is oh! Squire  
Hanch there?"  
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The old Squire  
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Er she kin resk him, I kin' too!"  
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'At we'll have fer 'em. Hear some  
sleigh  
A-jinglin' now. David, fer me,  
I wish you'd jes' go out and see  
Er they're in sight yit. It jes' done  
Me good to think, in times like these,  
Lide's done so well. And David, he's  
More tractable'n what he was—  
Last Christmas was a year ago.

'thout no preachin', Jes' got  
word—  
Trial fer life—can't be deferred!"  
And out he put! All way through  
The sermon—and a long one, too—  
I couldn't help  
but think o'  
squire.

And up changed  
'round so, and  
admire  
His gentle ways,  
to give his warm  
Bench up, and  
have to face the  
storm.  
And when I noticed David, he  
Was needin' jab-  
bin'—I thought best  
To kind o' sort o' let him rest:

'Peared like he sleep so peacefully!  
And when I thought o' home, and how  
And what the gyrls was doin' now,  
And kind o' prayed, 'way in my breast,  
And breshed away a tear er two  
As David waked, and church was  
through.

By time we'd "howdyed" round and  
shuck  
Hands with the neighbors, must 'a'  
tuck  
A half hour longer; ever one  
A-sayin' "Christmas gift!" afore  
David er me—so we got none!  
But David warmed up, more and  
more,  
And got so jokey-like, and had  
His sperits up, and 'peared so glad,  
I whispered to him, "Spose you ast  
A passel of 'em come and eat  
Their dinners with us. Gyrls got  
A full-and-plenty fer the lot  
And all their kin!" So David passed  
The invite round, and ever seat  
In ever wagon-bed and sleigh  
Was jes' packed, as we rode away—  
The young folks, mild er so along,  
A-strikin' up a sleighin'-song,  
Tel David laughed and yelled, you  
know,  
And jes' whirped up and sent the  
snow

And gravel flyin' thick and fast—  
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Jes' seven mild scant from church to  
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hand

## When Mistletoe Blows



WHEN Mistletoe blows,  
There's a hope in my heart!  
For haply—who knows?  
I may catch her apart.  
When Mistletoe blows,  
There's a hope in my heart!

## BEST GAME OF ALL



The Fan—You can talk about base-  
ball, football and basketball, but the  
mistletoe game is the best of all.

Christmas Plum Pudding.  
The Christmas plum pudding is de-  
scended from the plum porridge and  
is a time-honored dish at every  
Christmas feast. To be properly  
made, each person in all the house-  
hold must stir it before it is boiled  
and the mistress of the house must  
add the spices "with her own fair  
hand," and she favors fortune for a  
year. If she is an American and  
mixes her pudding in an ancient china  
bowl, stirring it with an ancient  
spoon, whose handle is adorned with  
an old English crest, so much the bet-  
ter, for in the new land she is help-  
ing to keep alive the customs that  
made old England merrie.  
The pudding should be boiled in a  
well-floured cloth "six hours upon the  
day of mixing, six hours upon the day  
of eating, and the steam should not  
cease to arise from the pot while the  
pudding is within it."

Mistletoe and the Druids.  
The custom of decorating strategic  
points in the household with sprigs of  
mistletoe at Christmas dates far back  
to the time of the Druids, who held  
the little plant in great veneration.  
At the approach of their winter festi-  
val, twigs of it were placed above the  
doors of their houses to serve as talis-  
mans and signs to the sylvan deities  
that shelter and comfort awaited them  
within.

Present-day customs relating to mis-  
tletoe represent the evolution of the  
Druidical legend.

## Christmas Chronology

- 306—Diocletian slaughtered 20,000  
Christians.
- 597—St. Augustine baptized 10,000  
Saxons in Kent.
- 790—Offa, King of Mercia, in battle  
with Welsh.
- 800—Charlemagne crowned Emperor  
by Pope Leo III. in Rome.
- 878—Alfred the Great defeated by  
Guthrum, the Dane, at  
Copenhagen.
- 1065—Waldmister Abbey consecrated  
in presence of Queen Editha.
- 1066—William the Conqueror crowned  
at Westminster.
- 1171—Henry II entertained Irish  
Chieftains at Dublin.
- 1190—Richard the Lion Heart feasted  
Crusaders at Sicily.
- 1417—Sir John Oldcastle burned as  
Lollard heretic.
- 1428—Trove at siege of Orleans to  
observe Christmas.
- 1492—"Columbus's" ship, Santa Maria,  
wrecked at Hayti.
- 1572—Cardinal Wolsey, invited by  
Gary's son, reveals, throug  
two men into prison.
- 1620—Pilgrims building first house at  
Plymouth.
- 1642—Sir Isaac Newton born.
- 1644—Christmas kept as a fast day by  
English Puritans.
- 1647—Christmas celebration prohibited  
by Parliament.
- 1659—General Grant of Massachusetts  
prohibits celebration on  
penalty of fine.
- 1720—William Collins, poet, born.
- 1773—Tea ship in New York sent  
back to England.
- 1775—Arnold and Montgomery at  
siege of Quebec.
- 1776—Washington crossed the Dela-  
ware to attack Trenton.
- 1777—Washington's army starved at  
Valley Forge.
- 1785—Shay's rebellion started in  
Massachusetts.
- 1837—Zachary Taylor defeated Semi-  
nole near Big Water Lake  
in Florida.
- 1848—Col. Dauphin and American  
Volunteers defeated Mexi-  
cans under Gen. Ponce de  
Leon at Brazito.
- 1851—Library of Congress in ruins  
from fire.
- 1860—Coldest Christmas in England.
- 1864—Union fleet and army attacked  
Fort Fisher, but withdrew.
- 1866—Yacht Henrietta ended ocean  
race from New York to  
Cuba.
- 1868—President Johnson issued procla-  
mation of general and un-  
conditional amnesty.
- 1871—Paris in distress with German  
army surrounding city.

Just What He Meant.  
"Your toys are very pretty, but the  
prices are too high," objected the cus-  
tomer.  
"Why, look at that drum for \$6.40  
You can't beat it at the price," pro-  
tested the dealer.  
"I believe that is what I intimate  
in my remark," said the customer.

# WHAT PATTY DID

By CLAUDINE SISSON

AND it had come to pass that on this day before Christmas a man not old in years sat in his room at a hotel in a strange town and felt himself of all the world the most lonely. High and low, rich and poor, mingled in the procession of happy shoppers without. He alone had no thought for Santa Claus.

It went back five years. He, the son of a railroad magnate, had dared to fall in love with the blue-eyed daughter of a locomotive driver on his father's road—a man whose face and hands carried grime—who dwelt in a cottage who had no society outside of daily toilers. And he had dared stand before the father who thought himself specially created and say: "Father, I going to be married."

"Well?"

"To Gladys Davis."

"Never heard of her."

"The daughter of one of our engineers."

There was a moment of painful suspense and then the storm broke.

"You shall not! You are either a fool or a lunatic to think of it. An engineer's daughter! Think of your mother—of me—of your sister—the disgrace! You must have lost your senses!"

"But I am to marry her," was the steady reply.

"I say no! If the jade has trapped you into an engagement buy her off. The father must use his influence or take his discharge."

"But we love and are promised to each other."

In the next half hour the father stormed and cajoled. If the son insisted on such a marriage he would be cast out by the family; he would be ridiculed even by the common people. And the magnate ended with: "Fred, I will have the engineer called up here and give him a check for a thousand dollars and tell him that this nonsense must end."

"We shall be married three days from now," was his answer.

In reply to that the father pointed to the door, and the son bowed and passed out to be son no longer. He had money that had been left him by an aunt, and the father could not threaten him with poverty.

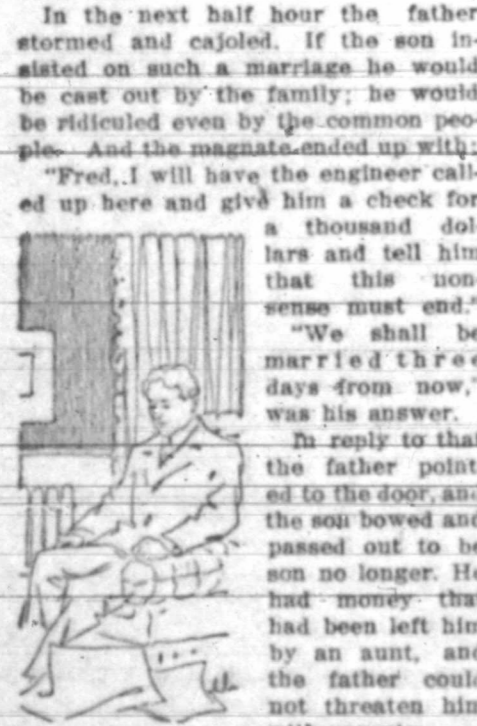
Love may always be right, but it can be so influenced as to be seemingly a mistake. The marriage took place and Fred Dillingham was ostracized. He was not kindly welcomed in the other stratum. If there is a gulf between the rich man and the workman the latter resents intrusion as much as the former. There was love, but after a few months it was influenced from both sides. Both husband and wife were made to fear that a grave mistake had been made. They fought away the idea and sought to hold their love, but that brought irritations and vexations and culminated in misunderstandings and quarrels. After two years there was a separation. Neither really desired it. It was what the gossips had predicted, and what they strove to bring about.

There was more sorrow than anger when the young husband turned his back on wife and infant a year old and went out into the world as a wanderer. The wife went back to her father's cottage, but not to struggle with poverty. The husband been generous to her.

Five long years, and Fred Dillingham had not been heard of. As an outlaw without a family, whom should he write to and why? At three years of age the child, who had been named Patty, wondered in her childish way why she hadn't a papa. At five she demanded to know. At six she stood before the embarrassed mother in indignation and threatened to go out and find one.

And at last the wanderer had recrossed the sea and headed for his home. He was tired and weary and lonely. Home? But he had none! He had left it when he left wife and baby. This struck him like a sudden blow, though he had all along realized it in a general way. No home—no wife—no child! That was why he had left the train and taken lodgings. He had no place to go. With money in his pockets, he was a tramp.

And to know that Christmas was at hand, and to hear the jingle of sleigh



bells and catch the shouts of children on the street—to wonder if his child still lived, and to wonder further what old Santa Claus would bring her—why, the man cursed the fears he could not keep back.

A quarter of an hour later the outlaw was down on the street. He would mingle with the throng. He would enter the stores under the evergreen branches and look about him—aye, make a purchase and be Santa Claus to some big-eyed child on the street. He was an outlaw, but the world should not crowd him quite to the edge. He was almost smiling as he crowded his way into a big store, and he was looking about him when a small, warm hand was cuddled into his and a child's voice said: "Please take care of me 'till mamma finds me—I'm lost!"

It was a little girl, and on her face was both a smile and a look of entreaty.

"Why, of course," replied the outlaw, pressing her hand and drawing her back a little. "So you came here with your mother after Christmas things and got separated?"

"That's it, only I think she ran away from me, so that I shouldn't know what Santa Claus was going to bring me tomorrow night."

"I hope it will be something nice."

"Oh, it will be. Are you buying something for your little girl?"

"No-o."

"Maybe she's dead?"

"I-I don't know."

The girl looked up and noticed the grave expression on the outlaw's face, and cuddled closer to him and said: "I'm sorry if I have hurt you. Mamma says I talk too much. I've just thought that maybe you are not married at all?"

"I guess that's pretty near it," foppled the outlaw as he tried to laugh, but made poor work of it.

"Well, if you haven't got any little girl I haven't got any papa. What you going to buy?"

"Why, whatever you say?"

"But not for me?"

"Yes, for you. We'll select something, and then when your mother comes I'll ask her if she'll let you have it."

"I hope she will. You look to be such a nice man that she shouldn't refuse. I picked you out as the very nicest man that came along."

"Thank you," said the outlaw as he felt his heart grow big. "Now, then, about this doll. Real hair, eyes that wink, pink shoes and almost as big as you are. She'll be a sister to you."

"And how much 's it?"

"Only ten dollars."

"My, but can you pay that much? If you can you must be rich."

"But you see I have no little girl of my own."

"That's so. Isn't Christmas nice? Do you know—there's mamma over there! Let me run and tell her."

The outlaw turned his back on the crowd and gritted his teeth and winked his eyes. He had been hit hard. Three or four minutes passed and then a hand pulled at his and a voice said: "Please, Mister nice man, tell me your name, that I may introduce you to mamma. I think she will let me have the doll."

The outlaw turned and gasped and his face went white.

"Gladys!"

"Fred!"

"You here!"

"And you!"

"And this is our daughter?"

"Our Patty? Father was discharged from the road and moved over here to take another run."

It was the next day, and Patty was sitting on her father's knee and the happy mother was wiping tears from her eyes, when the child said: "Say, mamma, I just picked him out as the very nicest man in all that big crowd, and I didn't make any mistake, did I? Don't anybody sit down on my doll and give her a pain!"

Made it Work.

A week before the Christmas holidays an undergraduate wished to start home, thus gaining a week's vacation on the other students. He had, however, used up all the absences from the lectures which are allowed, and any more without good excuse would have meant suspension. In a quandary he hit upon this solution; he telegraphed his father the following message:—

"Shall I come home at my leisure or straight home?"

The answer he received was: "Come straight home."

An exhibition of the telegram to the professors was sufficient.

An Assurance.

"Don't you think a holiday is more cheerful when there is a large family gathered about festive board?"

"I do," answered the sardonic person. "A large family is a glad assurance that there is not going to be enough turkey left to supply the menu for the next few days."

# FANELLA'S CHRISTMAS SUPPER

By SUSAN GLENN

friend now the wife of a successful financier.

Miss Fanella's hand trembled, her face was drawn and white.

"A nurse maid," she moaned at last bitterly, "a common nurse maid! She put it kindly, and it is kind of her to think of me in my destitution. But that is what it means. Yet, isn't it better than cold and loneliness and starvation? I'm tired of being different from other people. I'll try being as common as the commonest for a while."

Suddenly the great bell pealed through the resounding old rooms. She lifted the little lamp in wonderment and threaded her way again through the icy gloom. No tradespeople called at the house, and certainly not at the big front door! And generations of superiority had taught the neighbors the futility of calling at the Fenway portals.

Nelson Travers stood in the porch, the big white flakes heaped upon his broad shoulders.

"Good evening, Fanella," he said as if he had parted with her but yesterday. "Tomorrow is your birthday, I believe, and Christmas, too. Will you come for a ride with me?"

Miss Fanella gasped, as well she might. This, after fifteen years of silence! Had it taken him so long to recover from the repulse of old Madam Fenway?

"I—what will the neighbors think?" she gasped.

"You are thirty-six tomorrow, are you not, Fanella? Isn't that old enough to act as you please regardless of the neighbors?"

"I suppose it is, Nelson," she admitted with a smile. "But where?"

"Will you trust me this once, Fanella? I promise to bring you back whenever you wish."

Miss Fanella looked into the white night. Was she dreaming, or could this unlikely thing really have happened in the deadening monotony of her life?

What difference did it make, anyway. Henceforth she would be only a nursemaid. She looked back into Nelson Travers' honest eyes pleading with her to trust him. About her the stately old furniture upon which her pride had fed so many years, pleaded in vain.

"Yes," she said. "I'll come. I do not know how far I shall go, though."

The man stepped into the old hall and held her coat. His lips closed over his displeasure when he felt the weight of it.

She did not remember the worn gloves on the hall table, and only thought about locking the door when she saw Travers slip the key into his deep pocket.

Wrapped in robes, she seemed unconscious of the storm, realizing only the pleasant sensation of companionship and warmth.

She was not even surprised when he drew up before a low, ample house and lifted her carefully to the door-stone.

"I'll be in in a minute," he told her. "Take off your wraps and get warm."

Miss Fanella, her heart beating high at her own audacity, opened the broad door.

The wide, low rooms within opened pleasantly together, lighted by candles on the mantels, and by softly shaded lamps.

"How pleasant," said Miss Fanella aloud, going to the open fire, and thinking of her little stove in the butler's pantry.

"I have dreamed of you sitting here," said Travers quietly, coming to her. "And now I am going to ask you to eat supper with me—a Christmas supper, you know."

"I shall be most delighted," answered Miss Fanella with a smile. The Fenway pride was mute for once. It was a quiet supper. Fanella poured the tea, conscious that her companion's eyes were following her, and she enjoyed herself with a fierce, defiant sort of enjoyment.

"Fanella," said the man, leading her back to the fire, "I will bless you forever for coming with me. I wanted you to see my home, to understand just how simple and unpretentious it is. I know I am only a common farmer, but I've always loved you, Fanella. I cannot endure it to see you live as you do, alone in that great house. Won't you let me take care of you, dear? I know I am not good enough for you. I realize what it must seem like to you here, but—"

"It is comfortable and beautiful, Nelson." Her voice broke over the words. "But I do not deserve it. I was not fair and honest with you—of I cared, always. I let my pride and my family interfere!"

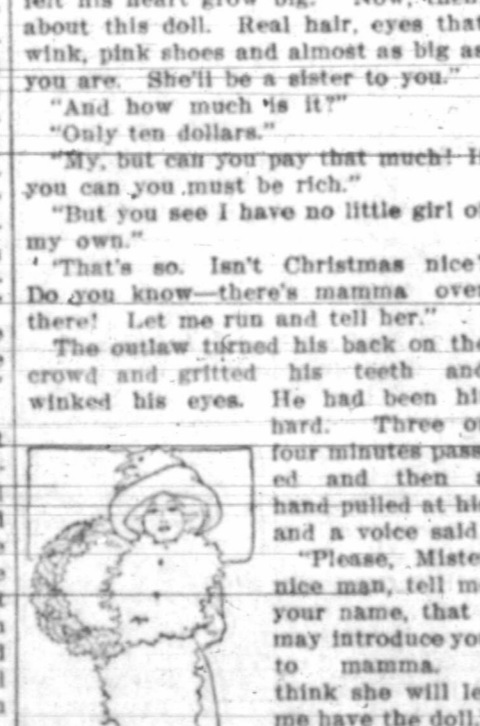
"Oh," she cried, shaken by sudden, fierce sobs, "why did you never come back? They always do in stories—I could not believe it was all over when you went away!"

"Do you mean," said Travers, "that you would have given me a different answer if I had come back, Fanella?"

She held out her hands—true Fenway hands. "Don't you know, dear, that all women are privileged to change their minds?" she asked.

"What a fool I've been, Fanella," groaned Travers, holding her close. "Fifteen years! Tell me, when did you repent your coldness?"

"Before you had reached the gate," whispered Fanella, penitently.



wonder that the storm seemed merciless and cold. But when she turned in at the big stone gateway, her shoulders straightened proudly.

"The old Fenway place," she murmured, glancing about the gloomy, unkept grounds, "and I am the last of the Fenways."

"If you were not it would go hard with them," interjected that other half of Miss Fenway's nature that was always ridiculing her Fenway pride. "Unless," with malicious emphasis, "they chanced to be also impervious to cold and hunger!"

Miss Fanella's lips trembled as she opened the great front door—upon no condition did she ever leave or enter the house by any of its other numerous entrances.

She lighted the small oil lamps that stood on the marble top of the hall buffet, placed her coat and hat on the carved rack, and peered closely into the great mirror.

"Tomorrow is Christmas, and your birthday," she whispered accusingly, "and—no one has remembered it! Not one of your old friends! You are alone."

"Of course, I am alone," spoke the Fenway pride complacently. "Who is

# THE CHRISTMAS BRIDE

By IZOLA FORRESTER

sweeping over him. It was only a little quaint Christmas carol that Fay had always loved. Years ago, when she had first come to live with them, a little forlorn kiddie, orphaned and with no one but his father to act as guardian, she had loved that carol, and always sang it at holy time. He heard her voice now and gripped his hands as he listened.

Hark, the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the newborn King,  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild—  
She saw his figure reflected in the tall mirror and rose with a half-frightened cry.

"Don't, dear," he said, brokenly, "don't, dear, don't, dear, don't forget Bob and all he had heard, and saw only her. I just got in—nobody knows I am here yet—why, dear—"

She was sobbing on his shoulder, her hands, wrenched from his grasp, held his head against her cheek. Clive saw she was dressed in white soft satin that crushed under his clasp like bruised flowers; he felt he was robbing Bob, and yet there in the dear old room they both knew so well, in the tender winter gloom, he held her close, and kissed her—lips, hair, wet eyelids—and forgot all except the splendor of the night before.

"They won't miss you," she managed to say finally, pushing back his face and holding it in her hands at a safe distance. "I'm so sorry—but you see I was thinking of you, and—wanting to see you so, and then suddenly I looked, and y'us were here, right here, with me."

"And too late," he added bitterly. "Oh, no, you're not, Clive," she flashed back earnestly. "They haven't been married yet."

"They? Who?"

"Bob and Gretchen."

"Gretchen? Who the devil is Gretchen? I beg your pardon, Fay—you don't know what I've suffered—Isn't Bob going to marry you?"

She looked at him for a moment in utter shocked silence, then laughed her old ringing, gay laugh that he loved.

"I marry Bob—Bob? You silly, silly!"

"Go ahead. Call me what you like. Who's this person Gretchen, anyway?"

"She's my cousin, Gretchen Lawrence. She came to spend her summer vacation with me, and Bob fell in love with her. That's all, Clive."

"Ah?" Clive sighed and drew her into his arms again. They would make it a double wedding just to pay him back for the misery of the last half hour. Yes, they would. And he'd go back and punch that old fellow's head down at the station for not telling him it was Gretchen Lawrence instead of Fay.

"Oh, Clive, let me go," she whispered. "They're all at dinner, and you know your mother—"

"I know all about it," said Clive, comfortably. He raised her chin gently and looked into the dear, true eyes he had trusted. Fay did not know all that lay behind that look, how, mentally, he knelt in all humility and asked for forgiveness. Yet all he said was:

"I forgot to wish you Merry Christmas, dear!"



JUST in time for the wedding, Clive. Wish you merry Christmas! Gee, but it's bully to see you home again. Three years since you walked on this old platform, waiting for the down train. How have they treated you down east?"

"Fine, thanks, Mr. Dunkley," Clive answered heartily. "Whose wedding am I in time for? I want to load up with gifts."

"Guess you'll have to. It's in your own family. Bob finally got her."

Clive turned quickly as the old station agent went chuckling toward the express office trundling a truck-load of baggage. He followed him, his dark eyes keen and troubled.

"Got whom, Mr. Dunkley? I haven't heard any news from home for weeks. I've been abroad since June, and just got back in time to catch the express west for Christmas. So you see it's all a surprise to me."

"Surprise to all the town. Never thought Bob had the nerve to ask a girl to marry him, let alone that spunky little Lawrence one."

"The name struck Clive like a whip-lash. He called good-night and hurried over to where the old station back waited.

The driver called a cheery Christmas greeting to him, and he answered it, but as they swung up the long rock hill toward the town, he leaned back and shut his eyes and wished he had never come back.

Not that he had any hold on her. There had never been a formal engagement. He had no right to ask a girl to marry him when he was only a young cub just out of college with his standing to win first. But she had known, ah, but she had known well where he stood, and how he loved her. He could see her now, small and slender at sixteen, still in short skirts, her dark curls flying in the wind; deep dimples at the corners of her mouth, and the swift flashing smile that eyes and mouth and dimples joined in. Yet it had been more than beauty that had held him true through the years. There had been a look in her eyes, a look of abiding faith and clean, straightforward honor, that he had loved and trusted. The memory of that look had brought him back over the sea, to find her this Christmas and tell her that now he could claim her.

Bob! Stolid, good old Bob. While he had been playing globe trotter, trying to catch the flying heels of a madcap, wayward fortune, Bob had stayed quietly at home and won the girl he loved.

There in the dingy, chilly interior of the old hack Clive fought out his battle with himself. He would be game, he said; he would not mar their happiness with one word or look. He could not go back. There was his mother. He could not give up seeing her merely because Fate had given him a knockout blow, not exactly in the solar plexus, but a trifle to the left.

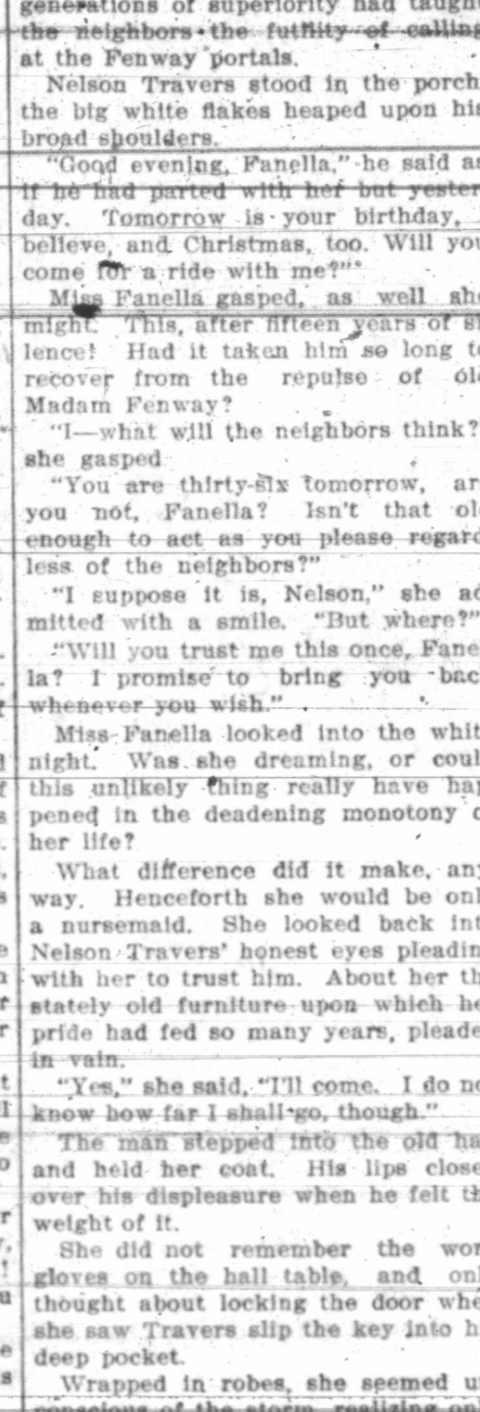
"All out," shouted the driver jovially, pulling up short before the great old mansion on the hill, with its baronade of tall pines, heavy now with snow. "Wish I was in Bob Patterson's boots tonight. Turned on some illumination didn't they? And, oh, listen to the band. Thank you, sir. That gives the missus and kids at home a little extra celebration."

Clive picked up his two suit cases and swung up the gravel path, heated at sight of the brilliantly lighted rooms, and turned quietly around to the side door that he had had occasion to use many a time before when he had been out late larking.

It was unlocked, and there was no one in sight. It was still early, about 6:30. Probably the family was at dinner. Yet some one was playing softly in the long music room south of the library. He stood in the dimly lighted hall listening, old memories

# ALL ABOUT THE MISTLETOE

Popular Christmas Plant is a Parasite and in Olden Times Was Considered Sacred.



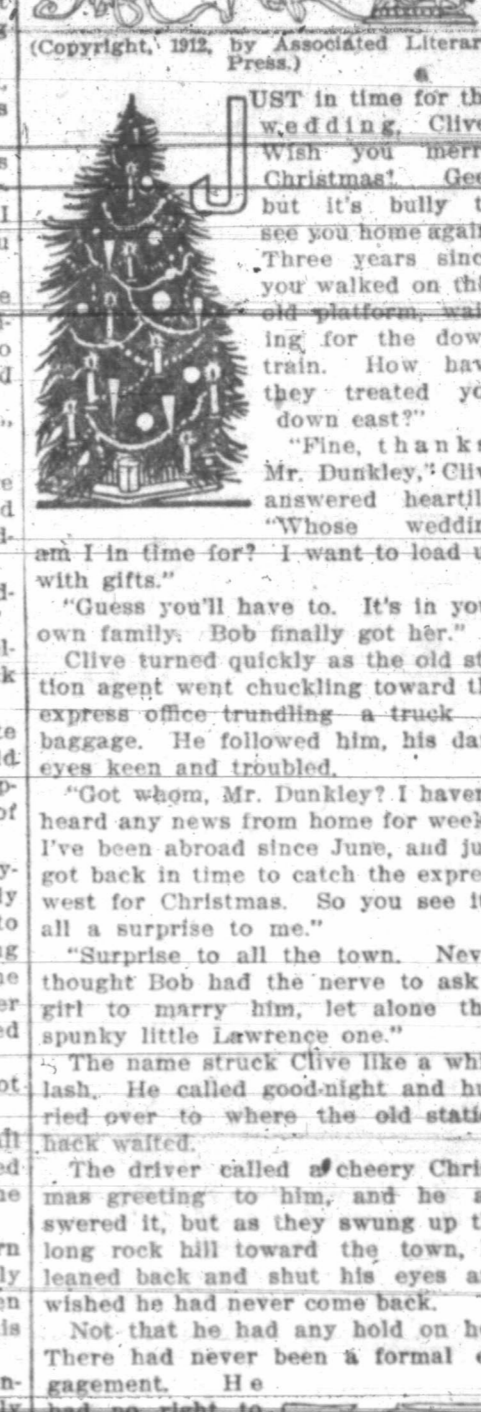
Although in the majority of American and English homes mistletoe is displayed at Christmas time, it is remarkable how little is known of this curious plant. Mistletoe is a parasitic growth, appearing most frequently on apple trees, although it is also found on evergreens and on poplar, hawthorn, pear and oak trees, but very rarely on the last named. It is an evergreen bush, about four feet in length, thickly crowded with branches and leaves. Unlike all other plants, its leaves extend down as well as up. The plant flowers every year, but does not bear the little whitish berries until it is four years old. The mistletoe proper is a native of Europe, especially of England and Normandy. In olden times it was considered a sacred plant, because its berries grow in clusters of three—emblematic of the Trinity. The ancient Celts used to hang sprigs of mistletoe around their necks as a safeguard from witches. The maid that was not caught and kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas would not be married within the year, so the tradition goes. According to the old rules the ceremony was not properly performed unless a berry was pulled off after each kiss and presented to the maiden. When all the berries were gone the privilege ceased.

Christmas Presents.

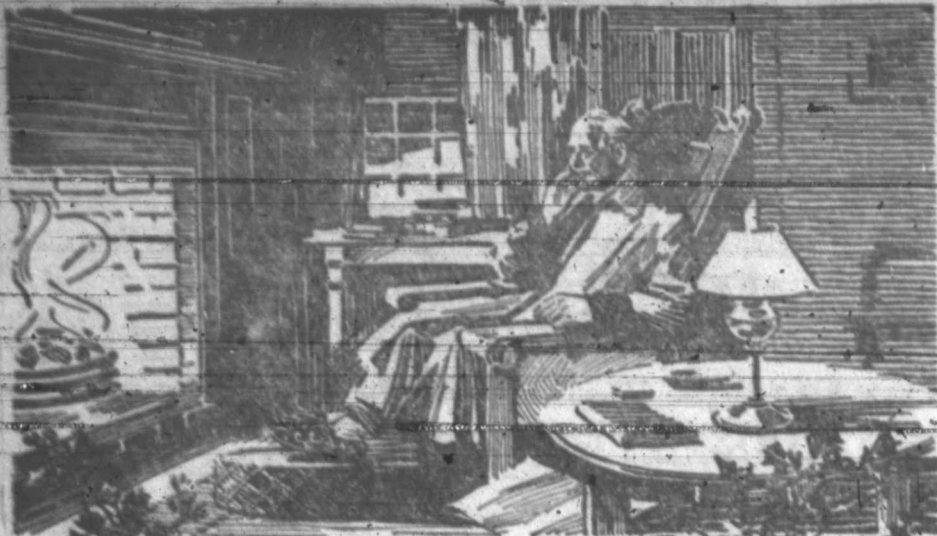
"I thought it better to get you something useful," said Mr. Dobb to his wife, "so I have bought you a couple of good brooms for your Christmas present."

"That was very thoughtful of you, my dear," replied Mrs. Dobb. "I share your ideas, and have bought a good, strong coal-scuttle for you to carry up coals from the cellar in."

# FOR THE OLD FOLKS.



Corra (aged ten), to Reggie (aged eleven)—Yes. The games are a wretched bore. But, then, it's Christmas, you know, and the old people do so expect to enjoy themselves.



# The Night before Christmas

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

"Tis the night before Christmas—  
I whisper the rhyme  
And wander in fancy  
To "once on a time."  
I see the big fireplace,  
The girls and the boys,  
The long, heaped-up stockings,  
The drums and the toys.

"Tis the night before Christmas—  
So old, and so new!  
With all of its dreamings  
So good and so true.  
I see all the faces  
Forgotten so long,  
And out of the twilight  
There murmurs a song.

"Tis the night before Christmas—  
And here, by my grate,  
The past rises, glowing,  
The years lose their weight,  
The boy-days come trooping  
At memory's call,  
And gleam in the embers  
That flicker and fall.

"Tis the night before Christmas—  
Ah, could I but clutch  
The gold of my fancies!  
I would go at my touch!  
The shouts and the laughter  
Now sweet to my ear  
Would shrink to a silence  
Too deep and too drear.

"Tis the night before Christmas—  
Remembrances stir  
As sweet as the cherished  
Frankincense and myrrh.  
And hark! As the visions  
Grow dim to the sight,  
There comes: "Merry Christmas!  
And, boy-days, good night!"



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## WINE and WALNUTS

by Wilbur D. Nesbit

A DAILY CONVERSATION.

"Papa?"  
"Well?"  
"Say, papa, is there a Santa Claus?"  
"I reckon so. Don't bother me. I'm reading."  
"Willie Smith, he said, there ain't any."  
"Is that the kind of grammar you learn at school?"  
"But how does Santa Claus get in?"  
"He comes down the chimney."  
"We ain't got no chimney."  
"Ain't got! Where do you learn such talk?"  
"Willie Jones, he say—Say papa, is there really a Santa Claus?"  
"There used to be one."  
"Has he quit?"  
"I guess not. If you're a good boy."  
"Am I a good boy?"  
"Not always."  
"How does Santa Claus get in?"  
"Oh, he knows how."  
"He can't squeeze in the steam pipes, can he?"  
"Maybe."  
"It would wet his whiskers, wouldn't it?"  
"Maybe."  
"Say, papa?"  
"Oh?"  
"Is there a—"  
"Now you go to bed and don't ask another question!"

Would Fill the Bill.  
Mr. Bigheart—Wiggins, old boy, we've raised \$50 to get the boss a Christmas present, and we want some thing that will make a great show for the money—something that will look big, you know. Can't you suggest something?

Wiggins—Sure. Buy \$50 worth of rice and then boil it.

Saves Her Feelings.  
Miss Askit—Does your husband smoke those cigars you gave him Christmas?

Mrs. Nuwed—He smoked one and said he would keep the rest to remind him of my kindness.

Now She's Convinced.  
Askit—Where is that Miss Oldgirl, who was expressing herself so strongly against foolish Christmas customs the other day?

Tellit—She's laid up with a bad cold—caught it while she was out gathering mistletoe.



STRATEGY.

Mr. Softleigh—Miss Homeleigh seems to have that corner all to herself.

Miss Gabby—Yes, the mistletoe hangs there, and she has spent the evening in that spot.

Preparing for Christmas.  
Deacon Goodly—What are you building that addition to your house for, Parson Sainly?

Parson S.—Got to have a place to store the carpet slippers and book-marks.

## The CHRISTMAS TREE at WIDE PLAIN

W. D. Nesbit

WIDE PLAIN is in Saskatchewan. It was so named because it is so. It is wide. The town does not cover the entire plain. Far be it from me to convey such an impression, inasmuch as the plain extends east, west, north and south ostensibly as far as there is anything.

No doubt somewhere in the distance there are trees, and hills, or something to stop the plain from spreading any further. And some day it is the intention of the Greater Wide

Plain association to have real trees growing in their thriving little city. But just at present they are so busy getting the town established that the trees must wait.

George Freeman was one of the most energetic young men in Wide Plain. He was one of the pioneers, although he was but twenty-five years of age. You see, George located in Wide Plain when it was practically nothing but wide and plain. He foresaw a future for the town, and became its leading dealer in agricultural implements and groceries and hardware and so on. He became the leading dealer, because he was the only one.

In a few months Wide Plain had a population of 2,500. And so social life became a feature of existence there. Social life requires two factors. One of them is women. The other is men. You may have thought that one feature would be sociability and the other would be life, but that would be drawing it a bit fine.

Lucy Cleveland was the belle of Wide Plain. She was not the belle because she was the only young woman there, for there were others. Others young and beautiful, but while some of the others were as young none of them were as beautiful as Lucy.

Consequently Lucy had suitors aplenty. In fact, she had eight suitors, that being the available unmarried portion of the population that she would consider. And she managed to give the eight the impression that she was not considering them very much.

George Freeman endeavored to induce her to consider him. George's policy in life was to get what he wanted by one of two methods. One was to go where it was and take possession; the other was to ask for it. Inasmuch as Lucy was not a building site nor a quarter section, he could not claim her by right of discovery. So he had asked her. And she had assured him that while she esteemed him highly she did not see her way to be his. George had not asked her if there was some one else to whom she had pledged her affection or pledged her troth. He did not care. He went on selling agricultural implements and striped overalls and brooms and nails and putty and canned goods and other groceries, whistling little melodies to himself and wondering how Lucy would want their house painted when they got married.

Every now and then he would propose again to Lucy. By every now and then I mean that he would propose, say, once a week. Some weeks he proposed twice. He saw that it pleased Lucy to be proposed to and George was a gentleman who believed in making himself agreeable to a young lady when he was fond of her. So it came along toward Christmas. "We must have a Christmas tree for the children," Lucy said.

Lucy was teacher in the Wide Plain Sunday School. Her pupils idolized her. George and the other seven suitors had tried to join her class, but she had insisted that they must attend the Bible class for older students, which was presided over by Mrs. Henry Gillup, a most capable married lady, who had brought one husband and six children to help up-build Wide Plain.

The fact that Lucy had demanded a Christmas tree occasioned many smiles, especially from George's rivals. "A Christmas tree!" laughed William Skidmore. "There isn't a tree for a hundred miles in any direction."  
"Let's get one shipped in by freight, then," suggested Luke Morton.  
"No time now," Wesley Perkins pointed out. "It's only two days to Christmas."  
The seven rivals were not so particular about the tree. Each of them knew that Lucy would be disappointed a bit, but each of them felt that the gift he had selected for her would help to overcome her disappointment. Per, in any event, there was to be a Christmas Eve party at the church.

On the evening of December 23 George called on Lucy. She was still

unhappy because the dear children could not have a tree.

"Now, Lucy," he said, "I've arranged it all for you. There'll be a Christmas tree."

"Oh, have you got it? Where is it? I didn't know you could get one."

"It isn't here yet, but there'll be one Christmas eve. Now, don't ask questions. Mrs. Gillup and I will fix it up all right."

"But I must trim it up."

"No, Mrs. Gillup and I have arranged for it all. You are not to worry yourself about anything. Just you gather your class together and be at the church at seven o'clock on evening, and the tree will be there."

So Lucy, scenting mystery, and too diplomatic to ask anything more, was compelled to content herself with that much information.

Towards dusk of the day before Christmas, George was seen carrying several bulky bundles into the church. Mrs. Gillup had spent some time in conference with him that day. The seven rivals had attempted to quiz her, but she would not gratify their curiosity further than to say that there would be a tree. They had asked her separately if she would hang their presents for Lucy on the tree, and she had agreed to do so.

She and George, behind the drawn curtains of the church, labored long with curtain poles and string and a profusion of green paper, to say nothing of several bundles of artificial palms and the like, which George had unearthed among his stock.

When the audience was assembled for the Christmas eve exercises Mrs. Gillup slowly drew back a curtain which concealed one corner of the room, and there, with candles glowing and green paper and green palm branches rustling, stood a Christmas tree. It was not an evergreen tree.

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"We Must Have a Christmas Tree."

It was not a genuine fir or cedar, but it looked like a tree. And the candles and the strings of popcorn and glittering ornaments hid many of its faults.

To the surprise of Lucy, George was not in sight. She looked all about for him, in her delight, wishing to thank him for his ingenious way of providing this make-believe tree for the little ones.

Mrs. Gillup went blithely on, taking presents from the tree and distributing them. After passing out the gifts for the children she picked off packages and bundles for the older folk.

It was noted that the tree sort of shook every time she took off one of the gifts—which had been provided by the seven rivals for Lucy. But at last the final package had been disposed of. Mrs. Gillup drew the curtain in front of the tree again and the audience fled out, laughing and chatting over the success of the entertainment. Lucy did not hurry away with the rest. She stopped back of the curtain with Mrs. Gillup.

"It was just lovely, Mrs. Gillup!" she exclaimed. "But why wasn't Mr. Freeman here? After his hard work and cleverness in helping you, I should have thought he would have wanted to see how the tree looked."

"I expect he was pretty busy."

"And—of course, I haven't any right to expect such a thing—but he was such a good friend of mine, Mrs. Gillup—I really thought it a little odd that he didn't make me some kind of a present—just a remembrance, or—"

"I didn't forget you, Lucy," said the tree. "You can have me."

And Mrs. Gillup says that Lucy knew all about it all the time, because she had sharp eyes, and no tree that wore shoes could fool her.

A Costly Gift.  
"Those Billyunnaires have been awfully proud since Christmas," said the Envious Neighbor.  
"What makes them so?" inquired the Curious Friend.  
"Oh, their parents filled their stockings with eggs."

A Hanging Matter.  
Folk—Hang up your stocking this Christmas?  
Dolk—Nops—hung up overcoat.



## "JUST LOOKING TODAY"

All day doth the Christmas shopper  
Rush madly here and there,  
And all she spendeth is her dime,  
And that is for street car fare.

TAUGHT A MORAL LESSON

Two Christmas Presents, Neither of Which Brought Satisfactory Results.

There once was a rich old uncle who had two poor nephews.

And when Christmas came the two poor nephews were anxious to show the rich old uncle how much they thought of him.

Now the first poor nephew reasoned that he should impress his rich old uncle with the great affection he bore him by some tangible means. So he drew out his savings and purchased for his rich old uncle a magnificent gold watch, and had it neatly engraved: To be attached a gorgeous chain, put the whole affair in a lavishly decorated box and sent it to his rich old uncle with his best wishes.

The second poor nephew figured that any extreme financial outlay would convince his rich old uncle that he was trying to jolly him a bit too much, so he invested a nickel in a neat but tasty Christmas card, which he mailed to the rich old uncle.

So the rich old uncle received the two remembrances, and said of the first nephew:

"Humph! A man who will spend all he has for a gold watch to give a man who already has all the watches he ever will need hasn't got enough judgment to be trusted with money. I will leave him my blessing and a few words of good advice."

When he looked at the card he nodded his head approvingly and said:

"There's a man after my own heart. He knew I would not care for an expensive gift, and he knew that I would value his good wishes, so he very wisely sent them to me in this inexpensive manner. He shows a marked economical trait and I am sure he will get along in the world without any aid from me."

So he made a new will and left all his money to fund an institution for the study of prehistoric manifestations of microbe diseases in fossilized animalculae.

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

The Letter and the Spirit.  
Askum—Do you approve of abbreviating "Christmas" to "X-mas?"  
Tellum—I wish I could. It usually costs me a "C" or an "L." I'd be willing to abbreviate it to "V-mas" if my wife would agree.

OLD MAN GIDDLES OBSERVES

The polite lie is often solidified into a Christmas gift.

Henry Tarbuck says that as soon as people begin giving him socks and handkerchiefs exclusively for Christmas he is going to apply for a berth in the old folks' home.

Eli Timmons says he doesn't see the sense of tying up a 25-cent present in 18 cents' worth of ribbon and tissue paper and paying 50 cents to send it to some one.

While you are sorry for the tired salesman, like as not the salesman is thinking sympathetic thoughts of you.

Little Joseph Gillett has been pulled through the Fourth of July, the mumps, a birthday party, the chicken-pox and the measles so far this year, and his parents hope he is rugged enough to survive Christmas.

When a man volunteers to play Santa Claus at a Sunday school Christmas tree set it down that in his heart he considers himself a natural-born comedian.

## The Christmas Shopper

The Christmas shopper makes her list  
And holds it tightly in her fist  
And starts to get her shopping done  
She thinks she is the only one  
Beginning at this early date

And that her progress will be straight  
She sallies forth with pleasant smiles  
But soon is jammed up in the aisles,  
And when she tries to cleave the fray  
She has to wind around way;  
Though earnestly she's on the job,  
She bumps into a rushing mob  
By shoppers borne back;  
Unfil her skirt and waist are torn;  
She leaves a doll and jumping jack  
And struggle back;  
And has she gets home, weary, worn and blue—  
And finds the cook gone shopping, too!

Wilbur D. Nesbit

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Phone 4  
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Phone 375

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We are in line with all that you need on the table. Prices O. K.

# W. A. BROWN & COMPANY

THE COUNTRY STORE

Phone 375

Phone 375

## A LOCAL MAN or WOMAN

is desired right now to represent THE PICTORIAL REVIEW in this territory—to call on those whose subscriptions are about to expire. Big money for the right person—representatives in some other districts make over \$500.00 a month. Spare time workers are liberally paid for what they do. Any person taking up this position becomes the direct local representative of the publishers. Write today for this offer of

### PICTORIAL REVIEW

222 West 39th Street

New York City

## AYING FOR EXPERIENCE

A severe "belly ache" is the price paid for the fun of doing the things. Mamma did them, but it is not for you to do it, but it is for you to experience to know the same thing. We say the same thing. It may be right, but after it is in your job a while, it will warp of shape, and a bunch of trouble is what experience will cost you. If you want to be sure of getting good, roughly seasoned lumber, don't take any chances, but go to us for it. It will cost no more than the other and will elsewhere.

## C. BOWMAN LUMBER COMPANY

Will Move to Lubbock

O. Jones, of Terry county, last week closed a deal through the Kinson Brothers Realty Company, whereby he becomes the owner of Mrs. S. W. Jenkin's residence property in the south of the city, paying \$2,500 in cash for same. Mr. Jones will move here and make Lubbock home, and the Avalanche extends to him a hearty welcome.

## THE DAMAGE SUIT INDUSTRY

Big Amount of Personal Damage Claims Paid Out By Railway Companies.

Three million dollars in personal injury claims were paid out by Texas railroads during the twelve month period ending June 30, 1912, according to the reports of thirty-two of the leading Texas lines. This breaks all records for any single previous year and brings the total up to \$28,425,000.00 for personal injury payments during the past twenty-one years or since the creation of the Railroad Commission. The amount of claims per mile of line operated has increased from \$25.00 in 1891 to \$180.00 in 1912, which is equivalent to 620 per cent. The gross earnings during this period show an increase of only 160 per cent and the total mileage has increased only 75 per cent. Personal injury claims in 1912 represented 2.60 per cent of the gross earnings of that year and the average for the 21 year period is 2.05 per cent. The personal injury claims for 1912 exceed the total claims paid during the first six years' existence of the Railroad Commission by \$433,000. Ohio, New Jersey, Washington, Oregon and other states have paid heed to the damage suit industry in a practical manner and a recent investigation of a Wisconsin legislature revealed the fact that only \$18.00 out of every \$100.00 paid for personal injuries in that state, reached the pocket of the injured.

## RAVAGES OF DRINK SCOURGE

Appalling Statistics Issued by Paris Show What Alcohol Is Doing for France.

Some idea of the appalling ravages made by the drink scourge in present-day France may be formed by the terrible series of statistics showing the relation between alcohol and madness which specialists attached to the principal Paris lunatic asylum have just made public.

These figures reveal that since 1868, when exact records were started, the proportion of male lunatics whose loss of reason is caused by drink has increased from 14 to 48 per cent, while on the female side the percentage has risen from less than 2 to 20. "Most of these unfortunates," say the authors of the report, "are psychopaths descended from other alcoholics."

The writers conclude with the following statement, which is considered to have a particularly sinister bearing on the population question in that country:

"Of every thousand children born of alcoholics about one-third disappear either at birth or in the first two or three years, and among the survivors there are a large number of idiots, epileptics, many degenerates devoid of moral sense, and instinctively perverse creatures of abnormal impulses."

"It is enough to regard the great group of various species of mental degeneracy bequeathed by alcoholics to their children to be sure that alcoholism supplies the men's side of the Paris asylum with three-quarters of their population."

## A Year of Thirteen Months

An international conference was held in Switzerland last summer for the consideration of the adoption of a perpetual calendar. The change proposed would make the year consist of thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, making a total of 364 days a year. The day left over would not be counted in any month, but would precede Jan. 1, and be called simply New Year's Day. In leap years the extra day would not be counted in any month, but would follow the last day of December. The new month would occur between June and July.

As an illustration of how this would work in practice let us begin with the year 1916, which will commence on Saturday. This day in the new calendar would be simply the opening day of the year; Sunday would then be the first day of January.

Each month in the year would have an equal number of days—twenty-eight; the months and the weeks would always begin on Sunday and end on Saturday, so that any particular week day of one month would fall on the corresponding day of the next and of each succeeding month.

It would then not be necessary to have a calendar for each month, as the days of each month would be identical with those of the first month.—Harper's Weekly.

For Sale  
120 acres fine land; 1.2 mile good school house; 10 miles north Tahoka; \$14 per acre bonus; terms. T. J. Estes, Alamo Beach, Texas. 22 4t

Thos. Malone, of Plainview, was a business visitor here the latter part of last week.

P. M. Twyler was here from Dallas, Friday.

## TEXAS PRIZE CATTLE

Bring Big Price On Chicago Market Last Saturday.

Texas-bred cattle on exhibition in the car load division of the International Live Stock Exhibition at Chicago were put on sale Saturday, together with hundreds of head in both the car load and the individual divisions from other States.

Fifteen head of 2-year-old Hereford prize winners owned by Col. S. E. Burnett of Fort Worth, Tex., were sold to Swift & Co. at \$11.80 per hundred weight. Thirty head of Texas-bred Hereford yearlings being exhibited by Mrs. J. C. Casement of Painesville, Ohio, were sold to Armour & Co. at \$11.70 and \$12.20.

Few of the Texas visitors remained in the city. The majority of them expressed their intention of returning to their homes. They all declared that they were highly pleased with the livestock exhibition and commended B. H. Heide and other officers of the show for the great work accomplished. The Texans declare that to view such high-grade stock, to listen to such intelligent lectures as have been delivered by leading agriculturists and to observe the many minor points of interest in the exhibition is a wonderful education.

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

Geo. D. Heay of Muskogee, Okla., was here Saturday and was registered at the Clyde.

See L. O. Burford for monuments all work guaranteed. 52tf

A. A. West of Bush Prairie, Wash., was here the first of the week.

J. R. Smith of Brownfield, spent the latter part of last week here.

A. M. Stadig of Roswell, N. M., was a guest at the Nicolett Saturday.

See Spikes & Son before you sell your grain. 11 tf

R. D. Marshall of Plains, was a business visitor in Lubbock Saturday.

W. R. Crockett of Snyder, spent Friday and Saturday in Lubbock.

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

## EIGHT PER CENT MONEY

We can save you money on your Farm And Ranch Loans. We charge no fee for getting same, Only 8 per cent straight.

## MADDOX & MOODY

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING  
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

## WINDMILLING IS MY BUSINESS

I am prepared to do all kind of windmill work. I can build your 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

## Sinful Waste of Food.

Eureka! The bespectacled gentlemen whose business it is to find out what it is that is making the cost of living so high have discovered a hole in the nation's pocket through which \$4,500,000 trickles out and is wasted every day. To be more specific, this sum represents the value of food spoiled or thrown away in the home kitchen. This wasted food, these scientific gentlemen tell us, is sufficient to feed a nation of 15,000,000 people, as for instance, the combined population of European Turkey and Persia, or all of Manchuria. Perhaps we will comprehend it better in terms of our own cities; that is, enough is wasted in our kitchens to feed the combined population of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Omaha, Denver, Portland, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Detroit, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Buffalo and Kansas City.

figures are under, rather than over, estimated.—Fort Worth Record.

Marvin O'Keefe was here from Panhandle Saturday.

Sam Smith of Hale Center, was down Saturday.

### THE BIG SHOP

Does Machine Work, Blacksmithing, Horseshoeing, Woodwork, Rubber Tire Work, on short notice in the best possible manner. All work guaranteed to please and we solicit a reasonable share of your work.  
R. F. Daugherty  
General Manager

## Rub-No-More Cleans them all clean



## No Dairy Should Be Without It

Rub-No-More Warming Powder cuts the grease and removes all residue without injury to the surface and makes all vessels clean and sweet.

**DIRECTIONS:** Dissolve a quantity of Rub-No-More in warm water, pour into the can or separator, shake up well, rinse in clean water and see results.

Try RUB-NO-MORE—5¢ or 25¢ per pkg. At All Grocers

THE RUB-NO-MORE COMPANY, FORT WAYNE, IND.



## 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

# Love Awakened by a Gift or Present, Radiates Like Perfume

In this season of Gift-making it would not be out of place to think over the sentiment of the above caption, and speaking of gifts we wish to remind our old friends and customers that we are still here and have the biggest and best selection of goods that the Happy Christmas times have ever found us in possession of.

**GIFTS**—Diamonds, Watches, Brooches, Rings, Bracelets, Cuff Buttons, Lodge Pins or Buttons, Tie Clasps, Shirt Waist Sets, Stick Pins, Chatelaines, Lockets, Watch Chains, Necklaces, Watch Fobs, Hat Pins, Fountain Pens, Gold Pens, Silverware, Cut Glass, Umbrellas, Fancy Stationery.

**HOLIDAY GOODS**—We have a splendid assortment—and you can find many articles that will make nice presents. In our regular line of Toilet Articles you will find useful articles that will be appreciated by any one.

REMEMBER OUR MAGNIFICENT LINE OF CIGARS  
A MERRY CHRISTMAS

## Crawford Drug and Jewelry Store

SOUTH SIDE OF THE SQUARE

### 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) Six Months 50c  
One Year \$1.00

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 1/2 cents per line. Church advertisements, where a revenue is derived therefrom, 5 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, DECEMBER 10, 1912

#### WOLF SLAYER

Cattle and Sheep Men Will Raise Large Purse for Scott Cochran on Plains

R. Scott Cochran, the young ranchman, of Lubbock, Texas, who has a bunch of steers at the L E ranch is the recipient of much praise from the Chaves county stockmen for the stunt he pulled off recently in killing an immense lobo wolf on the Browning ranch, fifty miles east of Roswell, in Chaves county, and the recognition of the deed will be rewarded in a substantial manner by the stockmen who are raising a purse to present to Mr. Cochran. Of course this will be independent of the bounty that he will receive for the scalp, when the apportionment is made next January, which will be about \$25.00. The wolf was the only lobo that has been seen in these parts for a long time and the biggest in many moons, the carcass weighing 200 pounds, and was nearly the size of a full-grown St. Bernard dog. It was a male of the gray variety, very few of the black species having been seen in this section.

Two shots from a Winchester rifle was the "medicine" that put him to sleep and he was shot on the dead run.

Mr. Cochran has shipped the carcass to Matt Ohnemus, the well known taxidermist of Calasbad and will have the hide and head made into a handsome rug. This year, in this county, Mr. Cochran has killed thirty coyote wolves having the skins sewed together and made into one big rug.—Roswell Morning News.

Saturday witnessed one of the largest gatherings that Lubbock has seen in many days. There were farmers here who came from a distance of from 25 to 45 miles and brought their families and produce in. The produce they sold and loaded up with the necessities of life as well as a goodly lot of Christmas goods. The sidewalks were crowded and every store in our city did a good business. Outside of the people who came in on purpose to do their shopping, there were many here attending District Court. May Lubbock see many more such days as Saturday was.

Chas. Ellis, of Lorenzo, was in the city Saturday and give the Avalanche a nice little order for circulars.

#### HOLIDAY FIRE DANGERS

State Board of Insurance Offers a Few Timely Suggestions as Preventatives

The custom of merchants decorating places of business for the holiday trade is a most hazardous one from a standpoint of fire. The decorating of churches and school houses for Christmas trees and other means of entertainment is also dangerous. The promiscuous use of fire works is at all times a menace to life and property.

For the purpose of trying to impress upon the public the need for care throughout the last two weeks of December, the Department calls attention to the following important suggestions contained in the Holiday Fire Bulletin issued by the National Fire Protection Association:

Stores, Churches and Bazaars: Holiday fires in these while filled with people are usually holocausts. Light, inflammable decorations make fires easy to start and easy to spread. A match, a gas flame or an electric defect may do it.

Watch cigar, cigarette and pipe smokers. Do not permit them to "light up" inside buildings. Do not make the slightest change in electrical wiring without consulting electrical inspector.

Warnings for the Home: Every year in America many children are burned to death by fire from Christmas candles. Do not decorate your Christmas tree with paper, cotton, or other inflammable material. Use metallic tinsel and other non-inflammable material only, and set the tree securely so that the children in reaching for things cannot tip it over. Do not use

cotton to represent snow. If you must have snow use asbestos fibre.

Do not permit children to light or re-light candles while parents are not present. They frequently set fire to their clothing instead; and the tree itself will burn when the needles have become dry. Do not leave matches within reach of children at holiday time. Candles are meant to be lighted, and if the children can get matches they will experiment with them. They imitate their elders.

A house of merriment is better than a house of mourning.

These suggestions are considered most timely, and they are offered for no other purpose than as an effort to arouse the public to a point of alertness that will prevent as far as possible, a repetition of fire losses that have heretofore marked Christmas celebrations.

Every city and town in the State that has not enacted an ordinance strictly prohibiting the use of fire works should do so at once.

Respectfully,

STATE INSURANCE BOARD.

Did you know that you could get five gallons of as good Coal Oil as you will find in town at J. H. Moore's for 75c. Let us sell you your oil.

Albert Hardin was the promoter of two or three badger fights here the first of the week.

T. Ancell and Charlie Ancell of Lovington, N. M., spent the first of the week in Lubbock.

Pat J. Ross was here from the Mallett ranch the first of the week.

#### BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCK COCKRELS

From excellent mating of the best strain in the South. \$2.50 each. Satisfaction guaranteed. MRS. GUY KING, TAHOKA, TEXAS

I. W. Jones was here from Roswell, N. M., Monday.

W. Jones, of Texico, spent the first of the week in our city.

Fred Porter was here from Dallas Monday.

R. L. Powers was here from Plainview Friday.

Jersey Burnes was here from Cuthbert the first of the week.

B. M. Broyles was here Kansas City Monday.

C. E. Van Houton was here from Abilene Monday.

M. T. Idment of Cuthbert was in the city on business Monday.

J. W. Dodd was here from Delphus, N. M., the first of the week.

L. G. Chapel, a cattle buyer of Hearn, Kan., was here the first of the week.

S. E. Land, a cattle buyer of Hearn, Kan., spent the first of the week in Lubbock.

P. G. Wright, contractor on the Texico Cut-off, was a business visitor in the city the first of the week.

J. M. Higginbotham of Dublin, spent this week here looking after his interests in this part of the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Briggs Robertson of near Slaton, were in the city the first of the week buying their Christmas supplies.

Miss Patty Dalton, of Plainview, who has for the past three weeks been employed in the office of Bean & Klett, as stenographer, left Sunday for her home. Miss Dalton made many friends while in our city who regret very much to see her leave.

Mrs. E. L. Crosser and little daughter, Miss Blanche, left Sunday for Altus, Okla., where they will spend the Christmas holidays visiting Mrs. Crosser's parents.

Attorney Jno. P. Marrs of Post, who spent last week in the city attending district Court, left Sunday for home.

W. M. George, who served on the Petit Jury in the Taylor case last week, left Sunday for his home northwest of town.

Judge and Mrs. Frank Snodgrass of Coleman, who spent last week in Lubbock, left Sunday for their home.

M. S. Acuff of Austin, spent this week in the city attending District Court.

J. P. White, of Roswell, N. M., spent the first of the week here on business.

Geo. M. Smith, of Roswell, N. M., spent Monday and Tuesday in Lubbock.

P. W. Latham, of Bronco, was in the city Monday.

Robert Chism was here from Ralls Monday.



### HOLIDAY RATES

TICKETS ON SALE DEC. 20TH TO 26TH INCLUSIVE AND DEC. 31ST TO JAN. 1ST  
Return limit Jan. 6th to 15th One and one-third fare for round trip to all points in Texas. For further particulars apply to

A. G. COX, AGENT  
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

## TOYLAND WONDERLAND GIFTLAND GOODEATS LAND AT J. H. MOORE'S CLOSE PRICE STORE

The Season of the year is at hand when you will have with you relatives and friends to dine, and you will want the best of Good Eats to set before them. This store has a reputation for furnishing everything for the table, and of the very best quality. Our store is now well filled with fancy groceries suitable for Christmas occasions and invite you to come in and give us your order for what you need. Our Racket Goods department is full of toys and other articles suitable for the children and grownups and you should come early before the new arrivals are all sold.

A FEW OF THE MANY THINGS THAT YOU WILL FIND IN THIS STORE

#### GROCERIES

All the staple kinds, standard brands, fancy groceries such as canned fruits, canned meats, canned vegetables, dried fruits a splendid variety, pickles in bulk and in bottles, sweet and sour, splendid variety of flavorings and seasonings. Preserves, jams, jellies, fruit butter, etc., nuts, shelled pecans and walnuts, grapes, lemons, grape fruit, oranges, apples, bananas. Fruit cake ingredients.

#### CIGARS AND TOBACCOS

We have a good assortment and everything complete to make smoking a real pleasure. Cigars, of the very best makes put up in Christmas boxes, the very thing for father or your gentleman friend. Pipes too and smoking sets at reasonable prices.

#### RACKET GOODS

Toys, here they are, in great quantities, and the variety is in keeping with the quantity. Here you will find most anything you want in the toy line and you will find many useful and appropriate articles for gifts to any member of the family or your friend, man, woman or child, old or young. Space forbids mentioning what we have but a peep into our store will convince you that it is Toyland, Wonderland, Giftland and Good Eatsland.

REMEMBER TO DO YOUR SHOPPING EARLY

# J. H. MOORE, The Close Price Store

One Door West of  
Citizens National Bank Building

# Useful And Appropriate CHRISTMAS GIFTS

YOU WILL FIND A GREAT ASSORTMENT AT THIS STORE

Your wife would appreciate a handsome looking Range as a gift from Hubby. The Cole's Hot Blast is one of the best on the market. I have them complete.



A Cole's Hot Blast Heater will bring good cheer and solid comfort to the entire family during Christmas and cold days the balance of the year. Buy One Now.

## Bring Your Christmas Problems Here

After you see our big stock of useful and appropriate Christmas Gifts they will be problems no longer, and you will be able to find what you want. You will see many articles useful and beautiful that will prove exactly suitable for your list and you will find the price within your reach. This store is now a Christmas Store House. Throughout the building will be found such things as you need and can use many months after Christmas is gone. If you have not yet made up your mind what you are going to buy look over this ad and see if it doesn't suggest something that will fill the bill to a T.

### SOME TIMELY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS:



bed-room suits, dressers, rockers, chiffoniers, dining tables, center tables, art squares, rugs, parlor suits, sewing machines, carpet sweepers, dishes, hand painted China, silverware, carving sets, silver knives and forks, silver tea and table spoons, chafing and baking dishes, cut glass of all kinds, Chinaware decorated and plain, aluminum ware, percolators, bicycles, tricycles, express wagons, pocket knives, scissors single and in sets, razors, common and safety, lamps, nut crackers, tool cabinets, pop guns, boxing gloves, foot balls, guns, buggies, surries, lap robes, and numerous other articles that we have not space to enumerate. You will find the most useful articles here, and gifts that will long be remembered by those who receive them.

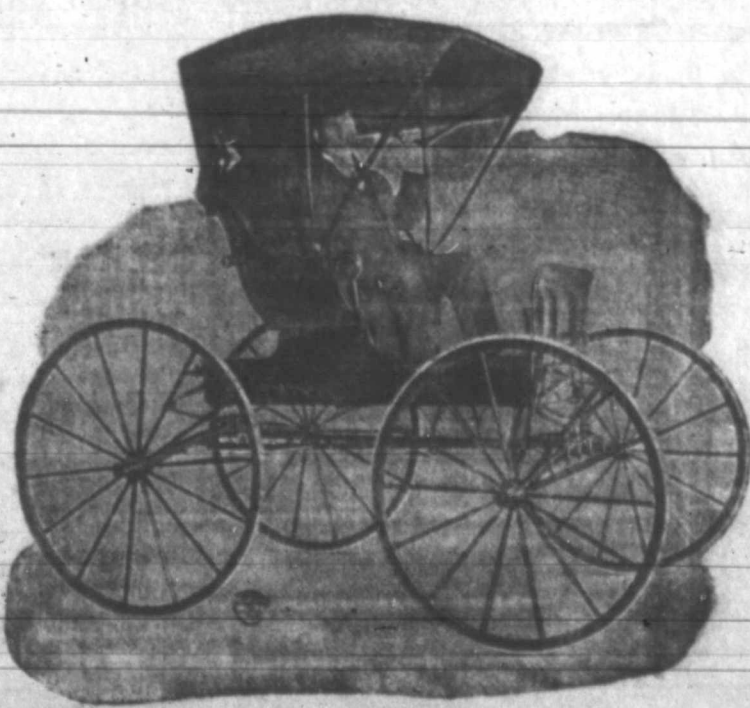


### A WORD ABOUT OUR BUGGIES

The Emerson with its Latest Improvements is a Most Appropriate Christmas Present.

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 the 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.



THE EMERSON Showing the Ideal Attachment; Emerson's original idea

We cannot describe each article in our store, but we are anxious that you call and see our stock. Our prices are so reasonable that you will be well paid for the time it takes to call and examine the goods; they will bear close inspection and can best be appreciated when you see them.

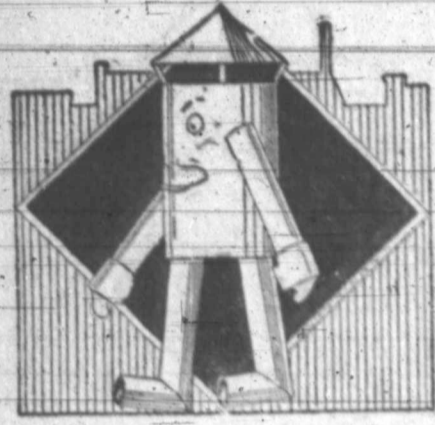
Come Early And Make Your Selections. We'll Deliver Them When You Say To.

# L. B. WRIGHT

The House Furnisher

**PIERCE BROTHERS**  
**REAL ESTATE, FIRE INSURANCE AND CATTLE**  
 OFFICE IN CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK BUILDING  
 PHONE 147 LUBBOCK, TEXAS

**We Are Not Tin Men**



**BUT---**  
**WE CAN DO ANY AND ALL KINDS OF TIN WORK**

If you have anything in this line, this is the place to have it done. Our prices are strictly in sympathy with the "Live And Let Live Principles" and—

EVERY JOB IS GUARANTEED

**THE CITY PLUMBING AND SHEET METAL WORKS**  
 PHONE 383

**CATLEMEN'S ASSOCIATION**

**Preparations Have Already Begun For the Entertainment of the Cattlemen in El Paso.**

El Paso, Texas, Dec. 14.—Preparations for the reception and entertainment of the delegates to the thirty-seventh annual meeting of the Cattle Raisers' Association of Texas, which will be held in this city in March, 1915, were begun today when the president of the El Paso Chamber of Commerce, Walter S. Clayton, appointed committees to take charge of details.

The cost of providing comfort and amusement for the hundreds of delegates of the Association and their families and friends who will come to El Paso next spring has been estimated to be \$10,000. That amount will be raised by subscriptions to a special fund of the Chamber of

**Commerce.**

El Paso was designated as the meeting place for 1913 at the Cattle Raisers' Convention last March at Fort Worth, after a keen contest with Oklahoma City, Houston and Fort Worth. There are 1,966 members of the Association owning cattle on Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico ranges.

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 tf

J. A. Russell, a resident of Dallas, spent a few days the latter part of last week in our city.

See Spiles & Son before you sell your grain. 11 tf

J. P. Goins was over from Crosbyton Friday and Saturday.

W. O. Duckett was here from Pride, Saturday.

**THE Z. Z. SAVAGE CASE**

**Austin Supreme Court Orders Reversal in Savage Case from Potter County.**

In affirming the judgment of the court of civil appeals at Fort Worth in the case of the State of Texas vs. Z. Z. Savage, from Potter county, the Supreme court Wednesday held that while an appellate court cannot take into consideration in disposing of one case the record in another, yet it can take judicial knowledge of an opinion that it has rendered in another case.

Judgment had been recovered against Savage in a bond permitting the sale of liquors in local option territory. The court of civil appeals at Fort Worth heard the contest of the local option election, following which Savage had made the bond, and held that the local option election had failed in Potter county. Later, when the Savage bond came up, the majority of the court held that there could be no recovery on that bond, as local option had failed in the election. It was contended that the court could not take notice of its opinion holding that the local option had failed. The Supreme court does not agree with this view.

W. B. Atkins of the McAdams Lumber Co., left Saturday for Tahoka and he will audit the books of that company at that place. Mr. Atkins will spend some time now auditing the books of this company at their different yards in this section.

Frank Lynn, of Post City, was here the latter part of last week.

Attorney Dalton was down Friday and Saturday from Plainview.

C. H. Cain was here Friday from Plainview.

C. H. Young, of Sweetwater, spent Friday and Saturday here.

**WIN ALAMO CASE**

**Motion for New Hearing Is Overruled in San Antonio Court Last Wednesday.**

The Daughters of the Republic of Texas won another victory Wednesday in their fight to park the grounds of the historical Alamo, when Chief Justice W. S. Fly, in the Fourth Court of Civil Appeals overruled the motion of the appellants, A. B. Canthey, et al, for a re-hearing.

The case now goes to the Supreme Court for final decision. Mrs. Clara Driscoll Sevier, head of the Daughters of the Republic, and purchaser of the Alamo, already has declared her intention of carrying the fight before the Legislature, if the Supreme Court decides against the Daughters.

The legal battle was started when Hon. J. F. Carl of San Antonio, representing the State Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds asked for an injunction restraining the Daughters from parking the Alamo grounds, the governor supported Carl, saying he believed that the movements were for the purpose of increasing adjacent real estate values.

Mrs. Sevier bought the Alamo from a private concern, paying \$50,000 for it, and presented it to the state.

Unless the Supreme Court reverses the decisions of the lower courts, the historic mission will remain in the control of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas.

**PERISHABLE MAIL RULING**

**Postmaster General Gives Rules Governing Perishable Matter Through U. S. Mails.**

We have had quite a bit to say about the Parcels Post mail system the past few weeks and the following may be of interest to our readers regarding perishable matter, which appeared in the daily papers Saturday:

According to regulations governing the parcels post system, promulgated by Postmaster General Hitchcock, perishable matter may be sent through the mails only under specific restrictions as to their containers, and the distance they are to be sent.

Butter, lard, fish, fresh meats, dressed fowls, vegetables, fruits, berries and similar articles, likely to quickly decay may be sent for short distances when securely packed. Eggs will be accepted for local delivery when properly packed in a container, and for any distance when each egg is separately packed in a secure manner.

No restriction is placed on the mailing of salted, dried, smoked or cured meats, but fresh meat will be transported only within the first zone.

Fragile articles, including millinery, toys, musical instruments and articles of glass in whole or in part must be securely packed and marked "fragile."

Articles that may not be sent by parcels post include intoxicating liquors of all kinds, poisonous animals, insects or reptiles; explosives of every kind; inflammable articles, including matches, infernal machines, pistols or revolvers; disease germs, any obscene, defamatory or scurrilous matter now prohibited by law; live or dead animals or birds or live poultry; raw hides or pelts, or anything having a bad odor.

Books and printed matter may not be forwarded at parcels post rates; but only at the pound rate of third-class matter.

A committee of railroad officials today petitioned the house postoffice committee for the re-arrangement of weighing and pay for transporting mails. The railroad men set out that they did not contemplate carrying the parcels post when their present contracts were made, and declared that as a matter of contract they were not obliged to accept packages weighing more than four pounds.

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 tf

C. D. Russell was here from Plainview Friday.

R. C. Ward was down from Plainview Friday.

**PROFESSIONAL**

**DR. C. M. BALLENGER**  
 DENTIST  
 Office First National Bank Bld'g.  
 Telephone No. 209  
 Lubbock, Texas

Phone Office 104 Residence 102  
**DR. W. V. CHAPIN**  
 DENTIST  
 Office over Lubbock State Bank  
 Lubbock, Texas

**DR. R. J. HALL**  
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
 Office at Star Drug Store  
 Phone—Office—167; Residence  
 Lubbock, Texas

**DRS. HUTCHINSON and PEEBLER**  
 J. T. HUTCHINSON, M. D.  
 Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.  
 O. F. PEEBLER, M. D.  
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**ROSCOE WILSON**  
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
 Office: First National Bank Building  
 Lubbock, Texas

**BEAN & KLETT**  
 Lawyers,  
 Lubbock, Texas  
 Your legal business and notarial work respectfully solicited.  
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**W. D. BENSON**  
 LAWYER AND ABSTRACTOR.  
 Lubbock, Texas.  
 Will practice in all the Courts

**R. J. DILLARD**  
 LAWYER  
 Lubbock, Texas

**JNO. R. MCGEE**  
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
 Lubbock, Texas  
 Will practice in all the courts of Texas.  
 OFFICE: North of Court House

**W. F. SCHENCK**  
 Lawyer  
 Office in Lubbock State Bank Building.  
 Lubbock, Texas



Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Phillips, who have been here for the past week, left Saturday for Slaton. Miss Ruby Leslie and little brother, Guy, were up from Slaton, Saturday shopping.

**DIKE REMEDIES**  
 ARE ALWAYS GOOD

**Dike's Soothing Syrup**

This remedy contains Sodium bromide, Fennel seed syrup and Lupulin syrup.

Best for you because: (a) it does not contain habit-forming drugs; (b) free from morphine, chloroform and alcohol; (c) fretful, irritable babies feed better and eat and sleep better; (d) see that baby is not constipated; (e) this syrup can be given with perfect safety; (f) no untoward effects.

Price, 25 cents.

FOR SALE BY  
**THE LUBBOCK DRUG COMPANY**  
 PHONE 152

**IF YOU HAVE A SURPLUS OF HAPPINESS**

During the holiday season why not telephone a part of it to some one who has less?

The telephone the great limitless pathway over which the CHRISTMAS SPIRIT can travel and cheer the hearts of loved ones from whom you are widely separated.

The Southwestern Telegraph and Telephone Company

One Universal System Service

**LUBBOCK GRAIN AND COAL CO.**  
 EAST BROADWAY PHONE 194

A big Stock of Grain, Hay, Feed Stuff of All Kinds,  
 Also Wholesale Flour and Meal. A Good  
 Supply of Coal Always on Hand.

Town Orders Delivered Promptly to Any Part of Town.

VOLUME XIII  
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