

CHRISTMAS EDITION

THE QUITAQUE POST

YOUR HOME-OWNED NEWSPAPER

VOLUME XII

QUITAQUE, BRISCOE COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1936

No. 4

**Looking
Things
Over**
By
"MACK"

Quitaque, Texas
Dec. 24, 1936

Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

I have tied a string firmly around one end of my sock, and am expecting you to fill it to the brim for me tonight. You will find it hanging in the kitchen near the stove, as we have no fireplace. I would like to have lots of new subscriptions for the Post, and several advertising contracts (nice big ones). You can stretch the contracts out over the entire year, but rush the subscriptions, please. Also, I can stand a few good job printing orders.

And Santa, when you come in, try to be easy and not wake the baby—if you do, there'll be the dickens to pay.

Thanks very much,

"MACK"

P. S.—Don't forget all the good little boys around here—every business boy in town has been extra good this year and sold us all on the credit, so bring them lots of cash business for '37.

—M—

Our entire family is leaving this morning for Oklahoma to visit the baby's grandparents—and, according to information received from that State—the baby's Pa is going to get some good old liver and onions to eat—and that's real eating.

—M—

Aside—to visitors who come to Quitaque at night—Gentlemen: Please don't throw your empty bottles on our nice new paved streets. They mess up our tires and make things very disagreeable. Am sure the local boys would not do that.

**Friendship Day
at Plainview To
Feature Contests**

Santa's gone but Friendship Days continue every Wednesday in Plainview.

Next Wednesday, Dec. 30th, one hundred different guessing contests will give visitors lots of fun and profit. In the windows of each sponsoring merchant there will be a different guessing contest. There will be guessing weights, guessing numbers, guesses of every conceivable sort. Each person may guess once in each place of business. The winners of each contest will be awarded special merchandise gifts arranged for this event. Guessing will continue throughout the day and if you are good at guessing you may receive several prizes.

There will be New Year specials offered in all the stores, and at two o'clock in the afternoon at the band stand will be the usual cash contests.

MICKIE SAYS—

"A LETTER FROM HOME WITH ALL TH' NEWS WILL WILL BE SENT REG'LAR FROM THIS OFFICE TO ANY ONE YOU WISH—JEST PAY FOR A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION—WE DO THE REST!"



PLAN BASKET BALL TOURNEY IN JANUARY

Thirteen Teams Have Accepted Invitations To Date

Thirteen outstanding cage teams have accepted invitations to enter the annual Quitaque Invitation Basketball tournament, which will be played here at the Panther gym Friday and Saturday, January 8-9, and others are expected this week, Coach Roy Morris announced Monday.

Invitations have been mailed to more than forty teams throughout this section of the Panhandle, Coach Morris stated. At least sixteen teams are expected to compete for trophies in the local basketball classic.

Cagers from Estelline, Flomot, Whiteflat, Afton, McAdoo, Floydada Lakeview (Floyd County), South Plains, Plainview, Silverton, and Paducah, with A and B teams representing the Panthers, have already accepted invitations to enter the tournament, Morris said.

Competition will be exceptionally keen this year. Plainview, Floydada, and Paducah loom as strong contenders for top honors, while the local Panthers are expected to offer strong competition to all comers.

Five team trophies will be awarded winners in the tournament. No individual awards will be made, Morris announced, with the possible exception of awards to the winning coaches. First, second, and third place winners, and first place and runner up teams in the consolation, will be awarded team trophies. A twenty two inch trophy will be awarded to the winning team.

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College Students Home for The Xmas Holidays

Christmas holidays are homecoming days for some twenty-five Quitaque students from eleven different Texas colleges and universities. Returning students accentuate the holiday spirit as schools are closed until the opening of the new year.

West Texas State College at Canyon, Texas Tech at Lubbock, Sul Ross State Teachers at Alpine, Texas University, Austin, North Texas State Teachers College of Denton, Draughn's Business College, Wichita Falls, Rice Institute of Houston, Draughn's Business College of Lubbock, North Texas A & C of Arlington, Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, and Texas Wesleyan College of Fort Worth are Alma Mater to one or more local students.

Jack Edmondson, Preston Taylor, Lucille Persons, Ben Ezell, JoEd Cupell, and S. T. Bogan, Jr., all students at WTSC, Canyon, arrived Saturday for a two weeks vacation.

From Texas Tech at Lubbock, Bernice Grundy, Wayne Hall, Rena Persons and Paul Vinyard returned Tuesday afternoon. Marie Davis, also a Tech student, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Davis, in Fletcher, Okla.

Sul Ross STC, Alpine, with six local students, also closed Tuesday. Homer Morris, captain of the Lobo cagers, arrived here Thursday of last week. Nolan (Red) and Olan (Chunk) Tipps, co-captains elect of the 1937 Lobo eleven, and Virgil Gregg and Rucker Hawkins arrived Wednesday.

Christine Faulkner, student at NTSTC, Denton, arrived home Sunday to spend the holidays here with her grandmother, Mrs. J. H. Hughes.

Henry Gardiner, Jr., arrived here Wednesday from Houston, where he

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SOME SPIRIT



Panthers Defeat Happy in Thrilling Game Saturday

Avenging a previous defeat handed them two weeks ago, the Quitaque Panthers displayed a smoothly clicking offensive game to smother the Happy Jacks, 16-7, in a basket ball game at the Panther gym here Saturday night.

In the second game of the triple header, the Panthereettes were defeated for the first time this season, losing a 28-20 decision to the Happy sextette, while the Quitaque Juniors took a 17-11 win over the Happy youngsters to complete the evening's bill.

The Panthers displayed a fine passing game, handling the ball in great form, and gave their best performance of the season. The Panther defense limited Happy sharpshooters to seven points. The game was fast and clean, one of the best seen on the local floor this season.

Coach Morris used his starting line-up, with Burt—center, Bogan and McCutcheon—forwards, and Persons and Young at guards, throughout practically the entire game.

Powell and Kelly were substituted for McCutcheon and Bogan at the forward posts in the closing minutes.

Badly off form Saturday night, after sweeping through their early season games without a defeat, the Pantherelettes dropped their game with the Happy Jackettes, 28 to 20, after a spirited last half rally failed.

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Double Trades Day in Quitaque For This Week

Two big Trades Day events will be sponsored this week by the Quitaque Trades Day Association, P. P. Rumph, Association president, announced Monday. In addition to the regular Saturday event, a special Christmas Eve event is planned for this afternoon (Thursday) at four o'clock—a pre-Christmas special that is expected to break all previous attendance records.

U. S. Postal Laws and Regulations forbid publication in these columns of the complete details of this big Christmas Eve triple header program, but circulars have been distributed giving full information.

Watch for them!

The seventh regular weekly Trades Day of the present series will be observed as usual Saturday afternoon, Mr. Rumph stated.

No decision had been reached by the association early this week in regard to continuing the present series of Trades Days, Mr. Rumph said. The event Saturday may possibly be the final one of this series. Definite announcement will probably be made Saturday afternoon, however.

The Trades Day Association has been well pleased with the response given the weekly events. Large crowds have been in attendance each Saturday. Local merchants have cooperated to make these events possible, and take this means to extend an invitation to everyone in the territory to "Buy It In Quitaque."

AGRICULTURAL BRIEFS

BY THE BRISCOE COUNTY AGENT

When we come to the Christmas the rich man have his. Let's all season of the year, our hearts should be full of joy and Thanksgiving. Our pockets may be empty, but still we have plenty of reason for being joyful.

This week we celebrate the birth of Christ—God's matchless gift to a sin-cursed world. Our material possessions may be quite few, but we are our own limitation on our spiritual wealth. God gave His son that "whosoever will" might have eternal life, and He is willing that the pauper have his part as he is that

(Continued on Back Page)

Miss Patterson Honored Thursday by Junior Club

Miss Ila Steele Patterson, bride-elect of Mr. Jack Grundy of Shreveport, Louisiana, was honored last Thursday evening at a meeting of the Junior Woman's Culture Club at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Rice. Miss Patterson, resigning as President of the club, was presented with a lovely Fiesta Dinner ware set as a Christmas and wedding gift from members of the organization. Miss Mabel Atkinson was hostess to the group.

Miss Minnie Mae Roberson, president, Vice-president, was named by the organization to succeed Miss Patterson as President for the remainder of the club-year.

A Christmas program was presented with Mary Ollie Persons as leader. Members answered roll call by bringing a toy to be given to some unfortunate child this Christmas.

Mary Lucy Montgomery read "A Christmas Story," followed by a duet by Miss Patterson and Mrs. Frank Gillespie.

Following the program, games were enjoyed, and presents were distributed from a beautifully decorated Christmas tree by members of the social committee. Christmas carols, sung by the group, closed the evening's entertainment.

Attending the meeting were: Misses Mary Ollie Persons, Minnie Mae Roberson, Seney Persons, Jewell Everett, Mary Lucy Montgomery, Myrtle Hadaway, Ruby Norton and Maudie Meredith; Mesdames Frank Gillespie, A. C. Bickford, Jr., and J. W. Lyon, Jr.; Miss Duke Brittain, a guest; Miss Patterson, the honoree and retiring president; and the hostess, Miss Atkinson.

Mrs. Grady Jacobs was taken to the Plainview Sanitarium at Plainview Wednesday morning. She was accompanied by Mr. Jacobs, Mrs. Claude Cantrell, and Dr. E. C. Price.

In case you plan to go mountain climbing in the Alps this year, the dogs of St. Bernard aren't carrying flasks of brandy anymore, but hot coffee in thermos bottles.

HIGHWAY WORK ASSURED FOR NEXT YEAR

Local Delegates Are Promised Work On 86

Hard surfacing on Highway 86 from the Hall County line five miles east of Quitaque to Bovina and the New Mexico state line on the west will be started before the end of 1937, the Texas State Highway Commission assured delegates from the Highway 86 Association in a hearing at Austin Monday, W. Coffee, Jr., revealed yesterday.

The Commission also granted an application submitted by the 86 Association extending Highway 86 from Turkey to Estelline, joining there with Highway No. 5.

Application is also being made by the State Highway Commission to Federal authorities to make Highway 86 a Federal Highway, Harry Hines, chairman of the commission, told local delegates at the close of Monday's hearing.

Members of the Association were elated at the favorable attitude adopted by the commission in granting their proposed program. Local delegates were received by the commission with extraordinary courtesy, Mr. Coffee said.

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Local Athletes On W. T. Frosh Cage Team

Jack Edmondson, former Estelline cager, now hailing from Quitaque, and Preston Taylor, stellar player on the 1937 freshman basketball squad at West Texas State College at Canyon, The Prairie, college newspaper, announced last week.

Edmondson has been selected by Freshman Coach Bob Cox to fill one forward post on the frosh quint this season, while Taylor seems to have the edge on Donald Kendrick of Groom for the starting position at center.

Both local athletes are expected to be strong contenders for the varsity squad at W. T. next year. Edmondson was also a member of the 1936 freshman football team and will be out for a varsity position on the Buffalo eleven next fall.

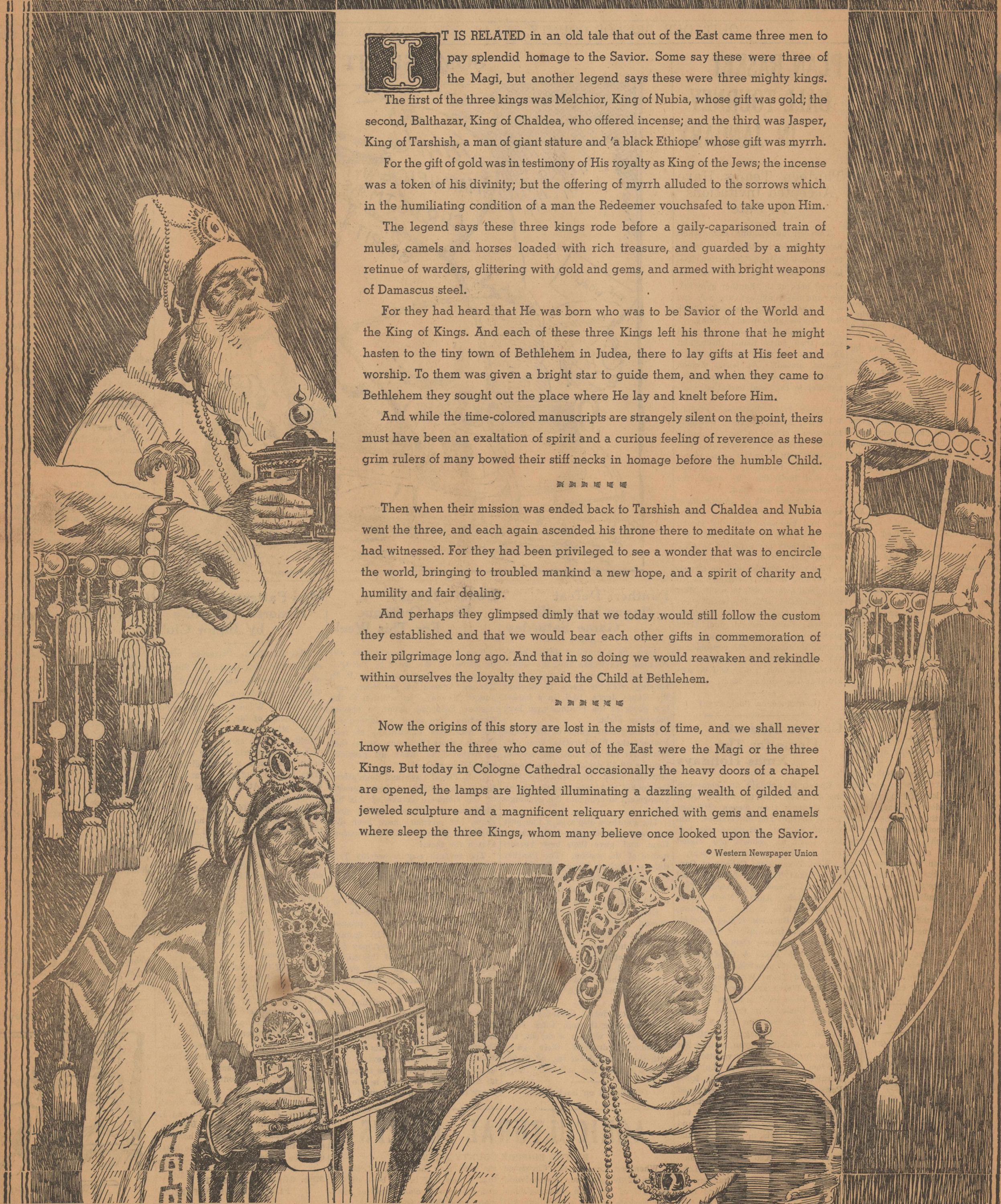
According to reports, two other former Quitaque stars, Ray Morrison and Ernest Kelly, are planning to enter the West Texas school in February, and both are expected to be strong contenders for places on the frosh cage squad.

Luke Barker Says:



"There's one secret that still remains a deep mystery, an' that's how some tar paper roofin' kin be made o' taste just like some coffee. Prod. Fruit see that th' average man is four times stronger than women, Ash Bud wonders what prod. calculate as an average."

Three Came Out of the East *



TIS RELATED in an old tale that out of the East came three men to pay splendid homage to the Savior. Some say these were three of the Magi, but another legend says these were three mighty kings.

The first of the three kings was Melchior, King of Nubia, whose gift was gold; the second, Balthazar, King of Chaldea, who offered incense; and the third was Jasper, King of Tarshish, a man of giant stature and 'a black Ethiop' whose gift was myrrh.

For the gift of gold was in testimony of His royalty as King of the Jews; the incense was a token of his divinity; but the offering of myrrh alluded to the sorrows which in the humiliating condition of a man the Redeemer vouchsafed to take upon Him.

The legend says these three kings rode before a gaily-caparisoned train of mules, camels and horses loaded with rich treasure, and guarded by a mighty retinue of warders, glittering with gold and gems, and armed with bright weapons of Damascus steel.

For they had heard that He was born who was to be Savior of the World and the King of Kings. And each of these three Kings left his throne that he might hasten to the tiny town of Bethlehem in Judea, there to lay gifts at His feet and worship. To them was given a bright star to guide them, and when they came to Bethlehem they sought out the place where He lay and knelt before Him.

And while the time-colored manuscripts are strangely silent on the point, theirs must have been an exaltation of spirit and a curious feeling of reverence as these grim rulers of many bowed their stiff necks in homage before the humble Child.

Then when their mission was ended back to Tarshish and Chaldea and Nubia went the three, and each again ascended his throne there to meditate on what he had witnessed. For they had been privileged to see a wonder that was to encircle the world, bringing to troubled mankind a new hope, and a spirit of charity and humility and fair dealing.

And perhaps they glimpsed dimly that we today would still follow the custom they established and that we would bear each other gifts in commemoration of their pilgrimage long ago. And that in so doing we would reawaken and rekindle within ourselves the loyalty they paid the Child at Bethlehem.

Now the origins of this story are lost in the mists of time, and we shall never know whether the three who came out of the East were the Magi or the three Kings. But today in Cologne Cathedral occasionally the heavy doors of a chapel are opened, the lamps are lighted illuminating a dazzling wealth of gilded and jeweled sculpture and a magnificent reliquary enriched with gems and enamels where sleep the three Kings, whom many believe once looked upon the Savior.

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Christmas Commemorates Spirit of a Child How to Keep Christmas Tree Fresh Where Yuletide Celebration Lasts a Week

Christmas ever will be the commemoration of the spirit of a little Child who came to earth many centuries ago and received homage and gifts from wise men. For this season the complexities and perplexities of life are dropped as if they were old coats of old years, and all of us stand shining and glad and young in the presence of a New Year. For this season we

join, therefore, in the spirits of the children, if we are wise, and share with them the simple joys of gifts and give the homage that is due to their young purity. — Better Homes and Gardens.

Children Like to Help

Children enjoy Christmas most when they have a hand in its preparation.

If a Christmas tree is set in water when it first comes into the house and is kept in water while it is part of the Christmas decoration, it will remain fresh and green for at least a week longer. Water should be replaced as it evaporates. If the base of a Christmas tree is trimmed with a sharp knife just before it is mounted, the pores will be left open, allowing water to

rise in the stem to the living cells which are still trying to provide the tree with food and moisture. Spruce and fir retain their needles longer than other Christmas trees.

Sweets for Children

Dates, prunes, and figs stuffed with marshmallow and rolled in granulated sugar make delicious and wholesome sweets for children.

An old Scandinavian custom is to hold one grand celebration from Christmas eve up to and including New Year's day. They have very colorful ceremonies. The old folks play host to the children, whether they are married or not, and a good time is had by all. Contrary to the season, when the sun shines day and night during the summer, the Christmas season is in almost

complete darkness. In many places in the northern countries, where snow and ice abound, the main pleasures are skiing and skating. Celebrating the Yuletide for long periods is prevalent in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland.

Clever Hand, Loving Labor
A clever hand and loving labor can prevent a lean Christmas.

DEPUTY OF THE DEVIL

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

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WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS
 Dr. Greeding, a wealthy and talented middle aged surgeon, is possessed of seemingly supernatural powers. He is able to answer what he says have been told him over a word; occasionally he can wish for something extraordinary to happen and have the wish fulfilled. Greeding meets Ira Jerrell, a wealthy business friend of his own age, who tells him he loves his daughter Nancy and would like to marry her. Dr. Greeding is pleased and tells Jerrell he has a clear field. Nancy, however, is in love with Dan Carlisle, an assistant professor at the university who has little means. They discuss marriage, but decide to delay talking to her father about it. Nancy, who has been playing tennis with Dan that afternoon, tells her father she had been playing with a girl friend. Greeding knows this is untrue and is secretly enraged. Stepping into his wife's room, his eye falls on a marble statuette which he dislikes. He picks it up, wishing he could snap it to bits. Suddenly it is snatched from his grasp as by an invisible force and burst asunder. Mrs. Greeding is greatly disturbed over the mysterious destruction of the statuette. The doctor makes light of it.

CHAPTER II—Continued

—3—

"He's a pauper, always will be. Or the next thing to it."

"Do you think that makes so much difference, Ned?" she urged gently. "And—after all, isn't that Nancy's business?"

"I won't have it," he insisted. "I shall make it my business."

"It's possible, you know," she reminded him gravely, "that you can't do anything about it. Nancy has a will of her own, and—an income of her own, later, apart from you. From my father."

He said tensely: "Myra, what's got into you? You've always stood shoulder to shoulder with me."

"You've always done things I could agree with, and support," she replied. "But I think you would be wrong to oppose Nancy, if she loves Dan, without a better reason than the fact that he has no money. After all, his family is fine."

And she urged: "Finish dressing, Ned. We must go."

He started to speak, then held his tongue. He returned to his own room for vest and coat; and when he came back, she was ready.

"Twenty minutes past seven," she said. "We're supposed to be there at a quarter of, and it's half an hour's drive."

He said: "The others will be late. Wait." He had decided to



"He's a Pauper, Always Will Be."

speak. "I want to tell you something. Ira Jerrell asked me to lunch with him today. He wants to marry Nancy."

Her eyes widened. "But Ned, he's as old as you are!" she protested.

"Two or three years younger," he corrected. "And I'm not old! He was fighting to control the fury in him.

"Oh, Ned," she protested. "In twenty years he will be an old man; and she—"

"He won't live twenty years," Doctor Greeding said explicitly. "I operated on him, you remember. He comes of a short-lived family, and he himself has a heart weakness, latent now, but bound to develop. He won't live twenty years; and when he dies, he will leave Nancy still a young woman, and wealthy enough to—"

Her cheeks were pale. "Oh Ned, that's terrible!" he insisted.

She stared at him in amazement. "Ned, sometimes I can't understand you," she confessed. "There's a hard, ruthless streak in you. Most of the time you're gentle and loyal and fine; but—I'm afraid of you myself, sometimes."

His lips were tight with rage. "I'm finding out a lot of things about myself," he exclaimed, and he laughed unpleasantly. "It's queer you never noticed them before."

"You've changed lately," she admitted.

He cried: "I—" But she touched his arm.

"Hush," she protested. Some one knocked at the door, and she opened it. Ruth was there.

"Thomas wants to know will you want him to drive," she said in a resentful tone.

Doctor Greeding shook his head. "No, I'll take Mrs. Greeding's car," he answered shortly.

And Mrs. Greeding, before Ruth could turn away, keeping the servant near as a shield between them, touched his arm. "Come, Ned," she said. "We'll have to hurry."

So they went downstairs together.

He drove headlong, some of the fury in him communicating itself to the car. The Jordan home was in Winchester; and Doctor Greeding came to the Fellsway and turned into it to escape the slower traffic on the avenue.

Mrs. Greeding protested uncertainly: "Ned, you're driving awfully fast."

"You don't want to be late," he retorted harshly; and she shrank away from him.

A traffic-light halted them; and when it changed to green, the car beside them leaped ahead and cut in front of Doctor Greeding. His brakes ground to avoid a collision; and the offending car darted away. He said through clenched teeth:

"The rat! I hope he breaks his neck!"

The other car was no more than a hundred yards ahead of them. Doctor Greeding heard like an echo of his words a loud explosion, and saw the other automobile lurch drunkenly to the right against the curb. It tilted up and over, and came down crashing. They were so close behind it that he had to jam his brakes hard down to stop in time.

Other machines penned them in, and instantly there was a small jam of traffic, and a motorcycle officer swept to the scene.

Mrs. Greeding cried: "Ned, must we hurt! Go see!"

Doctor Greeding got out of his car. His legs were stiff, yet shaking. His shoulders jerked convulsively. His brow was wet and cold. There was in him an incredible certainty hideous and horrifying, and yet in some dark fashion intoxicating and full of promise too.

He went forward to where the policeman had dragged the driver out of the wrecked machine. The man lay limp, motionless.

"You know Professor Carlisle, Doctor Greeding? And Mary Ann? I've put Miss Carlisle beside you at dinner, Doctor, so you can talk shop as much as you please!"

He shook hands with Professor Carlisle and with the girl. Mary Ann's hand in his had a strength which pleased him. He found her deeply, stirringly beautiful. At Mrs. Jordan's word, she smiled again; and Doctor Greeding echoed: "Talk shop?"

But before Mary Ann could reply, Mrs. Jordan swept her away. Doctor Greeding and Professor Carlisle were left together. Doctor Greeding said casually:

"I've met your son, of course, Professor; but I didn't know you had a daughter too."

Professor Carlisle smiled fondly. "She doesn't—circulate as much as Dan does," he asserted. "She's a registered nurse—takes her profession rather seriously."

"That is apt to be a sporadic occupation," Doctor Greeding suggested.

"She was Doctor Homans' surgical nurse until he died," Professor Carlisle explained. "But since then—"

The exodus toward the dining-room began. Doctor Greeding found himself placed at Mrs. Jordan's right, Mary Ann on his other side. Mrs. Greeding was at the other end of the table, beside Professor Carlisle.

The effect of the cocktails the Doctor had taken began to pass, and memory of the tragedy he had witnessed so short a time ago returned to disturb him. By and by he heard Professor Carlisle at the other end of the table utter a word at once strange and vaguely familiar. The word was poltergeist. It touched some chord of memory in him, and he tried to hear what the other was saying; but Mary Ann just then released herself from the man beyond her, and smiled and suggested:

"We don't actually have to talk, I suppose, Doctor Greeding; but we ought to say something to each other!"

He forgot his interest in Professor Carlisle. "Mrs. Jordan contrives these things so carefully," he asserted in an amused undertone. "Gives us our cue. You worked with Doctor Homans, your father says?"

"For three years," she assented. He chuckled, curiously stimulated, forgetting for the present that man with a broken neck limp on the turf beside the road.

"I know your brother Dan," he remarked. "See him around the house occasionally. I expect you know Nancy."

"Oh, yes," she agreed. "Of course, I'm older than she." She

deeper than common sense, something rooted in the very base and foundation of his soul, cried out against accepting such a simple explanation. He was trembling and shaken with vast and perilous excitement, like one who stands before a closed door, long locked, in which now the key is fixed, waiting only for him to turn it, and open the door, and enter in.

Suddenly his hands wavered on the wheel, so that Mrs. Greeding caught and steadied it; and she cried sharply: "Ned!"

"It's all right," he said huskily. "I'm upset, that's all." And he added: "I've a mind to turn around and go home. I don't feel like seeing people."

"Nonsense!" she insisted. "It's what you need."

"Oh, I suppose so," he assented.

But she watched him thereafter with an alert attention, till they came to their destination, where other cars were already parked, and alighted and went in. On the way up the walk to the door, she held his arm, her eyes full of solicitude, till he smiled at her reassuringly.

"I need a cocktail," he said. "That will pick me up."

And in fact, once in the house, greeting a dozen people in succession, he was swept out of his own distracting thoughts. He gulped a cocktail and another, and felt new strength flow into him. In the drawing-room he recognized, standing with Mrs. Jordan and two or three others by the hearth, Professor Carlisle, who was young Dan's father. The professor was a small, lean, gray old man with clear blue eyes; and Doctor Greeding, with an impulse to cultivate the other as a possible ally against Dan and Nancy, crossed to speak to him.

As he did so, a young woman by the professor's elbow turned to watch him approach; and Doctor Greeding unconsciously paused as he saw her countenance. She was tall, her glance serene and steady. As though she marked his hesitation, there was a faint amusement in her eyes; but after that momentary pause, Doctor Greeding went on, and Mrs. Jordan welcomed him into the group and made introductions.

"You know Professor Carlisle, Doctor Greeding? And Mary Ann? I've put Miss Carlisle beside you at dinner, Doctor, so you can talk shop as much as you please!"

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"I know your brother Dan," he remarked. "See him around the house occasionally. I expect you know Nancy."

"Oh, yes," she agreed. "Of course, I'm older than she." She

laughed softly. "And our orbits don't cross very often."

She continued to talk to him, in a pleasant and diverting fashion, of a variety of matters; and Doctor Greeding responded, stimulated by her beauty and her wit. Once at something she said, he threw back his head and laughed so heartily that for a moment everyone else at the table was silenced.

He enjoyed this talk with Mary Ann, but when they rose from the table, he lost her; and thereafter, abstraction descended on him like a cloak. Mrs. Greeding came at last to his rescue, and they made their farewells. He was not anxious to go, had hoped to find himself once more near Mary Ann; and in the car, he said almost resentfully:

"Leaving early, aren't we?"

"I saw how tired you were," she replied, and added with a curious sidelong glance: "Though you seemed to enjoy yourself at dinner."

"Miss Carlisle is attractive, interesting," he asserted.

She seemed about to speak, hesitated, said then: "I suppose you're still worrying about that poor man who was killed. But that's just sil-

ence."

Doctor Greeding did not like this conversation. It struck too close home. He turned into their own drive with deep relief.

At the door of her dressing-room Mrs. Greeding kissed him goodnight. "Now, don't worry about that poor man who was killed, Ned."

He smiled ruefully, and he said:

"I know it's absurd, but—I do feel responsible. I think I'll check up,

find out whether his family is left in straits."

She said fondly: "You'd carry all the world's burdens on your shoulders if you could. Good night."

Till she slept she could hear him moving about in his room next to hers. He had, in fact, no inclination for sleep. In pajamas and dressing-gown, he sat for a while trying to read, but the book failed to hold him... It was of course absurd to suppose that his own wish could have caused that man's death; and yet Doctor Greeding was disturbed. There were emotions which poisoned a man's soul and his body too; could it be possible that hate and anger might sometimes be like deadly shafts projected into the world?

He himself was almost immune to these passions; he prided himself on this fact, and he thought regretfully of his anger of a while ago. So, seeing the cause of it, he remembered Nancy, and the problem she presented. There was a new kindness in Doctor Greeding tonight. Of course, he decided, if Nancy truly loved Dan, he would not want her to marry Jerrell; yet she might be led to weigh the one man against the other, might make for herself the wise and sensible choice.

It occurred to him inconsequently that if Nancy married Dan, Mary Ann would become like a member of the family; and that prospect had attractions. But his thoughts in the end returned to the dead man, and to the broken statuette; and he remembered at last what Mrs. Greeding had said about this absurdity of poltergeists. It was an absurdity; and yet he wished suddenly to be informed on the subject, and with this purpose in mind he went downstairs to select as the only ready source of information a volume of the encyclopedia.

Nancy came home while he was there, met him in the lower hall. She exclaimed: "Why, Father! Still up?"

He put his arm around her, proudly kissed her. She was beautiful, straight, slender, young and strong.

"I wasn't sleepy, Nancy," he confessed. "Came down to get a book."

She looked at the volume under his arm. "The encyclopedia! That will put you to sleep, certainly."

"Theater tonight?" he asked.

"Yes," she agreed. "With Judith Plank."

He said, surprisedly uneasy: "Of course not," he agreed. "All nonsense!"

But he had a sudden, vivid memory of a sultry summer day, a day in daytime. Himself a small boy in the mow, stowing away the hay as it was tossed up to him, his nostrils full of choking dust, stifled, miserable. He hated the work, the barn, the hay; he wished furiously for any manner of rescue from this toil.

And suddenly there was smoke in the air, and flames about his feet, and he leaped down out of the mow—and had need to work no more that day, but only to watch the barn burn merrily.

Mrs. Greeding's voice went on, an undercurrent to his thoughts: "Things don't just fly around for no reason."

And he said, surprisingly uneasy:

"Of course not! All those yarns are pure fraud, or superstition, Myra! Old wives' tales! Or trickery! That sort of stuff is the stock-in-trade of professional mediums; but Houdini demonstrated that he could achieve, by natural physical means, every effect the mediums produce.

It was of course absurd to suppose that there were plenty of witnesses to the "signing," and John would never have dared to repudiate his mark.

And so Magna Charta bore at the foot an apparently meaningless mark which was called, perhaps to the secret delight of his Majesty, "the royal signature."

However, the barons made sure that there were plenty of witnesses to the "signing," and John would never have dared to repudiate his mark.

Only fragments of the original Magna Charta remain, most of it having been destroyed by fire 200 years ago.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1936

THE QUITAQUE POST

THE QUITAQUE POST

Published at Quitaque, Texas
"The Queen City of the Valley"
On Thursday of Each Week

CLEMENT B. McDONALD
Editor and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
In Briscoe and Adjoining Counties
One Year \$1.00
Outside Briscoe and Adjoining Cos.
One Year \$1.50
Payable in Advance

Advertising Rates on Application

Entered at the postoffice at Quitaque
Texas, as second class mail matter
under the act of Congress,
March 8, 1879.

Telephone No. 77J



George Tummin of Grand Prairie, former Quitaque school superintendent, visited friends here Monday.

Ottie Jones and Bill Hood of Memphis were in Quitaque on business Tuesday.

Homer Poole, now athletic director at Afton, was a local visitor Tuesday.

County Judge W. W. Martin and County Attorney C. W. Norrid of Silverton were in Quitaque on business Tuesday.

Miss Jane Hughes, who is teaching in the Floydada Public schools, arrived Friday afternoon to spend the holidays here in the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Russell.

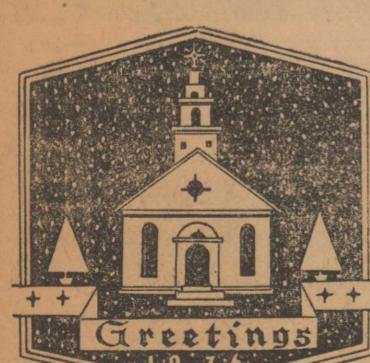
Each in His Own Way... —by Frances Grinstead

EVERY family has its own way of celebrating Christmas. Do you have the tree on Christmas eve or Christmas morning? It seems all wrong to me to take off its gifts at any other time than the dark early morning of Christmas itself. Yet I have a friend who considers that Santa Claus can only arrive in the candle-lit twilight, so that visions of sugar plums already seen, as well as those to be found in the stockings at dawn, may dance through the heads of the young ones.

Among my Christmas memories are years when our household could not afford trimming a tree, and there was no mantelpiece for hanging stockings. Some people might think that a combination to knock merriment into a cocked hat! They should have seen our excitement at hanging a stocking from the back of each chair, and the delighted squeals when we discovered in the morning that Santa had filled the hose with appropriate gifts. If they were cheap and the tinsel and holly conspicuously lacking, only the grown-ups knew it.

There was always a box of dominoes in somebody's stocking, since my father liked to play. We usually spent Christmas morning in a family game, and I have just this moment suspected it wasn't the children who started it! I've another friend whose father insists on making popcorn balls Christmas morning, and her mother must always fry sausage. So, Merry Christmas, each in your own way!

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To greet you at
This cheery season
with all
Good wishes
For your happiness.

AUBURN LAUNDRY

Quitaque

Local Briefs

G. L. Robins of Devine, Texas, is visiting relatives here this week.

Mrs. Harry Barnhill and son of Plainview are spending the holidays here with her mother, Mrs. J. H. Simmons.

Mrs. R. M. King left last week for California, where she will visit during the Christmas holidays.

A. L. Keltay of Silverton was a Quitaque visitor Monday.

Mrs. Leon Phillips and Mrs. J. W. Phillips of Elkhorn visited friends and relatives here Sunday.

Miss Helen Harper of Quanah is a guest in the home of Miss Ida Steele Patterson.

Mrs. J. W. Lyon, Jr. left Sunday afternoon for Lebanon, Tennessee, where she will spend the holidays and make a month's visit in the home of her mother. She was accompanied to Children's Sunday afternoon by Mr. Lyon and Mrs. J. W. Lyon, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover Grundy were Plainview visitors last Monday.

R. S. Lewis and Jack Edmondson spent Sunday and Monday in Quanah and Estelline.

Misses Virginia May and Maggie Auberg visited in Childress Monday.

C. A. Clark and C. E. Anderson and sons were Childress visitors Monday.

Mary Lucy Montgomery left Friday for Amarillo. She will visit her parents in Roswell, New Mexico, during the holidays.

Bess Bauman left Saturday for Shreveport, La., where she will spend the holidays with her mother. She was accompanied by Wanda King.

Yvonne Thomas is spending the holidays in the home of her parents in Pampa.

Mr. and Mrs. Dee Lowry and son left Saturday for Childress, where they will spend the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hall and children of Alamogordo, New Mexico, arrived Monday to spend Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. McDonald of Floydada visited Sunday in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clement McDonald.

Orlin Allen, seven year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Houston Allen of Pampa, arrived here Sunday afternoon for a visit during the holidays with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Graham.

J. W. Hardcastle of Turkey was a local business visitor Monday.

Mrs. Amos Persons and Seney Persons were in Amarillo and Canyon Friday afternoon and Saturday.

Homer Sanders, Jr., student at NMMI, Roswell, New Mexico, and Miss Dorothy Dickerson, who is a student at WTSC, Canyon, both of Silverton, were visitors here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Middleton and Mrs. B. R. Ezell were in Clarendon Sunday afternoon, making a brief

visit there with Mrs. Middleton's sister, Miss Carrie Davis.

J. M. Willson of Floydada was in Quataque on business Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Gowin and Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Gowin and children left Saturday for Oklahoma, where they will spend the holidays visiting relatives.

Jim and Frank Wise left Monday for Shreveport, Louisiana, where they will visit relatives during the holidays.

Miss Rowena Ewing of Tulia visited in the home of her uncle, J. W. Ewing, here Sunday.

J. W. Ewing and Boyd Edwards were in Tulia Sunday.

Floyd Ewing of Tulia is spending the holidays here with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ewing.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mitchell were visitors Sunday in Matador.

Supt. E. W. Scheid left last week for Dallas and Whitesboro, where he will spend a few days visiting relatives.

County Agent Finley White of Silverton was in Quataque Monday on business.

Amelia Tunnell and Anton Johnson left Sunday for Albuquerque, New Mexico, where they will visit in the home of Miss Tunnel's sister, Mrs. Earl Hedgecock. Mr. and Mrs. Hedgecock will return with them to spend Christmas here in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Tunnel.

WE HAVE A FEW real bargains in used Radios. First come, first served. One (5) Crosley, worth more money \$9.00; One Atwater Kent, good order, (7 tube) \$7.50; One Atwater Kent, good order (8 tube) \$8.50; One real nice Atwater Kent \$21.00; One Philco, 8 tube, \$17.50 Good terms. Above radios are all in good order.

PIONEER DRUG STORE

Rev. and Mrs. G. L. Keever and

daughters, Kathryn and Korene, left this morning (Thursday) for Big Spring, where they will spend Christmas with their daughter.

Gene Berry made a business trip to Fort Worth Sunday, returning Sunday night.

Mrs. Duke Brittain left Saturday for Plainview, after a few days visit in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Hall.

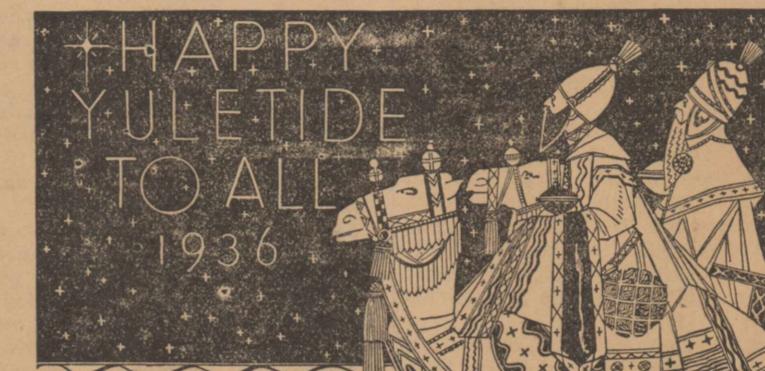
American women spend 50 per cent more for footwear than do the British women.

May the wishes of your friends for you at Christ-

mas come true.

PLANTERS GIN

L. S. EDMONDSON, Mgr



We Wish for You
Life's Best Things
and a
Merry Christmas

A. L. PATTERSON ILA STEELE PATTERSON
MRS. A. L. PATTERSON MRS. C. H. GREGG

Christmas Greetings



FROM FRIENDS TO FRIENDS

Once again at this Season of Good Will this organization extends to you greetings, and wishes for you an abundance of Christmas Cheer and that the New Year will unfold in bounty for each of you.

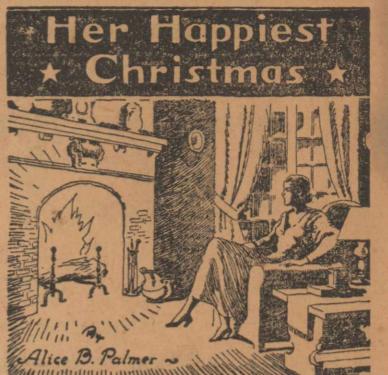
First National Bank

OFFICERS

Orlin Stark, Pres. C. E. Bedwell, Cashier
J. B. Russell, Vice Pres. Geneva Curtis, Asst. Chr.
Yolan Roberson, Bookkeeper

DIRECTORS

R. B. Persons John A. Johnson
J. B. Russell Orlin Stark
J. A. Taylor



FOR many years Marelu had not been exactly happy on Christmas; somehow she had never received the pretty things bestowed upon other girls. "If they all only knew how I have secretly longed for those soft, dainty luxuries," thought Marelu, as she sat before the fireplace, just three days before Christmas.

"There are those kitchen aprons, for instance, from dear old aunt Lucia. Every year, as far back as I can remember, it has always been aprons. I must have almost a dozen by now. Then there is cousin Marie, who has been sending the inevitable handkerchiefs right along, year after year. There must be quite a collection of them, too." While she had been grateful and thankful for these kind remembrances, she had not been exactly thrilled.

A happy Christmas thought suggested itself to Marelu as she gazed out at the slender icicles shining like silver in the moonlight. "I know what I'll do. I'll start right now and wrap up all these things into pretty Christmas parcels to someone who really needs them."

When Christmas day arrived Marelu started out with her basket brimming full of beautifully wrapped and tied Christmas gifts. Every step she took over the holiday carpet of snow represented a kindly thought of cheer.

"Merry Christmas," she cried, as she handed a bright colored parcel to dear old Linda Larsen. "The very same to you," said she, with a questioning look of surprise. The next moment she was proudly unwrapping a pair of pretty bath towels. Marlene and Dolly, two little girls around the corner, danced up and down with joy when they saw the snowy handkerchiefs with colored borders. Marelu smiled happily as she left the little girls and proceeded to her next stop. Effie Lynn was overwhelmed with surprise when a gift was handed her. She explained that it had been years since she had received a Christmas present.

After several other interesting calls Marelu started for home. The street lights flashed on and the glimmering Christmas trees joined in the ceremony on all sides of her. As she drew near her own home she stood still a moment and admired the grandeur of the dark pines encircling the house under a white burden of snow. The variations of colors gleaming from the windows seemed to be stretching out to meet the pines.

Inside the house was warmth and joy and Christmas cheer as the family gathered about the Christmas tree, pointed with the star of Bethlehem. Marelu was just in time for the celebration. Bobby had been chosen to read off the names upon the gifts and all eyes were centered upon the huge basket containing them.

"First on the program," shouted Bobby, "is for mother." All wondered what it could be.

"A gorgeous lamp shade," cried mother, as she held it up for all to see.

While still admiring this thing of beauty, Bobby shouted louder than ever, "Something for the governor, himself. Get ready, pop, for your surprise."

"What can the strange package be, for goodness sake?" said father, his eyes popping with interest. "Well, I do declare, if it isn't a golf set. Just what I have wanted for a long time," as he started to examine it.

"Oh boy, hold out your hands and catch. Dot, a ducky package for you, all tied with silver cord. What is it? Open it quick!"

Dot removed the bright red tissue and disclosed a white wool skating outfit.

Marelu had been so absorbed in what the others were receiving that she had forgotten all about herself. For the first time in many years she had received the things she really adored. With a heart full of appreciation and joy, she suddenly shouted, "Merry Christmas!" The others did not quite comprehend the extent of Marelu's enthusiasm, but she, herself, felt, somehow, that this had been the very happiest, merriest Christmas she had ever had.

© Western Newspaper Union.



As you gather around your family fireside know that you carry with you our best wishes for Joy, Happiness and Health

MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM CO.

GUY HAWKINS, Agt.



"THANK goodness," said Martha Goodwin, bustling about her kitchen, "Christmas comes but once a year." She wiped back a loose wisp of graying hair with a weary gesture. "But it will be fine seeing you again, Lad," she murmured, thinking of her distant son. "Now, let's see. Those star cookies you're so fond of—". She glanced at the hurrying clock.

Loud shrieks of laughter under her window interrupted her thoughts. Those new neighbor children again. If they were dirtying up her freshly swept walk! She strode grimly to the porch. There was a path in the snow from their yard, around hers, and back again to their own, where all four of them had apparently trudged, pushing a snow ball, across her walk in two places. A tussel started suddenly, and they were all tumbling about in the snow, shrieking at the top of their voices.

Martha scolded shrilly at them, and they stood up, an abashed line of stair steps. "The idea!



On Christmas, too!" Martha chided. "Whatever is the matter with your ma, that she lets you make such a racket?"

"She's sick," answered the oldest girl.

"Sick! Then all the more reason why you should keep still. Shame on you!" The little group stood like statues.

Martha tucked in the wisp of hair. "You children come in here and sit still while I work, and I'll tell you a story," she invited. "Mind you wipe your feet."

"I suppose it should be a Christmas story," Martha began. "Do you know about the shepherds and the wise men?"

"Yes'm," they chorused. "We go to Sunday school," added the oldest girl.

"Then," Martha asked her, "shall I tell you about Santa Claus?"

Her face clouded a little. "Mother told us that," she answered soberly.

"Oh," said Martha. She dusted the flour from her hands and turned to baste the turkey. Four pairs of eager eyes watched her every move. The doorbell rang.

"Laddie! Good heavens!" cried Martha, slipping off her apron, and rushed to the door.

But instead it was a telegram:

"AWFULLY SORRY DARLING BUT I JUST CAN'T GET AWAY STOP DO TRY TO HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS STOP GO ON A SPREE AND I'LL FOOT THE BILL STOP EXPECT TO BE ABLE TO GET DOWN FOR NEW YEAR'S AND WILL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING THEN LOVE LADDIE."

Martha Goodwin read it twice. Then she smoothed the straying wisp of hair and went back to the kitchen.

"Well," the older girl was explaining, "it's sort of like a chicken, I guess, only ever so much bigger." The four children looked up as Martha entered. "Why, what's the matter, Mrs. Goodwin?"

"My son—I was expecting him—he isn't coming."

"Gee," came a sympathetic chorus. "And you'd fixed everything so nice and—and Christmas-sy."

"I'm not going to have it spoiled," Martha decided. "Here," she said and draped the holly wreath over the youngest's arm. "You," she said to the next one, "carry the potatoes, and you take



the mince pie—careful, it's hot—and you," to the eldest, "take the vegetables. I think I can manage the turkey."

"But where are we going?"

"Over to your house. Weren't you about to miss out on Christmas dinner?"

"Dinner first, then presents," she suggested, and when, having eaten all they could hold, they gathered about the holly, she found a crudely wrapped present for herself. It was a picture scrapbook, somewhat smudged.

Were those tears in Martha Goodwin's eyes? Surely not, for she was smiling.

"Why, thank you," she exclaimed. "Such a lovely surprise! My," she added, "I do wish Christmas came more than once a year."

© Western Newspaper Union.

Perhaps a bachelor is just an independent fellow who feels no need for a wife because he has several lady friends.

BAPTIST SS CLASS ENTERTAINED FRIDAY

Mrs. C. B. McDonald was hostess last Friday evening to members of the Baptist senior Sunday school class in a Christmas party at her home. A beautifully decorated Christmas tree held gifts for members of the assembly. After the presents were distributed, Mrs. McDonald accompanied a group on a theatre party to the Queen Theatre.

Enjoying the entertainment were: Wada Busey, Vera Belle Stone, Faj Dunayut, Mae Love, Marjorie Wakefield, Onalee Grundy, Haney Wie, N. W. Herrington, Mildred Wilson, Jessie Ramsey, G. W. Graham, Thomas Shelton, Graham Harvey and Ernie Castleberry.

—Reporter

Joy as ever
In the same old way
With hearty wishes for
A Happy Christmas
BAILEY & McDONALD
Representing
REPUBLIC LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANY

1936 BEST WISHES FOR
Christmas

May we add a simple greeting to
the many you will receive at
the season.

LYONSGARAGE

SANTA'S GONE

BUT FRIENDSHIP DAYS CONTINUE

In Plainview

100 GUESSING CONTESTS 100

Each a Different Contest—Each in Different Windows

100 Gifts to Winners

You Guess Once in Each Store—Guessing Goes on All Day

Wednesday, Dec. 30

New Year's Specials In
All Stores

CASH CONTEST

Bandstand at 2 P. M.

Holiday Partners

By Helen Gaisford Waterman

Deck the hall with boughs of holly,
"Fa la la, la la la la.
"Tis the season to be jolly.
"Fa, la la

"SAY, Jen, where's the star for the top?"

Dick Dartmouth smiled down at the girl who stood at the foot of the ladder. "How does it look?" he asked.

"Fine, Dick. It's almost like being home," she exclaimed, and then her face sobered.

"Here!" said Dick, and descended. "Don't you dare let me down. It's a darn shame that the whole school piled off for the holidays and left you behind with me, but still, if you hadn't stayed, what would I have done?"

"And if you hadn't stayed, what would I? I couldn't nearly afford the trip home."

"But at least, Jen, you have a home," he said wisely.

"I know. I'd been thinking of that." She straightened. "Come on, let's get through. What shall we do with the mistletoe?"

"I'll take it." He began twining it around a lamp fixture. "Do you know, Jen," he said musingly, "I'm surprised some of the other girls didn't invite you to visit them."

She was silent for a moment. "They did, Dick. But I preferred to stay here with you."

"Honestly, darling?" He laughed happily. "And I turned down three chances just to stay with you."

And quite naturally he discovered what to do with the mistletoe.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Lemons for Rheumatism Bring Joyous Relief

Want to be rid of rheumatism or neuritis? Want to feel good, years younger and enjoy life again? Well, just try this inexpensive and effective lemon juice mixture. Get a package of the REV PRESCRIPTION. Dissolve it in a quart of water, add the juice of 4 lemons. A few cents a day is all it costs. If you're not free from pain and feeling better within two weeks you can get your money back. For sale, recommended and guaranteed by all leading druggists. Any druggist will give the REV PRESCRIPTION for you.

The Pioneer Drug Store
Reg. Pharmacists
Phone 30

DEAR'S CHRISTMAS DOLL

By Helen Gaisford Waterman

EAR was really too big to play with dolls. Yet, when she said that all she wanted for Christmas was a really nice doll, of course mama and everyone gave in.

People always were nice to Dear, probably because Dear was so nice. That was why everyone called her "Dear" instead of by name.

Such a doll, on Christmas morning, with real eyelashes, and long curly hair. It could walk, talk, and sleep. And it had a whole truck of lovely dresses and shoes, and a little fur coat.

Dear dashed down to see it first thing Christmas morning, and then, when breakfast was over, she got her wraps, dressed the doll in its fur coat, and set out with its trunk under one arm, and it in the other. "She's so proud," she has to show it to her friends.

But when Dear returned, she had neither doll or trunk. "Why, Dear," said mama, "where's your doll?"

"I gave it away," Dear answered. "I do hope you won't mind. You see, I knew a little girl who had never had a doll in her whole life, and I wanted so to give her one on Christmas."

"But Dear, why didn't you say so? We could have bought one that would have been good enough, and you could have kept yours."

"That's why, mama," Dear explained. "It had to be just the nicest doll ever, to be fun. And oh, mama," she cried, her face beaming with happiness, "did you ever see a poor little girl with her first lovely Christmas present?"

© Western Newspaper Union.

The Christmas Party

By Katherine Edelman

IN SPITE of the gay music, the Christmas atmosphere, Doris Brian was miserable. For the first time in his life Dick was neglecting her for some one else. Ever since the first dance he seemed to have eyes and ears for just one person—Barbara Overton, a visitor from Chicago. Doris couldn't understand it; Barbara was not even pretty. But there was Dick, hanging on every word she was saying, and leaving Doris unnoticed.

Only yesterday he had been suggesting that they get married. There was his writing; he had told her something would come from it before long. Editors couldn't keep saying "no" forever . . . But now he seemed to have forgotten that she even existed. Doris had heard of men growing suddenly infatuated like that . . .

Snatching a wrap she hurried out on the veranda. She couldn't bear the gayety another moment. Suddenly she felt herself whirled around. Dick had come quickly through the doorway. "I've got the whole scope from her," he was saying excitedly. "I'm on the way to riches. Don't you know she's THE Barbara Overton who took first place in the biggest contests last year—and, honey—she's put me right on the track. I'm going to win big money next year—you see if I don't. Doris, are you willing to take a chance, and marry me right away—to make it a Christmas wedding?"

Which was exactly what Doris did.

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WANTED—Clean cotton rags at the Quaque Post. 10c per pound when applied on subscription.

Get your Adding Machine paper at the Quaque Post.

Spend your money in Quaque.

Student Night at Baptist Church Sunday Evening

A special Student Night program will be held at the First Baptist Church here Sunday night, Rev. R. Neal Greer, pastor, announced Tuesday. Local college students, home for the holidays, will present an hour's program in place of the regular evening service. Rev. Greer plans.

Four students will make twelve minute talks on various phases of college education, taking as the general theme, "A Full Surrendered Life." Special music, including vocal solos, duets, and quartettes, will be supplied by visiting students.

Regular services will be held at the morning hours, Rev. Greer stated. The theme for the morning sermon at eleven o'clock will be "The Second Coming of Christ."

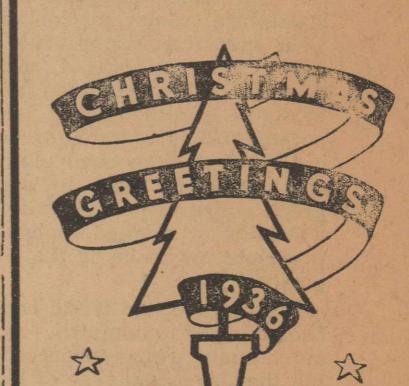
The student program will begin at 7:15 Sunday evening, the regular hour for evening services. The public is cordially invited to be present, Greer said.

SEEK TO PLACE NYA WORKERS IN PRIVATE EMPLOYMENT

LUBBOCK, Dec. 19.—The campaign started recently by the National Youth Administration for the purpose of placing young men and women now employed on NYA projects in private employment is meeting with considerable success in District 17 according to A. V. Bullock, District Supervisor.

Numerous employers of young people in the various counties in the district have been contacted regarding the employment of these youths who have received work experience and training on NYA projects.

Christmas and December Christmas is not nearly as old as the month in which it falls. December was the last month in that old ten-month calendar of ancient Rome. The name comes from the Latin word, "decem," meaning "ten." In the beginning the month was known as Decembris, but during the many centuries that followed the name changed so that it now comes to us in its present form. The old Saxons, recognizing December as the beginning of winter, called it Winter-Month (winter month). They also called it Hallow-Month (holy month) because of the fact that Christmas fell on one of its days.—Pathfinder Magazine.



May pleasant memories
Of the jolly old season
Linger long after
The holidays are over.

J. W. EWING

Quaque, Texas



To You and Yours—

Believe the hearty sincerity of
this little greeting and expression
of Good Will.

SERVICE TAILORS

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Havran

What *I* in S. Cobb Thinks about

Defenders of Communism.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Every time I write a squib against communism, there follows a flood of letters from persons who begin by saying they're not communists—perish the thought.

But either I'm attacking free speech—or as though free speech meant free license to undermine our government; or, by indirection, I'm trying to undermine trade unionism, although what trade unionism has in common with communism is something which I don't quite see.

One camouflaged red—or anyhow he must be reddish—states there are only 100,000 known communists among 120,000,000 of us, so why worry? But wouldn't you worry if 100,000 lepers were suffered to go at large among us, or 100,000 stinging lizards to run wild?

A very passionate lady has been writing in, calling hard names. But I shan't argue with her, because I'm a victim of aelurophobia. On looking in the dictionary, you'll find that aelurophobia means one who has an intense aversion for cats.

“Smitty’s” Travels.

READING about a police sergeant R who retired after forty years' service and never set foot off of his native Manhattan island made me think of a gentleman known as “Smitty” who, in my reportorial days on Park Row, was general roustabout at Andy Horn's saloon.

Smitty was born in the shadow of Brooklyn bridge and grew up there. He had traveled the various boroughs, but no matter where he went was always within the greater city. Finally he took a tour to foreign parts. He went to visit his sister, who'd married a truck gardener back of Newark, and the brother-in-law, who owned a car, toured Smitty about the landscape.

I was one who greeted Smitty on his return.

“For me,” he said, “never again! I don't like that Joisey. Why, all them towns over there is got different names.”

Dolling Up Lobbyists.

WHAT ever became of the bill introduced into the Louisiana legislature requiring lobbyists to wear special uniforms while following their trade? As I recall the original act, it provided that lobbyists of less than three years' experience should wear green skull caps and rainbow-hued plaid trousers; veterans were to wear the green caps and all-white suits, which latter seemed especially appropriate, white being the color for purity.

It's just too bad if the notion has been allowed to languish. And if an amendment were tacked on requiring that a certain type of legislator must wear garments with no pockets in them and buttoning up the back, princesse style, so the wearer couldn't slip anything inside his bosom—well, there you'd have an idea that any state in the Union could profitably adopt, or, anyhow, almost any state.

Styles in Women's Hats.

HAVE you noticed those sub-divisinal hats women are wearing this season? If not, kindly do so. It'll distract your attention from the part-time frocks some of them are wearing.

The average woman is wearing what looks like part of a hat—say one-half to two-thirds. I've heard the more of the original hat at the milliner chopped off, the higher went the price for what was left. I suppose with hats, as in the case of a good clean appendix operation, if they'd cut the entire thing away, only very wealthy women could afford to go bare-headed.

Even so, the wearer has something to do with the effect. I ran into the lovely Mrs. Clark Gable and she had on one of the new fractional hats and it was powerfully becoming to her. But I'll bet it would look like the very dicken's on me or Jimmy Durante.

IRVIN S. COBB.

Copyright—WNU Service.

Wroth Silver

Ever since the year 1170 the parishes surrounding Knighton, Shropshire—on Dunsmore, Warwickshire, have paid Wroth Silver to the Lord of the Manor on St. Martin's day. Shortly before sunrise the money is placed in a niche in the remains of an old stone cross, and then is collected by the Steward of the Manor, according to Tit-Bits Magazine. The fees are purely nominal, ranging from one penny to two shillings and threepence-halfpenny. Defaulters, however, are dealt with severely, and have to pay a fine of twenty shillings for every penny, as well as a white bull with red ears and a red nose. But there has been no necessity within living memory to enforce this fine.

Cool Days Best for Hog-Killing

Choose Temperature of 28 to 40 Degrees, Advises an Expert.

By R. E. Nance, Professor of Animal Husbandry, North Carolina State College. WNU Service.

The best time for killing hogs on a farm is a cool, dry afternoon, not the coldest day in mid-winter.

On a bitter cold day the job is too disagreeable and there is danger of the meat freezing on the outside before the animal heat escapes from around the bone. Ideal butchering weather is in a temperature of 28 to 40 degrees Fahrenheit.

Keep hogs off feed for 24 hours before slaughtering, but give them plenty of fresh water. After they have been killed, scald them in water heated to a temperature of 150 degrees.

If you don't have a thermometer, dip your finger into the water. If it burns badly the first time, it is too hot. If you can dip your finger in and out more than three times in rapid succession, the water is too cold.

A barrel may be used to scald one or two hogs, but where more than two are to be dressed, a vat is much more satisfactory. A small table should be provided, in either case, for picking and scraping the hogs. It should be 12 to 18 inches high and three or four feet wide.

After hogs are scalded and scraped, the carcasses should be split down the center of the backbone and the leaf fat loosened from the lower end of the ribs. Hang them in the smoke house to chill over night, but be sure the meat does not freeze.

The next morning, after all animal heat has dissipated, make the various cuts as neat and smooth as possible. Trim each piece closely, as ragged edges and too much fat lower the value of the cured product and also provide a hiding place for meat insects.

Grease Heel Found With Poorly Cared-For Horses

Grease heel is most often found with horses which have thick, coarse legs and are kept in dirty, damp, dark stables, or made to wade frequently in muddy, stagnant ponds. In a few cases the trouble appears with horses not kept under such conditions.

For treatment it is necessary to clip all the hair from the infected areas and wash the legs with soap and water containing washing soda or bicarbonate of soda. After the leg has been dried, it should be soaked in a strong solution of an astringent antiseptic, such as 3 ounces each of copper sulphate, alum and zinc sulphate to each gallon of water. The infected patches should be thoroughly soaked with the solution. Thereafter the leg should be dressed daily with the solution made up at one-half the strength as given. In most instances it is best to remove all wart-like structures found on the diseased spots.—Indiana Farmer's Guide.

When Buying a Horse

When buying a horse, it is common for farmers to give more attention to the teeth than any other part of the animal for signs of age, condition, etc., and while this certainly is important, equally as much can be learned by examining the eye. To a close observer, the eye not only will disclose the approximate age of a horse, but also its disposition, and a good disposition is important if one wants a reliable farm work horse. —Missouri Farmer.

Phosphorus in Soil

A medium amount of available phosphorus in the soil is sufficient for good yields of alfalfa, clovers, and all grain crops. If the amount of available phosphorus is high, 75 pounds per acre, near the surface, it will be sufficient for high yields of alfalfa, clover, and all grain crops. Surface soil with a high or medium amount of phosphorus does not need an application of phosphate for ordinary farm crops.

Agricultural Notes

Iodized salt is given preference over crude salt as a mineral for livestock.

Attempts to develop wheat and rye into perennial crops are being made in Russia.

Weeds in alfalfa hay cost California growers about \$1,200,000 a year.

More than 15,000 miles of terraces have been built by farmers in soil conservation demonstration areas in 41 states.

On a Georgia farm, a perfectly sound black locust fence post is still giving good service after being used more than 75 years.

The Supreme court of the United States has rendered the decision that a tomato is a vegetable and muskmelon is a fruit.

European types of cheeses made in America are labelled “American” or “Domestic,” or carry the name of the state in which they are manufactured.

STAR DUST Movie • Radio

★★★ By VIRGINIA VALE ★★★

SOME HINTS ON USE OF BROILER

Leave the Oven Door Open While Cooking Meat.

By EDITH BARBER.

HERE is a question from a business woman housekeeper, the answer to which may interest others. Like all the rest of us she dislikes to wash the broiling pan. She asks if a small can be used under the broiling flame when she is cooking just a few chops or a steak for two. If you have a rack which will fit into the pan you will have excellent results. If, however, the chops are broad, swimming in their own fat as melting, you will have fried chops instead of broiled chops. They will be less tender and less juicy.

Incidentally, on her husband's recent trip to New York, it was said that he left the studio somewhat in doubt about just where he was going when he departed for New York—the general impression seems to have been that he was just going on a hunting trip. Another version was that he hoped to settle once and for all the matter of a divorce. However, nothing apparently happened. Clark spent a few days in New York and then went back to Hollywood.

You can't accuse Fredric March of high-hatting his old friends. Long ago, when he was a young actor just trying to get somewhere on the stage, he lived with two other chaps who also were just trying to get along in their professions. One of them was better off than the others so he paid the rent and bought meals.

The meal-buyer is up against hard times now. Fredric March isn't. If he were like some of our stars, he'd conveniently forget the past.

But when he's in New York he looks up that old friend and nobody'd know by his actions that he'd climbed to the top of the ladder. In other words, he deserves the highest tribute that electricians and carpenters and other workers around the movie studios can pay a man, “He's regular.”

Another question which sometimes comes to me concerns searing before or after. One of the newest cooks I know, Miss Bertha Leigh, who for so many years conducted courses in fine cooking at Teachers College at Columbia University, advises dredging steaks with pepper before browning.

As long as we are on the subject of broiling, let me remind you that you will get the best result if you leave the door of the broiling oven open, while you are cooking your meat. Heat the broiler in the first place with the door closed. Meat should be broiled as far from the flame as possible in order to get that good crisp coating which we so much. The more frequently you turn your meat, by the way, the better will be the results.

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ter Blasts Strike the English Coast

against
h, Eng-
e River
winter
d coast.



BEDTIME STORIES

Thornton W. Burgess

SURPRISE

opened his eyes. At
rything about him was
Then all in a flash it came
him where he was. He was in
dark corner of the haymow in the
barn where the rats lived.
Billy yawned, then he stretched
at one leg, then another. He
yawned again, stretched some
more, then lay quiet for a few minutes
trying to decide whether to
take another nap or hunt those rats
again.

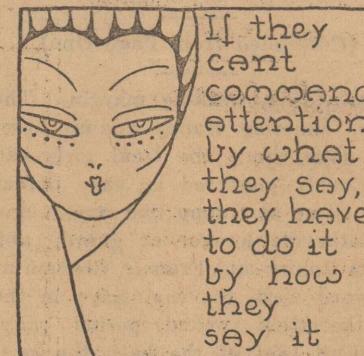
"I may as well learn all about
this barn while I am here," thought
Billy. "One never knows when such
knowledge may come in handy. Besides,
I want to find out where all
these rats live. How they did squeak
and squeal when they discovered
me!" Billy chuckled at the memory.
"It is great fun to hunt them."

Billy lazily got to his feet and
arched his back, which was one
way of stretching. Then he started
out to explore the big barn. Of
course he didn't go far before he
smelled a rat. That is to say, he
smelled the scent left by the feet
of a rat. Right away Billy forgot
everything but the fun of hunting,
the game of hide-and-seek in which
death was the price of being caught.
He started out along the trail of
that rat. By and by, way down under
some boxes he came to a nest.

Right then Billy got his first surprise. The nest was empty! Yes, sir, it was empty. There had been babies there, as his nose told him, but they had been carried away. Billy hunted about a bit until he found the trail leading away from the nest. This he followed. It led downstairs to a hole in the barn floor, through this to the ground, and straight to an opening which led out of doors.

"Huh!" muttered Billy. "This is queer." He ran about a bit, and it didn't take him long to discover that there were many tracks leading to that opening out of doors. He could tell by the smell that those

Eve's Epigrams



If they
can't
command
attention
by what
they say,
they have
to do it
by how
they
say it

rats had gone out and not come back.

"It looks as if my future dinners had run away," muttered Billy, and then he began to explore that barn in earnest. There wasn't a hole or crevice or cranny in it where he didn't poke his nose into. There wasn't a rat nest there that he didn't find. But not a glimpse of a single rat did he get, nor the squeak of a single voice did he hear. There wasn't a rat in the barn! When he had gone to sleep there had been many. He had heard them squeaking all about him. Do you wonder why he was surprised?

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

FOODS THAT BUILD THE BODY

WE MAY liken the growing of the body of a boy or girl to the building of a house. First we must have a good foundation, which comes from healthy ancestry, then comes the choosing of the materials to build the bony structure and the muscular system which must develop it the same time.

During the early years the bones need lime and other minerals to stiffen hem and to make them strong to carry on the work of the body. In the teen age the diet must furnish adequate amounts of building types of foods.

A diet which supplies daily one pint to a quart of milk taken in various ways, two eggs, one-fourth head of lettuce or its equivalent in cabbage, from one-half to one pint of orange juice daily, with the juice of a lemon. Using the juice of the lemon add to the drinking water without sugar gives the water life and aids the required vitamins needed. This gives a diet which will furnish good firm bones and teeth.

For fat foods which are the carbohydrates (sugars and starches) we need not be exercised about them, the youth usually eats enough sweets, which he needs to supply energy, and starches are eaten in fairly good amounts. The fats consume which are taken in oils, nuts, butter and yolk of egg, should be in proportion of one to four in carbohydrates. In athletics candy gives a quick energy food. For children,

if given after a meal or long enough before it not to dull the appetite for the proper food, it is now considered quite a part of the daily food. A growing boy needs twice as much food as his father. Overweight is better than underweight, since it gives a reserve to draw upon in time of illness or strain.

© Western Newspaper Union.

KNOW THYSELF

by Dr. George D. Greer



DOES "BLACK MAGIC" REALLY WORK? IF SO, HOW?

I ONCE made a several months' study of "Black Magic" among the natives of West Africa, and found that it actually works. One person will put a curse on another person, and the victim's life becomes cursed

The Making of Opinion

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

MANKIND'S opinions mould the world—
Not long orations loudly hurled
From some high place (though men
may wonder,
They seldom understand the thunder),
Not lines like these, that would possess
Not truth as much as cleverness—
But those opinions that go creeping
Through lands like mighty waters seeping.

For all our reasoning and rime
Must stand one test, the test of time
The thing we shout, men, too, will
shout it,
And then sit down and think about it,
Will measure it with common sense,
Compare it with experience,
And, even though today they cheer us,
Tomorrow may decline to hear us.

Speech is a spark that glows in air,
A time our eyes attracting there,
And written words are very clever
(Millions are written, few forever),
But when the flame has died away
Men look at things, and look by day,
And form opinions that are fairer
Than scribbled wit or shouted error.

© Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

Showing Three New Styles



YOU who sew-your-own will be more enthusiastic than ever after making realities of these three new styles. Each is truly a delightful fashion and best of all there's something for every size in the family—from the "little girl" right on up.

Pattern 1997 is the smartly styled smock that probably has an option on a little portion of your heart right now. Fair enough, follow the dictates of your heart and you can't go wrong. This little wardrobe nicely will serve you becomingly and well. It will add to your comfort too. Make it of broadcloth, gingham, sateen or chintz for prettiness and easy maintenance. There is a choice of long or short sleeves and the shiny gold buttons offer just the sort of spicy contrast one likes in informal apparel. Available for sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires 3½ yards of 39 inch material plus ¾ yard of bias binding for trimming.

Send for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book containing 100 well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send fifteen cents in coins for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 367 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Hate and Pity

There is this difference between hatred and pity: pity is a thing often avowed, seldom felt; hatred is a thing felt, seldom avowed.—Colton.

SOOTHING TO TIRED EYES

Modern living puts such a strain on the eyes that more and more people are finding Murine gentle and pleasant relief. Murine gently and pleasantly relieves irritation, washes away the invisible dust, gives amazing comfort when applied to the eyes. Murine is a physician's formula containing 7 ingredients of proven value in proper care of the eyes. In use for 40 years. Today—get Murine at your drug store.



35c & 60c bottles

20c tins



The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers



"You have never heard those who travel in the best circles," says Gladys, "complain about not getting any place."

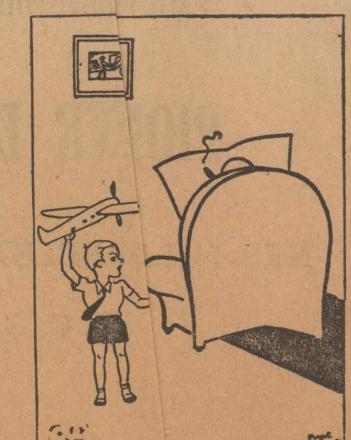
WNU Service.

Smart for Afternoon



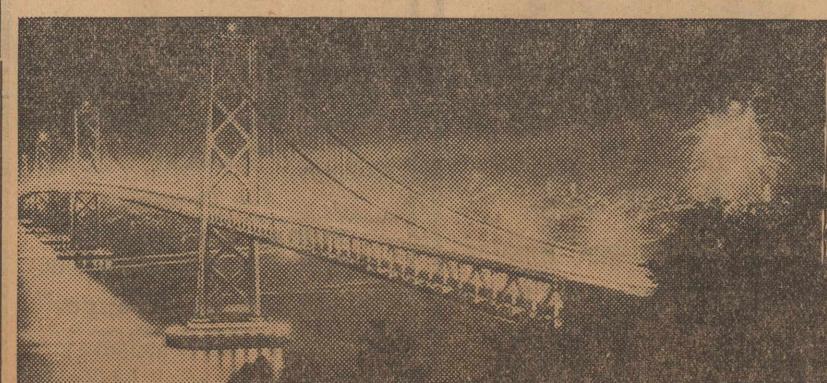
Maggy Rouff created this charming afternoon ensemble of wool and velvet. The jacket is of corduroy velvet in navy blue; the dress is of scotch plaid wool—in navy blue, white and green. The collar and lapels of the jacket are done in the plaid material. The snappy felt hat is an ideal "top-off" to the trim ensemble.

PAK KNOWS



"Pop, what a gallery?"
"Raspberry pie."
© Bell Syndic.—WNU Service.

San Francisco Bridge at Night



An extraordinary night picture of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge at night, looking toward San Francisco from Yerba Buena island, the middle link in the great bridge. To the right are seen some of the fireworks that illuminated the sky as officials touched them off from the site of the 1939 Golden Gate International exposition.

HIGHWAY WORK

(Continued from Page One)

Eight delegates from the Highway 86 Association, which includes Palmer, Swisher, Castro and Briscoe Counties were present at Austin for the hearing before the Highway Commission. County Judge-elect W. Coffee, Jr., Tom Bomar, W. E. Burleson and Jack Burleson, all of Silvertown, made up the Briscoe delegation.

Hines assured delegation from the local association that grading and drainage work on Highway 86 will be completed, and hard surfacing work started before the end of 1937. Hines gave positive assurance that the work will be included in this year's program.

The proposed extension of Highway 86 to include the thirty mile stretch from Turkey to Estelline, which is already paved, was granted at the hearing Monday. The proposal was advanced by the 86 Association.

Completion of hard surfacing on 86 will provide a new and shorter

route from Highway 5 to Clovis and other point in New Mexico and west and should become one of the most widely traveled trade routes in this section of the state, local exponents believe.

The Highway 86 Association was formed by civic leaders in the towns on 86 early this year, and has been extremely active in securing valuable concessions from the State Highway Commission.

College Students

(Continued from Page One)

is enrolled at Rice Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Faulkner and young son will remain in Arlington, where Rex is attending North Texas Agriculture College, during the holidays, according to present plans.

George Keever, Jr., student at Texas Wesleyan College in Fort Worth, plans to visit his parents, Rev. and Mrs. G. L. Keever, at the home of his sister in Big Spring.

Miss Edna Hawkins, who is a student at Draughn's Business College in Lubbock, is spending the holidays here with her father, W. P. Hawkins.

Finley (Buddy) Grundy, who is attending Draughn's in Wichita Falls has recently been appointed to a position in the Social Security work there, and has not planned definitely to spend Christmas in Quitaque.

Rucker and Kelly Tipps, students at the University of Texas in Austin, are expected to be in Quitaque for a holiday visit with their mother, Mrs. A. V. Tipps.

Morris Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Wilson, a student at Tyler Business College, plans to remain in Tyler and will not be home for the holidays.

Most Texas colleges will re-open on January 4, giving students a full two-weeks vacation.

Agricultural Briefs

(Continued from Page One)

to get our checks to us before the final tax paying date—January 31, 1937. It may be that they see their way clear to do that—and then that may just be a promise. One bet that I do feel safe in making is. I'll bet we need them plenty bad whenever they do come.

PLAN BASKET

(Continued from Page One)

The local tournament is expected to be one of the outstanding sports events of the season in this section of the Panhandle. Having already attracted three headliners in the Bulldog, Whirlwind, and Dragons from Plainview, Floydada, and Paducah, respectively, the tourney appears to be off to a flying start, and should be the biggest sports event of the year for this part of the Panhandle.

No arrangements have been made to date for sale of season tickets, Coach Morris announced. Seating arrangements at the local gymnasium are expected to be taxed to capacity during the two days of the tournament.

District Boy Scout Meeting to be Held at Tulia Jan. 11

Tulia has been selected as the place for the first District Boy Scout Court of Honor for the Northern District to be held January 11 at 7:30, Rev. Hoyett Boles, District Commissioner announced.

Three troops will be represented at this Court of Honor including troops at Quitaque, Silverton and Tulia. Rev. John Thorns, Silverton Court of Honor chairman will preside.

A great deal of advancement is expected to be reported. Boles said the Boy Scout Court of Honor ladder as in use in other districts would be introduced into the Northern District.

A meeting to perfect the District Organization will be held at 7:00, at which time the officers for 1937 will be formally elected.

Queen Offers a Strong Program During Holidays

All our compliance papers have gone to the State Board for review. If they pass the State Board OK, it will only take about 10 or 15 days to get our checks out—Let's hope they pass!

Things to do Now

We have all about finished up our 1936 crop operations (all except paying for it) and while we're in the quiet or lull season lets do a little planning for 1937. Lets guess at what we did for 1936 and actually keep books and see what we do for 1937. Lets plan now for the improvements we need and want to make in 1937 and let's get busy and make 'em. How about piping that water into the kitchen and bath room for the woman? How about re-swinging a few doors and gates so they will open and shut? How about putting in that sink the wife has needed for years? And how about dozen other little odds and ends about the place that need attention? Don't brag about that new tractor and those new plow tools 'till you've fixed up a few things about the house so the woman can have a few things to brag about, too—remember she took you for better or worse but don't stay worse all the time.

Included in the holiday bill at the Queen is "The Gorgeous Hussy," with Joan Crawford and Robert Taylor. See the Queen Theatre advertisement in this issue for dates of this and other big movie hits which will be presented for your entertainment during the holidays.

Still, when all is said and done, the modern girl knows as much about do a darning needle as the modern boy knows about a sawbuck.

BE SAFE—BUY ADVERTISING*Merry Christmas,*

A happy new year to you.



Applesauce and cranberries make a delicious combination to serve with roast pork.

By heating the bread knife before using it to cut extremely fresh bread, thinner and more even slices can be obtained.



To greet you at
This cheery season
With all
Good wishes
For your happiness.

Mr. & Mrs. O. S. Cutbirth
Bill Cutbirth



Joy as ever
In the same old way
With hearty wishes for
A happy Christmas

J. B. CASTLEBERRY
URNITURE



"You're so lovely I want to kiss
You very hard."

felt so chilled and miserable at
the thought of his weak behavior,
that Cora rushed at him as he
opened the door, exclaiming, "My
dear, what dreadful thing has hap-
pened to you?"

They had an excellent if frugal
dinner. Cora chatted happily of
this and that, looking unusually
pretty and gay. Sam tried to meet
her laughter, but actually shivered
along his spine. Idiot! Fool!
Wretched unspeakable lunatic that
he was! Would a yellow-and-black
Chinese kimono keep Cora warm?
It would not.

Justice demanded that he con-
fess. Cora would be kind, and that
would hurt more than anything.
Cora would be kind . . . and keep
right on feeling cold on the crisp
mornings after Christmas. But he
must do it . . . muddle through
it somehow.

After dinner he came close to
Cora muttering something about a
gift, and how darned sorry he was
to be, and please, please not to look

"I'm so sweetly."

unwrapped the bundle. Sam

The lovely shining thing

lay on the floor with the lights

on it.

oh . . . ! I never in
my life saw anything so magnifi-
cent for me? Surely, surely not for
me, Sam? But how I'd adore it!
I'm sure I wouldn't mind anything
if I knew such a gorgeous garment
were hanging in my closet. But of
course you're teasing me . . .

"No," said Sam heavily, "it's
your Christmas present. I feel like
a cad. I know you need the warm
things . . . don't be so darned
sly about it!" he commanded
crossly.

Cora flung on the robe, and threw
her arms around Sam's neck. "I
don't know why you're acting this
silly way . . . but if you're so
set on warm things . . . a
whole box came this afternoon
from Uncle Horace."

Sam sank weakly into a chair.
"You're so lovely I want to kiss
you very hard."

"Why not?" inquired Cora, re-
sident in the yellow-and-black
kimono. "This is simply the most
wonderful thing you ever did for

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Letters to Old Santa

Quitaque, Texas
Dec. 10, 1936

Dear Santa Claus—
I have been a very good boy. Will
you please bring me a pair of skates,
a football, a dump truck, some fruit
and candy. Remember all the other
children.

Love,
RICHARD BOGAN

Quitaque, Texas
Dec. 10, 1936

Dear Santa—
I am a little boy 10 years old.
I am going to school and like my
teacher fine.

My father is dead. Mother, brother
and I live all alone. Mother
works in the sewing room. I would
like a little wagon for Xmas. Now,
Santa dear, that is all I am going
to ask for. I want you to remember
all the other little boys as
well as myself.

D. G. HALE

Quitaque, Texas
Dec. 10, 1936

Dear Santa Claus—
Will you please bring me a foot-
ball, a Buck Jones BB gun and a
horn and lots of candy, fruit and also
remember mother, father and my
teacher, Miss Meredith.

Your friend,
KENNETH STONE

Quitaque, Texas
Dec. 10, 1936

Dear Santa Claus—
I am a little boy 7 years old. I want a
cowboy suit, a football and some
nuts and fruit. I have a little brother—
please bring him something too.

Your Friend.
LOUIS MILLER

Quitaque, Texas
Dec. 10, 1936

Dear Santa Claus—
I am writing to you and telling
you what I want for Christmas. I

J. B. CASTLEBERRY

URNITURE

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

1936

Nig or lavish, but truly sincere
as greeting you will receive is
on

Merry Christmas to You."

MRS. G. NELL MRS. JESSIE HOOKS
CLYDE A. TUNNELL



We hope the pleasure we have had
in serving you has been mutual, and
take this opportunity to thank you
and to extend our hearty greetings
for your happiness.

J.C. Goldridge Company

HUCK BERRY, Manager

Quitaque, Texas
December 11, 1936

Dear Santa Claus—
I want a doll and doll bed for
Christmas, also some candy and nuts
and my little brother wants a little
car and trailer, and candy and nuts
and a big red apple and anything
else that you think we need. We have
both been good to obey our parents
and we go to Sunday school and
church nearly every Sunday.

We will be very happy with anything
you bring us.

Yours lovingly,
WILLADEAN DUNAVANT

Quitaque, Texas
December 11, 1936

Dear Santa Claus—
I would like for you to bring me a
book satchel, a BB gun, a blackboard
some gloves, some fruit and some
candy. I will thank you very much.

I will try to be a better boy. Please
don't forget me.

Your Friend,
J. C. MOSS

Quitaque, Texas
December 11, 1936

Dear Santa Claus—
I have been a very good little boy
this year, so please bring me some
toys. I want a bicycle, a gun, a ball
and bat, a book to read, skates, and
lot of fruit, candy and nuts.

Your friend,
L. D. PAYNE

Quitaque, Texas
December 11, 1936

Dear Santa Claus—
I am sending you a letter to tell
you what I want for Christmas. I
want some candy, apples and nuts.

I also want you to bring me a cow
boy suit, a car, a gun, and some
fire works. I do hope you will bring
me all of these things I have asked
for.

Your Friend,
J. C. WOODS

Quitaque, Texas
December 11, 1936

Dear Santa Claus—
I want a gun. I would like to
have a train, too, but if I can't get

a train I want the gun.

With Love,
KENNETH FAIRCHILD

Quitaque, Texas
December 11, 1936

Dear Santa Claus—
I want you to bring me a story
book and some candy and nuts and
a teddy bear.

Yours truly
DANIEL WILSON HUGGINS

Quitaque, Texas
December 11, 1936

Dear Santa Claus—
Please bring me a doll and a writing
desk and a ball and jacks. I want a
doll suit case and a box of
chocolates for mother and a bill fold
for daddy.

Your Friend,
MILDRED BREWER

Quitaque, Texas
December 11, 1936

Dear Santa Claus—
Please bring me a bicycle and a
wagon and some oranges, candy and
apples.

Your friend,
J. C. PURCELL

Quitaque, Texas
December 11, 1936

Dear Santa Claus—
I am a little boy eight years old.
I am very good, too.

Santa Claus, please bring me a
horse, a saddle and a BB gun.

Yours truly,
LEON WALKER

MARY LOU

Gasoline, Texas
Dec. 20, 1936

Dear Santa

I hope my letter reaches you on
time. I want a rubber doll that I
can wash and some clothes for
the doll, and a ball.

INA RUTH MORRISON

Gasoline, Texas
Dec. 20, 1936

Dear Santa

I want you to bring me a blackboard,
some water colors and a great
big rubber ball. My little brother,
Stewart, wants a pair of pliers. My
little sister, Glenda Juan, never cries
and she might like to have a rattle.
Oh yes, and don't forget my cousins,
Mary Joe and Leon.

Love and Kisses,
PAULITA McCACKEN
P. S.—I don't like oranges.

FACTS ABOUT STATE—TEXAS

The natural resources of Texas
are estimated to be about 15 per
cent developed. Less than half of
its tillable land is under cultivation.
It has a population of 22.2 persons
per square mile. The national aver-
age is 41.3. Texas could accom-
modate within its borders one third of
the United States and still be no
more densely populated than Ohio.

There are 450 veterinary sur-
geons in Texas, and 6,093 physicians.
But there are twice as many cattle
as people.

The gloss in satins can be re-
stored by washing in borax water.

Frankston, Texas, is the largest
non-competitive tomato shipping
point in the United States.



A Christmas Message
of Good Will
and Best Wishes
for Your Prosperity
and Happiness.

PERSONS SERVICE STATION

MERRY CHRISTMAS 1936



"Greetings and a Merry Christmas
And so we won't miss another
say it again—
Merry Christmas to Eve

RHODERICK GRO.

J. C. Rhoderick

Jim Stell

"The Store the People

rs Benefited greement

of the agreements thus far concluded, according to information supplied the Texas Extension Service by the U. S. Department of State.

Six countries—Cuba, Sweden, Canada, the Netherlands, Switzerland and Finland—have agreed to continue favorable treatment accorded imports of American raw cotton. Two countries—Cuba and Guatemala, have reduced the duty on cotton seed oil. Two countries—Cuba and Sweden—have granted concessions on cottonseed cake. Five countries—Cuba, Canada, Colombia, Guatemala and France—have granted concessions on cotton yarn, and ten countries have granted concessions on various cotton textile manufactures.

In the negotiation of trade agreements every effort has been made to insure the continued free entry of America raw cotton into the countries concerned, as well as to increase foreign buying power by enabling

foreign countries to sell us more of their goods. During the first year of the agreement with Belgium imports into that country from the United States increased 23 percent. There was an increase of only five percent in imports into Belgium from all other countries during that period. Imports of American cotton (already on Belgium's free list) increased by 123 percent, while imports of cotton from all other countries decreased by nine and four-tenths percent.

In 18 of the agreements concessions have been obtained on tires and automobiles and the products of other industries which are important consumers of cotton, thus indirectly benefiting cotton and cotton manufacturing industries.

Good Will Toward Men"

The tide of life rises highest on the human birthday of our Lord. It is earth's highest day and heaven's greatest wonder. It is the day that marks the anniversary of our Lord's coming into the world. The life that flows from the manger has sweetened all the currents of life where it has touched. If the Name that is above every other name were erased from every mind and every printed page, humanity would soon drift back into paganism with its darkness and despair.

As the blessed Christmastide again returns with its tender memories, sweet fellowship, and many expressions of good will, may our hearts go out to our Saviour and Lord, in a flame of love and may we so serve Him that the glad day will soon come when the birthday of Jesus will be celebrated around the whole world. In the midst of life's battles, strife and confusion, may the Prince of Peace bring to every heart sweet content as each and every one shall abide under the shadow of His love.

Cordially yours,
R. NEAL GREER.

Twenty-one states have names of Indian origin.

A Hollywood item reports that some stars are successful amateur farmers. Imagine the harvest of vegetables some of them can reap in one personal appearance.

MERRY CHRISTMAS



May this Christmas Season bring
All happiness to you
And all your castles in the air
And all your dreams come true

J. L. KUYKENDALL
Fancy and Staple Groceries
FLOMOT, TEXAS



Straight from the heart—
Comes our Christmas greeting
To you and all our friends.

RED & WHITE STORE
R. F. CUNNINGHAM
FLOMOT, TEXAS

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million readers throughout the \$1.50
and unvarnished digest of the
looking something? Today,
tical affairs are at their topsy-turviest.
events is apt to affect your pocket-book.
"What's it all about, and how much is it
Before you can answer that question
interpret the news; and before you can
ave all the facts clearly explained.

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Luke's Christmas Money

by Martha B. Thomas

LITTLE LUKE, watching his father splice rope, was suddenly struck with an idea. "It's just one strand after another, isn't it dad?" "Yes, just one strand after another that makes the rope that holds the ship. It's the way most things are accomplished, boy, when you come to think of it."

A cold wind blew around the fish shed back of the wharves. Other men were busy, too, tying snood-knots on trawls, hoping a good day would come for fishing tomorrow.

Luke walked away and up the hill. Christmas coming in a week! He knew his father and mother had been busy planning something for his happiness then. But what had he done? Nothing at all. He stood stock still, his thoughts all mixed up in a queer way, with the strands of rope that made the line, the hundreds of snood-knots the fishermen were tying. "Just one thing done, and then another to make the reflected."

Then, walking slowly again, he seemed to see two one-dollar bills folded away in his pocket-book. And trailing back from the money a row of different pictures of himself, working hard to earn those dollars. Planting seed potatoes in the spring, hoeing them, weeding in the hot sun, even watering his own plot when the weather was dry. Then, in the fall digging them up. Selling them . . . for two dollars. One bit of work after another. What next? He took more steps. Money was earned by the work of one person to buy something which was the work of another. Luke smiled. He knew "what next," very well indeed.

So, on Christmas morning, though Luke was delighted with his own gifts, he had an almost dizzy pleasure in watching his father and mother unwrap a pair of bedroom slippers and an apron he had given them. "My potato money!" he shrieked. "I got it by doing one thing after another . . . just the way the rope grows, strand after strand."

Luke's father looked puzzled, but his mother kissed him and said "Merry Christmas, dear!"

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The Mistletoe Hunt

By FRANCES GRINSTEAD

"Bye-O Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting!"

WHEN the mothers of young children in the east Oklahoma countryside sing this nursery song to their little ones they may out of loyalty to Mother Goose add the next two lines:

"For to find a rabbit skin,
To wrap the Baby Bunting in."

But that isn't exactly what daddy does down there. When it comes the time of year that the baby needs warmer covering, daddy takes his gun and goes out to shoot down mistletoe! This he sells for the Christmas trade and buys Baby Bunting a different kind of garment. For mistletoe, with its well-known holiday meaning, grows in abundance there and is always found high among the bare winter branches of the native elms. Little boys climb for it, of course, but the quickest way to gather for commercial use is to shoot it down.

"Open season" for mistletoe hunting begins about the last of November and the demand increases steadily until Christmas. Truck loads of the green sprigs with their wax-white berries are driven to the cities of the north for the holiday trade. As the mistletoe is not always uniformly ripe at the time it is wanted, much "hunting" is required to find sprigs whose berries are at a stage to suit the demands of the buyers. At such times the roadsides may be strewn with discarded mistletoe, for the condition of the berries cannot be seen until the sprig has been shot down. But such waste is not lamented, for mistletoe is a parasite that reappears in abundance each year, however ruthlessly it may be treated.

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MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

THE first meaning of Christmas is that of generosity, inspired by the great gift of God to mankind. The selfish sway of the world is broken at least for a time, and the Christ spirit is born in our hearts. Sometimes the exchange of presents is carried too far and becomes a burden instead of a pleasure; but anything that makes the world unselfish is beautiful and good.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Blow in Christmas
In Denmark on Christmas morning they "blow in the Jul" at dawn from church towers, playing Christmas hymns to the four points of the compass.

"Sincere Greetings" CHRISTMAS NINETEEN THIRTY SIX

That first Christmas brought Love, Light and Life to a suffering and needy world. That Love endures, that Life never grows dim and that Life is eternal.

Our prayer for you at this happy season is; that a new realization, experience and fellowship of his Love, Light and Life may be your portion.

I shall be happy if I may be of some service in the name of Him whose coming we celebrate.

GEO. L. KEEVER, Pastor
Quitaque Methodist Church

Let us be thankful for fools. But for them the rest of us could not succeed.—Mark Twain.

You better live your best and act your best and think your best today; for today is the sure preparation for tomorrow and all the other tomorrows that follow. — Harriett Martineau.

Spend your money in Quitaque.

MERRY CHRISTMAS PEACE ON EARTH



1936

The same old greeting but with renewed sincerity,
"Merry Christmas and Abundant Happiness."

Robert I. Thomas
SERVICE STATION
FLOMOT, TEXAS

COLLEGE PRESIDENT COMMENTS ON YOUTH

CANYON, Dec. 19.—College students are now much younger than they were in former years, according to J. A. Hill, who has been identified with college teaching since 1910. He says "Fifteen or 20 years ago even our sub-college students averaged about 21 years of age. Today our seniors will scarcely exceed this average."

The youth of the present day college has made it necessary to change courses of study and to give a longer time to pre-professional work, according to the president of the West Texas State College.



"GRANDPA" the most you ever saw hand tugged at the tall man. He looks like a child beside him. I had one like her,

The man mused with smile, "It is very beautiful—but I thought I heard that you had all of the care for."

"Well—I did," came the answer "but"—as inspiration had present could give some away. The man's clasp tightened child's hand, and then her gently that they must if they were to be home luncheon. Although many other interesting department of the great child showed little interest and managed to work back to the object of his and stood enraptured by her grandfather again their way home.

As the child reluctantly the man recalled another Marcia standing before a doll and heard again same words this Marci today. "Isn't she happy doll in pink just beautiful? I had one like it." And the man beside her have more dolls now than what to do with," and added, "That is too expensive."

"Oh is it?" the man asked in surprise. thing in this store is known whether it was he had led the child as he asked himself many he hadn't given the child, and he resolved again would be the hurt look such as he the little one's eyes then on, he determined every wish that could and so atone for necessary suffering he had

Christmas night John alone before the fire against the back of the eyes closed and a smile upon his face. The and a young woman's softly—"Father."

"Yes, my dear," he turned toward her. "Mother wants to go aren't coming to bed," woman said as she came room.

"Tell your mother in just a minute," the with a laugh.

"Do you know that you have made the happiest little girl in the night," Marcia Field went and sat on the father's chair.

Her father put his her. "I'm glad if I do."

"Do you know that me of one I wanted ago. I thought that I be happy if I didn't have Marcia laughed at the

"And I wouldn't buy her father frowned.

"Why father, do you that?" the daughter

"I have never forgotten resolved never to be to hurting you or anyone you that day."

"Why, you old dear laughed as she hugged haven't thought of it for And then she said suddenly light of understanding her. "That is why you

done so much for me, and why you gave Marcia that doll today, isn't it?" John Grant's smile was the only answer he gave for a moment, and then he said "I have succeeded in making you of you happy, I sha too, for I shall feel the least in part paid a debt long overdue."

"Dear, dear father," ingly assured him, "you how well you have done."

"Then I am indeed

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