

New "M" System Store Opens Tuesday Morning Dec. 22

MR. ATKEISON IS AN EXPERIENCED GROCERY MAN



MR. W. H. ATKEISON

Mr. Atkeison the owner of the new "M" System Grocery, which will open business tomorrow morning in the Menefee building on the south side of the square, comes to Haskell highly recommended as a business man and citizen. He has been in the grocery business in Munday for a number of years.

In discussing the plans for opening a new store here Mr. Atkeison stated that it was not his intention to be antagonistic to any one, but expected to conduct the business in a straight forward manner, clean cut, open and above board, founded on sound business principals.

"M" Stores use all merchandise and produce that is practical to buy at the lowest price. This store is glad to handle all produce that comes from the farmers of the surrounding country.

Mr. Atkeison is an experienced grocery man and understands every phase of conducting a business that will appeal to the public. All of which you will agree when you have the opportunity to attend their opening tomorrow.

HOW "M" SYSTEM STORES ARE RUN

Mr. Atkeison says, "We do not have any clerks, you wait on yourself. This gives you the opportunity to select just what you may want. "M" system stores do not "push" certain items. We handle only high grade groceries, put them on our shelves and allow you to choose your favorite brands."

GARAGE ON DEPOT STREET CHANGES HANDS

C. R. Cook who has been with the Haskell Grocery for the past two years has purchased the M. O. Lyles Garage on Depot Street and will take charge of the first of the year. Clyde Cook a nephew of Mr. Cook will have charge of the mechanical department. Mr. Cook has had experience in the garage business and he expects to make good in his new enterprise. It is not known what Mr. Lyles will engage in after the sale of his business to Mr. Cook, but it is presumed that he will remain in Haskell.

R. L. McKnight of Temple was here the past week looking after his farm interests. Mr. McKnight is a large land owner of Texas and he favors terracing and has all of his farms under terracing in south Texas according to a statement made here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Beason of Smith's Chapel accompanied by their daughter Miss Audra were shopping in Haskell Friday. Mr. Beason is one of the county's prosperous farmers. He also renewed for the Free Press while here.

Preston Derr of Weintert was in the city Friday and while here gave us his subscription to the Free Press for a year.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Ashby of Pleasant Valley were Haskell shoppers Wednesday.

MEMBERS OF THE BIG CHAIN

Haskell store No. 397 owned by W. H. Atkeison will have formal opening Tuesday December 22nd.

While all "M" System stores are owned and operated by individuals they are members of the fastest growing system of chain stores in America. Buying for all these stores located in the states of Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Kansas is done through the home office, there are no middle men and their profits between an "M" System store and their thousands of satisfied customers.

THE "M" SYSTEM PORTER AND HIS TROUBLES

(Soko Writes for a New Job) Mr. W. H. Atkeison.

I been workin foh de M sistum a long time i done worked in bout fifteen or twente of em i noas all bout bein Potah in one of em I wants to go to Haskell Texas bout next Saddy an work for you I been roun de main ofis jess bout long nuff they is 2 strong for wantin everythin so dog gone clean round dese here M sistum stoahs An every time dey sends out some m sistums they jess tells the new men whats buyin em they cant have it outen they gonna keep the place sho nuff clean i been hopin they wud forget to tell some of em so i cud get me a easy job i been lissen close but i aint foun no place where one dese m sistum places what dont keep em 2 clean. Coase i wont lak no heavy work im to lite for heavy work and im too heavy foh lite work.

Down here at dis place dey got bout everythin what you sells in a store an they gets it in carz, and you no im sposed to be de potah well the other day i was settin down tryin to think an uf cous lak any nigger i nachelly went to sleep an they woke me up an tole me to git out in the back an help unloade some of thim carz of flower an at air car of surp an at car of benz. im sposed to be the potah an i dont lack to roll no trux anyhow i was bout thrux unloadein the carz an i was kinda sleepy cause i had done bin out de nite befoah to a ise creme festival and sosial crap game an i was sleepe i set down on at truck an i kinda dosed off an nex thing i noed it was a earth quake an a big earth quak 2 lease at what i thoughten it was but em other unloade, jess common niggers said i was jess skard but im gonna tell you how twas so you will no. its a cat roun here what one of de ladyz pets all tome, and at cat aint no fren uv mine cause here what he done he walked in some uv at surp what he spilt and er he walked in some uv at flower an bout at time a dog roun de plase got after at cat an, de cat come tearin rite ovah my face an count uv him pushin back so fast an count uv him run at when he hard on his feet to run at when he run ovah mah face his ole claus cut a lot of uv big holes and cuts in mah face an at surp an flower got down in de cuts, an i was sneezin 2 when i woak up reason i thought it was a earth quak was cause whin he run ovah mah face i nachelly woke up an jumpt an whin i did i slipt on de truck an nocked down some sax uf flower an some uv em busted an got all ovah me an i was nocked out well them common niggers got five galuns uv ice water an possed it on me to bring me 2 an i fel down and broke a plum good bottle, uv gin an at water got my cigar what i had in my pocket all wet, it sho was a miss, an de reason i was sneezin wen i woke up was cause dat lady done put a lot uv dis here flece powder on at ole cat an he musta stoped on mah face long nuff to shake his self. These here common niggers all time playin some kind a joke on mbe. i will tell you all bout it when i comes up to git de job nex saddy.

youah fren, Ezikiel r Brown.

Maybe France could pay her debts if she didn't bend over so many expensive delegations to try and talk us out of them.



Interior of the New "M" System Store

ORCHESTRA SECURED FOR OPENING DAY

The famous 8 piece orchestra, the Western Serenaders, will furnish the music for the opening of the new "M" System Store tomorrow. Special concerts have been arranged for from 8 to 9 in the morning. In the afternoon from 2:00 to 3:00; 3:30 to 4:30 and 5 to 6.

The concerts will include several vocal numbers. If you are a lover of good music don't fail to hear these entertainers at the new "M" System Store on opening day. (Tuesday)

This Happened in Georgia

Manager of our Valdosta, Ga. store wrote us this the other day: A Customer came into the "M" store after selecting his items, walked up to the checking counter after his articles being checked, he passed over his pocketbook to the checker advising him to "serve himself."

J V. Lewis of Weintert Route one was in the city Saturday. He is through picking cotton, made 31 bales of the fleecy staple which was a fair crop for the year in his section. Mr. Lewis is a good farmer and has been successful since he has lived in Haskell county.

MAN WHO HAS BEEN FACTOR IN PUTTING "M" SYSTEM OVER

Allow us to introduce Mr. J. B. Laski, vice-president and secretary of the "M" System Mfg Company of Ft. Worth Texas. Mr. Laski before associating himself with the Manufacture of "M" System was identified with some of the largest jobbers in the entire south, in the capacity of salesman and buyer for these houses.

Mr. Laski has been vice-president and secretary of the company since its organization. He has the distinction of having sold ten times as many "M" System contracts as any member of the entire system.

His name alone on the stationary of any concern would be a credit. He is of a likeable nature and is a man of character and ability and an untiring worker.

The entire "M" system organization is proud of the fact of his officership. A child came into a grocery and said to a new clerk, "Mama wants some nuts of some kind but I forgot what kind... This was the clerk's first day in a store of any kind, so he said "Maybe, it was beech nuts."

NEW BUILDING IS READY FOR OCCUPANTS

The Menefee building on the south side of the square which has been under construction by contractors D. N. Darnell Bros. of Abilene is now complete and the fixtures are installed and the grocery stock has arrived and everything is ready for the opening of the "M" System Store Tuesday morning December 22. This is one of the most attractive buildings in the city. It has an elaborate front with modern awning with a beautiful finish of tile fire brick and large spacious show windows. The building is 30X80 feet and the fixtures were made by the "M" Company's manufacturing plant in Ft. Worth to match the building. The shelvings are white trimmed in black and the interior of this store will be sanitary, attractive and convenient. All plumbing has been done by the Haxtel Plumbing company of this city and the painting was contracted by J. D. Holland one of Haskell's leading painters.

The workmanship has been in accordance with the designs and the building is in keeping with the progressiveness of the city and is another permanent addition to Haskell.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Taylor of Cottonwood were in the city Saturday on business.

WE WANT TO MEET YOU

"We want you to come in to our store Tuesday, December the 22nd. Allow us to introduce ourselves, our store, and our "M" System to you. As you pass into our store you will note every item in the entire stock is in full view from the front door. Do not wait for us to ask what you want come right on in through the turn stiles, pick up a basket pass around our conveniently arranged shelves and select just what you want.

Every item is in convenient sized packages, and all marked with a large price tag. It is so simple in operation. See what expenses we eliminate.

- NO CLERKS.
- NO BOOKKEEPERS.
- NO DELIVERY.
- NO SOLICITORS.
- NO LOST ACCOUNT.

These are the reasons we sell quality groceries for less money."

Farmers Asked to Give Report to U. S. Department

Since there is misunderstanding on the part of some farmers in this locality as to the usefulness of the information as to hog production and crop acreages, obtained from the cards distributed by the rural mail carriers the Postmaster of Haskell has requested the Haskell Free Press to publish the following statement furnished him by the United States Department of Agriculture.

These surveys are made with the help of the rural carriers, who either distribute the cards to a certain number of farmers along their routes, with the request that these be filled out, or the carrier fills out the card himself by interviewing the farmer. The carrier is instructed to get information from farms which will give a good average picture or sample of farms on his route, preferably by taking all of the farms along a part of his route, big and little, good and poor, owned and rented.

If a fair sample of all farms is returned in each State for these farms should show the same changes as all farms. It is impossible to take an actual census enumeration of all farms each year, so changes in production and acreage each year must be estimated from samples. The nearer these samples are to being exact, the more correct will be the estimates.

The need and value of such information for individual farmers and agriculture in general hardly need be stressed. Without dependable information as to actual production and better market distribution are impossible.

The Department of Agriculture is the best qualified agency to undertake such work, but the accuracy of its estimates depends upon the accuracy of the returns made by farmers.

The beneficial effects that such information may have upon price is shown by the level of hog prices during the winter of 1924-25 compared to the previous winter. The pig surveys of June and December 1924 showed a decided decrease in hog production in 1924 compared to 1923. Marketings, however, during the winter from the 1924 crop were almost as large as the previous winter, and in December and January were the highest on record.

In spite of these heavy marketings, hog prices were from \$2.00 to \$3.00 per hundred higher than during the winter before. The heavy marketings were rightly interpreted as being an early marketing of a smaller number of hogs caused by a short corn crop and not as indicating a correspondingly larger number of hogs.

But unless these estimates can be kept dependable the trade will disregard them and will be guided either by private estimates or by actual marketings as these take place. Therefore, every farmer should help to make these reports accurate by making the report for his own farm complete and accurate.

W. R. Cook was in the city Saturday supporting a real smile, stating that he was satisfied with his crop and the conditions. He likes his landlord and the place on which he lives and expects to remain on the same farm. He is also a good carpenter and does quite a lot of carpenter work on the side.

THE MAKING OF A NATIONAL INSTITUTION

(Originated by E. H. Carlton)

About three years ago this young business man went to the state of New Mexico for his health. During the many months of his stay there he had ample time to think and work out a plan he had had in mind for a long period, that was an improvement in self service grocery stores.

After a series of events, the embryo "M" system store that was to become the first of a big chain was installed in a little New Mexico town. This store was operated about six months and another was added in the same town. The popularity of these stores proved to the inventor his dream was about to be realized. The next step was the installation of twelve city stores, all these furnished, and soon unsolicited inquiries began to pour into the office of these stores for the right to use the "M" system. Eighteen months ago the "M" System Mfg Co. turned out its first set of fixtures outside of their own stores that put it past the experimental stage. The Haskell Texas contract being number 397.

The buying for these stores all being done through the home office was a part of the original plan.

It is almost like the old story of Aladdin's lamp of "Arabian Nights" but was put forth with a great deal more effort than the rubbing of the lamp. The Genii has been hard work and an abundance of energy, on the part of this young man and his associates.

The "M" System plant is today some fifty times the size of the original.

WHERE "M" STORE GETS ITS NAME

Some of the people may wonder where the "M" System stores get their name, or why they are called "M" Stores. The answer is, the fixtures are arranged in the shape of a huge letter "M" making it more convenient for the public to serve themselves. It is possible from the front of the store to see every department.

The manufacturers of the fixtures state that the letter "M" also stands for Modern Merchandising Methods.

"JAKE" WILL BE PUT UNDER BAN

The balmy days of the "jake" manufacturers and vendors are over according to an announcement by Major Herbert H. White, prohibition director of Texas and Oklahoma.

Beginning January 1, extract or tincture of Jamaica ginger, both single and double strength, will be classed as an intoxicating liquor and will come under the same regulation as does the manufacture, transportation and sale of whiskey and cordials, it was asserted.

"The sale of Jamaica ginger in Texas is larger than that of all other liquor substitutes combined," the prohibition director asserted. "Probably about 40,000 gallons per month are sold in the state under the present regulation, which is soon to be changed. This is more than can be legitimately sold in the entire United States in twenty years it was estimated.

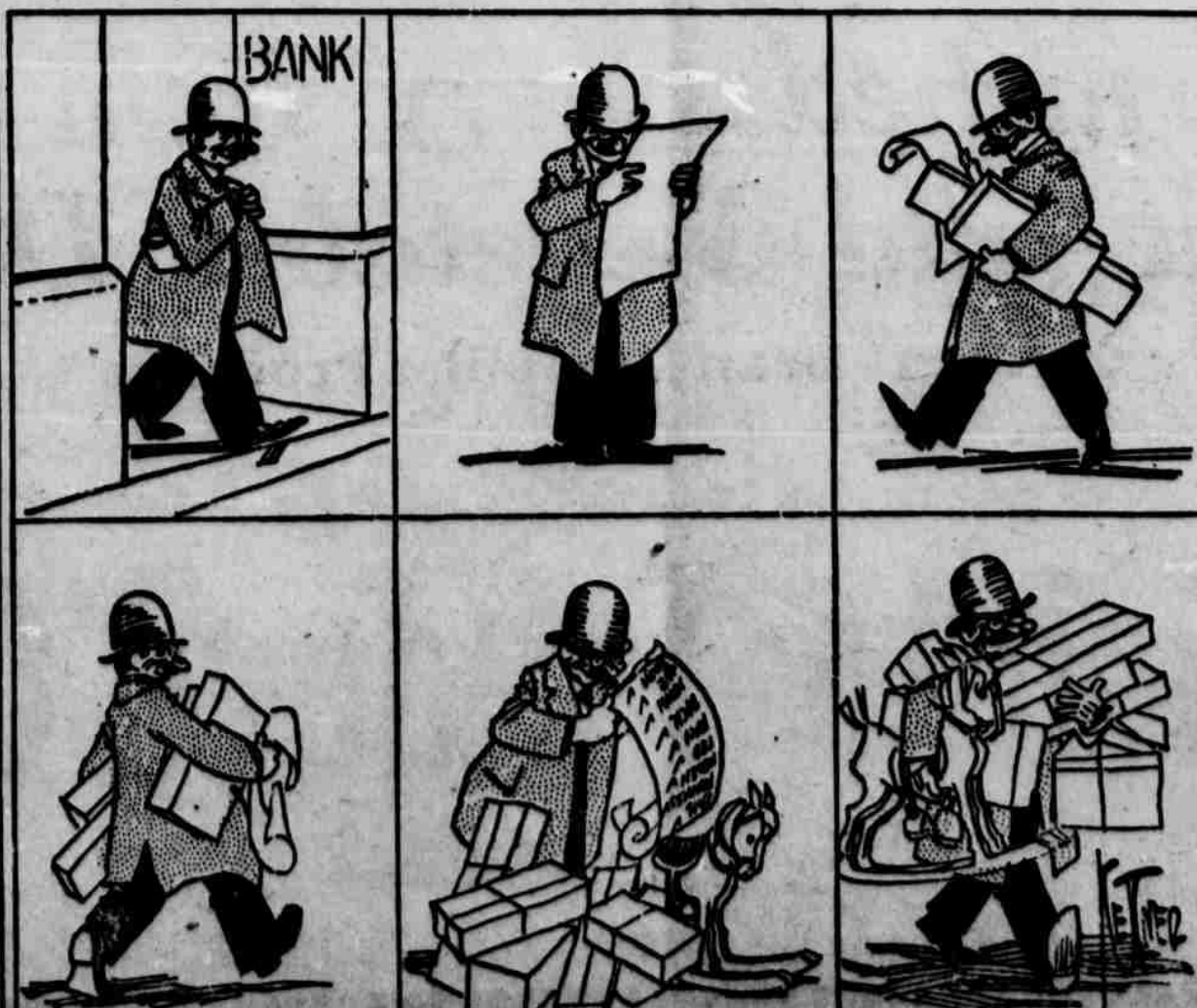
When a man sees another with a hat like his he feels that his good taste in headgear is proved, but a woman goes right home and gives hers to the cook.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hinkle of Roberts were shopping in the City Saturday. Mrs. Hinkle is one of the leading poultry raisers in that section and raised a nice bunch of turkeys this season.

Mrs. James Williams of Ft. Worth is the season's guest of her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Sherrill and sister Mrs. Tom Davis. Mr. Williams will reach Haskell in time to spend Christmas week.

Misses Maurine Couch and Mackall Taylor, who have been attending Baylor University at Waco are in Haskell with their respective families for the Christmas Holidays.

The End of a Perfect Day



**HASKELL'S PROGRESS
COMPLIMENTED**

Below we reproduce an article from Clip and Comment of the Abilene Morning Reporter which we believe our readers will appreciate.

The Board of City Development Chamber of Commerce has had made up and placed, road markers or routing signs, at several points along the highways leading to and from Haskell and County points. At the turn of the highway leading to Rule and Rochester arrows pointing to Rule and Rochester and on the same post arrows point to Weirner and Munday, so placed as to be within easy access and enabled as the driver of the auto to see the sign from either view without driving up to it before it is within proper range.—Haskell Free Press.

Road signs are a great aid to the tourist. Ever go out on a strange road and after driving several miles wonder where in the dickens you were: whether you were in Arkansas or Wisconsin signs and the tourist knows consist. Of course most roads have signs nowadays; all of the highways where he is. But we ought to designate all of our roads. It can be done at a small cost and the aid it will be to the stranger will be great. It will be a good advertisement for the state and for the county as well. Another thing: once the signs are put up, they ought to be repainted once in a while, if they need it and ought to be made legible at all times. It may seem a small matter, but in the end it will give the county lots of good advertising as well as helping out those who want to know which way to go.—The Abilene Reporter.

Moves From Haskell County.

Friday morning Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Ivy also Mr. Demas Ivy and family left for Cochran county where they will make their future home. Mr. Mark Ivy has lived in Haskell county a number of years and we are sorry for him and his son to leave us but hope they will like their new home but we predict they will be coming back to Haskell county for they always come back.

A TONIC

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic restores Energy and Vitality by Purifying and Enriching the Blood. When you feel its strengthening, invigorating effect, see how it brings color to the cheeks and how it improves the appetite, you will then appreciate its true tonic value.

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is simply Iron and Quinine suspended in syrup. So pleasant even children like it. The blood needs QUININE to Purify it and IRON to Enrich it. Destroys Malarial germs and Grip germs by its Strengthening, Invigorating Effect. 60c.

**Put Christmas Wreath
in Its Rightful Place**

THEY were putting up the Christmas tree in the village community house with happy anticipations. Meanwhile two little folks and a dog were enjoying themselves on a big ice cake along the bay shore. As the ice moved off with the tide the children laughed with delight, but Pluto, after dropping his tail and thinking a moment, surprised them by giving a running leap into the water and striking out for the shore.

Not long after, Sim Gannett opened the door of his boat house to see what the dog was barking about and was greeted with a shower as Pluto shook himself. Then the dog ran in, stood upon his hind legs and begged, cocking his eye towards the open door. As Sim did not understand this Pluto caught hold of his coat and pulled him towards the doorway. Thinking that the dog meant something, Sim, finally looked out and saw the ice floating seaward with the two small figures upon it.

It did not take the old fisherman long to get his boat down to the water and push it out through the floating ice, and soon two youngsters and a happy dog were huddled up in the bow of the returning boat.

After the carols were sung that night, they put the holly wreath that had graced the top of the tree upon Sim Gannett's neck, but Sim took it off and put it upon Pluto and he acted as though he knew that he deserved it.—Christopher G. Hazard.

(© 1925 Western Newspaper Union.)

**Gay Christmas Thrill
the Greatest of All**

THE love in our hearts toward our fellow men; the happy, expectant, gay eagerness of children and their joyous, merry voices; the pure, white, soft beauty of snow; the deeply refreshing aroma of the forests which for a brief period we bring into our homes; the cheer of the home fireplace; the bringing together of all members of the family; the gaiety and the enthusiasm of Christmas shoppers; the stores, decorated and looking their best in holiday attire; the cordial, heartfelt greetings which are extended to us and which we extend to others; the renewing of old-time friendships by the sending of a bright Christmas card; the generosity in our souls toward all; the carols which ring out the Christmas spirit of ardent worship; the bright, significant stars twinkling down from the heavens above; the simplicity and the beauty of the Christmas season; all form a part of the great Christmas thrill. There is no thrill in the world like unto it!—Mary Graham Bonner.

(© 1925 Western Newspaper Union.)

**Miracles and
the Christ Child**

By Katherine Edelman

Indian Brave,
Guided by
Great Spirit,
Reveals Story
of Christmas

IN THE far
flung land of
the west the
early winter
had been un-
usually mild and
although it was near-
ing Christmas, now the weather was
bright and clear, almost spring-like in
its mildness.

Everywhere that the message of the Christ Child had reached, men and women were busy and happy preparing for the great day, a new and added joy of life surging within their hearts. Into each home there had come a strengthening and rekindling of family ties and a new birth of love and service that reached out even beyond the home.

Out on the reservation, however, the Indians went about their tasks as usual, for no hint of the wonder and the glory of the Christmas time had yet come to them. And if they felt a mysterious something in the air at this time, they understood it not at all, for the brightness

from the Star of Bethlehem had not yet burst upon them.

Moonlight Brook was very lonely—she had only little Silver Star, her daughter, with her now—the big chief had sent Strong Oak, her husband, with other braves, on a mission to a distant village. And Moonlight Brook had missed him every hour, for their love was still burning as bright as the big camp fire that blazed near the tepees at dusk.

Her love of the great open spaces helped to cheer her during the long hours of his absence. Every day with little Silver Star she wandered afar. In these lonely places that she went there always came to her the sense of some unknown presence—the hand of some great power.

Early one morning Moonlight Brook called little Silver Star to her and told her that they would go for a long walk, away up to Roaring Creek. Moonlight Brook was lost in wonder at the beauty of the scene, but a great and sudden change had come over the day. Now, looking at the lowering, threatening sky, she decided that she must make all possible haste back to the village. For with the darkness and the gloom that had come over

all there had come, too, from across the prairie a low menacing wind that carried with it at times small, dry snowflakes.

With Silver Star in her arms Moonlight Brook started in the direction of the village, walking with the swift, strong stride of the woman who lives much in the open. The snow now was coming down in large flakes and the wind had grown blizzard-like in its velocity. Hope was fast dying within her, for she was trembling from exhaustion. Then overwrought nature did the thing which she had tried hard to keep from happening—she sank upon the snow—her last thought as she felt consciousness leaving her, to wrap the blanket closer about little Silver Star and to wait a prayer to the Great Spirit to take care of Strong Oak when she was gone.

But the prairie has many stories to tell of strange things that have happened there, and on this day there was added to the list another of those coincidences which happen oftener in real life than some would have us believe. For Strong Oak and his party came by the very spot where Moonlight Brook and Silver Star lay a short time after they had sunk exhausted. Some of the men had tried to take the other trail, but something within him, that strange, unknown force which comes to all at times, made him choose the Roaring Creek trail instead and he found his loved ones and with the help of the guides they reached the village in safety.

A few hours later, Moonlight Brook and Strong Oak sat hand in hand, the ecstatic happiness of being reunited surging within them. Moonlight Brook whispered over and over that it was a miracle that the Great Spirit had wrought that Strong Oak should have found her. And Strong Oak told her that while he had been gone he had heard the story of the Christ Child who had come upon earth on this day, which ever since has been called Christmas. As Moonlight Brook listened to the beautiful story that has been told so much, but which keeps its thrill through the ages, she felt that this day was indeed a day of miracles, for, like her bronzed brave, the story brought her a wonderful peace and stilled the restless longings which had come to her so often in the past.

Merry Christmas.



Congratulations

TO

MR. EMORY MENEFEE

AND THE CITY OF HASKELL
Upon Haskell's Newest Building

And

THE "M" SYSTEM STORE

On Their Opening in Haskell.

**West Texas Utilities
Company**

Congratulations to Mr. Atkeison on Opening of

"M" System Grocery

Haskell, Texas

**We Furnished Every Item in the
Fruit and Vegetable Dept.**

"Circle H Brand Quality Products"



Wichita Produce Co.

WICHITA FALLS TEXAS



EVERYTHING MARKED WITH BIG TAG -- MUSIC ALL DAY

JUST LIKE SANTA CLAUS, The Coming of FORMAL OPENING "M" SYSTEM TUESDAY DECEMBER 22

MEANS A BIG SAVING FOR ALL WHO BUY GROCERIES

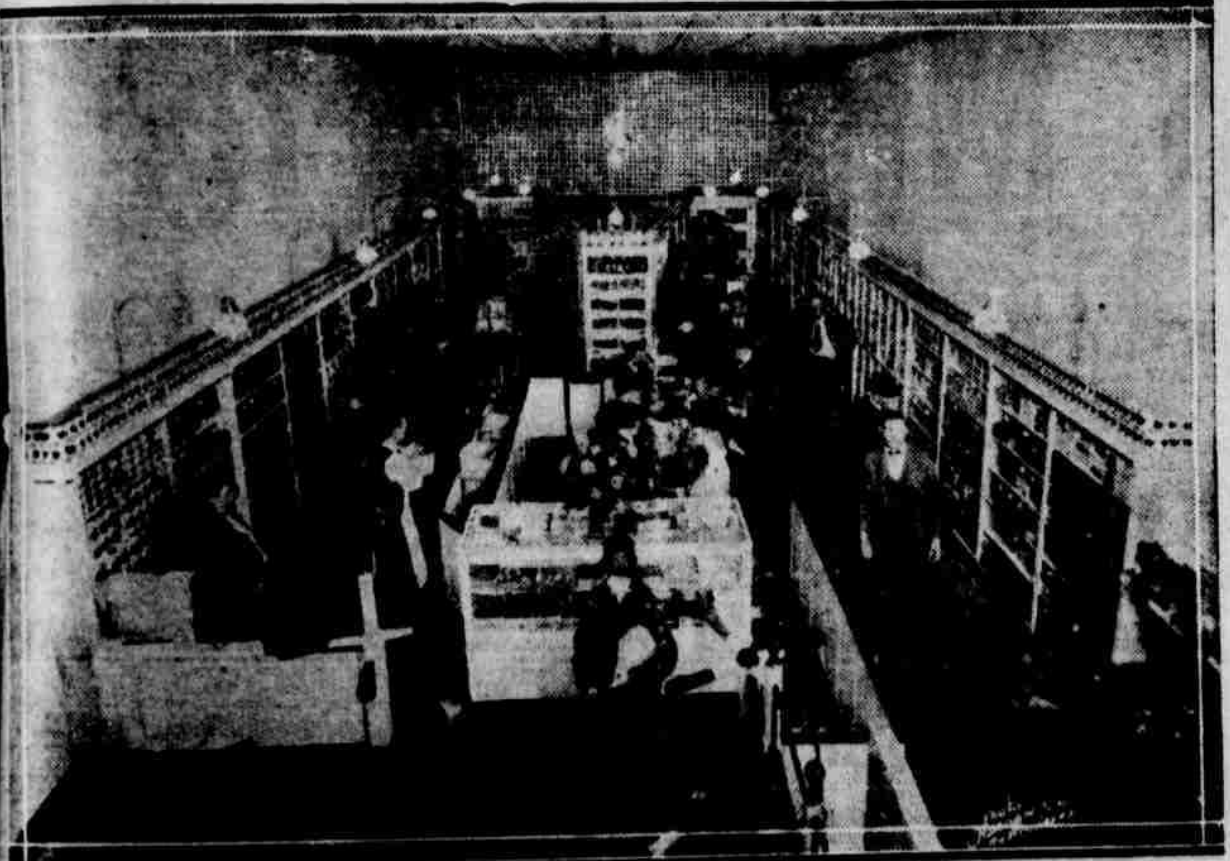
Why We Sell Quality Groceries for Less:
NO CLERKS
—You wait on yourself.
NO DELIVERY
—That Costs Money.
NO SOLICITOR
—They Draw Salaries.
NO BOOKKEEPER
—He Must Be Paid.
NO LOST ACCOUNTS
—You do not pay the other fellow's bill.
WE HAVE OUR OWN WHOLESALE HOUSES
—That Means Price.

"M" System Stores
 Are the latest thing in Self Service Stores.
COME ON IN—We want to introduce ourselves, Our Store, and Our System.
 We Want To Show You How It Works!

WE ARE GIVING AWAY ON OPENING DAY -- To the first Fifty Customers buying \$3.00 worth, we are giving a Package of Groceries valued at 50c. At 4 o'clock Opening Day we Give Away a Big Basket of Groceries—A Big Ham—A Basket of Cakes—A 48 lb. Sack of Amarillis Flour—and Two other Valuable Packages.

Opening Day Specials:

10 LBS. PURE CANE Limit 10 lb to Customer	Sugar	61c
10 LBS. IDAHO Limit 10 lb to Customer	Spuds	42c
10 LBS. RE-CLEANED Limit 10 lb to Customer	Pinto Beans	56c
	Saltine Flakes	8c
24 <small>SPRING BEST</small>	Clothes Pins	5c
	Tex. Grape Fruit <small>GOOD ONES</small>	5c



Interior of Our Store

Members
—OF THE—
Big Chain



FREE! Coffee - Cakes - SOUVENIRS FOR LITTLE KIDS
*Sandwiches Made of Armour's Meat Products.
 —Bread Furnished by The Haskell Bakery.*

Music All Day
WESTERN SWEETENERS



Atkeison's
"M" System Grocery
 South Side Square Next to Aleander's
 HASKELL, TEXAS
 NO. 397

The Haskell Free Press
Established in 1896

Sam A. Roberts, Editor and Publisher

Entered as Second-class mail matter at the Haskell Postoffice, Haskell, Texas.

Subscription Rates
One Copy, One Year - - - \$1.50
One Copy, Six Months - - - .75
One Copy, Four Months - - - .50



Haskell, Texas, Tuesday, Dec. 22, 1925.

WORK STARTED ON HOTEL BUILDING

Darnell Brothers, Contractors having in hand the construction of Hotel Haskell, broke ground this week and have been making very satisfactory headway and according to those in charge every effort is going to be made, weather permitting, to have the building ready on schedule time.

The completion will mean much to Haskell and the successful financing and general co-operation enjoyed by the Committee from the Board of City Development suggests there are several other necessary additions to Haskell's sky line as well as other lines, such as streets, street lighting and sewer extension that ought to get the same co-operation and will no doubt follow this demonstrative example of what a town can do when some leads off and keeps the trail as well as the tread of events well in hand.

Several responsible hotel men, and women as well, have asked for details looking to leasing and furnishing the hotel and it looks like no time will be lost between the turn key job of the contractor and the establishing of the fixtures and furnishings before the lamps will burn and the fans will churn and Haskell be face to face with a modern institution that she can be proud of and which the traveling public will appreciate and patronize.

A Cheap Skate

Customer (to little girl)—"I'll give you a penny for a kiss."
Little Girl—"Hugh! I get more than that for taking castor oil."—The Progressive Grocer.

The King of the Hill
By Christopher G. Hazard

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE long hill glistened in the winter moonlight like a frosted cake. The road that ran down it like a silvered ribbon, reaching across the railroad track and on through the valley, lost itself in a shimmering haze of snowy whiteness. The wind, as if afraid of awakening the sleeping town, had hushed itself into stillness, waiting along the way and under the shadows of the quiet trees for the signal of dawn. The scene was an invitation to a sport now largely displaced by rushing motor cars, but then one of the chief delights of the Christmas season. The bobbed of those days and nights was the pride of owners and the prize winner of competitions. The annals of the Slater Hill race course registered triumphs as real and momentous as those of any race track. The moon had watched with an expectant eye until ten of the clock and was about to retire under a passing cloud in disappointment, when the clamor and shouting of an approaching crowd renewed its spirit. From a side street they came, merry lads and lassies, with those of later years who had not forgotten how to be young. Soon the head of the hill was crowded with competitors and the air rang with the bustling preparations for the first race.

The sleds of that time were no ordinary affairs. Large enough to hold from four to six passengers, they rejoiced in significant titles and all the beauty and comfort that their maker's art could put into shape, paint and upholstery. When loaded and on a



Competing Sleds Dashed Away.

steep and by road they were swift enough to distance the wind, and, uncontrolled by bit and bridle, they could not be stopped before reaching the foot of the hill. There was thus much of adventure in their trip to

furnish the tingling excitement that kept out the winter cold. The good-natured rivalry, too, gave interest to the sport.

This year there was a special reason for the gathering, for Tom Atkins, having received a Christmas present of a sled of the latest style and named "The King of the Hill," had been boasting that the title was a just one and arousing all the determination that the others had to prove him wrong. The "Dart," the "Racer," the "Dauntless," the "Fearless," and others as glorious were eager to beat the untried and vaunting newcomer.

The first race was inconclusive, for Atkins got a false start and tipped his load over into a snow bank. The second and the third races gave the laurels to the "Dart" and the "Fearless," respectively, and left Atkins heart in his boots; but the fourth attempt ended with "The King of the Hill" a rod ahead and with its owner's chin protuberant and uplifted. Then time went by with varying fortunes until the concluding and deciding contest. It was agreed that the winner of this final should be crowned the king of the hill indeed, with none to dispute his right.

Amid the hubbub of these last arrangements no one had heard the distant whistle of "The Flyer," as the night express for Boston was called, and the competing sleds dashed away down the long descent without a thought of danger, nor, until half way down, did any danger appear, but then the locomotive's headlight flashed around the curve and upon the crossing, now but a short distance away, with a baleful and threatening glare. The other sleds, somewhat in the rear, were steered into the roadside snow or left to take care of themselves as their riders rolled off, but "The King of the Hill" kept on, in seeming ignorance of the imminent

of the engine whistle seemed to startle him into action did Atkins move to save himself and his load. Then, with a wrench of his steering gear and a sturdy leg-sweep, he brought his sled about, throwing it over upon its side and upon its frightened load as the train swept by, almost brushing them on its way.

It was what the barber called "a close shave," and what Atkins called "as good as a mile," but the boys called it a victory and rode Atkins home on "The King of the Hill" with their full indorsement of the title.

The old hill is still there. It glitters yet in Christmas moonlights. But the boys and girls of the bobbed times have grown old, the later generation has new toys, and the glorious fun of Slater's Hill is but a memory. A pleasant memory it is, though, and that is a brave, bright spot in it that registers the night when Tom Atkins got a double score in beating both the racers and the train on his "King of the Hill."

REAL SPIRIT

THE real spirit of Christmas is within us we will, indeed, and that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and we will give out of the fullness of our hearts and because of the joy that giving brings us, instead of from any other motive. So to get the real joy of giving and to receive the richness of the Christmas spirit in fullest measure, give because your heart prompts you to and forget all else.—Katherine Edelman.
(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)


"It Is More Blessed to Give Than Receive"

THIS has nothing to do with banks and savings accounts; but more money is saved at Christmas time than any other time of the year. Yes, saved. That may sound absurd to a lot of people who have spent all their money buying presents for their families and friends and neighbors, but it is true just the same. How? Why, because giving is the finest sort of saving, and not only saving, but investing. Every good gift is a permanent gain to the giver; it is better than a bank book carrying the same amount, for a gift is more truly a saving than credit account on a bank ledger. If you want to save your money, give it away—wisely. Does that sound unreasonable? Remember, it is more blessed to give than receive.—F. H. Sweet.
(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

AUNT MEHITABLE'S PRESENT

Aunt Mehitable had a powerful and effective method that often kept her awake. She has ever creating difficulties by imagining them and making things crooked by trying to straighten them out. "Hiram," said she, "I can't think what has got into George; I didn't like the way he looked at us this morning."
"Probably he was thinking of somebody else," answered her brother.
"George," began his aunt the next day, "what was the matter with you yesterday morning, you looked soured 'n pickled."
"Noshin' was the matter with me," said the boy, "I was possalin' over your Christmas present." Then he added, "Since you're so mighty suspicious, I guess I'll give it up." But remembering her goodness of heart, George relented, and, when the day that shines away all unpleasantness came round, Aunt Mehitable had a new nightcap.
—C. G. Hazard.
(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Merry Christmas.



Economical Transportation

Means

THRIFT AND ECONOMY

BELL-MOORE CHEVROLET COMPANY

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. Menefee

AS THE OWNER OF HASKELL'S NEWEST BUSINESS BUILDING—AND TO MR. ATKEISON ON OPENING THE

—NEW—

"M" System Grocery

THE BUILDING WAS ERECTED BY—

D. N. DARNELL BROS.
CONTRACTORS

NEW BUILDING FOR HARDIN LUMBER CO.

The H. H. Hardin Lumber Company of this city is now at work on the grounds for their new yard on Depot Street. The grounds are already cleared and the foundation of the sheds are laid and the work is now going forward with all speed to the completion of the buildings and sheds. The Hardin Lumber Company with headquarters in Fort Worth put in a stock of lumber in the old Guest Lumber yard a few months ago and have been operating from that place. Believing Haskell to be a safe business center they are now building their permanent yards and are here to stay. Mr. Isham the energetic manager is an active business man and is progressive in all lines of his business. He is well pleased with his patronage since coming here.

HASKELL MAN TO INSTALL LARGE INCUBATOR

J. C. Crawford, who has been in the chick hatchery business on a small scale for the past few years out near the East Ward School building, is now making arrangements to put in a mammoth incubator and will increase his capacity considerably during the coming year. According to Mr. Crawford arrangements have been made with the West Texas Utilities Company for electricity and the Company is to start on the power line in a few days, as an electric current is necessary to operate the fans of the incubator.

We are glad to see the incubator put in this territory for it will help the poultry business in the County to a great extent, as many people are now resorting to custom hatching; so that, they will not have to bother with running the smaller incubators.

Large Display of Holiday Goods by Local Merchants

More holiday goods are on display in the stores of Haskell merchants than ever before and the prices are very reasonable for this class of merchandise. Much effort was put forth by the buyers for the stores of the city and a fine selection was made in all lines. Come to Haskell and do your shopping early before the supply is exhausted.

Trimming the Tree



By Frances Grinstead

His decorated tree, around which our Christmas holiday centers, has an origin older than Christianity itself. In ancient days trees were held sacred to various good and evil spirits and offerings to them were hung upon the branches. To the Teutons the fir tree, with its symmetrical spreading branches, was a symbol of the sun and they celebrated the winter season by decking it in tinsel, flowers, toys and other ornaments.

Christian use of the tree symbol probably began in Germany, but there are many stories of the first Christmas tree. One is that Martin Luther, walking under the stars one Christmas Eve, was moved by their wonder as a revelation of the nearness of God to man. When he reached home, he took a little fir tree and put lighted candles on its branches to explain his thought to the children.

With age-old traditions behind it, it is fitting that the typical Christmas tree in these days is decorated purely for the sake of its own beauty. Small and graceful, it often stands on the library table, gifts heaped around its base, or in miniature form graces the dining table, the center of cheer until New Year's. If it is to shine in the memories of children through years to come, its ornaments must be hung with as much thought as ever the old Teutons gave to the placing of their sun-festival gifts. The secret of decorating a tree effectively is to make its decorations look as if they grew there. One secret of that is to place the ornaments at the points of growth.



where the limbs branch and where the twigs leave the branches; the other is to place ornaments that look heavy where the tree looks strongest, well back on the branches and toward the lower part of the tree.

It is a good thing to lay out the materials for decoration with those of like shape and color together and to handle one kind of decorations at a time. In this way it is easy to distribute masses of trimming and spots

of color evenly and to see that the different kinds are well intermingled. It is a common mistake to place most of the ornaments on the tip ends of the branches, under the impression that they will show up best there. As a matter of fact, a few ornaments well placed on the body of the tree are more effective than if they are scattered on the outer circumference.

The remainder of lights reflected from various ornaments should also be considered; those with glossy surfaces shine with a different glow from that of tinsel, and apples, oranges and cornucopias of candy must not be expected to counterbalance brighter surfaces. So distribute the decorations having a different kind of surface. The glossy ornaments will relieve the dark masses of the tree if they are hung well back in it, but dull-surfaced objects, if not too large, should be hung in nearer view. A good place for fruits, which are heavy but too dull to show in the body of the tree unless there is a break in the foliage, is on the sturdy lower limbs.

The small electric lights which have superseded candles for the Christmas tree should be arranged in orderly gradation from the lower limbs to the top. A pretty effect is produced if tiny white bulbs are substituted for the vari-colored ones that usually make up these circuits and each light enclosed in a small paper cone of soft yellow or orange. These cones projecting downward give much the same impression as the vertical effect of candles.

Chains of tinsel and colored paper are effective decorations if they are used rightly. They should not be sim-



ply strung around the tree, weighing on the tips of its branches, so that they seem to fetter it. If they wind branches, as a vine might, they seem to belong in the tree.

Toys may have their place on the tree itself, if they are decorative. An amusing doll perched on a limb, a bright-colored horn gleaming in the shadows, a rubber ball suspended high in the branches, will delight the children.

The grown-up who trims a Christmas tree has a chance for once in the year to be an artist—with the most appreciative public in the world. The children on Christmas morning will recognize his work as a masterpiece if he only remembers two rules: First, the tree's the thing; it must be treated as a unit and every bit of decoration must further the total effect. Second, don't overload it; if it is not smothered with trimming, the tree itself is the very best part of the decoration.

Saved to Buy Christmas Present for Her Daddy

THE eldest of the four children was now ten; their mother had been dead three years. How the father had kept such a young family together was a miracle even to him, but with the help of the day nursery, he had managed very well.

For the third Christmas now the widower tucked the children snugly in bed with a promise to call them at daybreak. Then he tiptoed to his own room.

Half an hour later when the house was quiet, Santa Claus entered the tiny kitchen and proceeded to fill the four little stockings hanging in a row behind the stove. Then suddenly he remembered that he had forgotten to bring a present for the father of the house. How disappointed the little ones would be to have their father overlooked like this! Why, they would think he's not been good! But it was too late, now, to get him anything. Nothing could be done.

Shortly after the house was quiet once again, the little girl stole into the kitchen and hung a stocking with a package in it near the others. For months she had saved her pennies so that when Christmas came again she would be able to play Santa Claus to daddy. "How surprised 'n happy he will be," she thought, as she crept back to her room.—H. Lucius Cook.

Burning the Yule Log

The burning of the Yule log at Christmas time, in parts of England and the continent, is a survival from an ancient festival annually held among the northern nations to celebrate the return of the sun after the winter solstice (December 21). The Yule log is thought to bring good fortune, and frequently part of it is saved to light the new one in the following year. The Italians regard the charred Yule log as a preventive against lightning. "Yule" is an old word for Christmas, and is still so used provincially.

Chocolate Caramels
Use one pound of brown sugar, one-fourth pound unsweetened chocolate, shaved, and one-half cupful of water. Boil same as fudge and before removing from fire add a generous lump of butter and one cupful of walnut or other nut meats or they may be omitted. After it is poured into a buttered pan cut it in squares before it gets hard.

What to Give?
When one thinks of what to give an old friend for Christmas, the first consideration is, "Now what did I give him last year?" Perhaps that is as good a way as any to open the question of New Year's resolutions.



—SELL—

Wilson & Co. Meat Products

TRY—

"Country Style Hams"

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE

New "M" System Store

As owner of the building in which this store is located—it is with pleasure we extend congratulations.

The building, which has just been completed to house the new institution we believe is one of the best in Haskell and is an evidence of our faith in the future growth and development of Haskell.

The choice of our town for this latest addition in the big chain of "M" System Stores also bespeaks confidence by the outside world in the growth and prosperity of Haskell.

Again we extend congratulations and best wishes for a successful business.

Emory Menefee

One-Half Dozen Happy Kiddies

By ELEANOR KING

Young Woman Gathers in Homeless Tots for Christmas Festivities

HER dining room of this exquisite home was beautiful, spacious and furnished in the best of taste. Its massive Jacobean high-backed chairs, long table, drapes all harmonized. But that quality which puts one at ease was lacking. It looked austere and unfriendly. The servants had decorated the table and room profusely, trying to give a little of the Christmas atmosphere. The forbidding look still asserted itself, though. From the length of the table and amount of edibles piled upon it, one might have judged there was to be quite a party, but only four places were set.

The dinner gong sounded. A middle-aged, well-dressed man and woman appeared.

"And you say Thelma went out in the car?"

"She didn't say where she was going, Robert," replied his wife.

"She probably thought Hubert was taking too long in getting over here, so she took it upon herself to go after him."

"Undoubtedly," assented Mrs. Fremont.

Thelma came soon bursting in upon her folks, coat and hat still on. To be sure, she had Hubert with her.

"Dad, mother," she exclaimed, "come and see what I have out here!"

She led her folks into the front hall. To their astonishment, they found the



butler and a maid occupied in removing coats and hats from six children. "Well, where did you get these?" said Mr. Fremont in his blustering way.

"It's like this, Dad," began Thelma with a rather apologetic air: "When I came downstairs this afternoon and saw that dining room table heaped up with good things—well, I just went for Hubert; together we found the name of the nursery or home or whatever you call it, near here and we went over there. I had the matron give me half a dozen children, and here they are." She pointed to the group in front of her, who were busy taking in their surroundings. "Children, this is my father and this my mother. Now, Dad, here is Tony, Roe, Frederick, Charles, Anna and Marie," as she gathered the

children to her. "Now, children, we are going in and have dinner. Let's see, Hubert, you take Frederick and Charles, Dad take Tony; Mother, you take Anna, and I will have Rose and Marie."

The children, ranging from six to eight, were rather shy until they set eyes on all the goodies on the table; then they were all excitement. Thelma winked at Hubert, and then looked at her dad. He was busy keeping meat enough cut up for Tony, supplying his numerous other demands, and keeping up with his many questions. The children were fairly stuffed when they climbed down from the table.

"We are going to play some games now," said Thelma. "Hubert, you get on that side of the circle; come on, Dad and Mother." But no amount of coaxing could bring Dad and Mother. Dad thought he had done his share.

"What do you think?" said Thelma to the children a little while later;



"Hubert tells me he was just in the library, and Santa left a Christmas tree and some gifts for you in there. They all made a dash for the door."

"Where do you suppose she got these things?" queried Mr. Fremont of his wife.

"I can't imagine," she replied; "this must have been the planning of more than today."

It came time for Thelma to give the dread announcement that they were to leave for the home. Before doing so she surveyed the scene before her: There was Dad, on his hands and knees, crawling about the floor with Tony, playing train. Tony had succeeded in winning over Mr. Fremont. There sat her mother reading a story to three of the youngsters, and Hubert—she could hardly believe her eyes—sat cuddling a little sleeping form in his arms. She went over and sat down on the arm of his chair.

"You dear old thing," she said, putting her arm around him; then, "Hubert, look at Dad. Won't you say this day was been a success?"

(© 1935, Western Newspaper Union.)

UNDER THE MISTLETOE

"Oh, professor, see the big bunch of mistletoe I have hung on the chandelier," exclaimed the young lady, standing under it and smiling roguishly.

Young and Learned Professor (looking near-sightedly through his glasses)—"Ah, yes, it is an excellent specimen of the *Viscum Album*, of the order *Leranthaceae*. It is a jointed *Glechomas* shrub." And that was it!

MEMORIAL COINS PLACED ON SALE HERE

The Stone Mountain Memorial coins are now on sale at the two local banks. Anyone interested in purchasing one of these coins may do so by calling at either bank.

Purchases a Farmall

As a result of so many tractor demonstrations, Mr. M. H. Guinn as progressive farmer in the Sayles community has purchased him a Farmall tractor and he and his son Roy are farming on a large scale this year. Both are elated with the work being done.

She Caught Him.

He—I've just been writing my thesis. She—You brute. You said I was the only girl you ever write to.

FALL SOWN GRAIN IN GOOD CONDITION

According to County Agent W. P. Price, the fall sown grain is in good condition in this section of the State. Many more acres than were planted during 1934 will be left to grain during the coming year if the crop is not greatly damaged by freezes as was the case the past year.

Tit for Tat.

Two little girls were coming home from school when one began to tease the other.

"I don't care," said Maggie. "You are only an adopted child. Your father and mother are not really yours."

"I don't care, either," retorted Bessie. "My mamma and papa picked me out. Yours had to take you just as you came."

THE PLUMBING

In the new Menefee building which was specially erected for the

NEW "M" SYSTEM STORE

was installed by the Hastex Plumbing Company.

We extend congratulations to Mr. Atkeison on choosing Haskell for the new store.

HASTEX PLUMBING COMPANY

Oliver Williams Manager.

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE



In Opening Their Latest Store In A Live Town.

THE LUMBER FOR THEIR NEW BUILDING WAS FURNISHED BY

H. H. HARDIN

Lumber and Building Materials.

Great West Mill & Elevator Company

MAKERS OF

AMARYLLIS FLOUR

Congratulate Mr. Atkeison on Opening

"M" System Grocery

IN HASKELL

"M" SYSTEM GROCERY JUST RECEIVED CAR OF AMARYLLIS FLOUR

Postoffice Dept. Asks For Early Xmas Mailing

Help Uncle Sam to handle efficiently the heavy mails which are a necessary part of Christmas time by mailing early, wrapping securely, and observing other simple rules which will not only help the postal employes but also the passengers in getting the Christmas parcels to their destination on time, in the plane which comes from the post office headquarters at this time.

"Shop now and mail early for early delivery" is the slogan which has been adopted, and the instructions relative to preparation for Christmas mailing which have been prepared include a few simple rules which, if observed, will help everybody and make for a merry Christmas.

First, there will be no deliveries on Christmas Day, so parcels must be mailed early for delivery before Christmas if they reach their destination in time.

Second, strong paper, heavy twine, and strong corrugated cardboard or heavy pasteboard, excelsior, are useful in packing Christmas gifts so that they will be unharmed upon arrival.

Third, all articles which will be easily broken or damaged must be plainly marked "Fragile."

Fourth, mark perishable gifts as "Perishable." Use special delivery stamps to expedite delivery of things which are likely to spoil.

Fifth, addresses should be complete, and typed or plainly written in ink, with a return address in the upper left hand corner.

Sixth, no parcel may be more than 84 inches in length and girth combined, for delivery locally and in the first, second and third zones, 70 pounds is the maximum weight; in all other zones, 50 pounds.

Seventh, to insure delivery before Christmas the latest mailing date is December 22 for local delivery packages and December 20 for gifts or cards addressed to points in one day's travel, December 18, for those in two days travel, December 16, for those in three days travel, and for more distant points not later than December 14.

Eighth, it is just as important to mail greeting cards on these dates as it is mail parcels.

Ninth, insure or register valuable mail.

Stopped.
Judge—I'm surprised at your going to law over a pig. Why don't you settle it out of court?
"We were goin' to settle it out of court, yer honor, only a cop come along and pulled us apart."

Puts a Halo on Another Head

By Christopher G. Hazard

Artist Finds New Place for Circle Because of a Service to Mankind

DAVID SPENCER looked again at his watch with some anxiety. The hospitality of the old southern home had been lavish, the exhibition of his paintings had been successful beyond his hopes, there had been congratulations, and flowers, and commissions. Quite overwhelmed with courtesies and attentions, charmed by the quaintness and beauty and customs and scenes new to him, the artist longed to linger, and was loth to leave the old city. But the northern train that he must take was almost due, the station was distant, and his hosts had seemingly forgotten all about it, until they suddenly appeared with apologies and delivered him to the black coach-



man and the family coach. Fortunately, the train, burdened with its load of Christmas cheer, was late, also, so that when it moved on Spencer was among its passengers.

The rather monotonous landscape threw him back upon reflection, and he found himself reviewing the sights and experiences of his visit with pleasant amusement.

Again he witnessed the bargaining of the old market. "Is you got onny aigs?" "I ain't sed dat I ain't." "I ain't axed yer is yo' ain't, I axed yer ain't yo' is." He recalled the curious operations of the revival meeting that had so illustrated the picturesqueness of negro character and hummed to himself the song that had there been so intensely sung:

There's a halo on His hair,
A halo, oh my Lawd,
But dere's one for me He sed,
A crown ob glory woa I'm doid,
A halo, oh my Lawd.

Dat's de kind ob hat ter git,
A halo, oh my Lawd,
In rain or shine hit's boua' ter sit,
I sholy am a-wantin' hit,
A halo, oh my Lawd.

And I kin feel hit sproutin' now,
A halo, oh my Lawd,
A crown ob shinin' on my brow,
Each time to Him I mek a bow,
A halo, oh my Lawd.

As the train sped on the artist's reminiscences were interrupted by the voices of the conductor and one of the passengers. "But this train does not stop at Redfield," the conductor was saying, as he looked at the old man's ticket. "It must stop this time," answered the passenger; "I just got to see Jim once more before he goes. I only got the message this morning. I want to wish him a merry Christmas and a happy New Year where he's goin'."

The conductor hesitated, then seemed to yield as he passed on, and the old man sat back in his seat, unaware of the atmosphere of sympathy around him. Shortly after the bell rope was pulled, the train drew to a halt, and kindly looks followed him down the aisle and on to the platform of the little station.

The incident was barely finished and the train had attained but little headway when there was a sudden and terrible jolt, followed by a crash and the bumping of the cars over the ties, then a stop and an affrighted silence, broken by the voice of the Pullman porter, crying out, "We's run through an open switch and we's wrecked, bu, ne' min', de train am standin' on de groun'." Engine, baggage cars and dining car were off and broken, but the Pullmans remained on the track. "If we hadn't stopped at Redfield," said the conductor, "we'd 'a' been going forty miles an hour and all heaped up at the bottom of the embankment."

In the artist's studio today there is a picture of the Christmas Christ, with the halo that believing love has placed upon His head. And just below it another halo rests upon the head of an old man, pictured there because of his unconscious but real service of mankind.

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

RING OUT

Ring out! Ring out! ye happy bells
and make a joyous lay,
For Christ the child has come to us
and we would have him stay;
Make ev'ry hill and valley ring, all
earth and sky with cheer,
For we who have received the Christ
would show him welcome here.
—F. H. Sweet.
(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

AT CHRISTMAS TIME

We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the lamps twinkle fair,
And fast and frolic—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again.
—Susan O'Rourke.

Christmas March Was Played by Minister

THE minister had hung up his stockings, too. The sprites that put into it a candy cane, a lollipop, a ball, an apple and a motor car that would go, had added a mouth organ, most appropriate and perhaps most needed of all gifts, for what other mouth should so dispense harmony?

Then, after breakfast, came the procession into the parlor and unto the wonderful tree. First, little Sarah, with the early and aided steps of her one year and the big eyes of her first Christmas tree. Then demure Helen, blowing her own horn for once, then big Sarah and all the uncles, aunts and cousins, then father and mother, and then the minister, playing his new march upon his new organ.

When they were all seated in the happy circle they asked for the words of that new tune and here they are:

If birds could sing in Christmas trees,
If they could hum with happy bees,
If they were sweet with all the spices
Of all things beautiful and nice,
They could not altogether be
More full of love than this, our tree.
Chorus.—March, march to the Christmas tree.
It has a loving gift for thee.

Then they all sang it, after which the beautiful tree yielded its fruit.
—Christopher G. Hazard.

Christmas Telegrams Add Yuletide Cheer

HE WAS always busy, always rushing, always hurrying. He always had so many things to attend to and so many people were constantly pressing it upon his time with this demand, with that, which required attention.

He wished he could see more of his friends. His friends wished they could see more of him. He was the sort they would like to see more of and at times they were a little annoyed that he was so busy.

He was busier than was really normal. They said he had no time for the pleasant things of life and that he could neither enjoy things himself nor could he be enjoyed because he was always having so much to do.

But he took time for one thing. He never failed to take time for it.

Every Christmas he sent all his friends beautiful Christmas telegrams of cheer. He thought of them and he remembered them and every Christmas morning as his friends opened their gay Christmas telegrams they would say:

"He always finds time to think of me on Christmas morning, anyway! What a pleasure this is!"—Mary Graham Bonner.

**"M" SYSTEM
Like All Good
Grocers**

Sell

**White Swan
Products**

TELEGRAM	BLUE
DAY LETTER	NITE
NIGHT MESSAGE	N L
NIGHT LETTER	

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, First Vice President.

NEWCOMB CARLTON, President.

RECEIVED AT

3WE CA 2 EXTRA

W H ATKEISON
"M" SYSTEM STORE
HASKELL TEX

ALLOW US TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON OPENING OF YOUR
HASKELL STORE STOP FIXTURES FOR YOUR MUNDAY
STORE ARE NOW IN PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE.
"M" SYSTEM MF'G CO.
PER J B L

FT WORTH TEX DEC 18 1925

TELEGRAM	BLUE
DAY LETTER	NITE
NIGHT MESSAGE	N L
NIGHT LETTER	

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

The filing time as shown in the date line on full-rate telegrams and day letters, and the time of receipt at destination as shown on all messages, is Standard T time.

A "BEARFOOT" CHRISTMAS

By EMILY BURKS ADAMS



The beautifully decorated house, the gently falling snow, the brisk atmosphere, the hurry, and the expectancy of loved ones evidenced the presence of Christmas.

Merry laughter and hurried steps assured Mrs. Bearfoot that her adored son and daughter had arrived. "Hello, mother, a Merry Christmas!" shouted Rose and Wayne. "You've heard about Edith, mother, so here she is. I know you'll love her; Edith does, and I'm about to. Shake hands with mother, Edith," continued Wayne, excitedly.

"Yes, we are so glad to have you, Miss Darrow," said Mrs. Bearfoot, as she shook hands with Edith.

"Thank you. I am delighted to be here and to know you. What a thrill I'm having! I'm wild about Oklahoma. Rose and Wayne think they have a joke on me because I thought all those all wells were windmills."

"Yes, mother," interrupted Wayne. "Edith said, 'How all these windmills remind one of Holland!'"

"Oh, well, I shall be all the wiser when I return to Chicago. I'm anxious to see all the Indians. Rose and Wayne have told me about. Are they joking me about that, too? I hope so, for I am mortally afraid of Indians, but of course the government keeps them guarded."

"Yes, Edith, if I may call you Edith?" and she caught the twinkle in her son's eye. "The Indians need watching; they are cunning. Wayne is a good athlete and will see that you are not scalped, at least."

"Well, I want to climb to the top of one of those 'windmills.' All the wells I know anything about go down and I shall still call those tall things windmills. I want to see a tepee and an Indian chief, too, before I return home."

Dinner was served and Edith noticed the exquisite table service and appointments. The drawing room was spacious and Edith marveled at the magnificent furnishings. The rugs were Oriental; the pictures were done by master artists; and the culture of



"I'll Count It a Mighty Fine Christmas Present."

the home was in keeping with the elegant furnishings. Rose and her mother were visiting as only a mother and daughter can after a four months' separation. "Oh, mother, it's too funny! Edith thinks Oklahoma is wild. Don't you like her? She is a dear, and Wayne is crazy about her. I think it is mutual, however. Her idea of Indians so amuses us."

Wayne and Edith were visiting as if they, too, had been separated several months. "Well, Edith, what think you of Ponca now, and of mother? She is some mother, I tell you. You need not fear the Indians. Now that you've met mother and have seen Ponca, aren't you ready to give me that answer? I'll count it a mighty fine Christmas present."

"Oh, Wayne, you must wait until after the community tree. I want to see more of these natives. All good things are worth waiting for, you know, and besides, it isn't time yet to give our presents."

It was Christmas Eve, and Edith and Wayne were talking of the community tree. "My! What a crowd there was, Wayne. The singing was next to divine; but where were the Indians?"

"The man who sang that beautiful baritone solo was at one time an Indian chief; the girl, who gave that impressive oration was his granddaughter. The Indians were all around you Edith."

Edith's eyes opened—"Oh! I thought all Indians wore blankets and guns!" "Edith, the Indian of today is civilized. A race that has suffered, yes, but a truly American race; a race that was sent from place to place; a race that fought and won. Only a small portion of their vast inheritance was allotted them, but that portion has waxed rich in oil. I am an Indian, Edith, nor would I conceal it. I am bestowing upon you the highest honor man can give to woman. Will you become my wife, Edith—the wife of an Indian—a man who would die for his race and you? If you will promise me, this will be the happiest Christmas of my life."

"Yes, Wayne, I promise. I want to be the wife of an Indian—a Bearfoot Indian—with a brave athlete as my protector." The radio was tuned in and—"A Merry Christmas to all," was the greeting.

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Uncle Santa Claus

By Christopher G. Hazard

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

"TELL us a story, Uncle Peter," said the children, as they climbed over their kindly relative on Christmas eve. "A story!" repeated Uncle Peter, affecting surprise, but willing to draw upon his inexhaustible stock; "well, have you ever heard of Uncle Santa Claus?" "Oh, you mean Uncle Santa Claus?" exclaimed Jack. "No, I don't," said Uncle Peter; "I mean the old man with the plug hat, the blue swallowtail coat, the striped breeches; the old man with eyes like stars and a smile that never comes off excepting when somebody is treading on somebody else; the old man with the striped flag, whose headquarters is up in Alaska; the biggest Santa Claus there is." "All right, then," answered the children, "tell us about him."

"Well," said Uncle Peter, "he has his hands full just now and is doing all he can to fill the hands of others. The air is so noisy with wireless cries and clamors, there are so many hands reaching out over the seas, that he is almost distracted. Ever since he got back from the great war he has been repairing its damage and renewing the prosperity that it spoiled. And long before that he was in the Christmas business. He surprised China by refusing to accept the great sum of the Boxer indemnity. He let the Cubans have Cuba when he had made them free, and many thought that he had a right to take that fair island for himself. He is working hard at

being an American, a sober, industrious, enlightened, prosperous, happy, Christ-mas-y nation."

"I'm glad I'm one of his American children," said Agnes, when Uncle Peter had concluded; with which sentiment all the rest agreed.

A little cloud of doubt had arisen on the Christmas sky, however, as



"I'm Glad I'm One," said Agnes.

Uncle Peter had spoken of Uncle Santa's lavishness in far countries. Edith voiced it when she wanted to know if it would be of any use for them to expect anything that Christmas, whether or not they were to hang up their stockings. "You'll put your foot in it if you do," said George. "No, she won't," said Uncle Peter; "I have had a special delivery letter from Uncle Santa, saying that he has had his eye on this house for the last twelvemonth, and that this will be one of his stopping places because from it so much of service for others has been going out. He says that you are his gardeners, and that you have planted so many seeds of kindness that a lot of beautiful things will be sure to come up. That is always the way, he says; in fact, it is the way in which he got rich himself."

This was a very pleasant assurance for the children. It made them think of a happy mistake that one of them had made when they were having war gardens all over the town: A certain Mr. Rose had been appointed by the mayor as inspector of gardens for the whole place, and one day Betty pointed him out to a friend with whom she was walking. "There goes Mr. Rose," she said; "he's an expecter of gardens!"

When the children had been reminded of Mr. Rose they also remembered what Betty had done at their last Christmas party; stalking heavily and pompously down the room, she had said: "I'm Mr. Atlas, who holds up the world." So one of them stood on tiptoe, threw back her head and threw out her arms and said: "I'm Uncle Santa Claus, who holds up the world." "Well done!" cried Uncle Peter; "that's just it!"

There wasn't any disappointment in the house the next morning. "Did you get all that you wanted?" asked Uncle Peter. "Yes," said Mary. "Were you at all disappointed?" "No," said Mary. When Mary said "Goodness," her mother said, "You shouldn't say 'goodness,' Mary." "Gracious!" said Mary. But Mary was too excited to have a care for her expressions. In describing the situation afterwards she said: "I was in a perfect stupor of excitement."

Uncle Peter had a present, too. After all the rest had been made happy Agnes brought out a parcel, and when Uncle Peter opened it there were two big books that told over again the story of all that America had done and accomplished. This made him very glad indeed, and he asked them to write his name on the leaf and to say that it was from the Young Americans. Then the Christmas party ended with a verse of our national anthem, heartily sung as followed by all the other verses, with a hurrah for Uncle Sam instead of for the King.

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Many Words That Add to Christmas Season

WORDS come to our lips so easily that we do not always appreciate how glorious some of them are, and how much they mean to us.

Think of the words that add to the Christmas season! Every one of them has a significance and a Christmas meaning of its own.

There are greens and there are ribbons. There are gifts and there is Yuletide. There is sleigh and there is snow.

There are bells and there is cheer. There is the bright fire, and the frosty air. There are sleds and sunshine on the snow and the glow of a Christmas afternoon.

There is happiness and there are candles. There are wreaths and holly and mistletoe.

There is Santa Claus for the children and friendly voices wishing one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

There is the postman and there is a small child by the old chimney.

There is plum pudding and mince pie and turkey and cranberry. There is the Christmas tree and children talking of reindeer.

There is tinsel and there is holiday candy. There are stockings and there are Christmas decorations.

There are surprises and there are excitements.

And all of these things have such beautiful sounds. The words themselves are so wonderful. They mean so much. No other words would be the same.

And best of all is the word Christmas.

It is the year's most glorious word.—Mary Graham Bonner.

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

Six Puppies, Nellie's Present for Her Mistress

THERE was to be no Christmas party for little Suzanne Hansen. The family was in dire financial difficulties and it was mutually agreed among them all that for this one Christmas there would be no exchange of gifts. Suzanne was disappointed that there would be no surprises, but she comforted herself with the thought that she would at least have Nellie, her faithful dog, to play with Christmas Day. Nellie had been given to her by the Christmas before by her uncle and she had been Suzanne's constant companion up until about a month ago when the dog was sent away—"to the hospital," her mother had explained. Suzanne had been most unexpectably lonely all that month with no pal, and had been counting the days till Christmas when she was promised the dog would be home again.

Christmas morning when the door-bell rang, Suzanne flew down the stairs

to answer. There was an excited cry of joy. "Oh mummy, come down and see what's here." There in a basket brought by the boy from the dog hospital was Nellie with six little puppies just like her. Suzanne was in love with the pups.

"They're just a Christmas gift for you from Nellie," said the boy and closed the door behind him.—Marion R. Rengan.

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE KIND THAT COUNTS



He—Think we'll have a green Christmas? She—I hope so—a "long green" one.

Maple Popcorn Balls

Pop three quarts of corn and discard hard kernels. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, add one cupful of maple syrup and one-half cupful of sugar. Bring to boiling point and let boil until mixture will become brittle when tried in cold water. Pour mixture gradually stirring all the while, over corn which has been sprinkled with salt. Shape into balls, using very little pressure.

Then and Now

The old-fashioned boy who used to get an apple, an orange, a handful of mixed nuts, a dime's worth of powder and shot or a new pair of home-knit socks for Christmas now has a grand-son who must have a new car, a diamond ring, and a check. Times change.

At Christmas Time

Mr. Smiles—But why do you expect a Christmas box from me? Surely I have had no dealings with you? Boy—Yes, sir—please, sir, you tripped over my 'oop last week.

Origin of Carols

Few, if any, Christmas carols were ever sung in Scotland, while from earliest times the custom has been universally prevalent in England, France, Italy, and other countries of the European continent.

POULTRY TRADES DAY PLANNED FOR FUTURE

A Poultry Trades Day is being planned for Haskell after the first of the year. In this we trust to get the seller and buyer together and let them make the trades that will best suit them. We hope to have a man from the A. & M. College to assist our County Agent, Mr. W. P. Trice in giving a lecture and culling exercises as to the best way to cull your flocks and get the best results from your birds. Get your birds in condition that you want to sell, and if you want to buy roosters, pullets, baby chicks, setting eggs—come in and talk with the men who have them for sale. Watch for the date and place of holding which will be given later when arranged.

BUY TUBERCULOSIS CHRISTMAS SEALS

Is your Christmas shopping finished? Did you buy the pretty platinum bar pin for Mother that she so much wanted and the extra fine fountain pen for Father?

Is little Betty to have the finest doll ever, and will Bobby waken to find a small motor car so much like father's that he will look for the real gas tank? Is Santa's pack all ready so that he will have no trouble getting down the city chimneys?

If you have finished your gift getting there may be one thing you have forgotten. Have you purchased some of Tuberculosis Christmas seals that are sold the Texas Public Health Association to secure funds to carry on the fight against tuberculosis, the disease that is so easily spread and which reaps such large harvests each year.

The money raised by the sale of seals will be used in 1926 to fight preventable diseases, especially tuberculosis. Unsold seals save no lives and the larger the sale the more effective will be the health work of this organization during the coming year.

Too Small to Keep

"Are we goin' to keep him?" asked Bobby, looking at his new baby brother. "Of course. Why not?" asked the mother.

"Well, he's so small I thought maybe we'd have to put him back."

Dora—I think Mary is mean! I showed her my engagement ring and she said it was always too tight for her. Gladys—Yes, that is exactly what she said to me last summer when I was wearing it.

Congratulations

We congratulate Mr. Emory Menefee for the erection of One of Haskell's most beautiful business houses—a real addition to our town.

We congratulate The "M" System Grocery Store for the fact that they have chosen the best town in West Texas for their business operations.

Both Mr. Menefee and Mr. Atkeison, manager of the "M" System Grocery Store have shown good judgment in the location of their building and business by reason of the fact that they are next door neighbors to one of Haskell's progressive business concerns—one who has spent a third of a century merchandising in Haskell—whose aim has been to contribute their part toward the advancement and up-building of every worthy movement in the progress of Haskell.

BUSINESS GOOD

We are glad to announce that our business has been good throughout the year and especially during the month of December. Doubtless a part of this is due to our December Sale, however, we are going to believe a good part of it is due to our methods of courteous treatment and reasonable prices throughout our entire establishment.

ONLY FEW DAYS 'TIL CHRISTMAS

Just a few days remain in which to do your Christmas shopping. Every department in our store offers excellent gifts of practical value. We invite you again to visit us and in doing so be sure to include our 5-10-25c Department. It is a busy place. Hundreds of customers have gone away pleased with their purchases and especially the reasonable prices.

F. G. ALEXANDER & SON

We Congratulate Mr. W. H. Atkeison ON HIS JUDGMENT IN CHOOSING A LIVE TOWN IN WHICH TO OPEN A NEW



HASKELL FREE PRESS