

Let the Christ-Child In  
By L. D. STEARNS

NEARLY two thousand years ago on the Judean hills, a band of shepherds listened to the first Christmas song. In the spangled heavens radiance burst like flame as the music broke across the silent night. It does not require a great deal of imagination to picture their stern, rugged features changing from swift amazement into adoration and solemnity as the strange light grew brighter and more far-reaching—the music more jubilantly sweet. The streets filled quickly with hurrying throngs.

"Bless the Lord, O, my soul!" chanted the holy men.  
"On earth peace; good will toward men," rang from the sky.  
"What means it?" some one cried.  
"Unto you a Child is born, Unto you a King is given," came in answer from the Heavenly Host.

Snow—majestically—the Star moved across the heavens until it paused above a manger where a new-born infant lay, a soft, unearthly radiance lighting all the place.  
"Wise men kneel with gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. Rich and poor—wise and simple—old and young—bowed beneath that holy light on the first Christmas eve, so long ago.

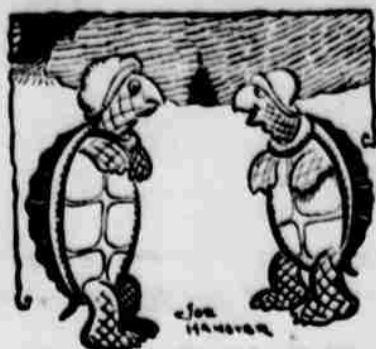
Today, throughout the entire Christian world, the song still rings. Whatever the place or style of Christmas celebration, back of it sounds the triumphant cry—"Peace and good will! Unto you a King is given!" As it reaches once more to the individual hearts of the world shall not understanding and sympathy and kindly faith replace harshness and intolerance, fanning gently into deeper glow the mystic light that is shedding Christmas cheer?

According to an old legend the Christ-Child wanders abroad each Christmas eve with a bundle of evergreens on His shoulder. Through rain or sleet—garments ragged—feet bruised and torn—He is pictured traversing village and town seeking aid and homely cheer. A candle window signified His welcome within. Aid rendered any beggar was counted as hospitality offered the Christ. As the old and new merge again into one may brotherly love, radiating clearly and far, proclaim, even as the shining candle of old, "The Christ-child may come in."

Yule Observance in England

Since the earliest known times, England has entered into the observance of Yuletide more heartily than any other country. It was principally a religious observance with the Celts, but they also added mirth to the occasion.

Easy



Miss May Turtle—Suppose some fellow you don't like, tries to kiss you when you're under the mistletoe, what will you do?  
Miss Sadie Turtle—That's easy I'll pull in my head!

Millions of Christmas Trees  
It is estimated that 5,000,000 Christmas trees are used in celebrating the holiday season in the United States.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT  
By ALBERT E. PERKS

SNOW. Glittering, gorgeous, crystalline snow. Huge heaps of it piled up at the sides of dingy, dismal streets. Big, fluffy flakes of it falling. Hard, tight-packed little balls of it flying upward, from the hands of tough, hard-listed little ruffians whose only playground was the dingy side street. Shouts of boisterous fun.

A Respectable Citizen, walking down the street, silk scarf tightly fastened. Coat collar turned up, bowler hat firmly set; gloves, cane, spats, snowflakes all over him, neat and correct nevertheless.

A beautiful shot, a dull impact, and a dreadful dent in the immaculate bowler, now rolling in a huge snow-drift. Shouts of laughter, as the owner of the hat struggled through the drift to retrieve it.

A shout of warning, and the boys dived out of sight like rabbits into their burrows; all except one, left prisoner in the hands of a policeman.

"Here's one of 'em, mister." The officer dragged his captive forward.

"Want to take him to the station?"  
"Who are you, young ruffian?"  
"Jimmy Conovey."  
"Where's your father?"  
"Dunno."

"I could tell you," this with a wise look from the officer.  
"I see. Where's your mother?"  
"Up there," pointing to the top of a tenement building.

"What's she doing?"  
"Celebratin' Christmas."  
"How?"  
"Don't work. Just sits aroun'. Don't do nothin'. 'T's Christmas."  
"What did Santa Claus bring you?"

"Tin whistle an' a huge candy. An' ma says maybe he left somethin' at the welfare place. That'll come tomorrow."

A vision in the immaculate one's mind, of a boy with mountains of toys and a new suit he mustn't miss, sitting around in a mansion waiting for a party at which he would be too spotless to be happy.

And his own table full of greetings and gifts, and a business that wouldn't stop worrying, even on Christmas day.

"What are you so happy about, an' how?"  
"Ain'tche always happy at Christmas?"  
"Here's five for your mother and a dollar for yo. and the kids. And tell them 'thank you' from me."

"Thank ye, sir. Merry Christmas."  
"Merry Christmas, officer, thank you."

The Citizen looked less respectable with his dented hat, but he was whistling all out of tune, and Christmas did seem merrier, somehow.

"Silent Night, Holy Night"  
"Silent Night, Holy Night," is said to have originated in a little Bavarian village some time during the Eighteenth century. This is among the most loved songs of Christmas time.

New Fashioned Christmas

Good old-fashioned Christmas cheer, so loudly mourned for in these modern days, is a myth. The new fashioned Christmas is far better, declares the Woman's Home Companion. "Much has been added and nothing has been taken away unless by our own blindness or folly," it continues.

Bear's Head and Peacock

Yuletide celebration in England reached the height of magnificence in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries. Great quantities of food were served at the banquets, where the bear's head occupied the place of honor, while the peacock was next in importance.

The Christmas Spirit

The Christmas spirit has grown with the years until it binds all Christian hearts together in love and good fellowship.

Children and Christmas

Wherever there are children, Christmas and the Christmas spirit are in no danger of dying out.

MONEY TO LOAN

On farms and ranches by the John Hancock Life Insurance Company, at a low rate of interest, annual interest, with option to pay \$100 any multiple of \$100 at end of any year up to 1-6th with out notice. No attorney fees, no commission notes and no inspection fees. You get all you borrow. Only one deed of trust and one note, hence your option is a real one, and has no "strings" tied to it. A simple, plain contract that any farmer can understand. A loan that will enable you to gradually get out of debt during your lifetime. Pay on principal in good years and skip principal payment in dry years if you so desire. No loan like it for the farmer. Loan you money to build or improve your house or build you a barn. Come in and let us explain the loan to you. Nothing to hold back.

CITY LOANS

We make loans on city property on both the monthly payment plan or the annual payment plan, on good terms and low rate of interest.

FIRE INSURANCE

We write all kinds of Fire Insurance both on City and Farm Property.

R. D. BELL, Loan Agent  
SECOND DOOR EAST OF FARMERS STATE BANK, Haskell

AS FRIEND TO FRIEND  
WE WISH YOU A  
MERRY CHRISTMAS

To you who have made the growth of our business possible, to you who have been our neighbors for years, to you whom we have known as good friends and loyal customers, we wish a merry, merry Christmas.

May the good old day be one of peace, health and good will for you.

PAYNE DRUG CO.  
"THE REXALL STORE"

OUR MOST PRICELESS ASSET

Our Friends

Some folks say business is one thing and friendship is another. But without friends we would have no joy in doing business.

We claim the friendship of our patrons. We would not have it otherwise.

So, as one friend to another, we send you cordial Christmas Greetings and the wish that 1929 will bring you the things you have long wished for.

ISBELL-BURTON  
MOTOR CO.

CHRISTMAS CHEER AND HAPPY DAYS DURING THE NEW YEAR

You'll Not think us boastful, we are sure if we tell you that our business has gained rapidly in popular favor with the people of this community during the past year. It has left us with thankful hearts and a strong determination to more completely merit your confidence, your friendship and your good-will. And if our wish for you, our friends and patrons, comes true, this will be a Christmas filled with cheer and nothing but good fortune during the New Year.

HASKELL MILL & GRAIN CO.



## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS AND BEST WISHES FOR 1929

We give ourselves over completely as we are caught up in the fine, rare spirit of the holiday season—the time when the whole world seems akin—when happiness and good cheer fills the very atmosphere. And we are wishing for each of you that a full measure of the season's joys will be yours.

We've tried mighty hard to make our business all that our patrons would have it be. We are always open for suggestions for the improvement of our service. We want and solicit not only a continuation of your patronage during the new year but your kindly co-operation as well.

### R. B. SPENCER & CO.

JOHN A. COUCH, Manager

Lumber

Haskell

## BEST WISHES TO YOU AT CHRISTMAS!

As we think of the generous way in which you have patronized our business, we are moved to thank all of our friends for the good feeling shown toward us.

As Christmas approaches, we hasten to offer you our most sincere and hearty wishes for a joyous Christmas, attended with a super-abundance of good will, happiness, and well-being.

In a spirit of the greatest possible neighborliness we wish for you a Christmas unclouded by care, and brightened with all that is good.

### OATES DRUG STORE

"On the Same Old Corner"

## Christmas Memories For Others

By  
Florence Harry Well

MARK! the Herald Angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King!"  
The Christmas chimes were pealing overhead as Mrs. Peggy Walton hurried past the great department store.

A lump rose in Peggy's throat. Her eyes grew misty. She wondered if all these hurrying Christmas shoppers heard those chimes and felt as she did. Their faces gave no evidence of emotion; but neither did hers, Peggy assured herself.

Communing with herself Peggy thought of other Christmas shopping expeditions when all was joy and anticipation. But that was when Bob was little and the four grandparents and two aunts were all coming for the holiday festivities to the big brick house in the little town. Now Bob was twenty-one, the grandparents had passed away—Grandmother Walton and Grandmother Prentiss had gone just a short time apart the past summer. The two aunts felt as Peggy did, that Christmas memories would be less poignant if they didn't try to have the customary reunion. And instead of the big brick house with its cheery fireplaces, in the friendly little town, they lived in an apartment in the city. Not much Christmas atmosphere about an apartment Peggy reflected.

But something must be done about Christmas for Bob's sake, if for no other reason. It wouldn't seem much like Christmas for Bob to come home from college to just her and Dad.

Peggy had passed beyond the sound of the chimes, but between shopping ventures her mind dwelt constantly on this Christmas problem and what she



Peggy Had Passed Beyond the Sound of the Chimes.

could do. All their friends had their own families at Christmas, just as they had had theirs until this year.

That brought her back again to the little town and the many changes that had taken place even in the short time they had been gone. Other homes besides theirs would miss the older generation this Christmas. Peggy began enumerating them in her mind.

There was Judge Hatford who had done so much for them when the first break had come and her own father had passed away, and even last summer when her mother, too, had gone, it was Judge Hatford who had taken the sting from the legal aspects. Yet, it was but a few weeks later when he also had been laid to rest in the little cemetery on the hill; then there was genial, courtly Mr. Morrow, and Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, separated from each other but a brief month, and Mr. and Mrs. Dawson—Peggy stopped in her summary. Why hadn't she thought of the Dawsons before? There was Fred Dawson, and Katharine, and their little boy Dick, and Katharine's younger sister, Mary; they, too, must be looking forward to Christmas with sorrowful memories; for always they had come from the far-off city to the home in the little town for the holidays and now there was no home to which to come.

"It's worse for them than for us. I'll write them at once," Peggy decided. "They're just what we need. Mary and Bob will have a good time. We always enjoy Fred and Katharine. And there's little Dick, bless his heart; a child is what we want to revive the Christmas spirit."

Again Peggy found herself within hearing of the Christmas chimes: "Joy to the world" was ringing forth as she approached the department store on her homeward way. But there was no lump in her throat this time and her eyes were clear and starry as she gaily hastened along, planning for others and winning for herself a Merry Christmas.

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### Out of Tune

To the person out of tune with life, Christmas may mean a wearisome duty, a bestowing of gifts on indifferent people, receiving in return things of incredible unsuitability for which he must write notes of imitation thanks.

### Instead of Christmas Tree

Italy has an "Urn of Fate" instead of a Christmas tree. They put their Christmas gifts into a big deep bowl, and grown people in a family take turns drawing for gifts.

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU AND YOURS

As we look back over the days and weeks and months of the year now drawing to a close we recount with pleasure and satisfaction the dealings we have had with our patrons.

We thank you most sincerely, each and every one, for your business, great or small. Believe us friends, when we say that our interest goes beyond the mere exchange of merchandise and service for money. We have an abiding interest in those who enable us to do business.

We send you our best Greetings and express the sincere wish that each day of 1929 will bring you happiness.

### HASKELL MOTOR COMPANY

Phone Number 229.

Haskell, Texas

FORD DEALERS FOR FORD SERVICE

## WE HOPE THIS CHRISTMAS WILL BE A BRIGHT ONE FOR YOU

You people who read this greeting have been good to us, good friends and good customers.

It is our sincere wish that this Christmas day will find you and yours blessed with health, prosperity and happiness.

We cannot fully measure this wish in words, for the spirit in which we greet you is greater than words.

A happy Christmas to you!

### H. H. HARDIN

L. J. ISHAM, Manager

# SOCIETY and Club

## Junior and Primary Departments of Methodist Church Have Christmas Tree.

The Junior and Primary Department of the Methodist Sunday School had a Christmas tree for their boys and girls Sunday morning and at the right time Santa Claus made his appearance and fruit, candy and nuts were given to all, including the teachers.

## Colonial Bridge Club In Pretty Christmas Party.

On last Tuesday afternoon Mrs. J. G. Foster was club hostess in a lovely Christmas party for the Colonial Bridge Club. Christmas motifs with beautiful fall leaves were charmingly arranged throughout the interior of the house. Two tables of bridge were enjoyed until late afternoon. The menu was chicken sandwiches, date pudding topped with whipped cream, an elaborate fruit salad and the plates carried miniature Christmas trees as favors to Mesdames Roy Ratliff, Virgil Meadows, Lynn Pace, John Draper, Lee Glazner, John V. Davis, J. F. Morrison and Bert Welsh.

## Harmony Club Entertains Club Husbands.

Last Wednesday evening was annual club husbands evening for the Harmony Club and a lovely Christmas party was planned and carried out by the members for the husbands. The affair was in the reception room of the Magazine Club Library which was decorated in red and green ropes, tinsel, various ornaments, miniature trees lighted with red and green lights, poinsettias and red candles. Tables were comfortably arranged for eighty-four,

the diversion of the evening and the dainty score cards were hand painted. Mrs. D. L. Cummins gave greetings at the door and Mesdames W. C. Williams and Eugene Hunter passed the score cards. At the close of a number of games of eighty-four, the club members and husbands were served cherry pie topped with whipped cream and coffee. There were Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Fields, John W. Pace, C. L. Lewis, Marvin Post, Eugene Hunter, Dimmitt Hughes, W. C. Williams, Harry Stalcup, H. S. Wilson, J. A. Bailey, J. Horace Bass, Vaughn Bailey, George McKinney and Mesdames D. L. Cummins, Bruce Bryant, Elmer Irwin, Elizabeth Martin, Geo. H. Morrison and O. E. Patterson.

## Mrs. Will Whitman Given Farewell Party.

The ladies of the Baptist church entertained delightfully in the basement of the church last Thursday afternoon honoring Mrs. Will Whitman, who with her husband is leaving Haskell County immediately after the holidays. Members of the house party who planned and carried out the delightful program were: Mesdames Jim Gilstrap, John Ellis, D. Scott, Tom Holland, Leon Gilliam, Harry Stalcup, R. J. Reynolds, and B. M. Whiteaker.

Christmas decorations formed the setting. Christmas carols were sung. Special music was rendered by Misses Mildred and Maxine Simmons. Cleo Edwards read "Mother's Party Dress." "I've Got the Mumps" was read by Beverly Gilbert. Rev. Whatley made a good talk. Mrs. Whitman was invited to give a special piano number which she did. In token of the high esteem and love that Mrs. Whitman is held by the ladies of the First Baptist Church, where she has been reared and has served so faithfully throughout the years, she was given silverware. Plum pudding and coffee was served to fifty guests.

## Epworth League of Methodist Church Presents Christmas Pageant.

The Epworth League had charge of the evening service at the Methodist Church last Sunday and they presented a Christmas Pageant, based on the well loved legend, "Why the Chimes Rang." This beautiful story deals with the idea of charity being the spirit that should predominate at the yuletide season. It has been arranged in pageant form especially for the leaguers by Mrs. E. Gaston Foote and has some lovely choruses and lighting effects.

The cast follows:  
Pedro—Elizabeth Gilbert.  
Little Brother—Elmer Irwin, Jr.  
Old Man—Raymond Morgan.  
Young Man—Rogers Gilstrap.  
Shopper—Eleanor Foote.  
Mother and daughter—Bessie Bee Kaigler and Irma Mask.  
Mother and Little Girl—Ruby Faye Thomason and Janice Rogers.  
Beggar—Clara Tillinghast.  
Poor Woman—Vivian Bernard.  
Children—James Leo Southern, Betty Jane Isbell and Mary Elizabeth Womble.

Shepherds—Lucia Mask and Wilda Pippin and others.  
Angels—Martelle Clifton and Beverly Gilbert.  
Rich Man—Wallace Sanders.  
Wealthy Woman—Lena Bell Kemp.  
Ruffian Father—Clara Pippin.  
Queen—Ruby Spurlock; Mary, Janie Lytle Martin; Baby Jesus, Master P. A. Womble, Jr.  
Solist—Miss Marjorie Rogers at piano, Miss Martha Lou Rogers, violin.

At the close of the pageant there was a free will offering and after the service was closed the leaguers went in a body to the parsonage where Mrs. Foote entertained with a Christmas pie festivity. They then went on a serenading party and sang Christmas Carols to the sick and shut-ins. The league also wishes to announce the District Conference to be held at Stamford December 29-30. This is a meeting of all of the Methodist young people of the entire district, and all Haskell leaguers are expected to attend.

The league is an active, enthusiastic and growing organization. Last Sunday afternoon we were hostess to visiting Leaguers from Stamford, Throckmorton, Rule and Sagerton and a League Union was organized. We have pledged one hundred dollars for the Sunday School annex and will give a Negro Minstrel in January, so watch out for something good. And watch the league and see it grow and accomplish something good. Mr. Buford Cass is president; Miss Vivian Bernard, vice president; Miss Clara Tillinghast, secretary. A cordial invitation is extended to all young people who are not working in any other organization to join with us. If you lend a helping hand, That's Epworth League; Service, with never a thought for yourself—

Serve—or else you go upon the shelf.  
All hospitality.  
Pep and vitality—  
That's Epworth League.

## POST IS ONE OF THE LEADING SCHOOLS OF CO.

The Post school is one of the leading three teacher schools in Haskell county. It has a splendid modern framed building well equipped with modern appliances. This school has an excellent lighting system which has connections in all the rooms of the school building and also the yard and teacherage are lighted.

This was the first rural school in the county to install manual training and a large work room was erected by the trustees for this purpose. And this branch of learning has been enlarged upon in this school and the number of pupils taking this work is increasing each year. The pupils of this term have quite a lot of nice work completed and under construction. All the articles made show marks of expert handy work.

In the domestic department are many willow baskets of numerous designs and for various purposes being made by the girls. Also there is at this time much work underway in the dressmaking department by the girls which deserves much favorable comment.

Elmer C. Watson is now teaching his 9th term as principal of this school and he is ably assisted by Miss Vada Cole, Intermediate and Domestic Science and Miss Veda Newcomb, Primary and Spanish.

They are thoroughly organized and their team work is far reaching in the progression of this excellent school.

This school has also won many loving cups in the school meets of Haskell County, and many prizes on school booths in the County Fair at Haskell for a number of years in succession.

The greatest factor in the continued success of this school is the wisdom of the trustees in keeping the same teacher at the head of this school for a number of years. They are satisfied with well doing and do not care to experiment. From this school have gone out many teachers since Mr. Watson has been teaching which shows that the foundation is being laid in this school for greater educational facilities, fitting the boys and girls for a successful career in life's battles.

Post will have an 8 months term of school this school year and they will get all the State aid to which they are entitled. Greater achievements with each succeeding term is the good record set by this excellent rural school.

# FARM NEWS

(By W. M. Free, Field Editor)

Wednesday morning December the 5, we drove out of Haskell to Rule One in the Pinkerton community where we made our first stop at the home of Frank McBride, who lives with his mother, Mrs. Ella McBride. She and her son live peacefully together and have a small cotton crop which they have just about gathered. Mrs. McBride is loved and appreciated by all her neighbors.

We next called at the home of our friend J. R. (Bob) Edwards. He was recuperating over his previous days work of killing some good meat hogs. Mr. Edwards is a home owner, a diversifying farmer, who does not depend solely on cotton for the support of his family. He has some fine cows and about 200 White Leghorn hens. His sales for cream and butter runs about \$50.00 per month and his egg sales from his hens are \$37.50 per month. Mr. Edwards is not a boaster of what he accomplishes but was modest in making these statements. We gladly repeat them to show to others what can be accomplished by other methods besides raising cotton. Mr. Edwards has a fine feed crop most all gathered and he also raises cotton and it is about picked out. There are hundreds of other farmers in Haskell county who have learned through experience that the one crop method is not the best policy in success.

J. O. Holleman was at home when we called. He has lived in this community for the past three years but stated that he was planning to move away from the Pinkerton community. He is a native of Mississippi and likes Texas fine. He has about 70 White Leghorn hens which were beginning to lay nicely.

Our next call was at the home of T. F. Casey, another good farmer who has a large flock of White Leghorn hens. We believe Mrs. Casey said she had about 125 hens. They were not getting very many eggs but Mrs. Casey was hoping for an increase in egg production right away. She was conditioning her birds. Mr. Casey has out 39 bales of cotton, will make plenty of feed and will have plenty of hogs for his meat for 1929. These people are good farmers and enjoy farm life.

We ate a good dinner with our friend J. B. Phillips who was killing hogs when we called at his place. He killed three hogs that would have netted 600 lbs. each. I tell you, 1500 pounds of meat from three hogs is lots of meat. We never saw so much meat from one bunch of hogs in our life. Mr. Phillips gave us some spareribs and backbones which were sure good eating and we enjoyed them so much and the entire family joins me in thanking Mr. Phillips for this kindness. He also made a good cotton crop with plenty of feed to do him next year. He reads the Free Press and he and Mrs. Phillips enjoy life. J. T. West, J. O. Jackson, O. A. Allison, E. N. Wilson and Mrs. Jessie Parnlee were at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips.

J. T. West is one of our good farmers who raises his living with other means than cotton farming. He has a fine bunch of Leghorns and they are laying nicely. He raises his hens from baby chicks and makes every economical cut in the poultry business to promote success, which shows good ability. Mr. West came into the office this week and renewed for the Free Press for another year that he might keep posted on the county affairs.

We called at the home of R. F. Highnote, another reader of the Free Press, who was away from home at the time. We note that he is getting along nicely gathering his crop.

S. M. Harrow, living on the Whiteker farm, was also away from home and we could not get a write up of this farmer and his plans.

J. G. Webb was killing hogs and his son-in-law J. A. Briles of the Sweet Home community was helping him. Jim is going to move to the South Plains about the first of the year. He has been living on the same place for a number of years. He will move near O'Donnell. We hope that good fortune will follow this family in their new location.

Carl Norman and wife were rendering lard. They had killed two good hogs and will have plenty of meat and lard to do them. Carl will move to the farm Mr. Webb lives on for the next year. He will have more land to cultivate. He already has plenty of teams, tools and feed to cultivate a larger place. He is a reader of the Free Press and a fine old Haskell county boy.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Gibson of the Oates farm near Midway were shopping in the city Friday.

Dr. J. C. Davis of Rule was a business visitor to the capital city Friday.

Mrs. and Mrs. T. C. Stewart and Mrs. Canterbury of Sagerton were shopping in the city Friday.

J. A. Mapes of the Roberts community was a Haskell visitor Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Brooks of Rule Route Two were shopping in the city Friday.

# CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

## TO THOSE WHO HAVE MADE THE ENTIRE YEAR HAPPY FOR US

Through the sunshine and rain, the heat and the cold, the past year has been a happy one for us—made so because of the people with whom we have dealt. Surely no business was ever more fortunate in this respect for we claim our big family of patrons is one unexcelled anywhere.

And now come the joyous holidays with all the glee and gladness; with the spirit of good-will and kindness—when everybody seems to be striving to make some one else happy. We join in this great spirit of the Yuletide season to make merry with you.

To you, our patrons, who have meant so much to us in the past year, we extend the season's best wishes with the hope that the choicest of all the delights will be yours. And we thank you, just as sincerely as we know how for your patronage and for all you have meant to this business.

We promise you now, if it is our pleasure to serve you during the New Year (and we hope we may), that we will be found each day doing our best to make it pleasant and profitable for you.

# The Free Press

## IF WE COULD BE YOUR SANTA CLAUS

We'd fill your stocking of hope so full of good things that it would leave nothing to wish for.

Always we are so glad when this season comes so that we can say again that we appreciate our patrons and what they have meant to this business.

May your Christmas be quite merry and your New Year very cheery.

## MODEL TAILOR SHOP

H. B. LANCASTER, Prop.

Take a Dressed Turkey and a sack of Bell of Wichita Flour, home today.

## City Market and Grocery

A. J. Josselet, Prop.

## MAY 1929

Mark the Beginning of an Endless Road to Happiness at its Best

And as you travel this highway of life, may the road be lined with flowers reflecting the beauty and joy of all that is good, true and wholesome.

Let us thank you for 1928 favors and ask for a continuance of our pleasant relations with you.

Call Phone 183  
**SERVICE CLEANERS**  
and **DYERS**  
SERVICE WITH A SMILE

W. H. WOFFORD, G. K. TAYLOR, GLENN EAGER  
15 yrs. as a Tailor, Cleaner

# 1928

## MAY YOU RECEIVE IN FULL MEASURE

### THE GIFTS YOU MOST DESERVE

Whatever 1928 has meant to each of us, it has gone.

But we have a New Year before us. We hope it will be a good one for you, willed with health and happiness.

We thank you for 1928 patronage. We want to serve you again in 1929.

## DAVIS-MITCHELL GIN CO.

# 1929

## A YULETIDE EXPRESSION WITH US IS BUT AN EVERYDAY WISH

Were it not for the happiness we derive from the loyalty and friendly interest of the people our business would grow cold and dull to us. We feel deeply indebted to our patrons not only for their patronage but for their friendly interest in our business.

*We rejoice at Christmas time and sincerely exchange*

### THE SEASONS GREETINGS

But we do not stop at wishing you the joys of the season. We hope and trust that the days ahead of you will be happy days.

A for us, we will count each day a happy one when we are privileged to serve you. As the last word of this Holiday Message to all our patrons let us add our thanks for all favors of the past, and an invitation that you give us a share of your business in 1929.

## LEE GROCERY COMPANY

Phone 108

## Their Message to Santa

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
Please send me a pair of skates and a top and I believe that will be all. I will close. Lots of love,  
Don Barnett.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I want a cap gun, a pair of skates, a base ball and a ball glove and bat. Please bring me a bicycle and an air gun. Lovingly,  
Audrey.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I have been real good and helped mother often. I want you to remember me with a doll, doll buggy and a piano.  
Love,  
Bessie Mae.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am in the first grade. I want you to bring me a bicycle, a gun and some fruit and nuts.  
Love,  
Riley Scott.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I have been good, so I want you to come to see me. I want a little car and some skates.  
Love,  
Billie Webb Stark.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am a little boy, 6 years old and in the first grade. I want a tricycle, a car and some skates.  
Merry Christmas,  
Otto Henshaw.

Rule, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am a little boy four years old. I have been a very good boy. Please bring me a bat ball, glove and gun. Please don't forget my little brother Billie Louis. Bring him a doll, ball, some nuts and candy. Your friends,  
Edwin Allen Lusk,  
Billie Louise Lusk.

Rochester, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
It won't be long now until you make your visit. We have tried to be good boys and girls. We want you to bring us a foot ball, doll bed and doll buggy. We want you to bring all little children something.  
Alton and Laverne Hester.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
Please bring me a large baby doll and some nuts and candy and oranges. Be sure and come to Midway to our school Christmas tree. Bye Bye, will see you Christmas.  
Evora Jenkins.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
Please bring me a doll and lots of nuts, oranges, and candy and bring my little brother a tool chest and tools.  
Oleta Jenkins.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I want you to bring me some apples, oranges and an air gun. I have four brothers. Bring them some apples, oranges, nuts and pecans. I like my teachers and I like to go to school.  
Lester Doyle Elmore.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I would like for you to bring me a base ball mit, some candy, apples and nuts of all kinds, and some oranges. I have a little baby brother. Bring him a little toy car, candy, apples, oranges and bananas.  
J. W. Elmore.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
Please bring me a pair of skates, also some other toys and candy and fruit. Santa may sister wants a wrist watch, and please don't forget all the little orphan children.  
Yours with love,  
Paul Roberts.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am a little boy five years old. I want you to bring me a tool chest and a pair of gloves. I am a good little boy. Your little friend,  
R. C. Tyson.  
P. S.—And don't forget the cats.  
Stamford, Texas.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am a little boy. I am in the second grade. I am seven years old. I go to school. I am going to leave an orange and a banana on the table for you. I want a little car and a Dutch mill. I want some tinkler toys, too. I want a Daisy air gun, some candy, cap pistol, electric train, snare drum and some nuts.  
Roland Alford Rinn.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
We have been very good boys this time. My name is Odell. Please bring me a coaster wagon, football, gun, chalk board, and a chest of tools. Please bring Bueford a gun, tricycle, chalk board. Please bring our little sister (Wanda Gene) a doll and doll bed, some nuts and candy. Please don't forget mamma and daddy. He is sick.  
Your friends,  
Odell, Bueford and  
Wanda Gene Barton.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am a little girl three years old and my name is Barbara Lee Jordan. I have been a real good girl and mind mother. Please bring me a tea set, doll, table, candy, nuts, and fruit. Bring my mother something and daddy too. Oh, yes Santa Claus bring Dude some nice things too. He is my cousin. Thank you Santa. Don't forget where I live. The first white house west of the Tonkawa Hotel.  
Barbara Lee Jordan.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am a little boy eight years old and I am in the second grade. I want you to bring me a foot ball.  
Your friend,  
Lesley Harwell.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am in the second grade. I like to help papa and go to school. I want you to please bring me a basket ball, some nuts, candy and fruit.  
Your friend,  
Wesley Harwell.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
Please bring me a coaster wagon, a football, some fire works, and remember my three little sisters. Bring us some nuts and fruit. With love to you,  
Winfred Willis.

Rule, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am a little girl and live near Foster school. I would be glad for you to come to see me. I want a doll, doll buggy, little bed, a set of dishes, a piano and lots of candy, fruits and nuts. A little girl,  
Inez Adams.

Weinert, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am a little boy five years old. I want you to bring me a wagon and a train, a story book, some nuts, candy, apples and oranges. I sure will thank you if you will bring me all these things.  
I love Santa Claus,  
Gilbert Wheeler.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
Please bring me a pair of boots, size 12 1/2, a new suit with knickers and some toys, nuts, fruit, and books. I am five years old and have been a good boy all the year. Please bring little sister something nice and mother and daddy. I also have a little cousin here for Christmas. He is 7 years old, bring him lots of nice things too. His name is Dude. You will find a cake on the table. Eat all you want. I had mother bake it for you. Thank you Santa. I hope I am not asking for too much.  
Curtis Jordan.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I hope you are well and will be able to see all the good little boys and girls this Christmas.  
Please bring me a little stove, iron wash tub, wash board, clothes line and pins, some cooking utensils, a little doll dresser, sewing machine, kitchen cabinet, and two dolls—one with hair on it head and one without the hair, some candy, apples, nuts and oranges. That will be all for myself, and please be good to all the other little boys and girls.  
Merry, Merry Christmas Santa Claus, from,  
Jimmidine Box,  
Haskell, Texas.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am a little boy seven years old. I go to school at Rule but live on Route 1. I have been good all the year. I help my mother when my father is away. I want a drum, a little car, some fruit, candy and nuts. You may give me anything else you wish. Love to Santa.  
Melvin Tucker.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am a little boy nine years old. I want a little red train with five coaches and a track too, some fire crackers and some caps for my gun and some roman candles. Don't forget mama and papa.  
Your little friend,  
Dovle Hisey.  
P. S.—I forgot to tell you that I live in the Post community.

## WE ARE THINKING OF YOU TODAY...

in the true spirit of Christmas time, we ARE THINKING OF YOU today; you who have favored us with your business, your oft repeated well-wishes, and your smiles and encouragement.

Life would be pretty tough without friends. We want you to know we appreciate YOU.

## CITY MARKET & GROCERY

A. J. JOSSELET, Prop.  
PHONE 61

## CHRISTMAS BRINGS HAPPINESS TO THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD

AND IT IS OUR WISH THAT TO YOU MAY COME A DOUBLE PORTION OF JOY DURING THIS GREAT AND GOOD SEASON

Often we wish that we could gather all our friends together and talk to them out our very heart of the appreciation we feel for their loyalty to us since we have been in business. But since we cannot do this we take pleasure in sending this message of thanks and good wishes in the hope it will reach each of you.

## ED. S. HUGHES MOTOR CO.

Studebaker Sales and Service

## POSITIONS

Over 100 calls for graduates annually. 10 Courses, including C. P. A., Private Secretarial and Business Administration, taught at College or by mail. Write Box M, nearest College, for Special Opportunity to first from each P. O.

*Drummond's College*

**Arthur Edwards**  
Optometrist and Jeweler  
1st Door North Corner Drug Store  
Haskell

JUST TO WISH YOU

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND A

## HAPPY NEW YEAR

WHILE-U-WAIT SHOE SHOP  
BILL McDONALD, Prop.

## 1928

AND A SUCCESSFUL JOYFUL NEW YEAR

## 1929

And a "THANK YOU" That Comes From The Heart.

## HASKELL MARBLE And GRANITE WORKS

# GREETINGS TO YOU!

## MERRY GREETINGS FOR A HAPPY DAY

Now comes Christmas, the happiest day of the year. Families are reunited, gifts are exchanged. And there is a spirit in the day that is greater than all the treasures of the earth.

One of the greatest treasures of our business is the good will of our many loyal friends. One of our greatest pleasures is to extend you this greeting of the season, and to wish for you an unlimited drawing account on the bank of good will, peace, prosperity, health and happiness.

Please accept these words as a real expression of our feeling: Merry, merry Christmas to you!

### L. & M. STORE

### Christmas in the Hospital

By FRANK H. SWEET

**BIG JOHN GIBBS** was happy that Christmas, though he lay quiet on a bed in a hospital, with a prospect of remaining three months longer. The doctors had decided his chances were not encouraging, and he had come to that conclusion himself. Then had come the changing of the decision. He would live, though it would take months for the mending. He could go on again with his big enterprises, as he had been planning. He was too young to die, anyway, and there was so many things ahead that he wanted to do.

He had tried to save a few minutes by racing with a train, but the train had been the faster. He knew about such things. He had often read them. He had not saved the few minutes. They had stretched to more than three months. But he would live, when he had felt sure he would die. So he was happy.

Lying there he realized there were many visitors going through the hospital, for it was Christmas. There were children, too. He knew by the voices, and by the patter of small feet. Then he heard some one say a supposed patient had gone away, convalescent. Evidently they had brought things for him, and were now looking about for another to give them to. He had a feeling that they were looking at him, and he closed his eyes and feigned sleep. He did not want any of their charity.

But lying there he had a sort of sorry feeling for himself. He had no children. He had been too busy in the quest of fortune to ever marry.

The visitors walked on, and he lay there quietly content and curiously happy. He was going to live, when he had been sure he must die. He could go on with his work. There was no hurry. He was young yet.

With his eyes closed, he drifted off—and was asleep. He did not hear soft little footsteps approaching, and if he had he would have repelled them. He thought he did not like children. But he did not know.

Then two little arms went around his neck, and a childish mouth was pressed against his, then he knew.

"I love you because you are sick," she whispered.

When he found she was a poor child of one of the hospital workers, he sent out for an armful of Christmas gifts, and banked a hundred dollars in her name.

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### THE CHRISTMAS TREE

**THE** sun streamed through the window-glass. They stood admiring what was left of Christmas—a handful of waxen stubs, some tarnished tinsel and a few colored bulbs; a dusty shrub spilling needles on a soiled sheet. Then a shadow hid the sun!

They did not see through the window the giant elm with its carpet of frosted crystals, its branches of prisms and pendants and coronations. God touched the switch, the sun came out and nature's Christmas tree stood glittering and sparkling with gems too precious ever to be possessed but free for the poorest beggar!—Mabel Atkinson in the Prism.

### Exclusive



He—How do you like my Christmas present, dear?  
Modern Flapper—Mother says I should never accept inexpensive presents from boys.

### An Anti-Noise Opinion

She—I suppose you are familiar with Dickens' "Christmas Carol."  
He—Well, not exactly familiar with it, but I heartily approve of it. One of the best things he ever did was to invent a Christmas Carol that people could read quietly instead of trying to sing.—Boston Transcript.

### The Modern Christmas

Give us the new-fashioned Christmas, telephone and radio, "movies" and the airplane and the motor car, freer spirits and a thousand new points of contact; these are the gifts that mankind has given to all mankind to enrich and magnify life.—Woman's Home Companion.

# MERRY CHRISTMAS!

## MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!

Words are too slender to hold the fulness of our message to you as the morning of Christmas day draws so near.

In a feeling of deepest sincerity and the fullest appreciation of you as friends and neighbors, we offer our Christmas wish to you of happiness without blemish, of cloudless peace, of the spirit of faith, hope and love that passes all understanding.

In the truest sense we can do no more than to say that we hope for you every blessing of material prosperity and spiritual contentment.

May each Christmas day find you happier than the one before, and may each day of your life be filled with the spirit of Christmas.

### J. W. GHOLSON GROCERY

# MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

It is our unbounded hope that Christmas will dawn upon an era of new happiness and prosperity for you.

It is a wish straight from our hearts that you and yours may share the victory of "Peace Upon Earth, Good Will to Men."

You have been the mainstay and the strength of our business life, and as Christmas morning looms with its message of peace and good will, we extend to you and yours our heartiest greetings and thanks, and our wish for many more Christmas days of peace, prosperity, and happiness without end.

### L. SCHWARZ & CO. E. SIEGEL, Manager

# PEACE BE UPON YOU THIS HAPPY CHRISTMAS DAY

Peace be upon you, and peace be to all your family. May you have happiness and prosperity in abundance. These are our wishes for your Christmas greeting.

Because you are our neighbor and because you have been a good neighbor to us, we offer this simple Christmas greeting and this sincere Christmas wish.

May your doorway never be darkened by the shadow of sadness that has no healing; may faith, hope, and love abide in your household. These are our wishes for you.

We say it as it has been said for these many years, and our heart is in it: Merry Christmas to you.

### W. P. TRICE County Agent

## Simply But Sincerely, We Say MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Spring and summer and autumn have come and gone since last we wished a merry Christmas for you. Now a new Christmas is here, and we hope that it brings new happiness and joyousness to you.

May your heart be filled with the blessing of all good things, may your troubles be lightened, and your happiness multiplied a thousand times.

May you enjoy the tranquility of perfect health, complete happiness; and abide in the perpetual good will of all men who know you. May you enjoy the fruits of contentment and the reward of a peaceful heart.

## DAVIS ECONOMY STORE

### A SPRIG OF HOLLY

By BLANCHE FANNER DILLIN

HOLLY and pine wreaths in the windows Christmas greens and tinsel festoons in the shops—streams of shoppers with smiling faces and arms laden with gayly-wrapped parcels—all expressed the happy Christmas spirit.

A mother with a holly wreath in one hand and clasping the hand of a child with the other stopped as the child cried, "Mother, you dropped a piece of holly!"

"Never mind, my dear, we have plenty more," the mother replied as she hurried the child on. And the holly was crushed by the next one.

Nearly a man whose clothes bespoke luxury and ease picked up the little crushed thing and tried tenderly but in vain to smooth out the crumpled leaves. The childhood home of Carter Smith, now wealthy New York broker, had been surrounded by holly trees, with their waxy green leaves and bright red berries, like so many tiny Christmas lights, as he had liked to call them.

There were always garlands of ground pine through the spacious rooms of the old Southern home and holly wreaths in every window. Great fires of fragrant pine roared in the huge fireplaces, filling the rooms with dancing shadows and flickering lights.

Each Christmas morn one was awakened by a black head thrust into the room with the greeting "Cris'mas git Marse Carter," or who ever might be occupying that room. Then the kinfolk arriving all Christmas day with gifts. Then, too, the dances and parties all week until New Year's, were wonderful. That had been years ago, and the intervening years had been too full of other things to even think of those times. It was with shame that he remembered months had elapsed since he had written to his mother, who still lived in the old home. He must go back there some day—then the thought came, "why not go now?"

He thrust the holly into his pocket, hailed a taxi and sped to his hotel, ordered his servant to pack at once—secured train reservation—canceled a house party engagement and was on the midnight train speeding South. In his heart was a song and tucked safely away in his suitcase was the sprig of holly.



### Christmas Means Hope

Christmas means hope, amid the dull pessimism of a practical and scientific world. It means that when in the falling darkness, man's step is uncertain and his heart falls, the hand of the Almighty intervenes and the ancient promise is fulfilled.—Detroit Free Press.



MR. BEES settled back comfortably in the new easy chair which his daughter-in-law had given him for Christmas. His feet were resting on a little footstool from his granddaughter; in his mouth was a briar pipe from his grandson, and on his lap a first edition of Tom Sawyer from his son. He was clad in a velvet lounging robe from one of his daughters, and under his white beard could be seen a new Christmas tie and the edges of a new silk shirt. Comfortable-looking slippers adorned his feet, and a new reading glass was in his hand. A box of Havana cigars, a dozen books, ties, socks, and a fountain pen were on a table at his side.

Mr. Bees was smoking and gazing into the fire. The strains of a New York orchestra playing "Holy Night" came to his ears from the mahogany radio in the corner. The seventy-five electric bulbs on a beautifully ornamented Christmas tree furnished the only light in the room except that from the fire. The music of laughter came from an adjoining room.

But Mr. Bees was not conscious of his surroundings. As he was gazing into the fire his thoughts were traveling through the mysterious flame into a distant past. He was living over again the first, and perhaps the happiest Christmas day that he could remember, a Christmas day some seventy-five years before.

In a tiny house in what was then called Canada West, now known as Ontario, a poor family was struggling against the elements for its very existence on the frontier of civilization.



"Oh, Marvel of Marvels—a Big Red Apple!"

Mr. Bees must have been four or five years old at the time. His mother and father were in their early twenties. The one-room house was practically buried in a drift of snow that Christmas eve.

Mr. Bees, then only Ted, was busy admiring the pictures painted by Jack Frost on the one window of the little home. Such hoar frost! Was there ever the like of it before or since! It was a veritable forest of ferns and trees and bushes, snowy white, more beautiful even than the green ones that grew so thickly in summer along the little stream in back of the house—and more impenetrable. Stars and planets and comets were in this frosty forest, too, and here and there the outline of a palace, at least for the imagination of little Ted. It was the most beautiful thing that he had ever seen, or probably ever would see, in this world at least. He could see it now, in memory, as plainly as he saw it then.

His mother was at the stove preparing supper. So on she called him from his reverie, and he sat down by the soap box with her and with his father. A pan of warm milk was on the box—and in the milk were hunks of bread—a feast for a king. Each of the little family took a spoon and ate from the brimming pan. How good it tasted! Would he could taste it now.

While his mother swept up the crumbs Ted hung his stocking near the stove. Then his mother pulled out the trundle bed, and in two minutes Ted was in the land of dreams.

How cold the house was that Christmas morning when at five o'clock he jumped from his trundle bed and ran to the stove to get his stocking! He took it quickly back to bed, and dug his hand way down into the toe to see what Santa had left for him. Oh, marvel of marvels, a big red apple! And four little animal cookies! But last and best of all, a stick of peppermint candy striped with red. What more could any child desire?

"Your after-dinner coffee, sir," said a white be-capped maid at his elbow. As he drank the coffee, and looked into the fire, and listened to the music, Mr. Bees heard only the pan of milk simmering on the stove, saw only the hoar frost forest, and tasted only the stick of peppermint candy, his happiest memories in life, perhaps.

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**The Older the Better**  
Christmas should always be old-fashioned. You may be sure that in 1853 and 1854 and so on back they depicted the rush and uproar of their Christmas and sighed for the good old holiday of 75 years before.—Woman's Home Companion.

## HAPPINESS TO YOU! PEACE TO THOSE YOU LOVE!

To you, our friends and good neighbors, we extend the greeting of this happy season.

May the star of peace shine steadfastly above your home, and the spirit of good will dwell in your heart. This is our earnest Christmas wish.

May you have a triumphant victory of the true Christmas spirit and good will. May your heart expand and the joy of life broaden in you as this spirit grows in you.

We wish for you the happiness of an unbroken household, the joy of friendly living, and the peace of prosperity.

## FOUTS & DOTSON

1928

1929

## THE MOST CHERISHED GIFTS OF THE PASSING YEAR

Is the memory of the delightful relations we have enjoyed with those whom it has been our privilege to serve.

It is therefore a genuine pleasure to us to send out our greetings and best wishes for the holiday season.

May the New Year be good to you in bringing you the things you most desire.

We'll do what we can to make it a happy year for you.

## HARRISON-SPURLOCK GIN COMPANY

## ACCEPT OUR GREETING OF BEST WISHES FOR CHRISTMAS

We are glad to join all your other friends in greeting you at this Christmas time. We would feel poor indeed but for the friendship of those who have patronized our business.

And so we ask you in all sincerity to take this greeting as our hearty wish that your Christmas will be a glad one, that it will find you in a happy reunion with all those you love, that it will be long remembered by you as a bright day of the fullest peace and good will.

Not merely in words that cannot fully express what we would like to say, but with a deep regard for you as congenial fellow-citizens and friends, we wish for you a Christmas of abundant happiness.

## COLLIER BROS.

Phone 198

# Christmas With Our Friends--

## MAY THE SEASON'S BEST JOYS BE BROUGHT TOGETHER FOR YOU THIS YULETIDE

Not in the sense of custom nor precedent, but because we are thinking of our friends in this glad season, we send out this message in the hope that it may add cheer in the household of these friends. For while we cannot be with each of you to extend a personal greeting, let us assure you that in our hearts and mind we are spending this Christmas with our friends.

Worth more than the coin of the realm or stocks or bonds or merchandise, what friends we have in the world mean most to us. And we are glad of the Christmas season as it comes to remove our thoughts from the routine of daily life and remind us of the best that life affords. So we greet you, friends of our's and say it in a way we hope will make you know we mean it—we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year.

# --Haskell Telephone Company

**H. J. Hambleton**  
RESIDENCE PHONE 337  
**Plumbing and Gas Fitting**  
ALL WORK GUARANTEED  
Located at McNeill & Smith Hardware Company.  
**Phone 145**

### Wants

FOR RENT—House in west part of town. Apply at Free Press office.

FOR SALE—Plenty of Good Dry Cord Wood, \$2.00 per cord at my ranch. T. E. Ballard. 4tc.

BRONZ TURKEYS—I have the finest Bronz Turkeys in all West Texas. Young Toms \$10.00. Clay Kimbrough. 4tc.

We will make you first class Abstracts of land titles promptly, at reasonable prices. We will appreciate your business and be glad to serve you. Sanders & Wilson, Haskell, Texas.

WANTED—A man and wife, without children to work on farm. R. L. Kane Weinert, Texas.

BABY CHICKS—From Egg Laying Contest Winners, Sunset White Leghorn Chicks Grade "A" \$16.00. Grade "AA" \$20.00. Rhode Island Reds, 14c and 16c each. Barrod Plymouth Rocks, 14c and 16c each. Special prices on quality orders. Odds and ends 12c each. C. O. Davis, Rule, Texas. 4tc.

WANTED—Men to handle McConnon Products in Haskell, Knox, Baylor, Throckmorton, Stonewall and north half of Jones Counties. No capital required, but must have car. R. L. Kane, representing McConnon Company of Winona, Minnesota. 4tp.

A wonderful lot of Dark Brown Leghorn Cockerels for sale, prices F. O. B. Snyder, Texas, \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$5.00. Direct descendants from Wm. Ely Bright, Waltham, Mass. If interested, send me your order, if dissatisfied, send it back. J. A. Menitt, Snyder, Texas.

Married Man, just moved to town wants work with furniture or some other store, experience. Can give good reference. D. T. Baker. Phone 28. Call Mr. West. 2tp.

FOR SALE—Six Room House and seven lots in South part of town, at a bargain. See me at once. I. N. Alvis. 4tc.

FOR SALE—Large Heating Stove suitable for school room or church. This stove is in first class condition and priced cheap. Apply at Haskell Free Press. 4tp.

FOR SALE—One hot water heater, coal burner, suitable for residence, replaced with gas heater unit. Good condition, priced to sell. The Haskell Free Press. 4tp.

FOR RENT—Furnished apartment, upstairs or downstairs. Call 265.

FOR SALE—60 acre farm on wild horse prairie, good as the best, not rented, \$2,000.00 will handle deal. J. P. Pinkerton. 2tc.

FOR RENT—5-room house in north part of town. To rent by January 1st. Inquire of J. L. Tubbs, Haskell. 1c.

WANTED—Ambitious, industrious white person to introduce and supply the demand for Rawleigh Household Products in Haskell and other nearby localities. Make sales of \$150 to \$200 a month or more. Rawleigh Methods get business everywhere. No selling experience required. We supply Products, Sales and Advertising Literature and Service Methods, everything you need. Profits increase every month. Lowest prices, best values, most complete service. W. T. Rawleigh Co., Dept. TN4722, Memphis, Tenn. 2tp.

FOR SALE—Several large coal heaters in good condition. Replaced by gas in Haskell School buildings. Priced very reasonable. Can be seen at Christian Bros. Grocery, Haskell School Board. 4tc.

**Stockholders Meeting**  
Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the HASKELL NATIONAL BANK of Haskell, Texas, will be held in the offices of said bank in the City Haskell, State of Texas, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the second Tuesday in January, A. D. 1929, the same being the 8th day of said month, for the purpose of electing a board of directors for said bank and the transaction of such other business that may properly come before said meeting.  
A. C. Pierson, Cashier.

**Stockholders Meeting**  
Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the WEINERT STATE BANK of Weinert, Texas, will be held in the offices of said bank in the city of Weinert, State of Texas, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the second Wednesday in January, A. D. 1929, the same being the 9th day of said month, for the purpose of electing a board of directors for said bank and the transaction of such other business that may properly come before said meeting.  
G. R. Couch, Jr., Cashier.

**Sore Gums Now Curable**  
You won't be ashamed to smile again after you use Leto's Pyorrhoea Remedy. This preparation is used and recommended by leading dentists and cannot fail to benefit you. Druggists return money if it fails.—Martin's Drug Store South Side of Square.

FOR SALE—Good Half and Half second year Cotton Seed. Also a number of good pigs, priced right. T. P. Perdue, 3 miles north of the Midway school. 4tp.

J. W. Tidwell living west of town was in the city Friday morning. He has had his plows bedding the ground for the 1929 crop. He is one of our leading farmers who is prospering at his chosen occupation.

### GAUNTT SCHOOL DISTRICT VOTE \$3,000 BOND

The Gauntt School District voted \$3,000 worth of bonds for the purpose of erecting another room to their school building and next term of school they will employ three teachers. This building is a permanent brick structure and the addition will be another brick room which will make this one of the best rural school buildings in the county. There were 45 votes cast and only one against the issue. The whole district is interested in a better school for their children.

We received a card from G. P. Atchison who is spending the winter in Corpus Christi stating that he was located and was doing nicely. He is ready to begin his fishing and he says they are biting fine. He is reading the Free Press each week and getting the news from home.

J. A. Mapes of the Roberts community passed through the city, Friday enroute to Fort Worth where he expects to spend Christmas with relatives including a sister, Mrs. Stephenson.

# \$6.95

and your old battery buys a new, 12-months guaranteed battery. \$5.95 and your old battery buys a new months guaranteed battery. If you want the best battery money can buy in and get a 2-year Philco. A full line of Philco, Grant, and Bear Cat Batteries; Radio A and B Batteries and Tubes. Battery, Radio, and Phonograph Repairing.

## C. P. Woodson Battery Station

PHONE 294

# MAY THE CHRISTMAS OF 1928 BE A FORERUNNER FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR IN 1929

We feel that we have made progress with our business during the past year. But whatever we have accomplished, we have done so because of the loyalty of our patrons.

We cannot get away from the thought that our patrons have made it possible for us to go forward with this business and it is therefore our greatest pleasure to remember you with kindly greetings and every good wish we know to send.

## DUNCAN GIN CO.

W. A. DUNCAN, Manager

Another New Year approaches and with it comes new plans and new hopes for another year.

Soon Thirty Eight years will have been given toward the advancement of our business and we hope we have contributed our part in the building of this beautiful city and Haskell County.

Our success has not come easily and not by our efforts alone, for thousands of friends and customers have had a part in the building of our present business.

It is with profound gratitude we pause, at this Holiday Season, to express our thanks for their patronage and confidence.

Our sincere good-wishes are extended these friends and customers and to every person in Haskell County and we wish for each a very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

## F. G. ALEXANDER & SONS

ESTABLISHED 1891

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1898.

HASKELL, HASKELL COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, DEC. 27, 1928 CHRISTMAS EDITION 16 PAGES.

FORTY-FIRST YEAR

## C. W. M'KELVAIN DIES SUDDENLY

C. W. McKelvin, living a few miles west of town, died very suddenly at his home Friday night December 21st at about 8:30 o'clock from heart failure. Mr. McKelvin had complained early in the day of not feeling well and had remained at home during the day, but in the afternoon he stated that he felt better and at night he fed his stock, milked his cow and ate supper and lay down on the bed and turned over on his side and breathed his last.

The deceased was about 58 years of age and had spent an active life, and was considered a strong man for his years. He was a member of the Baptist Church at Pinkerton and was teacher of the Adult Bible Class in the Sunday School for more than two years.

He was also elected Commissioner of Precinct 1 and would have taken over the office the first of the new year. And he was also elected Noble Grand of the Odd Fellow Lodge of Haskell and was waiting to be installed. He has lived in Jones and Haskell county around 40 years and was one of our most useful citizens and a Christian Gentleman, and he will be keenly missed from the walks of life. Funeral services will be held at the First Baptist Church in this city Sunday December the 23, at 3 p. m. Rev. J. A. Kinser pastor of the Pinkerton Church of which Mr. McKelvin was a member is expected to conduct the services after which his remains will be laid to rest in Haskell's beautiful burial park with Odd Fellow honors. He is survived by his wife and one son, Dudley and one brother and sister, J. C. McKelvin of Cisco and Mrs. R. S. Meritt of Dallas who are here to attend the funeral.

The many friends of the family extend their deepest sympathy to the bereaved ones in this dark hour of sorrow and may He, who alone can pour balm into bleeding hearts comfort the loved ones in this sad bereavement.

Shelby Harris was in the city Friday and renewed for the Free Press and Wichita Daily Times.

T. F. Parks while in the city Friday renewed for the Free Press and the Abilene Morning News.

P. A. Henderson of Wood County and W. T. Goree of six miles south of Stamford were business visitors to our city Friday.

C. R. Cook returned from Athens Thursday and brought home with him his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cook. They visited their son and brother L. R. Cook of Decatur. Mr. Cook reports lots of rain east of Dallas.

Miss Mae Free arrived home Friday night from the Vaughan Normal Music School which she attended at Willis Point, Texas. She reports a splendid school and fair attendance.

## Christmas Baskets To Be Distributed

Christmas baskets for the needy families of Haskell will be distributed Monday through plans which have been worked out jointly by the Lions Club, Elks Club and the local Fire Department. These three organizations have "pooled" their funds for this purpose in order to better carry out the distribution this year.

## SAYLES SCHOOLHOUSE ADDS NEW EQUIPMENT

The new stage curtain at Sayles schoolhouse southeast of town has been finished and installed, and is a very attractive addition to this modern school. A new piano, new lights and other modern equipment which has been needed for some time, has also been provided for the school through the efforts of the patrons, and Sayles now has one of the best equipped school buildings in the county.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Foote are the teachers of this progressive school and they have made a wonderful success of their work. School interest is at its very best, and the teachers have the hearty cooperation of the patrons of the district.

## Buys Fine Gobbler

Clay Kimbrough, one of the most widely-known turkey raisers of this section, has recently received a fine gobbler from A. D. Walker, of Memphis Mo. Mr. Kimbrough now has some of the best turkeys in this section of the state, and believes in breeding up his stock to the highest standard. He has just returned from Midlothian, Dallas, Granger and Denton, where he inspected breeders flocks and methods of raising turkeys.



## Letters to Santa

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I want a ball and bat, a gun and some caps for it, and a pair of skates.  
Lovingly,  
J. C. McDonald.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I want you to leave a doll, a set of dishes and a little doll buggy at my house. I love you,  
Mattie.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
Please bring me a uke, a bicycle, a big doll and a big box of candy. With love,  
Beverly Gilbert.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I want you to bring me a doll, a doll bed, a pair of skates, a bicycle, some story books and some candy and fruit. With love,  
Addie Lee Hayes.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am not asking for much but I want a doll that will go to sleep and I want a bed and a ball.  
With love,  
Lorene Thomas.

Sagerton, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am a little girl. I am eight years old. I am in the second grade. I want a doll for Christmas, and a little elephant, a monkey and a set of dishes. I want some apples, oranges, and nuts.  
Mildred Green.

Sagerton, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am a boy. I want a little wagon. Our chimney is so small that you will have to come in the door. Santa are you coming to our house. Santa will you bring me a knife. Come to see me dear Santa.  
Norvel Smith.

Stamford, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am a little girl, nine years old. I am in the third grade. I want you to bring me a doll and some apples and oranges and nuts. I will leave you a piece of cake on the table. Santa Claus come in at the door.  
Pauline Phillips.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
Please bring me a bicycle, a pair of skates, some baby giant fire crackers, some Billie Whisker's story books, a base ball, a mit, a bat and some candy and nuts. With love,  
Leon Highnote.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
Please bring me a Bible, a pretty doll and a doll bed, a pair of house shoes, a pair of skates, a set of doll dishes, a doll trunk, a story book, a ring, a pretty picture, a chair and some candy and fruit. With love,  
Dorothy Mae Carr.

Rochester, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am twelve years of age. I am in the fifth grade. I have two brothers and one sister. I want some apples, oranges, and candy. I also want a knife and a set of dominos.  
Yours truly,  
Roy Hicks.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am a little girl 8 years old, and I go to school and study hard. I help my mother do all I can. I will not ask for much. I want a set of dishes, a pair of gloves to wear to school and a handkerchief.  
Lots of love,  
Lois Burson.

## Waiting for Santa Claus



**A**ll through the land they are hanging tonight,  
Placed by wee fingers in breathless delight,  
Sure to be ready when Santa Claus knocks—  
Gay little, plain little, patched little socks.  
  
Santa Claus, come, while the little heads sleep,  
And little hearts flutter and little stars peep;  
Fill with your apples, your dollies and blocks  
The gay little, plain little, patched little socks.  
—LESLIE DAVIS, in Farm and Ranch

## Letters to Santa

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I want a ring, a little doll, a pair of boots a pair of skates and a rain coat.  
Ruby G. Sutherland.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
Please bring me a lot of books, a baby doll, a bedroom suite, some skates, a bicycle and a little ring. With love,  
Patsy Mahoney.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Dear Santa:  
Please bring me some candy, fruit and a pistol. I am nine years old and I go to Center Point school.  
Your friend,  
Gilly.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
Please bring me a pretty doll, a doll bed, some candy, a set of dishes, the second book of Billy Whiskers, a red purse, a handkerchief and some fruit. With love,  
Cleo Bell Edwards.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I have been a good boy. Please bring me a set of tinker toys, fire truck that will shoot water, airplane and dump truck.  
Zeldon Thomason.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
Please bring me a little stove, a bed room set and a head for my Bye Lo baby doll. Also bring lots of nuts, candy and fruit.  
With lots of love,  
Ruby Joyce Therwanger.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
Please bring me a little blackboard, a top, a story book, a ball, a bat, a glove, a car, a lumber jacket, a lot of fireworks. I believe that will be all. I will close. Lots of love,  
Claud Cranraill, Jr.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
Please bring me a big baby doll and a doll house. I have been a good girl in school and I want you to be sure to bring them to me and a box of candy, and a ukelele. With love,  
Billie Mae Miller.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I want a rubber ball, a foot ball, an electric train, a bat, base ball, some apples, a top, a \$25 bicycle and lots of fireworks. I will close for this time and write again next Christmas.  
With love,  
Allen McClintock.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa:  
I am seven years old and I am in the first grade. I want you to bring me a doll and some candy and fruit.  
Your friend,  
Ila Fay Gregory.

Sagerton, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am seven years and I am in the second grade. I love to go to school and help mama. Please bring me a doll, a little dresser, and some candy and fruit. Now don't forget my little brother.  
Your friend,  
Conly Colvin.

Haskell, Texas.  
Dear Santa Claus:  
I am a little boy four years old. I have been a good little boy and I want ask for much. I want you to bring me that little car that Courtney Hunt is giving away and candy, apples, and oranges. Don't forget my little brother, Albert. Your little friend,  
Dennie Burson.

## OPEN MEAT MARKET 'M' SYSTEM STORE

Announcement was made this week of the opening of the B. & B. Meat Market in the "M" System Store on the south side of the square. Messrs. Robert Bledsoe and Odis Bland are proprietors of the new market, and they have installed the most modern fixtures of their kind to be found anywhere. The six boxes and counters are cooled by electrical refrigerating units, with all other equipment of the most modern design. The new market was opened for business Saturday and the many customers of the "M" System Store are highly pleased with the convenience afforded by the new department.

## HASKELL CO. MAN CALLED TO BEDSIDE OF FATHER

Sam Sorenson of Vontress was called by wire to Taylor, Friday to the bed side of his father H. Sorenson who is not expected to live. Mr. Sorenson left on the south bound Valley train, Friday night for Taylor. His father is 87 years of age.

## J. W. CLARK BURIED IN SAGERTON CEMETERY

Joseph William Clark, a former resident of Young County, and one who was well known here, was laid to rest in Oak Grove Cemetery at Graham Monday afternoon, Dec. 17th. Mr. Clark was born in Hunt County near Leonard on the sixteenth of September 1887. At the age of 17 he moved to this county where in 1913 he was married to Miss Onie Rogers of Graham. In 1921 Mr. and Mrs. Clark moved to Sagerton where they were making their home at the time of his death.

The deceased is survived by his wife, father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Clark, and brothers Walter, John, Claude and Earnest Clark, all of Avoca; and four sisters, Mrs. Mattie Pope Lipars of Hood County; Mrs. Mertha Timmons of Graham; Mrs. Cora Jones of Graham and Miss Maude Clark of Avoca.

The funeral was held from the First Christian Church and was conducted by Rev. J. E. Montgomery, assisted by Rev. W. E. B. Lockridge. The Masonic Lodge had charge of the interment at the cemetery. A male quartette from Tuxedo rendered the music.

The pall bearers were: W. H. Kennedy, Virgil Tidwell, Henry Mayes, L. Kirtley of Graham, and Mr. Crabtree and Mr. Heddington of Sagerton. A large number of friends from out of town were in attendance at the funeral, among whom were: Mr. and Mrs. Bob Laughlin, Mrs. Edd Laughlin and children, Mr. and Mrs. Horian, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Laughlin, Mr. Wayne Crabtree, Mr. Bill Wryfe, Mr. Heddington, Mr. Edd Krueger and Mr. Hale, all from Sagerton; and Mr. and Mrs. Hale from Old Glory; and Bayes Bro. quartette from Tuxedo.

## Quarterly Conference Observed Sunday

The first quarterly conference of the Methodist Church of this conference year, was held last Wednesday night at the church by the presiding elder, Rev. Hamblin, whose residence is in Stamford. Rev. Hamblin preached a great sermon and went immediately into conference. Mr. John Rike was elected secretary. In several outstanding points, this was an unusually enthusiastic quarterly conference meeting. This was in attendance as a whole, and in the high average of attendance of the church trustees and Sunday School and church officials. Also the pastor's salary was raised five hundred dollars. The conference authorized the church to build a Sunday School annex at an approximate cost of twelve thousand dollars. That this physical equipment is the one outstanding need of the church at this time is the consensus of opinion of all concerned. There is a pressing need for more room, not considering more and better equipment and with the entire church behind the movement, as it seems to be at present; opinion is running high and it is highly probable that the new annex will be under construction within the next few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Highnote of Gaunt community were shopping in Haskell, Friday.

Mrs. J. S. Hays of Midway was in the city Friday. She is suffering a broken arm.

J. O. Jackson of the Haskell community was in the city Friday morning on business. He made the Free Press and the Star-Telegram.



**Citation on Application for Probate of Will**

**THE STATE OF TEXAS**  
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Haskell County, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to cause to be published once each week for a period of ten days before the return day hereof, in a newspaper of general circulation, which has been continuously and regularly published for a period of not less than one year in said Haskell County, a copy of the following notice:

The State of Texas,  
To all persons interested in the estate of S. E. Kinnison deceased, A. T. Kinnison has filed in the County Court of Haskell County, an application for the probate of the last will and testament of said S. E. Kinnison deceased, filed with said application, and for letters testamentary which will be held at the next term of said Court, commencing on the first Monday in January A. D. 1929, the same being the 7th day of January A. D. 1929 at the Court House, thereof, in Haskell, Texas, at which all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said application, should they desire to do so. Herein fail not, but have you before said first day of the next term thereof this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the seal of said court, at office in Haskell, Texas, this 1st day of December A. D. 1928.  
(Seal) Emory Menefee, Clerk  
County Court Haskell County, Texas.

**Stockholders Meeting**  
Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the **FARMERS STATE BANK** of Haskell, Texas, will be held in the offices of said bank in the City Haskell, State of Texas, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the second Tuesday in January, A. D. 1929, the same being the 8th day of said month, for the purpose of electing a board of directors for said bank and the transaction of such other business that may properly come before said meeting.  
J. B. Post, Cashier.

**FOR SALE**—177 acre farm near Littlefield at \$45.00 per acre, 117 acres in cultivation, 3 room house, good well and windmill, good terms, might take \$2000.00 in trade. B. C. Cochran, Throckmorton, Texas. 2tp.

**FOR SALE**—431 acres of unimproved land near Dimmett at \$25.00 per acre, good terms, might take \$2,000 in trade on this deal. B. C. Cochran, Throckmorton, Texas. 2tp.

# MAY CHRISTMAS BRING YOU UNBOUNDED JOY

## And The New Year See The Fullfillment of Your Fondest Dreams

That is the wish we send to our friends and patrons and along with the wish we want to give a right hearty "thank you" for your favors of the past year.

Already we are looking forward to plans for 1929 to make our service more worthy of your every trust and to have you feel that you may look to us for every requirement in our line.

### PEARSEY & STEPHENS

Phone 28.

North Side Square.

# JUST A FRIENDLY WORD TO SAY

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND  
A HAPPY NEW YEAR'S DAY

Not only do we wish you this but we wish you many days of happiness and health and contentment for other days.

We are not unmindful of the fact that we owe much to the people who have patronized our business during the past year. And while we have endeavored from day to day to show this appreciation, we gladly embrace this opportunity to thank you again and assure you that we will continue to strive hard to merit your confidence and patronage.

## FOUTS & MITCHELL

# To Old Friends Tried and True AND TO MANY NEW ONES TOO

We embrace the opportunity which Christmas offers to give expression of feelings of appreciation we have for the old friends, tried and true and to the new ones it has been our pleasure to make in the year past. We thank each of you for favors of the past and assure you that we look to the New Year we do so with the expectation of taking advantage of every opportunity to serve and please you.

We shall enter the New Year with renewed vigor and aggressiveness, more determined than ever to merit your patronage. We expect to work with you in the spirit of co-operation, not only to the end that our business dealings may be pleasant but that our city and community may be made greater, more prosperous and attractive.

May the most wholesome enjoyment the season affords be with you now and on and on.

# Jones, Cox & Company

**The COMMUNITY TREE**  
By MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

THIS is the story they tell in a village by the sea: It was rather a small village, and not a very rich village, and most of the people who lived there were fishermen and their families.

At Christmas time a young girl decided that they must be up to date and have a community tree. It took a deal of talking and wheedling and getting around old people who could see no sense in it. But at last the necessary money was raised . . . all but a few dollars. The young girl decided to go to a cross old captain who was never known to give anything to anybody, except ill-natured replies.

The girl used all her art to persuade him. He said it was a waste of money and electricity and had no sense in it. "I wouldn't give a penny," he growled, "not if every man and woman in the town begged me on their knees. Foolishest notion on ever I heard."

But the young girl was not discouraged. She had set her heart on having the tree. Finally she managed to raise the required amount.

The tree stood straight and tall on a high hill overlooking the sea. It blazed with light and was very beautiful. Everyone admired it except the captain.

Christmas eve there came a sudden storm of wind and snow. But shining through the flakes gleamed the lighted tree. The captain's son, Roger, had gone to the next village on business. On the way home his car broke down. He was compelled to walk. Weary and spent he finally arrived at his home. The captain's face was lined with anxiety.

"Thought ye were lost," he said; "what's been the trouble?"

Roger related his experiences, and then said, "The storm grew so bad that I almost gave up. I could hardly tell where I was. It was hard to walk. Then I saw the Christmas tree . . . and that was the one thing that led me home."

(© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)



**The Glorious Yuletide**

The yuletide is what one makes it. Most people choose to make it an occasion replete with unselfishness, a season dedicated to the happiness of service. This is the glory of a festival that never ages. It is the glory of today.



**Christmas in Russia**

Singing of ancient "Kolyada" songs is one of the typical features of Christmas gatherings in Russia.

**TO YOU WHOSE INTEREST WE  
HAVE STRIVEN EARNESTLY  
TO SERVE**

We come in this season of great joy and happiness to express our warm appreciation for your patronage and for the friendly interest you have manifested in this business. In the spirit of the season we cordially wish you—

**CHRISTMAS HAPPINESS**

And enough, we hope, to last you throughout the New Year. We assure you that during 1929 we will be found working earnestly to express our appreciation in a tangible way.

**F. L. DAUGHERTY**  
ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE  
CORNER DRUG STORE BUILDING

**CHRISTMAS**  
A Merry Christmas  
**NEW YEAR**  
A Happy New Year  
**GREETINGS**

At this season, when an old year is about finished and we are near the beginning of a new, we feel and wish to express our appreciation of the many favors shown us by our good loyal friends and customers.

We have endeavored during the year to conduct our business on a plane to establish a spirit of mutual confidence.

Our sincere efforts during the year 1929 will be to merit and maintain this spirit.

**R. V. ROBERTSON CO.**  
HASKELL, TEXAS

**As The New Year Opens Wide Its Doors  
WE REJOICE THAT MANY NEW FACES APPEAR  
IN THE HOUSEHOLD OF OUR FRIENDS**

**MERRY CHRISTMAS**

Whatever this business is or may be is because of the friends we have made and held. Not through any patent method of winning friends but in the simple, old-fashioned way of giving honest values, weighed in the scales of justice, measured with the rule of fair-dealing wrapped in the cover of satisfaction and held fast with the tie of kindness and consideration of the customer's rights.

With full appreciation of every favor of the past year we will enter 1929 with enthusiasm and determination to hold all the friends we have and make some new ones.

May the joys you most desire be your's during the holidays and each hour of the New Year.

**HAPPY NEW YEAR**

**WHATEVER YOU NEED TO  
MAKE YOU HAPPY.**

That is just what we wish for you  
for a

**MERRY CHRISTMAS  
AND A  
HAPPY NEW YEAR**

Together with our thanks for patronage of the past, this is our holiday message to you.

**FRANK KENNEDY**  
Batteries  
Tonkawa Hotel Bldg.

**GRISSOM'S**

# A NEW YEAR WITH NEW HOPES AND NEW AMBITIONS

The plan of weeks and days, with light and dark, hot and cold, the division of time by months and years is good for the human family. We come to days of rest, holidays, busy days and dull days, but through it all everyone has an opportunity to do something.

We welcome the New Year because it brings us new hopes and new ambition. We have found ourselves already planning for 1929 with a program outlined for this business that will enable us to serve you better than ever before.

We are very grateful for all business given to us during 1928 and we respectfully solicit a continuation of your patronage during the year ahead.

As best we know how we intend to serve you and while our business is essential yet we want the privilege of working with our fellowmen for the upbuilding of our city and community.

We wish you the very best of happiness, peace and prosperity during the coming year.

**MARTIN'S DRUG STORE**  
South Side Square

# HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Christmas will be here soon now. The time of buying and selling will be forgotten. For Christmas goes into the hearts of everyone.

It is our true hope that Christmas morning will dawn upon you as it dawned those hundred of years ago across the plains of Palestine, upon a scene where truly there was peace, good will, and happiness.

At Christmas time we offer to you our sincere thanks for the kindness you have shown to our business. We offer our thanks for your neighborliness and the friendliness of the dealings we have had with you.

And it is the greatest wish we have that this Christmas will long stand in your memory as one of the outstanding happy days of your life.

**WESTERN PRODUCE CO. Inc.**  
R. A. SMITH, Manager.



## Christmas cheer not forgotten

By MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

FOR mercy sakes, do come along and don't drag so!" Mrs. Casey jerked at the arm of her reluctant son who was craning his neck to look into three shop windows at once. "We have only half an hour before the boat leaves, and I've got a lot of errands to do yet."

"There's a man waving at you, mamma," said the small boy. "He's comin' down the street. He wants to speak to you."

"Don't pay any attention to him, Joe! I haven't time to be bothered with him. Just some one who wants me to take a message over to his folks across the bay, probably."

But the man was coming rapidly nearer. His face was alight with smiles. His hand was out before he was within five yards of Mrs. Casey. "Mamma!" Joe hissed, "You'll have to stop!"

And indeed the man had no intention of letting her pass him.

"How do you do!" he called. "I recognized you three blocks away."

He was quite close now and his hand was still out. "My, it does my heart good to see you again, Mrs. Casey."

The woman frowned. Who was this man? Why did he bother her when she was in such a hurry? There would be no other chance for Christmas shopping after today. She had come across the bay in a small motor boat; it would be leaving for the return trip in twenty-five minutes.

"You don't remember me?" smiled the man. He looked down eagerly at the puzzled woman. "It was twenty years ago on Christmas that I first saw you. And I'll never forget it as long as I live."

Mrs. Casey clutched her shopping bag more closely to her breast and stared. "I had a brother," said the man, his face aglow with memory. "He was younger than I . . . a little shaver when you saw him. You gave us our first real Christmas, and I'll never forget it as long as I live."

Mrs. Casey blinked rapidly several times. Part of a smile began to flicker around her lips. She peered up into the man's face.

"You sent your husband down to the little shack where we lived," continued the man, "and he wrapped us up warm in mufflers and coats he had brought. He drove us in a sleigh to your house. Our mother had died a few months before and we were lonely and miserable. We had moved to the village just that week and knew no one. Our father had no work and we were terribly neglected and unhappy."

"Yes . . . yes!" laughed the woman. "I know you now. My land, how big you've grown!"

"And you gave us a fine big dinner, turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie," said the man. His voice was softened and his eyes misty with tears. "It was the greatest day of my life. I have never forgotten it. You gave us a memory of happiness that has lasted all these years and will go on forever. It was the true spirit of Christmas cheer, and my brother and I have tried to spread it around as far as we can ever since. You see what you started. God bless you!" He bent swiftly and kissed her cheek. He tweaked Joe's ear. With a smile, he strode off again and was lost in the crowd.

"Gracious sakes!" gasped Mrs. Casey. "Well, if that don't beat all! My, my, my! Those two little boys men grown now!"

With beaming face she tugged at Joe's sleeve. "Hurry up now! We must catch that boat."

"Aw, mamma . . . let me just peek into that window . . ." But Mrs. Casey was thinking of that long ago Christmas, and the man who had reminded her of it.

(© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

**The Wreath of Holly**  
The wreath of holly combines both pagan and Christian significance. It is closely allied with the crown of thorns, the red berries probably representing the drops of blood. Less somberly, holly was said to be hateful to witches and was therefore placed on doors and windows to keep them out. In England the holly first brought into the house was said to be a sign of who would rule the house for the ensuing year, the husband or the wife.

**A Yule Fancy**  
Love that glows in Christmas shopping,  
Love in Christmas cheer and toys,  
'Tis a mine whose bright outcroppings  
Is the gold of childish joys.  
—William Tipton Talbot.

No. 298  
Citation By Publication  
THE STATE OF TEXAS  
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Haskell County—Texas:  
You are hereby commanded, that you summon, by making publication of this citation in some newspaper published in the County of Haskell, for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, Lawrence Kelley, whose residence is unknown, to be and appear before the Honorable District Court, at the next regular term thereof, to be holden in the county of Haskell at the court house thereof, in Haskell, on the Seventh Day

of January, A. D. 1929, then and there to answer a Petition filed in said Court on the 4th day of December, A. D. 1928, in a suit numbered on the docket of said court No. 2988 wherein Willie Kelley is plaintiff and Lawrence Kelley is defendant.

The nature of the plaintiffs demand being as follows, to-wit: Plaintiff sues for divorce on account of cruel treatment and outrages committed by defendant upon plaintiff of such a nature as to render their any longer living together insupportable; and alleging that plaintiff is a resident of Haskell County, Texas, and is now and has been for a period of twelve months an

actual, bona-fide inhabitant of the State of Texas, at the time of filing and exhibiting her petition herein, and has resided in Haskell county for six months next preceding the filing of this suit, and that plaintiff and defendant were legally married in Oklahoma on account of his cruel treatment and outrages committed by defendant upon plaintiff, particulars of which are alleged in her original petition filed herein on December 4, 1928.

Herein fail not, and have you before said Court, on the said first day of the next term thereof, this Writ, with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Haskell this 4th day of December A. D. 1928.  
(Seal) Estelle Tennyson Lee, Clerk District Court, Haskell County, Texas

**Piano and Player Piano**  
Reliable manufacturing Company have in this vicinity one player and one straight piano for sale cheap rather than ship back to factory or might store with responsible party.  
Address  
Manufacturer,  
P. O. Box 585 Chicago, Ill.



# "AND ON EARTH, PEACE GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN"

This refrain, sung centuries ago near the little town of Bethlehem today comes echoing through the years and is carried throughout the world by the voices of men.

Today, on the eve of Christmas, this servant of the people, joins in that great chorus for it has the heartfelt wish of peace, good will for those it has served.

There is great joy among us; the happiness of knowing in our hearts that we have striven to serve well. This joy is shared by every official and employee of this organization.

And the 1,200 members of the West Texas Utilities Company family unite in wishing our friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

# West Texas Utilities Company

# THE REAL CHRISTMAS

Is the spirit of good fellowship which we carry in our hearts this merry season. It does not depend so much on what we have as it does on our willingness to be happy and to help others to be happy.

Cherishing nothing but good will toward all the people of this community and section, this firm joins with all bearers of good tidings in wishing to every person a genuinely happy Christmas.

**MARVIN H. POST**



"I loved him once and perhaps" —she bit her lip as she said under her breath, "no perhaps about it, I still do." Annoyed at having voiced a sentiment even to herself which she had been trying to stamp out of her very soul for two years, she turned from her reflection in her dressing table mirror and seated herself near the window.

Confusing? It was maddening! Conflicting emotions were aroused which refused to be put down even by Setha's usually intrepid, fine, buoyant spirit. It was the aftermath, the letdown reaction of the rush and tumble of Christmas.

"It was just fate that I should have been out both times when Livingston phoned. After two years! Now he surmises that this is a pretty little hoax set for him. But this letter is the most baffling of all. To think of a man having the presumption to ask you to attend with him a wedding of one of his friends when you hadn't corresponded, met or otherwise conversed after a break of two years' standing."

Setha gave a deep sigh and reread the postscript again for the forty-fourth time. "Setha, please arrange to meet me so that we may have about half an hour to, well, get acquainted again."

As Setha prepared to finish dressing she mused to herself that Livingston did presume a great deal in asking her to attend the wedding of one of his friends—and on Christmas day at that. The dress which had received so much favorable comment on its becomingness was instinctively selected and put on. How queer, thought Setha, when she bought that dress, the day after she had arrived home, in making the purchase she had said to herself, "wouldn't Livingston just adore that color."

There was Livingston. She stopped and admired his immaculate trimness and fine physique before entering the room of the church house and revealing her presence. Livingston, however, felt her glance and turned quickly.

"Setha, how glad I am to see you. You did not let me know whether you would be here or not, and I was in hopes you would come. How lovely you look. Come in and sit down."

Setha could only beam and inarticu-



"Setha, How Glad I Am to See You," He Said.

lately murmur something or other about a long time.

"Livingston, you, too, are looking splendid. My curiosity must be sated at once. What about the wedding? Who is being married? You know I am frightfully behind in news after being away so long. Attending bridge parties is not conducive to picking up the lacking odd bits of gossip."

"To be very brief—I am going to take part, I hope."

Setha's well-controlled facial muscles could not help but show their shock. Why should he torture her like this? It was unbearable. After having adjusted her parcel she said, "Why, Livingston, you are to be congratulated. I didn't know—"

"No, of course you didn't. It is a wild venture on my part and may precipitate failure, but, I hope not. The facts of the matter are I have waited a long time, too long a time, for this day to come. Don't you think, Setha, we were very foolish to quarrel as we did? You were twenty-two and I not much more, and neither one of us would give in and admit his or her love. Isn't that about right?"

Setha only nodded, afraid to trust her voice. Was this all a bad dream? Would she at any minute take wings and fly from the room? She couldn't. Her feet seemed weighed to the floor. Livingston didn't care to fly away, he became more vivid and animated every minute.

"Setha, have you changed your mind about loving me? I love you more than anyone in the world. The world has been empty without you. Today is Christmas day. I want to have you for a Christmas present. Setha, the parson's waiting in the church auditorium for you to say 'yes.'"

As the door of the church auditorium leading from the church house softly closed, a young man proudly escorted his adored one to the parson at the altar.

(© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

# HEARTY CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

AND EVERY GOOD WISH FOR THE NEW YEAR

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1  
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9

The yuletide season reminds us that our lives are built to a very great extent as we choose to have them built. The raw material lies before us and we can select the faulty and bad or we may, with a little more effort and care, erect for ourselves characters which will be strong in time of misfortune and give satisfaction through every season of the year.

We have made it our purpose to build up our business as a man builds his character—by means of honest, conscientious service, fair dealing and rigid adherence of high standards of business ethics.

We greatly appreciate the good will of our many friends; and now that it is Christmas time again we are wishing for you one and all the gladdest joys of the season and the brightest prospects for the New Year.

Accept, if you please, our sincere thanks for the privilege of having served you during the past year.

**J. F. KENNEDY**

*Agent, The Texas Company*

# WE JUST SIMPLY COULD NOT BE HAPPY

Without wishing happiness for our patrons too. We are proud of our big "family" of loyal customers. You have been good to us and we want you to know we appreciate it.

We wish you the very choicest enjoyments Christmas affords and hope that 1929 will bring you more blessings than you have ever received before.

And remember—we are anxious to continue to serve you and will do our very best to please you during the new year.

**SANDERS & CRAWFORD**

Phone 157

# MAY CHRISTMAS FIND YOU HAPPY!

We have one wish for you, and it comes straight from our heart. We wish for you that Christmas will dawn upon you, flooding you with peace and happiness, beaming down upon you with the perfect light of good will to all mankind.

You have been good to our business, and we appreciate your friendship. So we hope that you will accept this as our Christmas wish: May health, prosperity, and joy attend you on Christmas day.

May each day thereafter be a reflection of a perfect time of contentment and happiness. May there be everything to make this Christmas the most joyous one that you have ever known.

**McCOLLUM & COUCH**

*Hardware and Implements*

# WE WELCOME CHRISTMAS

Because it brings us new and greater opportunities to express our appreciation of those gifts such as friendship and pleasant memories which serve to make life worth while.

## WE EXTEND OUR MOST CORDIAL GREETINGS

AND WISH YOU THE BEST OF HEALTH AND ABUNDANT WEALTH DURING THE NEW YEAR.

### REID'S DRUG STORE



## "As Ye Have Done" by Blanche Tanner Dillin

THE softly falling snow held for Marion Ainsworth no beauty as she waited shivering with the cold for a bus which would undoubtedly be late. She sighed at thought of the ten-mile ride before her.

Christmas was very near, but there was no Christmas spirit in Marion's heart. With no member of her family nearer than an aunt, her father's sister-in-law whom she had not heard of for over five years, the coming holidays held little prospect of joy for her. The present days were busy ones with the usual mid-year work of teaching school, with examinations and Christmas entertainments. Never did she long for a real home and loved ones as at this season of the year.

Remembrances of Christmases came to her and at the thought that this year would probably be spent alone in her room, her eyes filled with tears.

So engrossed was she with these thoughts she failed to notice a small dog, travel stained, foot sore and weary, looking beseechingly at her.

At first sight of him with an exclamation of pity she stooped and tenderly petted him. At this kindness the dog crept close to her and remained so until the bus came.

As Marion stepped on to the bus the dog followed, so she hastily gathered him up in her arms. Assured that everything was all right, he settled down in her lap for a nap. This gave Marion a chance to study him. She decided he was a fox terrier, although it was difficult to tell in his present unkempt condition. As he wore a collar and license tag it was evident he was a pet, especially as the name "Horatius" was on the collar. Such an imposing name for such a small dog brought a smile to Marion's lips. Around his neck was a bit of frayed rope, so he probably had been stolen.

So interested was she planning how she would care for him and what steps to take to restore him to his owners, that she had reached home before she realized it.

The affectionate little fellow soon won a place of welcome, both in Marion's and Mrs. Lane's (her landlady) hearts, and soon proved in watchful care and faithfulness that he had well earned the name he bore.

Christmas eve Marion's heart was lighter than for years, as she thought

with gratitude of the joy the little dog, now freshly bathed and with a new bow on his collar, lying asleep at her feet, had brought her.

During the evening a caller was announced, and Marion went down the stairs, secretly hoping it was no one to claim the dog.

As she went forward to greet the caller, the lady came toward her with a smile and outstretched hand, and then stopped short. "Marion!" she exclaimed. "Aunt Ethel!" exclaimed Marion.

Then followed the exchange of happenings of the last five years, in which Marion had lost her mother, and how the information had not reached her aunt until her return from a long journey, many months after. She had searched unavailingly for her niece.



Secretly Hoping It Was No One to Claim the Dog.

and Marion then explained that she had sought new scenes and faces hoping in that way to ease the loneliness. Then followed the account of the finding of the dog, and her aunt's account of the loss of her pet, which had been stolen from her home in a distant city. She had heard some one at that address had found a dog and hoped it might be hers, and so it proved to be.

As both were alone in the world, Marion's aunt persuaded her to make her home with her as a daughter; and urged her to resign from her position as soon as possible.

A few days later as Marion sat in her new home, so comfortably and beautifully cared for, she held the little dog close to her. "You blessed giver of good things," she whispered "How anything so sweet could bring so much happiness?" And back came the laudible message "As ye have done to the best of these."

# THE SPIRIT OF THE YULETIDE SEASON

Brings to us renewed appreciation of happy associations with our many old patrons and pleasant anticipation of constantly enlarging our usefulness to them and to the new ones we are proud to claim.

## MAY YOUR HOLIDAYS BE FILLED WITH HAPPINESS

Binging you to a realization of your fondest hopes.

And as you face another year, may you do so confident of victory in the things you desire to achieve for the happiness and well-being of yourself and others.

### W. W. FIELDS & SON

# AS WE LINK OUR THOUGHTS WITH DAYS OF 1928

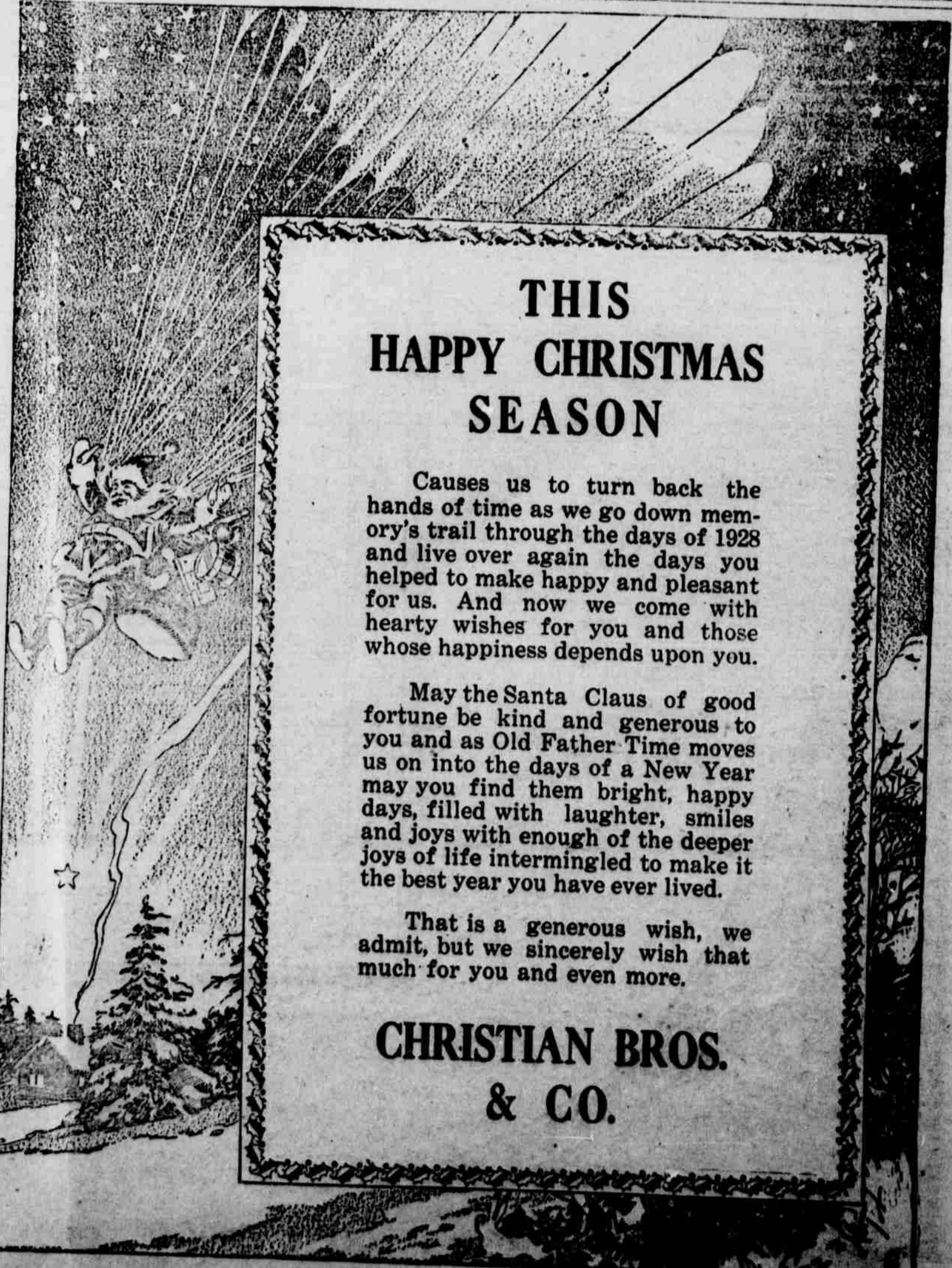
## We Have a Feeling of Gratitude and Thanksgiving

We cannot refrain from giving public acknowledgment of the feeling of deep appreciation we hold for those who have had a part in making our business what it has been for the past year.

With eager eyes we look forward to the New Year with its rich promises and vast opportunities for service. We would lack in appreciation should we do anything less than our very best during 1929.

Accept our best wishes for the holidays with the hope that many wholesome pleasures will be yours and that the New Year will be generous in dealing out to you and yours a full measure of life's richest treasures in health, happiness and prosperity.

### McNEILL & SMITH HDW. CO.



# THIS HAPPY CHRISTMAS SEASON

Causes us to turn back the hands of time as we go down memory's trail through the days of 1928 and live over again the days you helped to make happy and pleasant for us. And now we come with hearty wishes for you and those whose happiness depends upon you.

May the Santa Claus of good fortune be kind and generous to you and as Old Father Time moves us on into the days of a New Year may you find them bright, happy days, filled with laughter, smiles and joys with enough of the deeper joys of life intermingled to make it the best year you have ever lived.

That is a generous wish, we admit, but we sincerely wish that much for you and even more.

### CHRISTIAN BROS. & CO.

# CORDIAL GREETINGS

AND THE SEASONS BEST  
WISHES TO OUR FRIENDS  
EVERYWHERE

*As we come into the season when our thoughts are turned from the cares of business we rejoice in the recollections of happy relations we have had with our patrons during the past year.*

*As we recount the accomplishments of the past twelve months we find chief among our assets the good-will and friendship of those with whom it has been our pleasure to deal.*

*It is, therefore, with genuine pleasure and in all sincerity that we broadcast our best Christmas wishes to you.*

May It Be a Happy Yuletide For  
You and Yours

*Bringing just those things you need and most desire. Then, after the glamor and observance of the season has passed we hope that happiness, peace of mind, contentment and prosperity, will be with you on through the day of the New Year.*

*Accept our thanks for your loyalty and patronage during 1928. We shall look forward in pleasant anticipation of a continuation during 1929 of our past happy relations.*

## THE HASKELL NATIONAL BANK

The Old Reliable Since 1890

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O. E. Patterson, Active V.P.  
A. C. Pierson, Cashier  
Miss Nettie McCollum,  
Assistant Cashier



NORTHWESTERN gale swept dry snow around the corner where old Joe sold papers. Shoppers in heavy wraps hurried past, arms loaded with bundles. Children skipped in anticipatory happiness. Old Joe pulled his worn sack coat about him and fastened it tighter with a piece of wire. His hands, in dirty outing mittens, were cold. He knocked the backs of them together gingerly and stamped his feet feebly on the icy walk.

"Paper! Evening Journal! Paper!" he droned monotonously. Mentally he figured his gain. Enough for a fifteen cent bed and sandwiches, maybe. But, tomorrow's being Christmas, nobody'd buy papers. He wanted to get enough to buy a little something to—his old face took on a foolish and shamed grin—maybe to make him happy and help him to forget just what an old beggar he was. Then, he wouldn't have to eat so much either. A vagabond. That's what he was. Never been much else—for years.

"Well, hello, Santa Claus!" a young man's voice hailed merrily.

Old Joe turned. "Paper?" A laughing, well-dressed couple faced him. "Why, Jack!" the girl mischievously remonstrated.

"How are yuh, Uncle George?" her irreverent companion continued.

Old Joe grinned sheepishly behind his beard. "Wanna paper?" he asked.

"I say, Fran!" the youth exclaimed. "Here's our Christmas!" He drew her further away and whispered. They returned. "Hey! How'd you like to come to our house for Christmas?"

They talked some time before they convinced old Joe that they meant it. Too cold to be proud, he even submitted to the bath and hair cut that Jack paid for. In a suit too small for Jack's father, Joe came abashed into the kitchen and ate.

"You see, Fran's my sister," explained Jack. "The folks went off on their Christmas spree and left us home. We told 'em, we'd do something rare for our celebration!"

Jack and Frances had eaten down town. It was late, Joe was given some blankets and put on a cot in the corner of Jack's long room.

In the night Joe awakened suddenly. Painfully, he roused and listened. "Hey you—Uncle George! Gosh, I'm sick!"



"Wh—Whar'd Ye Git This?" He Demanded.

Jack moaned. Old Joe turned the light on as he was told and called Frances. She wailed, "I can't come! I'm sick. I've been trying to call some one."

The next morning, the doctor on his second call, turned to an old man with a neatly trimmed beard and a clean suit. "They're all right, now, with the nurse here. It was something they ate last night."

Jack was better. He smiled faintly. "Well, the joke was on us, wasn't it, Uncle George? You did us the favor by getting the doctor here and running errands in the night. Before you

go, step in the closet there and get my case."

Joe popped rheumatically out of the closet, wide-eyed, carrying not a case but an old enlargement. "Wh—Whar'd ye git this?" he demanded, hands trembling.

"Oh, that's why we call you Uncle George. You see, it's a habit we have to—er—sort of tease Dad. That's his brother, George. He ran away when he was young. Nobody's heard of him since. Dad says he was smart, and sure to make his mark some where. One of these days, he says, Uncle George will drive up in a Rolls-Royce with enough hundred dollar bills to paper our house. Dad's actually proud of him. We are, rather, too. But we call—er—different fellows 'Uncle George' to make Dad—well, you see— Jack stopped in embarrassment.

Old Joe nodded. "Wall, I gotta be goin'!"

"Wait! There's some money in my case. I want to pay you."

"Naw, jest come down an' buy papers of me if you wanna help. For a gonta start savin' up to buy a stand."

Outside Joe's trembling hands opened an almost empty purse, and pulled out the small original of the enlargement upstairs. A tear contradicted the sheepish grin. "Wall, it's a good thing the fellers took to callin' me Joe, lately, stend of George," he told himself.

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I can get you a loan on your farm at 6 1/2 per cent, or 7 per cent interest, payable annually; the loan to become due at end of ten years, and give you the privilege of paying as much as one fifth of the principal each year if you desire to do so. The cost to you will be the Abstract Fees and Recording Fees. If you want a new loan, or want to renew an old loan write me, or come and see me and I will get you the best loan to be had and take care of your interest and save you some money, so you will be satisfied in the future.

P. D. Sanders; Haskell, Texas

## KINDEST THOUGHTS

And Wishes Sincere for  
**A MERRY CHRISTMAS**  
And  
**A HAPPY NEW YEAR**

To all our customers and friends for the splendid patronage given us since opening our store 18 months ago. Your patronage has enabled us to increase our stock and better serve our trade. For this we extend to you our sincere thanks and best wishes for the coming year.

We will enter the new year with a desire to better serve you than ever before and we hope that you will give us the opportunity to be of service every day during 1929.

**MAYS DRY GOODS COMPANY**



## Christmas Greetings



### .. Behold, I Bring Good Tidings..

SO SPAKE the angel of the Lord to the shepherds, guarding their flocks, one night more than nineteen hundred years ago. "Tidings" is an ancient word which means simply "news". Thus it was that the news of the coming of the Prince of Peace was made known that night so long ago and all down through the ages these tidings have been repeated at this time of the year which we call Christmas.

Since those far-off times, the function of bringing tidings or news has devolved principally upon an institution which we know as the newspaper. No such institution performs that function more faithfully than the Home Paper in a community such as ours, a community of homes and home-loving people. And in that community none is so humble but that his or her name is written in its columns not once but many times throughout the years.

For it is the Home Paper that welcomes you when you are born, watches you as you grow up and records your youthful triumphs. It tells the community that a new home has been founded when you marry, congratulates you and wishes you well as you and your helpmate start out on a life together. It shares your pride when you become a parent and aids you in molding the minds and characters of those near and dear to you. It rejoices when you rejoice, sympathizes with you in times of sorrow; it is quick to record your good deeds and your successes and slow to spread broadcast word of your shortcomings or failures. And in the sunset of your life, it is a companion and friend, keeping you informed of the doings of those to whose youthful hands you "pass on the torch" when your race is almost run.

So day after day and week after week throughout the year the Home Paper brings you the news of your community. What better messenger, then, than the Home Paper to say to you "Behold, I bring you good tidings" at Christmas time? For its tidings are the same as those of the herald angels on the hills of Galilee—"Peace on earth, good will to men", and to every person in this community the Home Paper brings this message of community peace, community good will, community prosperity and an increased community hope for the coming year.

THE PUBLISHERS