

The Slaton Slatonite

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY IN THE INTEREST OF SLATON AND SLATONITES.

Volume XX

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Number 21

Slaton Loses To Vernon Chamber Of Commerce

Students Return for Visit Here During Holidays

Home again!
Slaton's young people are arriving home for the Christmas holidays with parents and friends. What is more pleasing to look forward to, than the thought of coming home for Christmas, both to the folks at home and the students away in some college or university? It is a thrill to all concerned.

Among the first to arrive was Misses Pauline Sanders, of C. I. A. at Denton, Lorene McClintock of Southern Methodist University at Dallas and Josephine Adams of Texas Women's college at Fort Worth. They arrived Sunday morning. Each are freshmen in the particular school of their choice and are reported to be doing splendid work.

Howard Hoffman who is completing the work necessary for a B. B. A. degree at the University of Texas at Austin, has arrived to spend the holidays with his brother, C. C. of this city and his sister, Mrs. Richard Douglas and husband of Lubbock.

Pear Edmondson arrived the latter part of last week from Norman, Oklahoma where she is attending the University, to spend the Christmas season with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Edmondson and family.

Ronald "Runt" Woolever, student in West Texas State Teachers college at Canyon, is here for the Yuletide season with home folks and friends. "Runt" was quite active in the sports of the college, having made a nice record as a freshman in football.

Willie George is expected to arrive Christmas morning from Dallas, where he is attending S. M. U. and employed in the Republic National bank and Trust company.

Frances Harlan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Harlan, has arrived for the holidays from W. T. S. T. at Canyon. Frances is reported to be doing excellent work, specializing in piano.

Curtis Hamilton, Simmons university football star, has arrived for a visit here during the holidays. Curtis is also quite popular as a basket ball player.

Walter and Worland McAttee have arrived from Albuquerque, New Mexico, where they are attending the University of New Mexico.

James Lanham, of the University of Texas, arrived Sunday morning to visit his mother, Mrs. J. S. Lanham, during the holidays. Misses Louise and Elizabeth Lanham, also students in the University of Texas, are expected to arrive Christmas Day.

Otis Cannon and Marion Cooper have arrived from Alpine where they are attending Sul Ross college. They will visit with homefolks and friends during the holidays.

"Bill" Sewell and Raymond Dunn, resident students in Tech, at Lubbock, are home for the Christmas holidays.

C. S. Greer, Jr., junior in the University of Texas, arrived in Slaton on Sunday morning to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Greer.

Ella Loyce Gentry, who is a student of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music will be unable to come home for the holidays but will visit her roommate in Giarid, Ohio, during the two weeks' vacation.

Marion McHugh arrived home from Detroit, Michigan, to spend the Christmas holidays.

HOSTESSES FOR SHOWER

In the write up of the shower given last Wednesday evening for Miss Frankie McAttee, bride-elect, the entire list of hostesses were not given. The hostesses for the affair included: Misses Morine Shelby and Eunice Florence, Mrs. Luster Gentry and Mrs. Zeph Fogerson. Mrs. R. G. Kirkpatrick who was to have been a hostess also was unable to be present on account of the illness of her little daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brinker, of Sweetwater, are spending the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Brinker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Niehoff.

Mrs. T. J. Abel Gets Arm Broken In Fall

While hanging Christmas decorations at her home Monday evening, Mrs. T. J. Abel fell from a chair and slipped on a rug falling to the floor and sustained a broken arm.

A physician was called and the arm was set immediately. She was later carried to the Mercy hospital and X-rays taken of the break which revealed that both bones were broken.

Annual C. of C. Banquet Set for Tuesday: 30th

The annual meeting and banquet of the Slaton Chamber of Commerce will be held next Tuesday night, Dec. 30, at Slaton Clubhouse, it has been decided by the board of directors of that organization. The date had been set originally for Jan. 13, but was moved back to Dec. 30 in order that the event might be held before L. A. Wilson, secretary, leaves to take up his duties as secretary of the Vernon Chamber of Commerce, early in January.

The annual report of the Slaton Chamber will be given at the banquet, according to W. H. Smith, president. Fifteen prospective directors will be nominated at the meeting, from which number five will be selected by the board of directors to fill the five vacancies which will occur on the Chamber of Commerce and Board of City Development in April.

Detailed plans for the banquet program were not complete early this week, on account of the sudden change in the date of the meeting, but an interesting program is promised, one that will not be a lengthy, tiresome affair, either. Tickets for the event will be available at the Chamber of Commerce office the latter part of this week, and a committee will work on ticket sales early next week. Anybody in Slaton who cares to attend will be welcome, it was announced.

It is hoped that a large attendance will be seen at the annual meeting. Plans for the new year's work will be considered at the banquet, also.

Santa Fe Program Friday, January 9

The first Santa Fe entertainment company for 1931 will appear at the high school auditorium Friday, January 9th, 1931. This is the John Ross Reed company from Los Angeles, California, which is composed of two men and three women, and are all proclaimed as high class artists.

John Ross Reed, internationally baritone, Columbia recording artist and popular actor, heads the company, which are splendid entertainers, according to G. R. Miller, superintendent of reading rooms.

The program includes such numbers as scenes from "Madame Butterfly," "The Pagoda of Flowers," "Pagliacci" and "Carmen."

The remainder of the cast is composed of Alice Boughner, Marie Rasmussen and Edwin Beech, who are said to be splendid artists.

"Uncle" George Marriott has said, "Now we are resting up from victories of the season, during which our football boys and pep squad girls entertained us wonderfully. Now I trust we will enjoy and attend these Santa Fe entertainment company programs and let the entertainers make the noise."

A large attendance is expected at the program on Friday evening, January 9th, at eight o'clock at the high school auditorium.

FINE ARTS PUPILS ARE PRESENTED IN RECITAL

The Christmas recital given by pupils of Misses Jennette Ramsey and O'Berger Forrester which was enjoyed at the high school auditorium Friday evening, December 19, was well received.

The program was opened with a duo by Katrina Houston and Earline McAlister and others appearing on the program were: Mary Harlan, Maxine Tucker, Gertrude Legg, Murrel Wickler, Betty Pack, Myrtle Teague, Mildred Swafford, Lucille Coltharp, Rachel Darwin, Mary Virginia Whitehead, Zada Mae Scott, Chrystelle Scudged, Mildred Rucker and Margaret Smith.

Misses Ramsey and Forrester are to be complimented on furnishing such high class entertainment for the public and it is hoped that another such recital will be given at an early date.

Seriously Injured In Fall off of Cliff

John Weakley, brother of Mrs. T. D. Johnson, who lives three miles north of Slaton, happened to a serious accident Friday night when he fell off of a cliff at the canyon, receiving a compound fracture of the left radius and ulna in arm, a fracture of the left femur, fracture of maxilla in face, bruises and internal injuries, with pneumonia complications.

Mr. Weakley is spending the winter with his sister and her family, and he had been at the home of J. W. Johnson for the evening enjoying a game of dominoes, leaving there about 11 o'clock to return to his sister's home, which was only a short distance away. He became lost and wandered off to the canyon, where he remained until 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon when found by searching parties.

Mr. Weakley was rushed to the Mercy hospital where he is reported to be in a serious condition.

YOUNG FOLKS ENJOYED CHRISTMAS PARTY

Mary Virginia Whitehead and Betty Pack entertained a large crowd of young people at the clubhouse Monday evening, December 22.

The clubhouse was gay with Christmas decorations and the usual bunch of mistletoe hung from the center of the room. A Christmas tree, loaded with comic gifts, started the fun for the evening. Several interesting contests were enjoyed and the remainder of the time was spent playing hearts. Delicious refreshments were served which carried the Christmas colors.

A gay time was reported by those who attended.

APPROACHING NUPITALS

The friends of the J. R. McAttee family are cordially invited to attend the marriage ceremony of Miss Frankie McAttee to Mr. Richard J. Enos on Saturday morning, December 27, at 8 o'clock at St. Joseph's church.

MRS. G. W. SHANKS RUSHED TO HOSPITAL FRIDAY NIGHT

Mrs. George W. Shanks was rushed to Mercy hospital last Friday night where she underwent an operation. She is reported to be doing fine.

W. A. Sealey Incurred Broken Leg Monday

W. A. Sealey slipped on the ice near the Hokus Pokus store Monday morning during a friendly scuffle and was badly injured, receiving a compound fracture of the left limb.

The break was reported as being extremely serious and was necessary to place it in a cast. Mr. Sealey will probably be confined to his bed for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Wilhite and son are spending the holidays in Pecos with relatives and friends.

DeVore Is Winner at Dalhart Poultry Show

A. A. DeVore, of this city, one of the leading poultrymen of the Slaton section, sent three Barred Plymouth Rock cockerels to the Dalhart Poultry Show last week, winning second, third and fourth prizes and then sold the birds at fancy prices. Mr. DeVore sold the one which won first, champion, and grand champion, this sale being made to a Dalhart man last August. This bird was sold again at the Dalhart show for \$25.00, being bought by the vocational agriculture class of the Panhandle High School.

Mrs. George Marriott who is a patient in the Santa Fe hospital at Clovis, New Mexico is reported to be somewhat improved.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Roderick left Saturday for El Paso to spend Christmas with their son, Dorrance D. Roderick and family.

Mrs. Charlie Taylor and son, Jimmie, are visiting with Mr. Taylor's parents, in Roger, Texas. Mr. Taylor will join them for Christmas.

Mrs. J. M. Sikes and son, Curtis, left Friday for Livermore, California, to join Mr. Sikes who has been in that city for several months.

JONES

"Bobby" Jones has at last answered the question: How can a man play golf all the time and still keep his law practice going? The answer is that he can't. Bobby is giving up golf, except as a means of recreation.

It remains to be seen whether Mr. Jones will do as well in law as he has done in golf. He has proved that he has the important quality of thoroughness. Those who know him say he has a natural taste for law, and high intelligence. He will not have the struggle for existence which so many young lawyers face, for while his amateur standing has kept him from making money out of his game, he is to get a sum, reputed to be a quarter of a million dollars, for making a series of educational films on "How I Play Golf." That ought to keep him going until he has established himself in law.

Probably Mr. Jones is doing only what his class and caste instincts and environment urge upon him. There are still to many people who think that being a lawyer is a more respectable way of making a living than being a golf professional. But it seems to me that we have too many lawyers now and not enough good sportsmen.

FOSTER ITEMS

John Payne, Roy McDougal, R. Z. Boren, John Boren and L. E. Morton returned Friday night from an extended visit in Arizona and other places.

Misses Mildred and Helen Alexander were shopping in Slaton, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Dawkins and family left Saturday for O'Brien to spend the holidays with Mr. Dawkins' parents.

J. A. Frost, of Slide, left Sunday for Durant, Oklahoma, to spend Christmas with his family.

E. E. Payne and Frank McDougal were in Slaton last Saturday.

Frank McDougal spent last Sunday night with Melburn Robbins.

Vernon Scores Shut-out Wilson Resigns to Accept Post On Vernon C-C

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To Assume New Duties Shortly after First of the Year

L. A. Wilson, secretary of the Slaton Chamber of Commerce and Board of City Development, resigned his work here last Saturday night to accept the secretaryship of the Vernon Chamber of Commerce, to which post he was elected unanimously last Friday night. He will go to Vernon to assume his new duties there sometime between Jan. 1 and 15, his resignation here becoming effective when he goes to Vernon.

Mr. Wilson had been secretary of the local civic body for the past four years, and was elected recently for a fifth year's service. His resignation to accept the place at Vernon was unexpected and was accepted by the board of directors with much regret, according to W. H. Smith, president of the Slaton Chamber.

A committee was appointed by President Smith at the special meeting of the board of directors last Saturday night to receive applications and make recommendations as to a successor to Mr. Wilson here. No action has yet been taken, but it is expected that a secretary will be elected within a short time. Many applications are being received, it was said. The committee consists of W. H. Smith, chairman; J. H. Brewer, T. E. Roderick, Dr. W. E. Payne and A. Kessel.

At the special board meeting when Mr. Wilson resigned last Saturday night, a committee was appointed to prepare resolutions of appreciation of the services rendered by Secretary Wilson during his tenure of office with the Chamber of Commerce and Board of City Development here. This committee consists of J. H. Brewer, T. A. Worley, Jr. and Dr. W. E. Payne.

In commenting upon his acceptance of the Vernon secretaryship, Wilson said:

"I regret more than I can say to announce my decision that I am to leave Slaton. This sentiment is shared by my wife, also. We have been particularly happy in our work in Slaton, we love the people of Slaton and we believe whole-heartedly in the city and territory and its future prospects. But, the opportunity to go to Vernon was of such importance that I felt I could not afford to reject the offer, because of both present and future advancement. We shall leave Slaton with the memory of precious friendship in our minds, and hope to have the opportunity of visiting these friends at various times in the future. Also, we want to extend to Slaton people a warm invitation to visit us at Vernon after we reach our new home. And, furthermore, we wish to thank every single individual or group of individuals who has cooperated with us in our work here during the years that are closing. We wish for them and for Slaton and Slaton territory as a whole the greatest possible success and progress throughout all the years ahead."

POLITICS

Both major parties are tightening their lines for the Presidential campaign of 1932. The Republicans know they have a fight on their hands to retain control of the Presidency; the Democrats believe that if they can agree upon a candidate acceptable to all sections of the country they can win easily.

That is frequently the situation two years before a Presidential election. It does not always follow that the "out" party wins over the "ins." Having possession of the machinery of Government is a great advantage.

At the moment it looks as if it will be more difficult for the Democrats to agree upon a candidate who can rally all Democrats to his support than for the Republicans to meet their political fences.



From the Baby To the Old Folks

We wish our friends and loved ones all the good things of life: : : lasting health, prosperity, good cheer and happiness. We appreciate the privilege of serving you during the year, and look forward to renewed friendship during 1931. Again a "Merry Christmas" to all is our yuletide greeting to you.

The Slaton Slatonite

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NEW YEAR AIMS

Alfred Tennyson, a most beloved poet, wrote famous lines about New Year's day. According to his conception we should
 "Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace."
 A noble conception of the new year, is the above, with the other familiar lines of the same poem. "Ring out the old, ring in the new," is the refrain of these verses. It is a more generous and hopeful conception than the smart modern thought that laughs cynically at New Year's resolves, and seems to find satisfaction in the idea that such resolves are no more in fashion, and that when people make them, they usually break them within a few weeks.
 One year may be about like another. Still, human nature does rise perceptibly from its old levels. The year 1930 may seem about the same, judged from the view-point of conduct, as 1929, and yet if we can look back a quarter of a century, we can see that many wrong things were tolerated in 1905 are viewed with disfavor now.
 It is up to us now to take hold of life in 1931 with renewed purpose. We should never be satisfied to give up a year of our lives, unless that year has brought us some substantial reward. Not merely money rewards, for those have a way of fading out of sight.
 But if we shall make good use of the coming year, it can give us enlarged knowledge, a broader experience, a truer perception of life, and greater poise with which to meet life's perils and difficulties. It will give us wiser philosophy, which will find happiness not in our possessions, but in

our ability to enjoy the most vital things of life, which cost but little money but are within the reach of us all.

"No Medicine Ever Helped As Did Konjola"

Stubborn And Painful Stomach Ailment Readily Yields To Power of Famed Compound




MRS. EDNA BARNETT

"Each day for a year I was in misery," said Mrs. Edna Barnett, 713 North Pearl street, Dallas. "My system had become weak and run down from indigestion. Food failed of digestion and I had a constant burning sensation in my throat and stomach. Gas formed and I often belched violently. My nerves were upset and little things upset me terribly. I did not sleep well at night.
 "The number of local people getting results attracted my attention to Konjola. I noticed a change for the better in my condition after I had taken the first bottle. I have taken four bottles to date and my health is again normal. I eat what I wish without a trace of indigestion or bloating. My nervous condition is much relieved and I sleep well at night. No medicine ever helped as did Konjola."
 The files of Konjola contain thousands of such statements. It is recommended, however, that this medicine be given a thorough trial, in the aver-

age case over a six to eight week period.
 Konjola is sold in Slaton, Texas at Red Cross Pharmacy drug store, and by all the best druggists in all towns throughout this entire section.
CITY LINE CLUB HAS ENJOYED FINE YEAR
 The City Line club has had a fine year's work. During this year the club has canned a large amount of vegetables, relishes and meats.
 The club market has done well this year.
 At the last meeting officers for the new year were elected. They are: Mrs. E. E. Wilson, president; Mrs. George Evans, vice-president; Miss Johnson, secretary; Mrs. Grady Wilson, reporter.
 On Wednesday, December 17th, the club enjoyed a Christmas party. Sev-


eral games were played, after which a Christmas box where each person drew a present. Refreshments of hot chocolate and cake were served and a basket of fruit and candies were passed. The evening was enjoyed by all present.
 The club wants to thank each and every patron of the City Line club, also Mr. Beacham, of Sherrod Bros., hardware for the nice window space.
 The next club meeting will be Wednesday, January 14, 1931, and every club member is hoping for a fine year's work.
HEAL THOSE SORE GUMS
 Even after pyorrhea has affected your stomach, kidneys and your general health, Leto's Pyorrhea Remedy, used as directed, can save you. Dentists recommend it. Druggists return money if it fails.
 Catching's Drug Store.

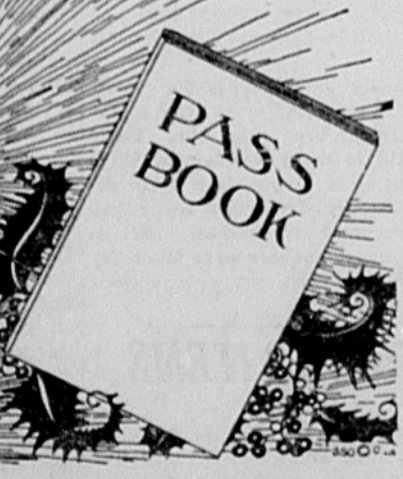


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 Your Business Will Be Appreciated
 Phone 65 Slaton

SPLINTERS
 VOL. 1 DECEMBER 26, 1930 NO. 16
 Published in the interest of the people of Slaton and vicinity by **PANHANDLE LUMBER CO.**
 H. G. McChesney, Editor
 Be kind to father now—he is the shorn lamb.
 A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year To You
 Let's resolve to start 1931 with an optimistic frame of mind; to greet everyone with a friendly smile and we will all be surprised when we check up on 1931 to find that it has been a wonderful YEAR.
 A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year To You
 We got the following New Year greeting from a wholesaler:
 "Ring out the old,
 Ring in the new,
 Ring the neck of him
 Whose account's past due."
 A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year To You
 We wish to take this opportunity to thank all our Friends and Customers for the splendid business they have given us during 1930 and for 1931 we promise you real Panhandle "Courtesy, Quality and Service."
 A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year To You
 Our Annual Christmas (owe)m Man wants but little here below, And that's about all he gets, He seldom has too many things Except too many debts.
 A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year To You
 C. C. Hoffman, Jr., says: "A parking space is a place where you leave the car to have those little dents made in the fenders."
 A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year To You
Resolution
 Resolve to smoke cigars. Acquaintances haven't the nerve to say "Gotta Cigar?"
 A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year To You
 And next on the program comes inventory, worse luck!
 A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year To You
Realistic Art
 Framed in the following parenthesis, behold a lifelike portrait of Santa Claus:

PANHANDLE LUMBER CO.
 Telephone No. 1

A Worth-While GIFT

 "Do you see this little book, Sonny? This is a Savings Deposit book. I'm starting you out on the road to prosperity with this book, my boy, but you'll have to travel the rest of the way yourself. Just remember that the first dollar in your Savings Account is the luckiest dollar in the world for you."
WE INVITE YOUR SAVINGS ACCOUNTS
The First State Bank
 J. H. BREWER, Pres G. W. BOWNDS, Cashier
 W. H. SEWELL, V.-P. Wm. R. SEWELL, Asst. Cashier

Buy all you can from your hometown merchant—what they do not have, buy at.....

 1220 Avenue J Lubbock, Texas
 "The Best Place to Shop, After All!"

PASS BOOK

Next Christmas HAVE MONEY!
 Christmas will be merrier if you have a good sized balance to your credit in our Bank.
DON'T SPEND IT ALL!

SLATON STATE BANK
 Let's Diversify
 SLATON, TEXAS


HERE'S SOMETHING I CAN'T TELL MY HUSBAND

HHOPE he reads this ad. That's the only way he'll know I'd rather have a Tiffin Model Magic Chef Gas Range than anything else in the world. He thinks all I like are dainty things to wear and would never believe I actually prefer a stove for Christmas. But what a stove!
 This Tiffin is the most enchanting thing I've seen for years. It is to the kitchen what a grand piano is to the living room—a real mark of distinction. So compact, so colorful, so unusual; every woman falls in love with it at first sight. And all my friends who have them say they're perfect bakers.
 I've always wanted a stove with a Red Wheel Oven Heat Regulator. I'm tired spending hours needlessly fretting in the kitchen. The Tiffin has a Red Wheel and every other modern improvement to make it easy to cook the kind of meals people praise.
 Like other women, I prefer a gift I can share with the family, and we'd all enjoy the advantages of this wonderful, new gas range. The price of the Tiffin is almost unbelievable—it's so low. Maybe my husband will surprise me and have one installed. Here's hoping.

It is a GOOD Gas Range That Has This Red Wheel
Magic Chef
 AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
\$99.75
West Texas Gas Company
SLATON, TEXAS
Merry Christmas

BROKEN

RUBY M. AYRES

FINAL INSTALLMENT

"There is no happiness for me. That's all finished. Don't look so tragic. We must all live our own lives and work out our own salvation—if there is such a thing. I'm glad to have seen you again—it hurts, the way you sent me about my business. . . .

"I shall never forgive myself, Julie. You must; there isn't anything really to forgive. I wasn't too kind to you either, Lawrence."

"You gave me the only happiness I have ever known, and that is why I want to give you your happiness."

She drew back sharply.

"Why—what do you mean?"

"That I want to take you back to Chittenham. He's a fine fellow, Julie, and you mean everything in the world to him. There was a time when I hated him, but lately, now we understand each other—I can see why I never stood a chance when he was concerned."

"What do you mean? How dare you say such a thing to me?"

"I dare anything if it means your happiness."

"My happiness is no concern of yours—" She turned and began to walk away from him. Her heart was beating fast and her eyes burned with the tears which she dared not let fall.

In the evening Schofield called at the little hotel. He brought a large bunch of roses and he kissed her hands as she took the flowers from him.

"Say you forgive me, Julie?"

"Of course I forgive you." But in her heart she knew that if she had cared for him, forgiveness would not have been possible. "Of course I forgive you," she said again with an effort; "but in return you must promise me something, will you, Lawrence?"

"If I can—you know I will."

"Then promise me that you will not tell any one in London where I am."

He hesitated, and she said again sharply: "Most of all you must promise me not to tell Mr. Chittenham."

Schofield looked away from her. "I have already wired to him. I wired this evening after you left me."

She drew a deep breath, her heart was beating so freely that it seemed to choke her.

"You think . . . do you think he will come here?" she asked.

"I am sure he will come."

"Yes . . . yes, I suppose so." She touched his arm. "And you are the good Samaritan who will bring us together again," she said, and he did not hear the mocking note in her voice.

But when he had gone she shed no tears. She went up to her room, leaving the roses he had brought lying on the table in the deserted salon. She dragged her few clothes from the drawers in the little painted chest, and hurriedly packed them.

Her only thought was to avoid seeing Giles Chittenham.

"It's all over, that part of my life—it's finished for ever," she told herself over and over again. "I don't want him now—I don't even want to see him! I could never forgive him or believe in him again."

She told the landlady that she was going back to England, but at the station she took a ticket to Lausanne.

"He will never think of looking for me there," she told herself exultantly. "He will think it is the last place I should ever go back to."

She changed her name to Langdon and took a room in a little old-fashioned chalet overlooking the lake, and when she found the time beginning to hang impossible on her hands, she advertised for pupils to whom to teach English.

For one thing she needed the money, and for another, she felt that she would go mad if she could not find occupation.

But except at intervals she was not unhappy.

And so the late summer and the autumn passed, and the cold winds came, and the grey days, and the mountains were hidden in veils of mist.

What was Giles doing? One night she dreamed of him so vividly that she was sure he must be somewhere near her, and for two days she was afraid to go out for fear she might meet him.

"I will go home," she told herself, and tried to believe that it was sheer longing for England that drew her, and that the presence of Chittenham made no difference.

"I will go home for Christmas," she decided, and from that moment her spirits rose, and the people in the house smiled when they saw the change in her.

"She had had good news," they told one another, and were quite sure that

it was an unhappy love affair that had hitherto caused the sadness in Julie's eyes.

And then a week before she was to leave, Julie suddenly felt a great longing to climb the St. Bernard once more.

She made enquiries and was told that she could not go without a guide.

"It was a dangerous time of the year," she was warned.

It was the same day in the list of visitors in the paper who were expected at the Palace Hotel Caux for Christmas that Julie saw Giles Chittenham's name.

She was glancing down the list with out much interest, wondering if any one she had known in England might by chance be mentioned there, when suddenly his name seemed to leap out at her in letters of fire.

"Mr. Giles Chittenham and his fiancée Miss Beatrice Neale—"

There followed a little chatty paragraph about them—but Julie read no more. She stood with the paper clutched in her hands, cold to the lips. He had forgotten her so soon—she was to be married to another woman.

Bim had often said bitterly that no man could be faithful and Julie had not believed her. Well, she believed her now—and such a tide of hatred and despair rose in her heart that she was afraid.

Three times Giles had struck at her—three times he had made her suffer beyond all endurance, and now, she would suffer no more. She put on her thick boots and her warmest coat and went out. At the front door she met the woman who kept the house.

"You are going out?" she asked; she glanced up at the sky. "I should not go far. There is more snow to come, much more snow."

"I am not going far," Julie said and hurried on.

The woman closed the door and went back to her warm kitchen. She told her husband who was sitting smoking his pipe by the stove, that it was a good thing Miss Langdon was leaving—not that she wished her to go for she liked her well enough, but because now she could get three times as much money for her room. There was a knock at the front door, and she broke off in what she was saying to see who the visitor might be.

A tall man in a big overcoat stood there—he asked for Miss Langdon. He spoke eagerly as if with great excitement.

"She has but a moment gone out—if Monsieur would put himself to the great trouble of coming in to wait."

It had begun to snow afresh and the shoulders of Chittenham's coat were white as he stepped into the little

hall-way.

He had been visiting some people in London whose daughter had come home for the Christmas holidays from school in Switzerland. She had been showing amateur photographs of her school friends, and amongst them was one of Julie.

Giles had been bored by her chatter, and had pushed the photographs aside when she pressed one more upon his notice.

"That's Miss Langdon, who comes to teach the Swiss girls English. She's a darling. . . ."

And he had looked down into Julie's face. . . .

And now he was here—in a few moments he would be with her, and holding her in his arms. He walked over to the window and stood looking out. How long would she be? Every moment seemed an eternity.

"I will wait here till Miss Langdon comes in," Giles said obstinately.

But at ten o'clock she had still not returned.

Giles went to the front door and looked out, followed by Adolph.

The snow was falling so thickly that one could hardly see a yard ahead; there was a deep menace in the unbroken silence.

Chittenham looked at the man beside him.

"Well?" he said sharply, struck by something in Adolph's eyes.

"It would be good now to look for Mademoiselle," Adolph said. "I have friends—good fellows all. If Monsieur wishes it—"

"Let us start at once," Giles broke in.

He was afraid of the fear in his heart; he was conscious of nothing but despair when an hour later he was stumbling along through the blinding, clogging snow with Adolph and a half a dozen other men.

The lanterns they carried shed weird, dancing shadows on the whiteness of their feet; the flakes whirled in their faces half choking them. It was as if all the human forces had ranged themselves as enemies against them, he thought, as he bent to ask Adolph in which direction they were going.

His heart seemed to stand still when the answer came.

"It was to the St. Bernard that Mademoiselle wished to go. For days she had talked of nothing else. I told her she must take a guide—she was disappointed but she said she would let me know."

"To the St. Bernard!" Chittenham stifled a groan. He might have known—might have guessed. It seemed now to his despair that he had been a blind fool not to realize from the be-

ginning that she would come to this place, that he had ever needed a chance photograph to guide him.

They tramped on in a silence which Chittenham broke at last to ask curtly:

"Is it ever possible to find any one who gets lost on such a night?"

"They have been found—often—"

"Alive?"

Adolph did not answer this, and Giles did not dare press the question.

It was not until early morning that the snow ceased falling. It was getting light then—the faint outline of the mountains began to stand out against the darkness as if dawn by a ghostly hand.

Chittenham was nearly worn out, but he refused to go back, or to rest although the others often urged him to do so.

"Further on there is an inn where he can rest—the people who keep the inn are friends of mine," Adolph said.

But it was half an hour before they reached it—a small, unpretentious little building of wood, standing back from the roadway and half hidden by great drifts of snow.

Adolph tramped to the door and knocked; there were lights in several of the windows, and the door was opened almost immediately, to admit the men into the warmth, stamping the caked snow and ice from their boots.

Chittenham dropped on the nearest bench. It was not fatigue so much as despair had beaten him.

Like a man in a dream he heard Adolph calling for brandy and hot coffee. He leaned back and closed his eyes. Everything seemed whirling about him; it was only the rough but kindly touch of Adolph's hand on his shoulder that roused him.

"Mademoiselle is here—with my friends," he said.

"Here!" Chittenham stared up at the man's kindly face with dazed, unbelieving eyes. "Here! . . . Oh, for

God's sake, if it is not true. . . ."

"It is quite true—they found her along the road last night—in the snow. She was lost—the poor lady! They brought her here and put her to bed, but she is ill. . . ."

Chittenham staggered to his feet.

"Let me see her—let me be sure."

He followed the daughter of the house up the narrow, creaking wooden stairs. There was a shaded lamp burning on a bedside table, and its light fell full on her face which was half turned from him.

Chittenham gave one glance—

"Julie! Oh, thank God!"

He bent his head and pressed his lips to her hand again and again, kissing her fingers, and wrist, and soft warm palm, till suddenly she stirred restlessly and turned.

For a moment she lay quite still, staring up at him with far-away, dreaming eyes, then suddenly the tears welled up in them, and her lips quivered as she said in a voice all broken and sobbing:

"Oh, you belong to me—you belong to me—"

"Always—always . . ."

She began to cry weakly.

"You were so long coming to me—I thought you didn't care and more."

"Julie—" His voice broke; he slipped an arm beneath her head, drawing it to rest against him.

She drew back a little, the tears wet on her face, her voice broken with pitiful sobbing as she asked once more:

"Oh, do you still belong to me?"

. . . and Chittenham answered again as he bent to find her lips— "Always, always . . . always."

THE END

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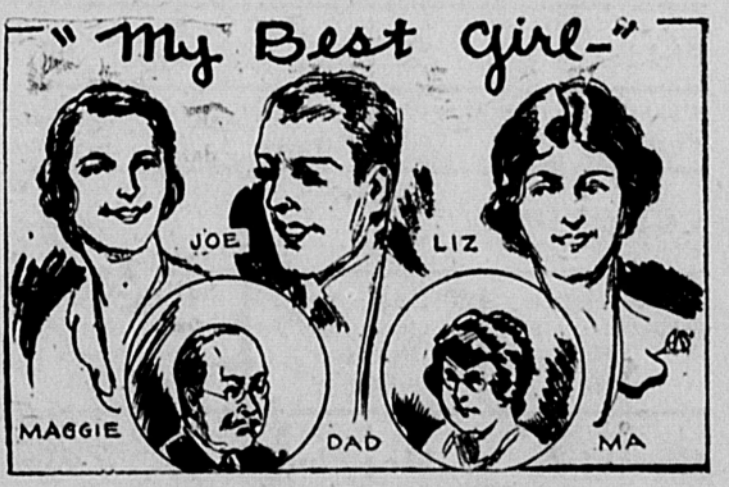
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Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Kroger with their five sets of twins. Clyde and Claude, the oldest, are 18, Addie and Abbie are 16, Floyd and Lloyd are 11, Jean and Jeanette are 7, and the babies, Donald Dean and Norma Jean, are three months. Mr. Kroger is a carpenter in a railroad car shop and earns \$175 a month. "We get along fine," says Mrs. Kroger. "All the children help." The Krogers live at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

... and Mrs. George Green and they left Sunday for Sayre, Oklahoma where they will spend the Christmas holidays with relatives and friends.

Teacher—If Columbus were alive today, wouldn't he be looked upon as a remarkable man?
Jimmie—I'll tell the world. He would be 500 years old.

...enjoy your drive out this afternoon? ...the billboards are ...and yellow.

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"I'm one of the proudest men in Texas, today, and I just want the people to know it's all because of what this Argotane has done for my wife," said W. K. Morris, of 308 Oriole, Wichita Falls, Texas.

"She has suffered so much during the past three years," he continued, "with gall bladder trouble and biliousness that she had almost given up hope of ever finding anything to do her any good. Her appetite almost left her entirely, and what she did eat would just stay in her stomach and make gas and misery for her. She was very nervous, and got so restless she could hardly sleep and

felt despondent and down hearted all the time. Sometimes she would get so dizzy she could hardly stand up. "She was under treatment several times, and tried any number of different medicines, but everything failed to help her until she began Argotane. She began picking up right off when she began taking Argotane and her despondent feeling soon disappeared. She has such a big appetite now that she can hardly get enough to eat and her digestion is fine. She has already gained in weight and strength and says she never felt better. She sleeps good every night and does all her work with ease and is bright and cheerful all the time. I'm certainly grateful for the happiness Argotane has brought my home by restoring my wife's health. I honestly believe it will help anybody." Genuine Argotane may be bought in Slaton at the Teague drug store.

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WHY PRIDE?

As I stepped out of the Grand Central Station the other day I saw entering it a man whose face seemed familiar, and after a moment's thought I placed him. He is one of the most distinguished members of the legal profession in America. He was a member of the Cabinet of a former President, and was himself mentioned for the Presidency.

On a sudden impulse I turned and followed him.

The station was full of commuters hurrying to their trains. They looked at him, and through him and around him, but apparently nobody recognized him. He jostled his way across the great floor, down a pair of steps to the platform of the subway. And there the crowd crushed him into the minimum number of cubic inches and flung him into an express train.

My last view of him was as he stood with his face pressed against the glass door, a completely squeezed and harassed looking man, in no way different from the sweltering others in the car.

Not one of those others knew that he had been a Cabinet Minister, helping to shape the destinies of a nation during the greatest war. Nor would they have cared, probably, if they had known.

It has been remarked frequently that the really big man is almost always modest. The reasons for this are two-fold. In the first place, he knows how much of his success has been due to causes beyond his own control—his birth, his education, his business opportunities. And he knows, too, what a thin and evanescent thing is fame.

He has walked through places like Central Park and looked at the statues. These are great men who lived

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only yesterday—fifty or a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago. Yet how few of them one can recognize without looking at the names. And if their fame is already so faded, what will it be in a thousand years, or two thousand, or ten?

Abraham Lincoln's favorite song was a mournful hymn entitled, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud? He knew that the river of life races on, and that even the most important of us is soon washed out into the big sea of oblivion.

He knew it because he was really big. It is only the littler men who act as if they were permanent rocks in the river, towering high above the level, and destined never to be moved.

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