

J. West Accidentally Shot and Killed Saturday at Wilson

The sad news was received in Tahoka late Saturday afternoon that W. J. West, a prominent citizen of Wilson, had met his death when he was accidentally shot through the head while walking through a fence about a hundred yards south of the son Gin. The body was first found by section hands on the road. Mr. West had been hunting alone and was returning home about three o'clock the afternoon, and it is supposed that the gun was accidentally discharged when he attempted to climb through a barbed wire fence as he proceeded home. Deceased was 52 years of age and leaves a widow, two sons and three daughters, all of whom mourn his departure in this life.

Mr. West, with his family, moved to Lynn county from Highland Springs, Texas, in the year 1914 and located on the north 12 miles north of Tahoka, where he resided until about one year ago, when he moved to a farm, a few miles distant.

Deceased was a member of the E. Church, a member of the O. W. lodge, in which he held considerable insurance. He was a man prominent in affairs of the community in which he lived, and was one of the most successful farmers in the county.

The sad ending of this good man's life is to be regretted by who knew him and his many friends will never be forgotten his many friends.

The sorrowing wife, sons and daughters have the deepest sympathy of this community in the timely death of a devoted husband and loving father. The burial services were held at Tahoka Cemetery Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Ross McKinney is reported quite ill this week at her home over the Carter Bros. place.

Mr. King, of Abilene, is here week attending to business.

H. Cain returned Wednesday from Waco where he attended a meeting of the Masons.

Miss Laura Brock was a Lubbock visitor Saturday and Sunday.

George Lockhart Buys A. D. Shook Residence

Attorney G. E. Lockhart, of this city, the past week purchased the beautiful residence property belonging to A. D. Shook, in the north part of town. This piece of property is well located one of the finest residence buildings in Tahoka.

George Lockhart and family moved from their house, on east Woodward street to the newly purchased property on North Main street, Wednesday.

ORN - To Mr. and Mrs. Odean Loman, Sunday, December 13, 1920, a girl.

Mrs. R. B. Haynes made a trip to Lubbock the first of the week in the interest of the News.

Lynn county experienced a fine sand storm last Sunday, especially did the sand blow in Tahoka, while out in the country it was hardly noticeable.

Plainview Editor's Wife Burned to Death

Plainview, Dec. 14 - Mrs. M. J. Adams, wife of M. J. Adams, editor of the Plainview News, died at 1:45 o'clock this afternoon from burns received when a pail of gasoline ignited while she was rinsing clothes.

No funeral arrangements have been made pending the arrival of relatives from Coleman and Corsicana.

Mrs. Adams was prominent in social, religious and community work in Plainview. She was a member of the Christian Church. Miss Saide Earl, 18 year-old daughter, was burned but not seriously in an attempt to save her mother.

The accident occurred at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning at the family residence on West Ninth Street.

The residence was damaged to the extent of about \$3,000.

Accidentally Shot

On Tuesday afternoon as Messrs. Lee Woods, Guy Sherrod and Roscoe Roberts, of this city, were returning from the Guthrie Lake and were nearing the blacksmith shop in charge of J. D. Lundry, just south of the public square, a shot was fired at a sign on the building, the bullet passing through the board and striking Mr. Lundry on the right arm. Fortunately the bullet did not have enough force to do serious harm, making only a slight blister. Mr. Lundry stated that he laid no blame on the boys in the least, as he was a lad himself once and had indulged in the same trick of shooting at sign boards.

Card of Thanks

We wish to extend our heartfelt, thanks to the friends and neighbors who were so kind to us during the sickness and death of our little daughter and sister, Evadelle. May God's richest blessings rest upon each and everyone of you, is our prayer. E. LAM AND FAMILY

Roy Green, Jr., the little son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Green, residing in the Draw community was quite sick with a fever last week. He was brought to the home of W. L. Kuykendall in Tahoka Friday where he could receive treatment from the physician. Last reports were he was some better. It is hoped that he will soon fully recover.

Attention Members of American Legion

There will be an important meeting of the American Legion Wednesday night, December 29th. All members are requested to be present. J. C. MAY.

The Public schools will dismiss this Friday afternoon until after the Christmas holidays. The teachers will attend the Institute at Lubbock all next week.

Jasper Bogue, District Field Secretary of the Texas Christian Missionary Society in the Panhandle, was in Tahoka Tuesday in the interest of this work. Mr. Bogue makes his home in Dalhart, Texas.

Messrs. Clifford Dickson and Sumner Clayton, barbers employed with the Sanitary barber Shop, made a business trip to Lubbock Tuesday.

Letters to Santa Claus

Tahoka, Texas, Dec. 7, 1920

Dear Santa Claus, Please bring me a little lantern full of candy and a doll and a little piano and some good things to eat

with love from Louise Meil

Tahoka, Texas, Dec. 7, 1920

Dear Santa; I am in school and try to learn. Will you please bring me a great big doll and will you please bring me a little dresser

Your friend JOHNNY BRILEY

And please do not forget my little sister and brother. My little brother wants a gun and he wants a knife too. And my little sister wants a little doll and doll buggy. And I have another little sister too. And she wants a little doll too. And she wants a little red chair.

Tahoka, Texas, Dec. 7, 1920.

Dear Santa Claus; I wish for a walking doll and a Polly bird and I wish for a baby sister. Santa Claus remember

EULA JEANTA BRILEY

Tahoka, Texas, Dec. 10, 1920

Dear Santa Claus; Will you bring me a doll and a dollbuggy and a bed and dresser and trunk, goodbye Santa Claus

LILLIAN HUDSPETH

Tahoka, Texas, Dec. 14, 1920

Dear Santa; Will you please send me a story book and a ball Christmas and will you please bring little brother B. J. a set of blocks and a horn and don't forget the other little children

ROSSELL EMANUEL Rt. 1, Box 34

Tahoka, Texas, Dec. 7, 1920

Dear Santa Claus; I want to tell you that I have moved to Texas this year. I hope you will find me. Please bring me a Alabama coon jigger, a truck, some building blocks and anything you can bring. I know times are hard and I won't ask for much. I will try to be a good boy.

LLYDE BLAN

Tahoka, Texas, Dec. 7, 1920

Dear Santa Claus; Please bring me a little train and a car and if you can't bring them bring anything you have to spare. I hope you won't forget me. I will try and be a good boy from now on.

Your little friend, CLIFFORD BOSWORTH

Tahoka, Texas, 12-6-1920,

Dear Santa Claus: I want a pistol, if you haven't it get a cannon, and a wooden cart and a Turkey Blowing out Pipe and some nails for my hammer that you brought me last year, also a box with a man in it that will jump up and scare you.

Sincerely, GEORGE WOOD

Tahoka, Texas, Dec. 7, 1920.

Dear Santa: Please send me a dolly with

hair. A little stove and a buggy a little broom, a story book with A, B, C's in it. I think that is all.

Your little friend, EDNA MEYERS

Tahoka, Texas, Dec. 9, 1920

Dear Santa: I am a little girl, two years old and I want you to bring me a little doll, a little doll buggy, a little broom and a little pair of scissors, so I can cut my baby doll a dress, bring me all kinds of fruits and nuts.

Your little girl, PAULINE MCCORD

Wilson, Texas, Dec. 5, 1920.

Dear Santa Claus: I want a story book, a little kitchen cabinet and some candy and nuts and as times are hard I will not call for any more this year.

EVLYN STANDIFER 8 years old

Tahoka, Texas, Dec. 8, 1920,

Dear Santa Claus: Please bring me two dolls and doll beds and set of dishes and little stove.

I would like a trunk also but this will do for this time.

Your little friend, ONEITA MILLMAN

Tahoka, Texas, Dec. 8, 1920

Dear Santa Claus: I would like to have a little saddle but maybe that would cost too much so please bring me a little train and some candy and apples and be sure and don't forget the little boys that hasn't got no papa and mama, so good by,

JOHN PAUL RAY

Wilson Texas, Dec. 5, 1920

Dear Santa: Hello! I wish for a Story book and a red chair. I wish all the other children a merry Christmas and you too.

EDITH STANDIFER 10 years old

Tahoka, Texas, Dec. 11, 1920

Dear Santa: I am a little boy, seven years old I want you to please bring me a little toy phone, a little train, a ball and a little car, some apples, oranges, candy and nuts.

Your little boy, RAYMOND MCCORD

Tahoka, Texas, Dec. 11, 1920

Dear Santa: I am a little girl, three years old. Please bring me a doll and a doll buggy, some A, B, C, blocks, a Kiddie Racer and all kinds of fruits and nuts.

LOUISE MCCORD

Tahoka, Texas, Dec. 11, 1920.

Dear Santa: I live in Tahoka and have been a good little girl this year please bring me a teddy bear, a doll and doll buggy, a little stove, a little table and some chairs, all kinds of fruits and nuts.

Your little girl, LUCILE MCCORD

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Commissioner's Court Met in Session Monday

The honorable Commissioner, Court, of Lynn County, with County Judge, J. W. Elliott, presiding, met in regular monthly session on Monday of this week. This was the first meeting of the court containing the new officers. The court ordered telephones installed in the Sheriff's and Judges office, and allowed all accounts paid before adjournment.

Rev. Miller Loses Mental Facilities

Rev. Miller, a Baptist minister who has lived in Lubbock for a number of years, became ill last Saturday with something on the order of brain paralysis. Rev. Miller was in the act of signing a check for the purpose of paying a gentleman who had been doing some work for him, when he suddenly lost the use of his mental facilities. He is reported as being in a serious condition.

LUBBOCK AVALANCHE. Rev. Miller is well and favorably known to many old time Lynn county citizens, having formerly resided in Tahoka and organized the First Baptist Church in this city many years ago. It is hoped that he will fully recover from this mental attack.

Church Notes

Contributions From all Denominations are Invited Under this Head.

M. E. CHURCH

Regular services Sunday morning. Epworth League at five o'clock p. m.

Rev. G. W. Shearer, presiding elder of the Lubbock district, will preach Sunday evening at six o'clock.

A cordial invitation is extended to all who will attend these services.

W. C. HINDS, pastor.

BAPTIST CHURCH

There will be regular services at the Baptist Church Sunday morning and evening

Rev. J. H. Hunt will be with us. All members are requested to attend and visitors are always welcome. COMMITTEE

W. B. Slaton, cashier of the First National Bank, transacted business matters in the central part of the state during the early part of the week.

Prairie Fire Tuesday

Tuesday morning a prairie fire supposed to have started from the sparks of a locomotive on the Sante Fe, started just south of town and burned something like one hundred acres before men with brooms succeeded in putting it out. It is said another big prairie fire occurred near O'Donnell Tuesday.

The new telephone directory just off the press is being distributed to subscribers of the company this week. The directory is one of the biggest as well as the neatest ever gotten out by the telephone company in Tahoka and speaks well of the enterprise of the manager, W. M. Harris, as also the merchants who purchased advertising space in the directory.

L. C. Johnson, residing on Route A, Tahoka, was in town Wednesday and renewed his subscription to the Star Telegram through this office.

Woodman Hall Came Near Burning last Week

One night last week while lodge was being held in the Woodman Hall on the east side of the square, a hole was burned in the floor up-stairs and a small hole burned in the lower floor directly underneath. A large stock of funeral and undertaking supplies belonging to J. E. Stokes occupies the lower floor and had the building burned would have been a big loss to Mr Stokes. Fortunately the fire did not spread and no serious damage was done to either stock or building.

Married

Mr. Willie Newton and Miss Clara Postum were quietly married Saturday evening at the home of the bride, east of town.

Card of Thanks

We want to thank the good people of Tahoka for their goodness and kind deeds during our misfortune.

May God's richest blessings ever be with you MR. AND MRS. WALTON DAVIS, and family

Mrs. Elmer Coughran and children left Monday for Abilene where they will make their home in the future.

J. S. Weatherford and daughter, Miss Inez, returned from Lubbock Monday where they went last Thursday to escort Mrs. Weatherford, who is in a sanitarium at that place.

George Riley has just finished painting his residence in the north part of town.

Drs. L. E. Turrentine and J. R. Singleton made a business trip to Post Wednesday.

Jake Leedy, proprietor of the Leedy Meat Market, returned Tuesday from a business trip to Plainview.

Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Callaway, formerly citizens of Tahoka, came in Tuesday afternoon from Galveston. They have been residing in the city of New York since leaving Tahoka, where the Dr. has been taking a specialist course. Their many friends here are glad to have them make us a visit.

Cass Edwards, owner of the T-ranch, came in Tuesday and is spending a few days here looking after business matters.

Ed Henderson returned to his home in Dallas Tuesday after spending a week or ten days here looking after his property interests.

Chester Conley, manager of the Bradley-Tahoka Auto Co., is spending a ten days vacation at Whitney, Texas, visiting with his daughter.

Jeff Flemming, erstwhile citizen of Lynn county, was in town Saturday and Sunday attending to some business matters. Jeff and family make their home on a rural route out of Crowell, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vinson left overland Sunday for Big Spring where Mr. Vinson will receive a car load of Washington apples. He will ship quite a few choice boxes to citizens of Tahoka for Christmas eats.

GOVERNORS ALARMED AT FARMING SITUATION

SOME SEE DANGER OF STRIKE AND BOLSHEVISM AMONG THE FARMERS.

MORE CONFIDENCE IS URGED

Renewal of Loans and Extension of Credit Recommended as Cure for Economic Ills.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Confidence, manifested not only in the attitude of people toward one another, but practiced in business dealings by liberal extension and renewal of loans, may be put down as the fundamental panacea prescribed by the twelfth annual conference of governors here for existing economic ills.

After naming a committee from its membership to report back certain recommendations covering the plight of America's agriculture element, the conference voted to receive the report and have copies distributed to its membership, without formal action as a body.

The report says: "The financial situation in the whole country is a cause for gravest concern, but not despair. All lines of business are realizing heavy losses, but the swift decline of prices of farm commodities to far below the cost of production threatens national disaster. The situation demands infinite patience and forbearance and supreme wisdom and courage. Nothing but evil can result from anger or fear. We believe the tenseness of the situation can be relieved in several ways.

"Let every individual do all he can to help and encourage his neighbor. Let there be complete mobilization of financial and spiritual assets of every community. Neither God nor government ought to be asked to help those who do not first make every effort to help themselves. There ought to be united effort in every community to keep any good man from being destroyed because he can not immediately meet his obligations.

"Let the federal government create a finance corporation of some sort that will enable the people of other lands to obtain from us commodities they so greatly need, but for which they are unable to make immediate payment.

"The federal reserve board should be urged and authorized to advise all banks to adopt a liberal policy of renewals.

"The real wealth of the country is unimpaired. It would be suicidal policy to destroy this wealth by preemptory call loans.

"If necessary, congress should immediately amend the federal reserve law to temporarily supply additional credit and afford time to debtors distressed."

In the opinion of some, discouragement has already set in among farmers, and dangerous thoughts are beginning to circulate in the agricultural mind.

PRESIDENT OBREGON OF MEXICO IS INAUGURATED

Governor of Texas Occupies Seat With the Diplomatic Corps.

City of Mexico.—Americans were given places of honor in all functions attendant on the inauguration of President Alvaro Obregon, who formally assumed office at midnight Nov. 30. The night was a gala one for the Mexican capital; the people seemed to sense a brighter and more tranquil future and freely gave vent to their enthusiasm. President Obregon, in confersation with Governor-elect Pat M. Neff of Texas, when the latter was offering congratulations said he wanted the confidence and friendship of Texas. Mr. Neff extended an invitation to the governors of the Mexican border states, to attend the inauguration of Texas' governor at Austin next January.

The inauguration ceremonies were simple and yet solemn. The new president, surrounded by executives from the United States and dignitaries from southern republics, took the oath of office. Mrs. W. P. Hobby, wife of the governor of Texas, was next to Mrs. Adolfo De la Huerta, wife of the retiring provisional president of Mexico. Governor Hobby was seated with the diplomatic corps and Mr. Neff was seated in the box reserved for governors. There were no formal speeches and with the administration of the oath the ceremonies ended. Congratulations and expressions of well wishes were showered on the new president.

Osages to Receive Bonuses.
Oklahoma City, Ok.—Income of Osage Indian allottees for the year of 1920 will total nearly \$10,000 for each member of the tribe and children who have inherited all rights because of death of relatives.

Armenian Forces Driven Eastward.
Aiflis.—The Armenian forces have been driven eastward by the Turkish nationalists until the region they hold is entirely outside the traditional boundaries of Armenia.

Fiume Is Notified of Blockade.
Trieste.—General Caigla has sent official notification to the people in Fiume of the Italia government's intention to blockade the port and the city to starve our Gabriel D'Annunzio and his following.

PRESIDENT TO MEDIATE IN ARMENIAN AFFAIRS

ACCEPTS INVITATION GIVEN BY LEAGUE OF NATIONS TO TRY TO STOP WAR.

Washington.—President Wilson, in response to an invitation from the league of nations council, has agreed to use his good offices and to proffer his "personal mediation" through a representative he may designate "to end the hostilities that are now being waged against the Armenian people."

In accepting the league's invitation the president, writing to President Paul Hymans, says he makes his offer upon assurances of "the moral and diplomatic support of the principal powers" and relies upon the league council to "suggest to him the avenues through which his proffer should be conveyed and the parties to whom it should be addressed."

The president says he is "without authorization to offer or employ the military forces of the United States in any project for the relief of Armenia" and that "any material contribution would require the authorization of congress, which is not now in session, and whose action I could not forecast."

The invitation to mediate between the factions in Armenia was extended to the president through Paul Hymans, president of the league assembly. Mr. Wilson already has consented to fix the boundary lines of Armenia and he now has before him special reports on that subject. There has been no indication, however, when he will complete this work.

INTERURBAN WILL NOT BE BUILT AT THIS TIME

Committee Fails to Finance the Proposed Dallas-Wichita Falls Line.

Dallas.—The interurban line to Wichita Falls will not be built at present on account of the failure of the interurban committee to finance the project, according to Fred Appel, acting mayor. Wiley Blair, chairman of the committee, made an informal report to Mr. Appel Tuesday afternoon. He will make his formal report upon return of the remainder of his committee to Dallas. Some of the members are in the Rio Grande valley considering an irrigation project and others are in Mexico attending the inauguration of Obregon. The committee was required to make a report by Dec. 1. The committee had to dispose of \$5,000,000 in first mortgage bonds, and only \$2,500,000 were disposed of.

The Texas Power and Light company under its franchise is required to build two interurban lines into Dallas of at least 30 miles in length beginning construction not later than Jan. 1. This provision of the franchise was held up pending the outcome of the Wichita Falls interurban project, as the city agreed to waive the other provision if this was successful.

BRYAN MAN IS NAMED FEDERAL RESERVE DIRECTOR

J. J. Culbertson of Paris Re-Elected Class B From Group 3.

Dallas.—Ed Hall, president of the First State Bank & Trust company of Bryan, Texas, was elected Class A director of the Dallas Federal Reserve Bank, representing banks in group two, in the election which closed Tuesday. This announcement was made by W. E. Ramsey, chairman of the board, following the counting of the ballots Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Hall received 42 votes out of a total of 75 cast.

Mr. Hall will serve for three years, his term beginning Jan. 1, 1921. He will succeed E. K. Smith of Shreveport, whose term expires at that time. Seven men had been nominated by the banks participating in the election to succeed Mr. Smith.

J. J. Culbertson of Paris, Texas, was re-elected Class B director, representing group three. He will serve three years also, beginning Jan. 1. Ballots were mailed to the banks participating in the election of Nov. 16 and had to be returned by Nov. 30.

Stockdale Oil Plant Destroyed.

Stockdale, Texas.—The main buildings of the Stockdale oil mill were completely destroyed by fire, which broke out Tuesday afternoon. The origin has not been determined. Thousands of dollars worth of cotton seed cake and oil were consumed and the large array of machinery was ruined. The total loss is estimated at \$50,000, partially covered by insurance. The flames had enveloped the main building when discovered.

"Wets" Win in Mexico City.

Mexico City.—The "dry" elements in the Mexican government have just suffered defeat in an attempt to close the cantinas, or saloons, on Saturday nights and Sundays.

To Consider Relief for Farmers.

Washington.—Measures for the relief of the farmers will be considered at a joint meeting of the senate and house agriculture committees this week.

Losses \$3,000 in Chicken House.

Paris, Texas.—A farmer living south of town who is averse to depositing money in the banks, reported to the officers the loss of \$3,000 that he had secreted in a crack in the poultry barn.

CLASH EXPECTED BY RAILROAD WORKERS

DEMAND EMPLOYERS CONTINUE AGREEMENT MADE WITH GOVERNMENT.

Chicago, Ill.—Everything is ready for one of the most important clashes between capital and labor that has engaged public attention in some time.

With the national agreements between the 2,000,000 railroad workers and the United States railroad administration about to expire, new agreements must be made between the workers and the roads under private ownership.

The workers are going to insist that the same conditions under which they worked for the government be continued.

The railroad executives are equally insistent that such a condition would be impossible.

Representatives of the men are demanding that the functions of the United States railroad labor board be extended to at least three other adjustment boards, to take the place of the three boards which operated in settling grievances in Washington and which are now about ready to go out of existence.

All this became known here when the chiefs of the sixteen great railroad brotherhoods and unions were granted an executive session by the railroad labor board. The union chief, headed by W. G. Lee, grand chief of the trainmen, and by Bert M. Jewel, president of the railroad department of the American Federation of labor, declined to make any statement. After the meeting the labor board was equally reticent and went into another executive session.

Representatives of the railroads, intimately connected with the big question to be settled, declared that the railroads "simply can not function under present working conditions with any hope of immediate stabilization."

COTTON MEN TO MEET IN DALLAS DEC. 15

Legislators Are Invited To Attend the Warehouse Session.

Dallas.—Members of the state senate and the house of representatives will be invited to attend a general meeting to be held in Dallas about Dec. 15 to discuss the proposed warehousing system for cotton growers of Texas by the American Cotton association and the cotton division of the Texas Farm Bureau Federation. Letters inviting the legislators to attend the meeting are being sent out from Dallas headquarters.

The reason underlying the failure of the people to build warehouses for cotton and amendments necessary to obtain an adequate system of warehouses will be discussed. The meeting of legislators will be held during ten ten-day conference of the committee of 21 members of the Texas Farm Bureau who will outline the proposed co-operative marketing system for Texas farmers. The senators and representatives will be invited to spend two days in Dallas.

Letters urging that county judges and commissioners' courts take an active part in the observance of "Cotton Acreage Reduction Day," Dec. 11, are being sent out by D. E. Lyday, manager of the cotton division of the Texas Farm Bureau Federation.

DALLAS TELEPHONE COMPANY WINS CASE

Dallas.—New rates on telephone service, including \$4 for residence and \$10 for business telephones, went into effect here Dec. 1, and bills will be mailed out in advance for the month as has been the custom of the Dallas Telephone company. A charge of \$3 for moving a phone, whether business or private, will be made. A service connection charge of \$3.50 will be made for all new phones installed. A charge of \$3 will be made for moving a phone at the request of the subscriber. These are the rates included in the petition for temporary injunction granted Monday by James C. Wilson at Fort Worth to the Dallas Telephone company.

Judge Wilson held that the present table of rates of \$2 and \$5 is confiscatory.

A motion for appeal was given by the city.

Railroad Shops Reduce Hours.

Houston, Texas.—The Southern Pacific shops announce that the working hours have been reduced to eight hours, due to less work being required at this season than during the time when heaviest traffic is hauled.

Turkeys Net Farmers \$36,000.

Dublin, Texas.—The turkey crop of this section netted the farmers about \$36,000 during the Thanksgiving season, according to a statement of E. A. Thompson, manager of the Dublin Packing company.

21 Men Are Fined \$100.

Dallas.—Twenty-one men arrested by the Dallas police Sunday night as undesirable characters were arraigned before Corporation Judge Felix D. Robertson on charges of vagrancy. Fines of \$100 were assessed in most of the cases, but payment of the fine was suspended with the understanding that the men are to leave the city immediately. The arrest of the 21 men is a part of the police department's plan to rid the city of vagrants or other undesirable characters.

THE MARKETS

Supplied by the Bureau of Markets, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

HAY AND FEED: The holiday accumulation and limited demand for hay are causing depression in the principal distributing markets. Prices are generally \$1 to \$2 lower than last week's quotations. Prairie in good demand at Chicago because of light receipts. Buyers consider prices of all hay high compared to former prices. Kansas City No. 1 alfalfa \$37, grain. Quote No. 1 alfalfa Memphis \$37, Kansas City \$27, No. 1 prairie Kansas City \$15, Chicago \$25. Wheat feeds eastern City \$15, Chicago \$25. Prices in northwest holding steady. St. Louis, Cincinnati and a few other markets quote wheat feeds about \$2 per ton lower. Gluten feed maintained its recent advance but hominy feed is lower. Cottontail meal weak. Stocks of all demand commodities feed reported good. Midwestern light. Quoted here \$14.50, mid-timothy \$17.50, oat feed \$14.50. St. Louis, hominy feed \$13. St. Louis, No. 1 alfalfa meal \$29 Kansas City. Abnormally slow movement of alfalfa seed continues. Growers unwilling to sell at prevailing prices. Clean seed per 100 lbs., alfalfa \$12 to \$15. Seedmen reluctant to make bids because of declining prices and money stringency.

COTTON: Prices for spot cotton and future contracts made further declines during the week, reaching new low points for the season. The average price for middling spot cotton as quoted by the ten designated markets last about one cent per pound, closing at 15.00. New York December futures lost 125 points closing at 15c.

DAIRY PRODUCTS: Butter markets weak and unsettled during the week and prices fell sharply on Dec. 29th and 31st. Closing prices \$2.50; Chicago \$2.50. Weakened condition attributed to surplus on market, and light demand in anticipation of lower prices.

GRAIN: Chicago December wheat reached a new low level on the 29th, closing at \$1.52. A shipment has continued to be held down to the 27th, due to general economic conditions and liquidation in all lines of trade, but on the 27th the heavy export sales of ten million bushels of wheat during the week began to make an impression and the market brightened perceptibly. Milling demand for cash wheat slightly improved but flour buyers still holding off. Mills averaging only 50 p. c. capacity which is unprecedented at this season of year. Scarcity of soft red winter wheat indicated by premiums over December in Chicago markets. Good demand for yellow corn at high premiums over Chicago December futures; No. 1 red winter 8 to 12c; No. 2 red winter 2c to 2c; No. 1 hard winter 8 to 10c; No. 2 white winter 7 to 8c; No. 4 yellow 4c. Only fair demand for mixed corn. For the week Chicago December wheat lost 13 1/2c, closing at \$1.55-58. December corn gained 2 1/2c, closing at 66 3/8c. Kansas City \$1.50, closing at \$1.50 1/2. Chicago March wheat closed at \$1.24-8. May corn 72 1/4c; Kansas City \$1.45-47.

LIVESTOCK AND MEATS: Top hogs at Chicago dropped to \$19 on the 29th, the lowest point reached in four years. The net decline in hogs for the week averaged \$1.70 per 100 lbs. Fat sheep and lambs broke 25c to 50c; feeders 50c to 75c per 100 lbs. Cattle trade showed a rather vigorous rebound from the depressed condition existing ten days ago, beef steers advancing 25c to 75c and in some instances, as much as \$1. Cows and heifers steady to 25c higher. Stockers and feeders steady to 25c lower. Veal calves declined \$1 to \$2. November 27 top Chicago prices: hogs \$19.25; yearling steers \$17.75; good beef steers \$15.50; heifers \$12.25; cows \$10.25; feeder steers \$10.50; westerns \$12.25; veal calves \$12.50; fat and feeding lambs \$11.50; ewes \$4.75. Due to liberal supplies, weakness in livestock markets and the Thanksgiving holiday, fresh meat prices showed substantial declines for the week. Beef was the least affected, declining an average of \$1 per 100 lbs. Pork declined most, today's prices on fresh loins ranging all the way from \$2 to \$11 lower than those of a week ago. Veal broke \$2 to \$5, lamb and mutton \$1 to \$1 per 100 lbs. November 26 prices on good grade meats: beef \$17 to \$21; veal \$20 to \$23; lamb \$24 to \$25; mutton \$13 to \$14; light pork loins \$22 to \$23; heavy loins \$23 to \$26.

Wilson Will Make Home in Capital.

Washington.—Although it has been generally understood that President Wilson, after he leaves the White House on March 4, will devote his time to writing, this fact became known with a degree of finality. It also became known that Mr. Wilson will make his home in Washington, but thus far he has not obtained a residence. Joseph P. Tumulty, the president's secretary, also plans to remain in Washington after March 4.

Attempt To Burn Church.

Desdemona, Texas.—An attempt was made Saturday night to destroy the Baptist church here by fire. The flames were seen by a passer-by before they had made great headway and the fire was extinguished before much damage was done. A gallon of kerosene and some rags saturated with kerosene were found partly burned near the center of the building. The pastor has been an active member of the Law and Order League.

Berlin Recognizes Huerta Regime.


Mexico City.—Germany has extended her official recognition of the De la Huerta government of Mexico, placing the diplomats of other nations in an embarrassing position as they are awaiting word from their own governments as to whether they should attend the inauguration of President Obregon.

Hamon Shoots Self Accidentally

Ardmore, Okla.—Jake L. Hamon, millionaire oil magnate and republican national committeeman, accidentally shot himself here Sunday while cleaning a revolver.

Harding On Way Home.

Cristobal, Canal Zone.—President-elect Warren G. Harding left the Canal Zone for the United States Sunday after a week's visit in which he included an intimate study of the commercial and military advantages and needs of the waterway and exchanged assurances of friendly relations with the republic of Panama. The steamer Pastores, bound for Norfolk, by way of Kingston, Jamaica, left Cristobal with the president-elect and party.



CALOMEL

Calomel is a dangerous mercury—quicksilver—and bones. Take a dose of Calomel day and you will feel weak, seated tomorrow. Don't work.

Take "Dodson's Liver Tone"

Here's my guarantee! Ask your druggist for a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone and take a spoonful tonight. If it doesn't start your liver and straighten you right up better than Calomel and without griping or making you sick I want you to go back to the store and get it.

Take a spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone and you will feel better than ever. It is harmless, so give it any time. It can't hurt you, and it will eat anything.

Lockjaw as a punishment for people who live at keyholes would be the proper thing.

TENSE PRESSURE ON HER HEAD

"My Sides, Back and Head Pained Me Just All the Time," Says Alabama Lady, Who Took Cardui and Got Well.

Calontown, Ala.—"After the birth of my baby, I came near dying," writes Mrs. Maude Feltz, of Calontown. "I was in an awful condition. . . . It just looked like I would die. "I couldn't bear anyone to even touch me, I was so sore, not even to turn me in bed. My sides, back and head all pained me, just all the time. "We had the doctor every day and he did everything he knew how, it looked like. Yet I lay there suffering such intense pains as seems I can't describe. "Finally, I said to my husband, 'let us try Cardui'. . . . He went for it at once, and before I had taken the first bottle the . . . came back, the soreness began to go away, and I began to mend. The intense pressure seemed all at once to leave my head, and before long I was up. "I took three bottles and was well and strong and able to do my work. I believed Cardui saved my life. . . . I cannot praise it enough for what it did for me." "If you are a woman, and need a tonic— Take Cardui, the Woman's Tonic. —Adv.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

The Remedy With a Record of Fifty-four Years of Surpassing Excellence.

Those who suffer from nervous dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, torpid liver, dizziness, headaches, coming up of food, wind on stomach, palpitation and other indications of fermentation and indigestion will find Green's August Flower a most effective and efficient assistant in the restoration of nature's functions and a return to health and happiness. There could be no better testimony of the value of this remedy for these troubles than the fact that its use for the last fifty-four years has extended into many thousands of households all over the civilized world and no indication of any failure has been obtained in all that time where medicine could effect relief. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

alot

The purified calomel tablets, nausealess, medicinal value and immediate relief. Price 35c.

Cuticura Soap for the Complexion.

Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

Quite So.

"We can have an open fire in our library." "Grate news."



"California Syrup of Figs"

Delicious Laxative for Child's Liver

Hurry mother! A teaspoonful of "California" Syrup of Figs today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If your child is constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good "physic-laxative" is often all that children love the genuine "California" which has directed children printed on "California" or you tation fig syrup.

CHRISTMAS EDITION

THE LYNN COUNTY NEWS

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1920.

NUMBER 14



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WHISTLING DICK

A CHRISTMAS STORY
By O. Henry

It was with much caution that Whistling Dick slid back of the box car, for Article 5716, City Ordinance, authorized (perhaps unconstitutionally) arrest on suspicion, and he was familiar of old with this ordinance. So, before climbing out, he surveyed the field with all the care of a good general.

He saw no change since his last visit to this big, alms-giving, long-suffering city of the South, the cold-weather paradise of the tramps. The levee where his freight car stood was pimpled with dark bulks of merchandise. The breeze reeked with the well-remembered, sickening smell of the old tarpanlins that covered bales and barrels. The dun river slipped along among the shipping with an oily gurgle. Far down toward Chalmette he could see the great bend in the stream outlined by the row of electric lights. Across the River Algiers lay, a long, irregular blot, made darker by the dawn which lightened the sky beyond.

Whistling Dick's red head popped suddenly back into the car. A sight too imposing and magnificent for his gaze had been added to the scene. A vast, incomparable policeman rounded a pile of rice sacks and stood within twenty yards of the car.

Whistling Dick, professional tramp, possessed a half-friendly acquaintance with this officer. They had met several times before on the levee at night, for the officer, himself a lover of music, had been attracted by the exquisite whistling of the shiftless vagabond. Still, he did not care, under the present circumstances, to renew the acquaintance. There is a difference between meeting a policeman upon a lonely wharf and whistling a few operatic airs with him, and being caught by him crawling out of a freight car.

Whistling Dick waited as long as his judgment advised, and then slid swiftly to the ground. Assuming as far as possible the air of an honest laborer who seeks his daily toil, he moved across the network of railway lines, with the intention of making his way by quiet Girod street to a certain bench in Lafayette Square, where, according to appointment, he hoped to rejoin a pal known as "Slick," this adventurous pilgrim having preceded him by one day in a cattle car into which a loose slat had enticed him.

As Whistling Dick picked his way where night still lingered among the big, reeking, musty warehouses, he gave way to the habit that had won for him his title. Subdued, yet clear, with each note as true and liquid as a bobolink's, his whistle tinkled about the dim, cold mountains of brick like drops of rain falling into a hidden pool. He followed an air, but it swam mistily into a swirling current of improvisation. You could cull out the trill of mountain brooks, the staccato of green rushes shivering above chilly lagoons, the pipe of sleepy birds.

Rounding a corner, the whistler collided with a mountain of blue and brass.

"Py der vay, you petter pe glad I meet you. Von hour later, und I would half to put you in a gage to vistle mit her chail birds. Der orders are to bull all her pums after sunrise."

"To which?"

"To bull der pums—eferbody mitout fisible means. Dirty days is der price, or fifteen tollars."

"Is dat straight, or a game you givin' me?"

"It's der pest tip you efer had. I gif it to you because I believ you are not so bad as der rest. Und because you gan vhistle 'Der Freischuetz' bezer dan I myself gan. Don't run against any more bolicemans aroundt der corners, but go away vrom town a few tays. Goot-pye."

After the big policeman had departed, Whistling Dick stood for an irresolute minute, feeling all the outraged indignation of a delinquent tenant who is ordered to vacate his premises. He had pictured to himself a day of dreamful ease when he should have joined his pal; a day of lounging on the wharf, munching the bananas and coconuts scattered in unloading the fruit steamers; and then a feast along the free-lunch counters from which the easy-going owners were too good-natured or too generous to drive him away, and afterward a pipe in one of the little flowery parks and a snooze in some shady corner of the wharf. But here was a stern order to exile and one that he knew must be obeyed. So, with a wary eye open for the gleam of brass buttons, he began his retreat toward a rural refuge. A few days in the country need not necessarily prove disastrous. Beyond the possibility of a slight nip of frost, there was no formidable evil to be looked for.

However, it was with a depressed spirit that Whistling Dick passed the old French market on his chosen route down the Mississippi river. For safety's sake he still presented to the world his portrayal of the part of the worthy artisan on his way to labor. A stallkeeper in the market, undecieved, hailed him by the generic name of his ilk, and "Jack" halted, taken by surprise. The vender, misled by this proof of his own acuteness, bestowed a foot of Frankfurter and half a loaf, and thus the problem of breakfast was solved.

By noon he had reached the country of the plantations, the great, sad, silent levels bordering the mighty river. He overlooked the fields of sugar-cane so vast that their farthest limits melted into the sky. The sugar-making season was well advanced, and the cutters were after them; the negro teamsters inspired the mules to greater speed with mellow and sonorous imprecations. Dark green groves, blurred by the blue of distance, showed where the plantation houses stood. The tall chimneys of the sugar mill, caught the eye miles distant, like lighthouses at sea.

At a certain point Whistling Dick's unerring nose caught the scent of frying fish. Like a pointer to a quail, he made his way down the levee side straight to the camp of a credulous and ancient fisherman, whom he charmed with song and story, so that he dined like an admiral, and then,

like a philosopher, annihilated the worst three hours of the day by a n.p. under the trees.

When he awoke and again continued his exodus, a frosty sparkle in the air had succeeded the drowsy warmth of the day, and as this portent of a chilly night translated itself to the brain of Dick, he lengthened his stride and bethought him of shelter. He traveled a road that faithfully followed the convolutions of the levee, running along its base, but whither he knew not. Bushes and rank grass crowded it to the wheel ruts, and out of this ambushade the pests of the lowlands swarmed after him, humming a keen, vicious soprano. And as the night grew nearer, although colder, the whine of the mosquitoes became a greedy, petulant snarl that shut out all other sounds.

A distant clatter in the rear quickly developed into the swift beat of horses' hoofs, and Whistling Dick stepped aside into the dew-wet grass to clear the track. Turning his head, he saw approaching a fine team of stylish grays drawing a double surrey. A stout man with a white mustache occupied the front seat, giving all his attention to the rigid lines in his hands. Behind him sat a placid, middle-aged lady and a brilliant-looking girl hardly arrived at young ladyhood. The laprobe had slipped partly from the knees of the gentleman driving, and Whistling Dick saw two stout canvas bags between his feet—bags such as,



"A Black Streak Came Crashing Through the Window Pane"

while loafing in cities, he had seen warily transferred between express wagons and bank doors. The remaining space in the vehicle was filled with parcels of various sizes and shapes.

As the surrey swept even with the side-tracked tramp, the bright-eyed girl, seized by some merry, made-up impulse leaned out toward him with a sweet, dazzling smile, and cried, "Merry Christmas!" in a shrill, plaintive treble.

Such a thing had not often happened to Whistling Dick, and he felt handicapped in devising a correct response. But lacking time for selection, he let his instinct decide, and snatching off his battered derby, he rapidly extended it at arm's length, and drew it back with a continuous motion, and shouted a loud, but ceremonious, "Ah, there!" after the flying surrey.

The sudden movement of the girl had caused one of the parcels to become unwrapped, and something limp and black fell from it into the road. The tramp picked it up and found it to be a new black silk stocking, long and fine and slender. It crunched crisply, and yet with a luxurious softness, between his fingers.

"Theer bloomin' little skeezieks!" said Whistling Dick, with a broad grin bisecting his freckled face. "Wot d'yer think of dat, now! Merry Christmas! Sounded like a cuckoo clock, dat's what she did. Dem guys is swell, too, bet yer life, an' der old 'un stacks dem sacks of dough down under his trotters like dey was common as dried apples. Been shoppin' fer Christmas, and de kid's lost one of her new socks wot she was goin' to hold up Santy wid. De bloomin' little skeezieks! Wit' her 'Merry Christmas!' Wot d'yer t'ink! Same as to say, 'Hello, Jack, how goes it?' and as swell as Fift' av'noo, and as easy as a blow-out in Cincinnati."

Whistling Dick folded the stocking carefully and stuffed it into his pocket.

It was nearly two hours later when he came upon signs of habitation. The buildings of an extensive plantation were brought into view by a turn in the road. He easily selected the planter's residence in a large, square building with two wings, with numerous good-sized, well-lighted windows, and broad verandas running around its full extent. It was set upon a smooth lawn, which was faintly lit by the far-reaching rays of the lamps within. A noble grove surrounded it, and old-fashioned shrubbery grew thickly about the walks and fences. The quarters of the hands and the mill buildings were situated at a distance in the rear.

The road was now inclosed on each side by a fence, and presently, as Whistling Dick drew nearer the houses, he suddenly stopped and sniffed the air.

"If dere ain't a hobo stew cookin' somewhere in dis immediate precinct," he said to himself, "me nose has quit tellin' de truf!"

Without hesitation he climbed the fence to windward. He found himself in an apparently disused lot, where piles of old bricks were stacked, and rejected, decaying lumber. In a corner he

saw the faint glow of a fire that had become little more than a bed of living coals, and he thought he could see some dim human forms sitting or lying about it. He drew nearer, and by the light of a little blaze that suddenly flared up he saw plainly the fat figure of a ragged man in an old brown sweater and cap.

"Dat man," said Whistling Dick to himself, softly, "is a dead ringer for Boston Harry. I'll try him wit' de high sign."

He whistled one or two bars of a ragtime melody, and the air was immediately taken up, and then quickly ended with a peculiar run. The first whistler walked confidently up to the fire. The fat man looked up, and spoke in a loud, asthmatic wheeze:

"Gents, the unexpected but welcome addition to our circle is Mr. Whistling Dick, an old friend of mine for whom I fully vouches. The waiter will lay another cover at once. Mr. W. D. will join us at supper, during which function he will enlighten us in regard to the circumstances that give us the pleasure of his company."

"Chewin' de stuffin' 'n de dictionary, as usual, Boston," said Whistling Dick; "but t'anks all de same for de invitashun. I guess I finds meself here about de same way yous guys. A cop gimme de tip dis mornin'. Yous workin' on dis farm?"

For the next ten minutes the gang of roadsters

Well, there's mighty few women enoug' enough to be heard above its enoug' thing's dead safe. The only dang' caught before we can get far enoug' the money. Now, if you—

"Boston," interrupted Whistling Dick to his feet, "t'anks for de grab you've given me, but I'll be movin' on now." "What do you mean?" asked the rising.

"W'y, you can count me outer de oughter know that. I'm on de levee enough, but dat other t'ing don't Burglary is no good. I'll say go, an many t'anks fer—"

Whistling Dick had moved away as he spoke, but he stopped very short; ton had covered him with a short, roomy calibre.

"Take your seat," said the tramp, feel mighty proud of myself if I let spoil the game. You'll stick right until we finish the job. The end of is your limit. You go two inches bey I'll have to shoot. Better take it easy.

"It's my way of doin'," said Whistling Dick. "Easy goes. You can depress de 12-inch and run 'er back on de truck as de newspapers says, 'in yer mid' as the other returned and took his a projecting plank in a pile of timb a try to leave; that's all. I would a chance even if I had to shoot an old to make it go. I don't want to specially, but this thousand dollars get will fix me for fair. I'm tired of around."

Boston Harry took from his pocket a silver watch and held it near the fire. "It's a quarter to nine," he said, and Kliny start. Go down the road, house, and fire the cane in a dozen strike for the levee, and come back of the road, so you won't meet anybody time you get back the men will all be in for the fire and we'll break for the collar the dollars. Everybody cough matches he's got."

The two surly tramps made a collection of the party, Whistling Dick using his quota with propitiatory then they departed in the dim starlight rection of the road.

Of the three remaining vagrants, twent and Indiana Tom, reclined lazily upon, ient lumber and regarded Whistling Dick undisguised disfavor. Boston, observant dissenting recruit was disposed to rem ably, relaxed a little of his vigilance. Dick arose presently and strolled leisur down, keeping carefully within the tan signed him.

"Dis planter chap," he said, pausing Harry, "wot makes yer t'ink he's got de house wit' 'im?"

"I'm advised of the facts in the case Boston. "He drove to Neo Orleans and say; today. Want to change your mind come in?"

"Naw, I was just askin'. Wot kin did de boss drive?"

"Pair of grays."

"Double surrey?"

"Yep."

"Women folks along?"

"Wife and kid. Say, what more are you trying to pump news for?"

"I was just conversin' to pass de time I guess dat team passed me in de road Dat's all."

As Whistling Dick put his hands into hets and continued his curtailed beat up by the fire, he felt the silk stocking he had up in the road.

"Theer bloomin' little skeezieks," he said with a grin.

"Just as easy," continued the warbler grant softly to himself, "an' sociable an' sassy, wit' her 'Mer-ry Christmas.' Wot t'ink, now!"

Dinner, two hours late, was being set the Bellemeade plantation dining room.

The dining room and all its apparatus spoke of an old regime that was here rather than suggested to the memory. The was rich to the extent that its age and alone saved it from being showy; there interesting names signed in the corners of tures on the walls; the viands were of that bringing a shine into the eyes of gour service was swift, silent, lavish, as in when the waiters were assets, like the names by which the planter's family visitors addressed one another were hist annuals of two nations. Their manners conversation had that most difficult kind of the kind that still preserves punctilio. The himself seemed to be the dynamo that the larger portion of the gayety and wit.

The talk of the party was too desevanescent to follow, but at last they subject of the tramp nuisance, one that late vexed the plantations for many miles. The planter seized the occasion to direct natured fire of railleury at the mistress, her of encouraging the plague. "They and down the levee every winter," he said overrun New Orleans, and we catch the which is generally the worst part. And two ago, Madame New Orleans suddenly ering that she can't go shopping without her skirts against great rows of the sunning themselves on the banquettes, police: 'Catch 'em all,' and the police dozen or two, and the remaining three.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 5

Christmas Observations

By J. H. Lowry

LESS Only in the most exclusive circles will the popular composite of hen fruit and high life be seen or the heavy hand of the iconoclast has been on the delectable concoction and the world know it no more forever. Most of us will admit the flavor of egg-nogg is fine, that the thereof is delicious, and that a little of it on the belt paints pictures of marvelous beauty and fellow's gaze and causes him to forget the vicinities of poverty and the sting of disappointment. But the world has weighed egg-nogg, analyzed it; and the analysis sent it to the For every thrill of joy it has a thousand for every inch of pleasure there are broad of despair. Many have looked upon the goblet as one of the essentials of a merry mas, but those who have not already discovered their error will soon be disillusioned. We will little less hilarity because of the absence of the honored concoction, but let us hope we have more good sense and humility.

of the principal differences, I observe, between last Christmas and the present joyous season: Last Christmas people had their full of money but couldn't buy what they because there was nothing to be had. This as all commodities are on sale, but the people'ven't the money to buy with. And, I conclude, affairs are in no worse shape this Christmas they were last Christmas. Last Christmas a couldn't buy a settie of coat with a twenty bill. This Christmas he doesn't happen to the twenty dollar bill. But is he any worse

Other difference I note between this Christmas and last is that "a job" is in much higher with mankind now than it was a year ago. that a year ago men all over the country in a domestic strike for higher wages, and when their were raised they would strike again for pay, or shorter hours, or handsomer quarters which to work, before the end of the week. ing was more unpopular than a job, and men admitted with shame they had one. 's work would buy a silk shirt, and a silk was all many men wanted. I remember approaching a big buick negro about the beginning of Christmas season, and, being a convalescent awful "flu," I urged him to cut me a little promising adequate remuneration. The sable who was arrayed in silk socks, fifteen dollar and other apparel of proportionate cost, d me with the remark that he had been on, every day for somebody to cut some wood I can't see that hard times are much than good times. So long as we can see the glittering on the golden shores of prosper-

ity we won't work; when the lights go out we can't find work to do. What's the difference?

EXCHANGING GIFTS The custom of gift-giving among real friends, and within the sacred precincts of kinship, at Christmas time, is one of the finest ways of observing the world's greatest event, and also one of the most beautiful customs of our people. Recalling the fact that at this time Heaven's greatest gift to us was made should make givers of us all. Selfishness should die, and purse strings should break, and, as self was forgotten by Him who was laid in Bethlehem's manger, so should we turn to the great work of making others happy by gifts—gifts of things that are beautiful, gifts of goods, gifts of sympathy, gifts of words of kindness and of cheer. But nothing good can be said of the practice of "exchanging gifts"—of giving just to be in the giving game. Nothing milder can be said of this custom than that it is a nuisance. It causes a useless expenditure of money, and imposes long hours of work upon many who are physically unable to stand the toil; and it does no good. No heart is thrilled when a gift is received from one who it is known expects a gift in return. No life is sweetened or made better by giving to those within a circle in which gifts are exchanged as a mere matter of form. The gift awakens no good in the heart of the giver, neither is it prized by the receiver. The "present" is put aside and perhaps never seen again. Some even send the articles to others as gifts! One lady within the bounds of my acquaintance actually sent a piece of China, one Christmas, to the lady from whom she had received it the Christmas before! What a tragedy—what a travesty upon the sweet name of Christmas giving.

DON'T WRITE IT XMAS Whatever you do this Christmas season, don't insult the Savior of the world by writing His name with an X. 'Tis true that this is a busy age, and people use every short-cut possible in order to "get by," but surely you can take the time to write the name of our Lord. In algebra the x represents an unknown quantity. Are you willing to say Jesus Christ is unknown to you? In the business world people who are unlearned signed their names with an x. Jesus Christ is an intelligent being. Don't slander his great name by writing it with an x.

TAKING UP THE SLACK In the paragraphs above I have mentioned a few of the changes a year has wrought. There are many; in fact "presto" has been the word all along the line. The wicked Republicans have taken the country from the Democrats by a majority so large that it makes me sick at the stomach to deal with the figures. Last year merchants couldn't sell a suit of clothes that was marked below fifty dollars, because nobody wanted cheap

stuff; this year they can't sell a suit for much more than fifteen dollars. Last year merchants were advertising for more clerks; this year they are hunting sign painters to make streamers for their cost sales. Last year farmers were either selling their cotton at forty cents a pound or holding it because they couldn't get more than that; this year they are selling it at most any price the buyers will offer. But don't get it into your head, dear reader, that this country is headed for the demnition bow-wows on a downward track. Matters will straighten themselves out shortly, and the world will continue to turn on its axes, as it has always done. Some men will make fortunes, some will lose out; some will marry pretty girls, and some will side-step Hymen's altar, just as they have been doing since Noah's boat landed on Ararat. We have been wearing trousers that were too large for us. Now we are going to take up the slack. The tightness will cause discomfort for a few weeks, but soon we will adjust ourselves to the changed garments and then they will serve us fully as well as did the baggy ones we strutted in but didn't fill.

I observe, just as I have observed about this time for many years, that the Sunday schools are looking for something new in the way of Christmas entertainments. The committees are meeting and the cry is for something new and novel. They want to get out of the old rut, they say. They are considering fishing ponds, chimneys, snow houses, and many other plans and schemes for the distribution of presents. Finally they will put the question up to the children—and the children will vote unanimously in favor of the old-time Christmas tree. Nothing else will satisfy the children, and a Christmas tree every Sunday school will have. Some things grow old, but the Christmas tree and the circus shall ever flourish in immortal youth.

I observe, as I have observed about this time for many years, that men are shrugging their shoulders and saying, "Christmas won't be much this year." Times are too hard, they say, and it would be criminal to waste money on Christmas. At this time men pass the toy stores as they would pass an enemy, or a man they owed a long-past-due bill. The rich colors of the toy wagons and tin soldiers are not beautiful to them, and they turn away from those who talk about Christmas as they would turn from a preacher of Socialism. This feeling of indifference toward Christmas will endure until about Dec. 24. Then the spirit of the Christ-child will come to mellow and refine the hearts of men that are now hard as steel. They will think of the Babe in the manger, who gave all for sinful men, and they will think also of the children at home who are counting the hours and minutes until the time for good old Santa Claus to come. And they will forget their poverty and meanness, and make a rush for the toy stores.

A TIME FOR REFLECTION I observe, as I always do about this time of year, that I am dropping into a reflective mood. The feeling comes over me that the year is dying, and sadness always comes with death, whether of persons or the year. I note that the trees are bare, and that the flowers are gone, and I find myself saying the year will soon be numbered with things that were but are not. I find that I linger a little longer before the grate after the others have retired for a night's repose. In solemn stillness I gaze into the fire, which has burned itself nearly out, and as I see the glowing sparks turn to dull ashes I think of hopes decayed, of disappointments met, and of failures of efforts put forth during the year that is soon to be no more. I think of the sheaves I had hoped to gather, but in the year's dying hours I see nothing but leaves. It is well, perhaps, that we all should enter into such seasons of reflection, for a time. It is well that we should take an inventory of the mistakes that led to the blighting of our hopes or the bringing of disappointments; but happy are we if a re-counting of our mistakes nerves our arms and steels our souls for greater efforts. The end of the year does not ring down the curtain upon Time—there will be other years as fair and as bright. Neither does the passing of the year close to man the door of hope or sound the knell of opportunity. And so, after a period of earnest reflection let us, as the embers turn to ashes in the grate,

"Turn from the blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow."

WHAT NEXT? A few more days and 1921 will be with us. We'll begin again, with new hopes, new resolves and new aspirations. Will it be a better year? Only time can tell. We are due it a fair trial. We should treat it fairly. We should drop our mistakes, our heartaches and our selfish grief on the grave of 1920, and then turn, brave-hearted, from the charnel house of death to the busy scenes of the living. Most of the things we intended to do in 1920 but forgot we will find waiting for us in 1921. We'll have another chance to speak words of praise where words of praise are due. There'll be another opportunity to judge those we have misjudged, and wronged. Many neglected promises, many broken vows, we may fulfill. The records of 1920 are made, but not a moment of 1921 is bound. Shall we be kinder, gentler and truer? If so, there will be fewer heartaches when, a year hence, we gaze at the dying embers in the grate and reflect over the passing of the year. If so, 1921 will not prove a dull workaday season, with each day but a return to yesterday's routine. If so, the coming year will not be a cruel concatenation of drudgery to kill our ideals and our dreams.

A Wartime Christmas Romance

By Bernice Steward



Pledged Their Troth There in the Mellow Light of Old Man Franzosi's Grocery.

consent when Les laid a hand pleadingly on his and said, "But my orders may come any time. They may send me overseas next week and nobody knows when I'll get another furlough." Hence they pledged their troth there in the mellow light of old man Franzosi's grocery while the snow heaped up on the window panes and the wind moaned round the corners of the frail little wooden building. It was one of the few secure and golden minutes that was to be Les's before he plunged into the chaos of war.

Still, the fates were what we, in war times, learned to call kind. They didn't demand that Les sail until the first of the following month. When it came to the parting the little Italian bride was brave. She was never merrier than on that evening of Les's last furlough, and though there were tears in her eyes when she said goodbye, she smiled through them.

Then followed the days when Batista waited for the letters which came so infrequently. In October, however, the letters stopped altogether. In vain Batista listened for the postman's step on the stairway. Each time it went past her doorway. As she heard it die out down the hall she would walk to the window and there, leaning her cheek against the pane, would look out into the dying leaves with eyes that saw nothing.

The weary anxious year rolled on and at length December was come again with still no word from Les. The signing of the armistice had brought a faint hope to Batista's heart which time had failed to justify. However, she had her father to think of and strove for the sake of that broken old man to keep up an atmosphere of cheer and courageous hopefulness. He had grown very fond, in the few short weeks, of the soldier lad who had married his daughter and he mourned over Les's silence with almost as much grief as did Batista.

So it was for his sake that Batista determined one December day to go downtown in search of what bit of cheer she could bring home to the sad old grocer for the coming Christmas festival. Never had she felt so lonely as on the afternoon that she made her way down Gratiot avenue, through the merry throng of Christmas shoppers. For most of the shoppers it was a Christmas season of high rejoicing. The war was over, the dread of the unknowable and the loneliness of three thousand miles were done with forever.

Italians, Slavs, Poles and Hebrews jostled each other as they passed her, no longer conscious of their former nationality but thrilling to

the sense of being Americans. In the surging crowd Batista felt her grief and loneliness more than ever. She watched the beaming faces of the Italian women. There was old Biancea Donati—whose dark eyes sparkled under the edge of her scarlet shawl! To France had gone her three stalwart boys to fight for America now they were to return to her. Her white teeth gleamed as her bright lips parted in a joyous smile. Batista watched these women of her race with envy as they went past her chatting together and tossing their vehement heads till their earrings jingled.

When at length Batista came to the downtown district she turned into a great store where the foreign quarters of the city does the major portion of its shopping. She pushed her way through the heavy doors and suddenly found herself enveloped in the bazaar-like atmosphere that such a store takes on at Christmas time. Bright crepe papers arched the aisles, poinsettia blossoms wreathed the pillars, sprigs of holly berries dripped from the lights and gay silk flags were draped here and there. She was caught in the crowd and carried down the aisle to where a huddle of bulky coats stood waiting for the elevators. In her ears was the mumble of many unknown tongues. It seemed to her as if all the foreign women in the city, from Poles to Greeks had scurried down to this teeming store, shawls over their heads and shoe string bags on their arms. The cash registers were tingling as merrily as sleigh bells. The red garbed Santa Claus by the elevator was joking with the children.

Gradually Batista edged her way through the crowd toward the jewelry department. She made a picturesque figure in the shifting throng. She was wearing a long, dark, enfolding cloak with a bright lining which flashed into visibility every time she raised her arm to finger the merchandise that was temptingly spread out on the counters. One counter in particular drew her. It was laden with rosaries of various colored stones that sparkled and quivered under the high-powered light. Batista raised her slender hand to touch a trembling string of pearls that swayed and dangled from a stand at the back of the counter, reaching over those that lay spread out on the top of the showcase. She fingered them a moment and then let her arm drop listlessly. As she did so the buttons on her sleeve caught in two of the rosaries that lay on the counter. But before she could make a move to replace them there was a sudden commotion in the group at her elbow. A big woman in a tailored suit came plowing through

the crowd and brought a rough hand down on her shoulder.

"You," shrieked the big woman, "come along with me."

Batista's Italian nature brooked no such insistence. She jerked away from the woman her eyes flashing fire. "The rosarie catcha on my sleeve," she cried.

But it was of no use. Another moment and the woman had her again imprisoned and was shoving her roughly through the gaping crowd of shoppers. In vain Batista struggled. The store detective was trained in handling rebellious women and she marched the poor little Italian straight through the door.

Later, as they stood before the uniformed official at police headquarters, Batista tried to explain in her sweet broken Italian. But all her attempts seemed fruitless. The tailored person shrugged her stout shoulders and remarked, "The old gag," while the official one frowned and looked puzzled. "House of Correction. We'll investigate."

Later in the hateful cell Batista threw herself upon the narrow cot. She did not cry; tears would have been too trivial for her heart-break. Instead she lay staring at the ceiling with her delicate fists clenched till the nails bit in.

Meantime justice was taking its hideously slow but beautifully relentless course. A plain clothes man was dispatched to the house of Franzosi. There were many troubled explanations up in those rooms, but finally the half-blinded old grocer was given to understand the painful situation. Tremblingly he groped for his worn felt hat, then suffered himself to be led by the accusing stranger through the crowded clattering streets.

It was a long walk up a crowded avenue where hurrying pedestrians elbowed by. The plain clothes man was watching them idly as they passed—shawled women, black mustached men, returned sailors and soldiers in their overseas hats. He noticed the soldiers particularly, his keen eyes making count of the gold chevrons on their sleeves. Suddenly in the throng of passers-by a stalwart arm bravely bearing a gold chevron ceased swinging. The plain clothes man saw the khaki figure quickly draw up for a second then dart straight toward him.

A little later, as Batista lay on the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

A Young Reporter's Christmas Story

"You needn't stay tonight, Hervey, unless you care to wait on emergency," said the night city editor. "There's nothing special, and you may as well have your Christmas Eve off, the rest of us can't."

"Thank you, sir."

Alfred Hervey, the youngest reporter on the paper, would no doubt have preferred to "work up" an assignment, but there was none for him; and as the dismissal by his chief had been kindly meant, he accepted it in the same spirit.

It was no ordinary achievement for a boy of nineteen to have advanced, by his unaided aptitude and energy, from the type-setter's case to the reportorial staff of one of the great morning journals of New York city.

This was what Alfred had recently succeeded in doing; but he discovered only too soon that the position, once attained, involved difficulties and drawbacks fully proportionate to what had seemed its exalted greatness.

It was like climbing to the summit of a hill only to perceive a range of mountains in the pathway beyond.

The new reporter's position was a very subordinate one. He was obliged to work "on space"—that is to say, he was paid at the rate of about six dollars per column for such of his articles only as were actually printed in the paper. What was cut out of his "copy" by the editor or the copy-readers, or rejected bodily, was so much time and labor lost.

He did not receive regular assignments of work, and those vouchsafed him were usually the most undesirable and unproductive ones—small fires, minor accidents, labor demonstrations, temperance meetings, amateur theatricals, cornerstone ceremonies, "scenes and incidents" of any chance blizzard in winter-time or hot wave in summer.

The consequence was that Alfred, like the great majority of beginners in journalism, not only had no opportunity even to attempt to distinguish himself by "fine writing" but his earnings were actually less than he could command at type-setting—for he had been a rapid and "clean" compositor.

These were the reflections, no doubt, that tended to cast down the spirits of the young reporter as he quitted the busy silence of the editorial rooms that Christmas Eve and emerged into the noisy, bustling, electric-lighted Printing House Square, where the statue of Benjamin Franklin looked benignantly down, extending a hand as if in benediction and encouragement.

The evening was clear and intensely cold. As Alfred drew on his worsted gloves, and started briskly down Nassau street, turning into Fulton in the direction of the ferry—he lived with his mother in Brooklyn—as he elbowed his way through the throng of people carrying turkeys scantily wrapped in brown paper, or with pockets bulging out with sweetmeats and presents, he occasionally threw back his head and quickened his step with an air of determination.

He was thinking of the resolution he meant to make on the approaching New Year's Day—resolutions of pluck and perseverance in his work, which should triumph in spite of all obstacles.

Arriving at the ferry-house, he passed through mechanically, went aboard the boat that was in waiting, and, according to his usual habit, walked straight through to the forward deck. Almost immediately the whistle gave its warning cry, and the boat glided out into the swift, dark tide of the East River.

As the ferry-boat bumped into the Brooklyn slip, a man wearing a long black overcoat, with the collar turned up about his ears, stepped over the chain and advanced in a nervous manner to the extreme forward edge of the deck, ready to leap the moment the boat approached the dock.

This feat is always attended with more or less risk, yet it is performed hundreds of times every day by men and boys, either from mere foolish bravado, or from the more accountable, though hardly more excusable, anxiety to capture by a grand rush the best seats in the street-cars in waiting at the ferry entrance.

The man with the long black overcoat attempted an unusually long jump. He might have accomplished it in safety, however, had not the boat at the same instant recoiled from the crushed mass of floating ice which choked up the slip, and suddenly reeled several feet.

The passengers were horrified to see the unfortunate man fall short of his landing, and, throwing up his arms with a wild cry of terror, plunge and disappear among the jagged ice and dark, seething waters.

He had escaped being caught and crushed between the boat and the dock; but his plight was none the less terrible as he struggled feebly and helplessly in that cruel icy tide.

"Man overboard! Hold her back!" shouted the deck-hands and the men on the dock to the wheelman in the pilot-house.

The order was obeyed with automatic promptness.

The passengers were panic-stricken. Alfred, who had stood near the chain, close behind the unfortunate person who jumped, seized the circular life-preserver which always hangs at the rail in readiness for such emergencies. Useless!

Swept to and fro by the waves, crushed and buffeted by the ice, the poor fellow in the water was incapable of making the slightest effort to save himself.

Meanwhile, one of the ferry-hands on the dock, who had had previous experience of such accidents, did the one thing practicable under the circumstances.

Grasping a long boat-hook, he thrust it among the ice, and, dexterously catching it in the loose clothing of the drowning man, dragged him with more expedition than gentleness to a small ladder which descended into the water at one side of the slip.

His comrade waited there to grasp the limp

and dripping body, and the two gently raised it to the dock.

Long as it seemed, this exciting scene had not occupied three minutes; yet the passengers on the boat were already growing impatient, and it was necessary to bring her up to the dock, make her fast, and put down the gang-planks, before anything more could be done for the poor fellow, who lay, livid-faced and unconscious, upon the bridge where they had deposited him.

The hurrying, thoughtless crowd swept past, half of them not even aware of the accident, and the rest passing on without stopping to cast a second glance upon the helpless form that lay almost in their path.

Seized with a feeling of profound pity, Alfred bent over the prostrate body, thinking of nothing but rendering the assistance which none else seemed forward in offering.

"Do you know him?" asked the man who had used the boat-hook.

"I don't know; but I know he must be attended to at once," replied the young reporter, ener-



"Mrs. Faltot Rushed to the Door and Opened It"

getically. "Look! he has been stunned by the shock, and he'll freeze to death here."

"Call in the policeman from the street, and get a doctor; or else take the poor chap to some saloon or drug store. We can't leave him here, even for a second," said the man.

In fact, the passengers for the return trip to New York were already boarding the boat with a rush.

Alfred beckoned to the policeman, who chanced to be looking in at the gate.

"What's up? Hello! Fell overboard, eh?" remarked that official, deliberately, shaking the drenched victim by the collar of the long black overcoat. "We'll give him a lift to the saloon across the way."

He blew his whistle, and a second officer came running into the ferry-house. They lifted the inanimate form and bore it across the street, through the noisy lines of street cars and groups of chauffeurs and newsboys to a brilliantly-lighted place on Fulton street, which, like most of its neighbors, was profusely decorated with Christmas evergreens.

Laid prone upon a long table littered with newspapers, the unfortunate man gave no sign of life.

While the policemen were trying to force a warm draught between his lips, a young man, carrying a physician's medicine-case, elbowed his way through the crowd, glanced at the pallid face, seized the hands and felt the pulse, then bent over and laid his ear close to the heart.

For a moment not a word was spoken, then the young doctor uttered a startled exclamation, and raising his head, said, with grave decision:

"Gentlemen, it is too late. This man is dead."

The awe-stricken silence which followed this announcement was broken by one of the policemen, who asked, addressing Alfred:

"Who is he, anyway? Do you know him?"

"No; I never saw him until he fell into the water. Perhaps we may find out by searching his pockets."

On both sides, strange but not unkindly hands were thrust into the capacious pockets of the big overcoat, and lo! the most touching revelation of all.

There were bags of candies, nuts and oranges, and a package of tiny, colored wax candles, such as are used for illuminating Christmas-trees. There were also two picture-books, a box of dominoes, and a small wax doll, that opened its great blue eyes as naturally as life when it was taken up, and the brown paper envelope torn from about its curly flaxen hair.

Christmas presents! For whom? For the children of the drowned man, who were, no doubt, at this very moment watching at the lighted window for his return.

Tears rushed to the eyes of more than one man in gazing upon this affecting sight, and exclamations of "By George, that's hard!" "His poor wife and little ones!" and "Saddest thing I ever saw!" arose on all sides.

"As for Alfred, his young heart, not yet hardened by newspaper experience, seemed almost ready to burst with the emotion he felt. For the time being, he quite forgot the motive which had originally induced him to take such an eager interest in this stranger's misfortune—namely, the chance of securing a good "news story" for the paper upon which he had yet his reputation to make.

"What's this?" said one of the policemen, taking a soiled envelope from the inside pocket of

the dead man's coat. "Here's a name—August Faltot—and the address No. 9 Patchin Place."

"This wrapper is marked 'August Faltot.' That is evidently the man's name," said one of the bystanders, who had been closely examining the parcels.

"We'll have to take him to the station house to await identification, and send somebody to inquire at this address," said the policeman.

The young reporter at once volunteered to go to Patchin Place. Indeed, he was the only one in the party who knew exactly where Patchin Place was, it being an obscure court off upper Myrtle avenue, not far from his own home.

Once on the platform of the trolley car going toward this destination, Alfred's newspaper instinct reassured itself, and he began to turn over in his mind the manner in which he should "write up" the sad adventure of this Christmas Eve.

And the adventure itself—how was it going to turn out? The thought caused him much un-

longer to restrain his feelings, but—

"What is the matter? Are you—"

"No, no! Your husband?"

"My husband?" she repeated, and

have some message? Has anything

Speak, please!"

But he could not speak. The

him.

"Mamma, where's papa?" asked

instinctively taking fright.

Alfred thought of making a bolt

and so effecting his escape; but it was

A heavy footstep sounded on the

"There he comes!" exclaimed the

dren in a breath.

A hearty, genial-looking man en-

red and smiling, his arms full of

he carefully carried into the

fore returning to kiss the children,

about him in high glee.

"Oh, August, I'm so glad you've

claimed Mrs. Faltot. "I was worried

"Well, I have had a little adventu-

fact. But—excuse me, sir!—who is

friend here?"

"I am a reporter, sir," said Alfred,

up and holding out his hand. "My

name?"

"Faltot—August Faltot."

"I am most delighted to make your

ance, sir," cried the young man, with

like unnecessary effusion. "Pray go

story, and then I will relate mine."

"Well," said Mr. Faltot, "I had

a lot of Christmas presents and fix-

were in the pockets; so the thief car-

of his own, if he likes. But I bought

children, and you are all right, after

"Was it a long black overcoat?"

young reporter.

"Yes, with side pockets that you

a bushel of potatoes in."

"The very same. Sir, the man who

overcoat was drowned at Fulton Ferry

an hour ago."

And Alfred recounted the accident

Mr. Faltot listened with absorbed

and said:

"Poor fellow! he met his punishment

enough, and it was a far more terrible

he merited. But it's wonderful how

newspaper fellows get hold of things."

"That reminds me—I must hurry

office and write it all up. You will

morrow morning's paper. You can

what a surprise and relief it was to

come in at that door, sir. Good night,

very merry Christmas to you."

And Alfred Hervey disappeared as

he had come, but, oh, with what a

heart!

In fifteen minutes more, he had

river again—this time by the bridge.

The city editor pronounced his

ital one, and told him to "work it up

tent of a column, if he liked.

Alfred wrote as he had never writ-

and in the morning had the proud satis-

being complimented—and paid, too—

"beat" which he had achieved over his

papers—they having merely received

police at a late hour a brief and com-

report to the effect that "an unknown

fallen from an East River ferry boat

drowned."

A WAR-TIME CHRISTMAS ROMANCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

eyed and rigid, there was a sudden

the lock of her cell. She sprang up and

door, her head thrown back and her

flashing defiantly. Slowly the door

crack. Then the guard thrust his

humorous old face in the aperture.

acquitted," he announced, "you're free

go. A gentleman up there arranged to

got him to thank."

"My father," cried Batista tenderly

"No, not your father, a young man

He's coming down the hall now with

follow."

At this Batista darted toward the

at the boldness of her hopes. But he

could reach the hall a khaki figure

guiding her father and Les was before

ing, unharmed and eager. For a

she stood speechless, letting her eyes

familiar feature. Then with a thrill

darted into his waiting arms.

In the dusky corner of the room old

zosi spoke proudly to the guard. "I

wounded at St. Mihiel. He hasn't

write. I didn't know but what—"

and then after a minute went on:

had no notice from the governm-

nothing of him till I heard him cry

felt his hand grip my arm." The old

broke a little, but he continued: "I

the way over here just now. I was

them about my little Batista. But I

to tell them. The boy made it right

Evidently the boy had a genius

things right, for Batista's erstwhile

as radiant as if she had suddenly found

blossoming out with stars.

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Gifts That Deft Fingers Can Make

LAMP SHADES

Don't forget that homemade lamp shades make the nicest kind of gifts. Some of them are the simplest things imaginable to fashion, too, and if the truth were told, lots prettier than the more elaborate ones. I was wandering through a shop the other day and saw that many of the women, who were learning, insisted upon making terribly intricate shades and had massed the most quarrelsome colors together. I felt so sorry about the trouble they were going to make monstrosities, when the teacher would no doubt have shown them much easier designs which would have been far prettier. Why is it that so many folk have the idea that one must do prodigious amount of work or spend a disgraceful amount of money to obtain the beautiful? Simplicity has ever been artistic. But, as I was saying, don't forget that pretty lampshades are much in demand. Folk are realizing the value of soft and appropriate lighting in homes, and consequently women are eager for the right kind of shades. A simple shirred shade with or without an edging of silk fringe is always good. Bear in mind that golds and rose shades are excellent for winter lighting. If you have more than one lamp in a room, however, you can afford to have one a cool shade, if you wish. Except in the case of the yellows and golds, in general, it is best to line a lamp shade with white, so that the full benefit of the light may be obtained for reading or sewing.

KNITTED PRESENTS

We have all got so in the habit of wielding knitting needles with our Red Cross work—and we all have the needles on hand—that a good selection for the homemade Christmas present is something

made from yarn. However, make it of silk yarn, not of wool!

There is a vest and collar that buttons up tight at the throat, that offers protection against cold winds, is attractive and that can be knitted by any clever woman. For a child or a young girl a silk knitted tam o' shanter is easily made, and if the silk is not warm enough it can be lined beneath with cotton wadding.

Sweaters are not out of the running, and you could not do better than to make one of the slip-on models that are left open for the entire underarm seam. Either silk or mercerized cotton is a good selection for such a garment.

If you seek some other not very complicated knitted garment, visit the yarn department of a large shop and you will get splendid ideas. Also you will see what nice substitutes they are selling for woolen knitting yarn—heavy silk and cotton yarn, with body and warmth to it, in a rich variety of colors. But go early in the morning. There is nothing more hopeless than the yarn department in the middle of the day. One would judge from the crowds always gathered there that knitters and crocheters, as a class, are leisurely risers.

FOR AN INVALID

Have you decided what to give the invalid for Christmas? If you have time for knitting a house sack, that would be just the thing. Such a sack is made for all the world like a baby sack, except, of course, that it's many times bigger. While you can do them in all kinds of stitches, those knitted closely, of fine wool, are nicest. A cream one bordered in blue, pink or lavender would be lovely, or, if you wish the color more serviceable omit the cream and fashion the sack in plain blue or pink or a darker color. These

house sacks are the nicest ever, not only for the invalid, but for the little old lady who feels the cold.

BAGS

Bags of all sorts may rightly be deemed useful gifts, and the woman who does clever work with her fingers can make a good looking bag of some sort. There are metal frames on which these bags can be mounted, and they may also be made with draw strings. Either sort is in good style this year.

If you are making one of the stoles or scarfs, try making a bag to match. Combine the fabrics used in the scarf also in the bag, or if the velour scarf is embroidered, embroider the velour bag in the same fashion.

KIDDIE FROCKS

Some of the newest kiddie frocks are showing a little more handwork than usual, possibly because mother has more time to devote to such pretties now that the war work is diminishing. A lovely little dress for a 4-year-old child is one of white handkerchief linen enhanced by embroidered scallops which fall in points. This might better be described as to say that each inch and a half point consists of several little scallops. Those edging the frock simulate a fancy hem, for two inches above the line of points appears a tiny row of outline stitches in color, just as though there really were a hem and this stitching were required to keep it in place. The tiny bodice is smocked in color and the little loose sleeves are edged with a similar but smaller scalloping. While the scallops are buttonholed in white, there is an outline or color about them. The little shirred waistline is defined with the same colorful outlining. There is still time to make such a garment for some fortunate child's Christmas gift.

WHISTLING DICK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

thousand overflow up and down the levees, and madame there—pointing tragically with the carving knife at her—"feeds them. They won't work; they defy my overseers, and they make friends with my dogs; and you, madame, feed them before my eyes, and intimidate me when I would interfere. Tell us, please, how many today did you thus incite to future laziness and deprecation?"

"Six, I think," said madame, with a reflective smile, "but you know two of them offered to work, for you heard them yourself."

The planter's disconcerting laugh rang out again.

"Yes, at their own trades. And one was an artificial flower maker and the other a glass-blower. Oh, they were looking for work! Not a hand would they consent to lift to labor of any other kind."

"And another one," continued the soft-hearted mistress, "used quite good language. It was really extraordinary for one of his class. And he carried a watch. And had lived in Boston. I don't believe they are all bad. They have always seemed to me to rather lack development. I always look upon them as children with whom wisdom has remained at a standstill while whiskers have continued to grow. We passed one this evening as we were driving home who had a face as good as it was incompetent. He was whistling the intermezzo from 'Cavalleria' and blowing the spirit of Mascagni himself into it."

A bright-eyed young girl who sat at the left of the mistress leaned over and said, in a confidential undertone:

"I wonder, mamma, if that tramp we passed on the road found my stocking, and do you think he will hang it up tonight? Now I can hang up but one."

The words of the young girl were interrupted by a startling thing.

Like the wraith of some burned-out shooting star, a black streak came crashing through the window-pane and upon the table, where it shivered into fragments a dozen pieces of crystal and chinaware, and then glanced between the heads of the guests to the wall, imprinting there in a deep, round indentation, at which today the visitor to Bellemeade marvels as he gazes upon it and listens to this tale as it is told.

The women screamed in many keys, and the men sprang to their feet, and would have laid their hands upon their swords had not the verities of chronology forbidden.

The planter was the first to act; he sprang to the intruding missile and held it up to view.

"By Jupiter!" he cried. "A meteoric shower of hosiery? Has communication at last been established with Mars?"

"I should say—ahem!—Venus," ventured a young gentleman visitor, looking hopefully for approbation toward the unresponsive young lady visitors.

The planter held at arm's length the unceremonious visitor—a long, dangling black stocking. "It's loaded," he announced.

As he spoke he reversed the stocking, holding it by the toe, and down from it dropped a roundish stone, wrapped about by a piece of yellowish paper. "Now for the first interstellar message of the century!" he cried, and, nodding to

the company, who had crowded about him, he adjusted his glasses with provoking deliberation and examined it closely. When he finished he had changed from the jolly host to the practical, decisive man of business. He immediately struck a bell, and said to the silent-footed mulatto man who responded: "Go and tell Mr. Wesley to get Reeves and Maurice and about ten stout hands they can rely upon and come to the hall door at once. Tell him to have the men arm themselves and bring plenty of ropes and plow lines. Tell him to hurry." And then he read aloud from the paper these words:

"To the Gent of de Hous:
 "Dere is five tuff hoboes xcept meself in the vaken lot near de road war de old brick piles is. Dey got me stuck up wid a gun see, and I taken dis means of komunikaten. 2 of der kids is gone down to set fire to de cain field below de hous and when yous fellers goes to turn de hoes on it de hole gang is going to rob de hous of de money you gott pay off with say git a move on ye say de kid drops dis sock in her rode tel her mery crismus de same as she told me. Ketch de bums down de rode first and den sen a releef core to get me out of soke youres truly.

"WHISTLEN DICK."

There was some quiet but rapid maneuvering at Bellemeade during the ensuing half hour, which ended in five disgusted and sullen tramps being captured and locked securely in an outhouse pending the coming of the morning and retribution. For another result, the visiting young gentlemen had secured the unqualified worship of the visiting young ladies by their distinguished and heroic conduct. For still another, behold Whistling Dick, the hero, seated at the planter's table, feasting upon viands his experience had never before included, and waited upon by admiring femininity in such beauty and "swellness" that even his ever-full mouth could scarcely prevent him from whistling. He was made to disclose in detail his adventure with the evil gang of Boston Harry, and how he cunningly wrote the note and wrapped it around the stone and placed it in the toe of the stocking, and, watching his chance, sent it silently, with a wonderful centrifugal momentum, like a comet, at one of the big lighted windows of the dining room.

The planter vowed that the wanderer should wander no more; that his was a goodness and an honesty that should be rewarded, and that a debt of gratitude had been made that must be paid; for had he not saved them from a doubtless immense loss, and maybe a greater calamity? He assured Whistling Dick that he might consider himself a charge upon the honor of Bellemeade; that a position suited to his powers would be found at once, and hinted that the way would be heartily smoothed for him to rise to as high places of emolument and trust as the plantation afforded.

Whistling Dick blushed and stammered thanks to the planter, saying, in his own peculiar lingo, that he "had done nothing to deserve such compliments," but the planter meant what he said and brought out for Dick a new suit of clothes he had never put on and assigned him to one of the rooms in his home set aside for guests.

Dick remained with the planter throughout the Christmas holidays, enjoying himself as never before, and on the first day of the New Year was given the position of timekeeper in the planter's biggest sugar mill, which position he filled honorably and satisfactorily. In the course of time Dick was advanced to a higher position by the planter and finally became one of his most trusted employes.

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New Year Thoughts

Every first of January that we arrive at is an imaginary milestone on the turnpike of human life; at once a resting place for thought and meditation, and a starting point for fresh exertion in the performances of our journey. The man who does not at least propose to himself to be better this year than he was last, must be either very good or very bad, indeed! And only to propose to be better is something; if nothing else it is an acknowledgement of our need to be so, which is the first step towards amendment. But in fact, to propose to oneself to do well, is in some sort to do well, positively, for there is no such thing as a stationery point in human endeavors; he who is not worse today than he was yesterday, is better; and he who is not better is worse. — Charles Lamb.

That great mystery of Time, were there no other; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean tide, on which we and all the universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which are, and then are not: this is forever

very literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb—for we have no word to speak about it.—Thomas Carlyle.

Beautiful is the year in its coming and in its going—most beautiful and blessed because it is always the "year of our Lord."—Lucy Lareom.

The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of Time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.—Henry W. Longfellow.

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might.—Phillips Brooks.

We are on the threshold of a new year. We do not know what the year holds for us, but we are not afraid of it. We have learned to look for kindness and goodness in all our paths, and so we go

forward with glad hope and expectation.

It is always a serious thing to live. We can pass through any year but once. If we have lived negligently we cannot return to amend what we have slurred over. We cannot correct mistakes, fill up spaces, erase lines we may be ashamed of, cut out pages unworthily filled. The irrevocableness of light ought alone to be motive enough for incessant watchfulness and diligence. Not a word we write can be changed. Nothing we do can be cancelled. —J. R. Miller.

How many of us are waiting for the opportunities of the coming year! With how many of us is it the unuttered hope of that tomorrow, next week, next month, the next year may be as today in its privileges and opportunities, only far more abundant!

We are told that the first day of the new year is an appropriate time to form good resolutions. But the new year is tomorrow, and therefore is a better time for such a task, and that time is today. For "now is the accepted time." —H. C. Potter.

Christmas Packages

So much depends upon the first impression, you know.

And the outer wrapping produces the first impression.

And, when you get inside at the actual gift, it will seem twice as valuable because it has been wrapped so attractively. Can't you see the psychology of it?

Naturally, you know that a diamond tiara, if tied up in brown butcher's paper, with a cotton string, will look as if it had come from the 10-cent store, while a well-designed bit of jewelry from the aforementioned emporium of the bargain-hunting cognoscenti may be wrapped to look as if it had been handed over the plate-glass and mahogany counter of the most expensive jeweler.

Of course, no general rule can be laid down for anything of this kind, because gifts and people vary greatly. And, then, a Prayer Book or a Bible would not want the same frivolous treatment accorded a bridge set or a volume of nonsense verse. The taste of the recipient must also be thought of.

A few years back we began using white tissue paper and red ribbon, but now this has become just a little trite and commonplace, and we are looking for something else that will be equally inexpensive and no more troublesome.



And this can be brought about by a switching to colored papers and silver and gold cords, or by a novel manner of tying the ribbons and attaching the cards. Of course, red and green are the traditional Christmas colors, but why cling to them always?

There is a new way of arranging two pieces of tissue paper of widely contrasted colors, or two shades of the same color, so that the wrapping will have the appearance of being two-toned. For instance, a book may be most effectively wrapped in black paper, lined with scarlet, and tied with scarlet ribbons. Can't you see how stunning it could be made? Cut the black sheet the necessary size to wrap the book well, without sheet just a bit larger, so that it will extend beyond the black one. Wrap the book so that the edges of the paper will come on top, and this will bring a red line down the middle of the book. Fold the ends into points, and tie with narrow red ribbon, brought together on top and made into a double flat bow. Fasten a small card, with your sentiments written or printed thereon, in one corner, with one of the handsome bronze seals (made of embossed paper) that can now be had at your stationer's.

Two shades of blue or of green paper are very charming when treated in this manner, especially

if silver cord be used for the former and gold for the latter. And a package done in yellow and black, and tied with flat gold cord, is a delight that the recipient hates to spoil by opening it.

Of course, if a package is too large, or of an awkward shape, this rule cannot be followed successfully. All gifts are undoubtedly more easily wrapped, and their attractiveness is greatly enhanced, by being properly boxed before they are wrapped. When possible, good, plain white boxes are best of all, for the decoration of the box does not then conflict with the outer wrapping.

There is no one so lonely or alone who cannot find some one, just a little more in need, who would be happy to have an invitation to Christmas dinner

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CHRISTMAS CHIMES

Ring out, ring out, O Christmas bells,
Across the starlit, frosty night!
Proclaim the message of good will.
The story of the Prince of Light.
The centuries roll on and on,
And yet, returning Christmas time
Awake in each responsive heart
Remembrance of the love sublime.
Then keep the feast with hearty cheer,
The feast of merry Christmas tide,
While faith and hope and love, the three,
Within the heart of each abide.
—C. Park.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

It came upon a midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men,"
From heaven's all-gracious King.
The world a solemn stillness holds,
To hear the angels sing:
For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
shall come the time foretold.
When the new heaven and earth shall own
the Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back
the song that now the angels sing!

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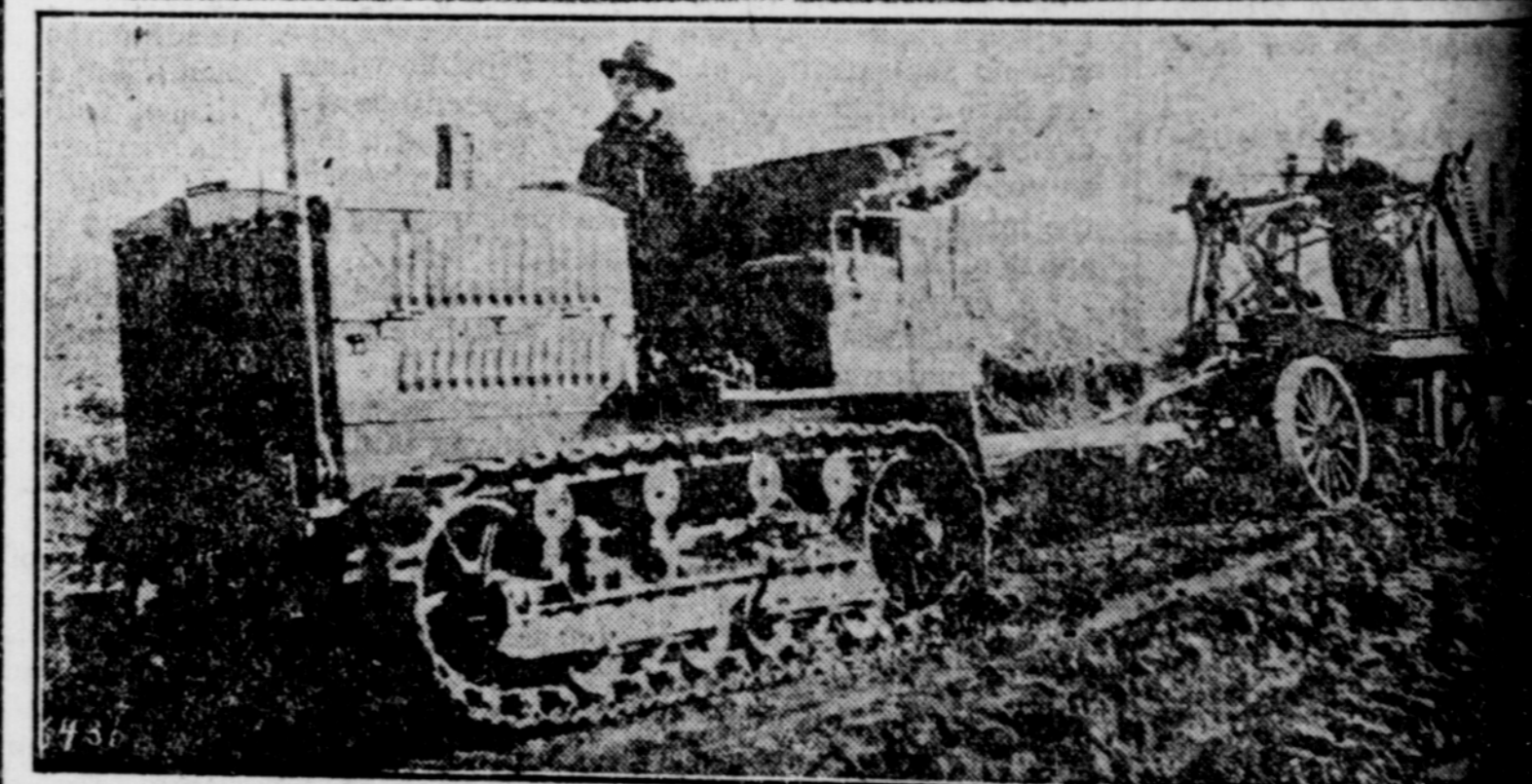
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BOYS' AND GIRLS' CHRISTMAS STORIES

BETTY AND SANTA CLAUS

Betty was 8 years old. She could read and spell very well indeed; but she wrote very poorly, although her mother and teacher made beautiful copies for her every day. Her own letters were very crooked, they would run together and her capitals looked strangely alike. Her little friend, Letty, who lived across the street, wrote beautifully.

"Santa Claus must be a very old man by now, about like grandfather, I suppose," Betty said. "Grandfather cannot read my writing at all, so you had better write our Christmas letters, Letty."

And Letty promised. One morning, three weeks before Christmas, Betty looked across the street for Letty. It was time for her to be coming down her steps. They met at the corner and walked to school together. She did not see Letty coming down her steps. Instead, she saw a colored sign in Letty's front window. She ran back to her own steps where her mother stood waving "good-by."

"What does it say, mother?" she called. "It says 'Measles,' dearie."

"Now I shall have to write our Christmas letters," Billy moaned. "Better practice hard in your Copy Book today, then, suggested mother, so Santa Claus can read them."

That afternoon Betty settled to her task. "I know just what Letty wants. I have heard her say lots of times. I am going to write hers first, before my hand gets tired."

And she wrote: "Dear Santa: Please bring Letty a bicycle, some dolls, a toy wagon and be sure to bring her little sister a rag doll, for she breaks ours so. They will hang their stockings for you to fill, and dear Santa, don't forget their Christmas tree, because they have never had one."

The other letter read: "Darling Santa: You have always brought me a tree. Do not trouble about one this year. They take up so much room and I need the space for a parlor croquet set. Please bring me one. I do not care for dolls nor toys. Little brother wants a real hammer, nails and blocks from the lumber yard to drive the nails in. We never hang up our stockings. Thank you for everything."

Lovingly, "BETTY."

Christmas morning Betty was up before her mother. She dressed herself and her baby brother. Together they went to the parlor. In one corner shone Letty's Christmas tree! The well-filled stockings of Letty and her little sister dangled from the mantel-piece. Vainly Betty tried to be satisfied with Letty's tricycle! Baby brother was particularly disgusted with the rag doll and begged for his hammer, nails and blocks!

"I must feel all right about it," Betty said as her mother appeared at the door. "Santa Claus is so old he could not tell my B's from L's—so he brought us Letty's things. I am so sorry for her—she is sick and she will miss her tree."

"I did not dream you would be such early birds. Last night, after you went to bed, Letty's mother telephoned that Letty is quite well, only a little weak. She had a very light case. They have fumigated and now the house is torn up for a thorough cleaning, so we asked Santa to bring their things here. Yours are upstairs in the nursery, there was not room in the parlor for all. Santa can never grow old, dear, he reads all kinds of writing and you have really improved in your capitals."

Still Betty was not quite comfortable, for when she reached the nursery she found, besides her "wishes," the dearest little blackboard that she had not asked for at all!

Letty's father carried her across the street—her little sister toddling after, and the four friends had a happy day together. But that night, before Betty went to bed, she wrote a double line of very good B's and L's across her new blackboard—"just to be sure," she said.

SAMMIE IN FLANDERS

Sammie was feeling very sorry for himself! He felt he had a right to! Didn't it seem "tough



luck" that he should be left in Flanders for Christmas, when so many of "the boys" were going home—home to America, the land of the home-made pie! To do Sammie justice, he wasn't thinking half so much of the pie as he was of his mother and the kiddies there, who would be disappointed. It was all very well to be a trained soldier, and picked out for special honors and all that! But this was not anything like HOME!

He looked over the Flanders fields, level, and very dreary, where the German shells had done their worst. Just then he felt his hand nosed by a wet nozzle and, looking down, saw one of the wonderful Flanders dogs, who do everything but talk, standing there, with a most pathetic expression!

"Hello, old chappie; what's up?" Sammie had begun to know these dogs, who are taught to pull milk carts and be generally useful. "What do you want now? I gave you half of my 'bully beef' for breakfast. I'll be switched if I intend to share my pot of jam for lunch. I've been saving it for weeks for a Christmas spread. It may be all we'll get."

But his chum was not to be so put off. He pulled and whined at the khaki coat until the good-natured boy was forced to go with him across the shell-torn fields and into the bit of woods beyond. It proved to be a very small girl in an enormous shawl. She had been crying, and she looked very tired and white.

When she saw the dog, however, she jumped up and put her arms around him. "You darling, darling Jaque! I've found you; I've found you, and now I'll never let you go! Mamma is gone, and papa, and grandfather is old, and, oh, so sad! But the good people who are taking care of us all will surely take care of you, too! Oh, don't you think they will?"

"It looks more to me as though Jaque, as you call him, would take care of you all. Is he your dog, little one? He's been a mighty good friend to me."

"Oh, yes! yes!" cried the little child in sudden fear. "Indeed, he is ours. He used to pull our milk carts long ago, before the dreadful war. He knows me, see? I ran away and have walked, oh, so many miles, to look for him. We've only been back here a day or two."

"You could have him if I had to carry you both back home myself. Don't cry any more, Kiddie. Meanwhile Jaque, who understood perfectly what was going on, had a brilliant idea! He pulled and barked and led the way, seeming to invite them both to follow. Just then one of Sammie's regiment came running up to him. "Here's a big package for you, old man. It must be Christmas goodies from home."

And so it happened that Sammie, the small girl, the package from home and Jaque found their way to a new home, but a real one, even if it were a French home, and ate their Christmas feast together. Wherefore Sammie had a happy Christmas with "folks," after all.

THE CHRIST CHILD

Many a long, long year ago Herman the peasant was going home through the forest in which he lived. It was Christmas eve, and it was bitterly cold, and Herman was hurrying as fast as possible to reach his home.

"I'll be very glad to get home this cold night," he thought, "and a good, blazing fire will be very comfortable."

On he trudged, though it was hard walking, the snow was so deep; but Herman thought of the bright fire he knew Martha would have kindled, and made what speed he could. "I'm glad," he said to him-

had risen and prepared the breakfast, to which they sat down, she turned to look at the baby in the cradle.

But, lo! The whole room was lit up with a dazzling light, and in the midst stood the stranger babe, and round his head was a shining halo, and his garments were gleaming with the same celestial light as filled the room.

"The Christ Child!" said Herman in tones of awe. "The Christ Child!" echoed Martha, and down on her knees she fell before Him.

With a smile of wonderful sweetness and a voice sweeter

than any music that ever was heard, the Christ Child said:

"I shall not forget your kindness to a little child."

Then, while they were all too awed to speak, the Christ Child disappeared and the brilliant light faded gradually away.

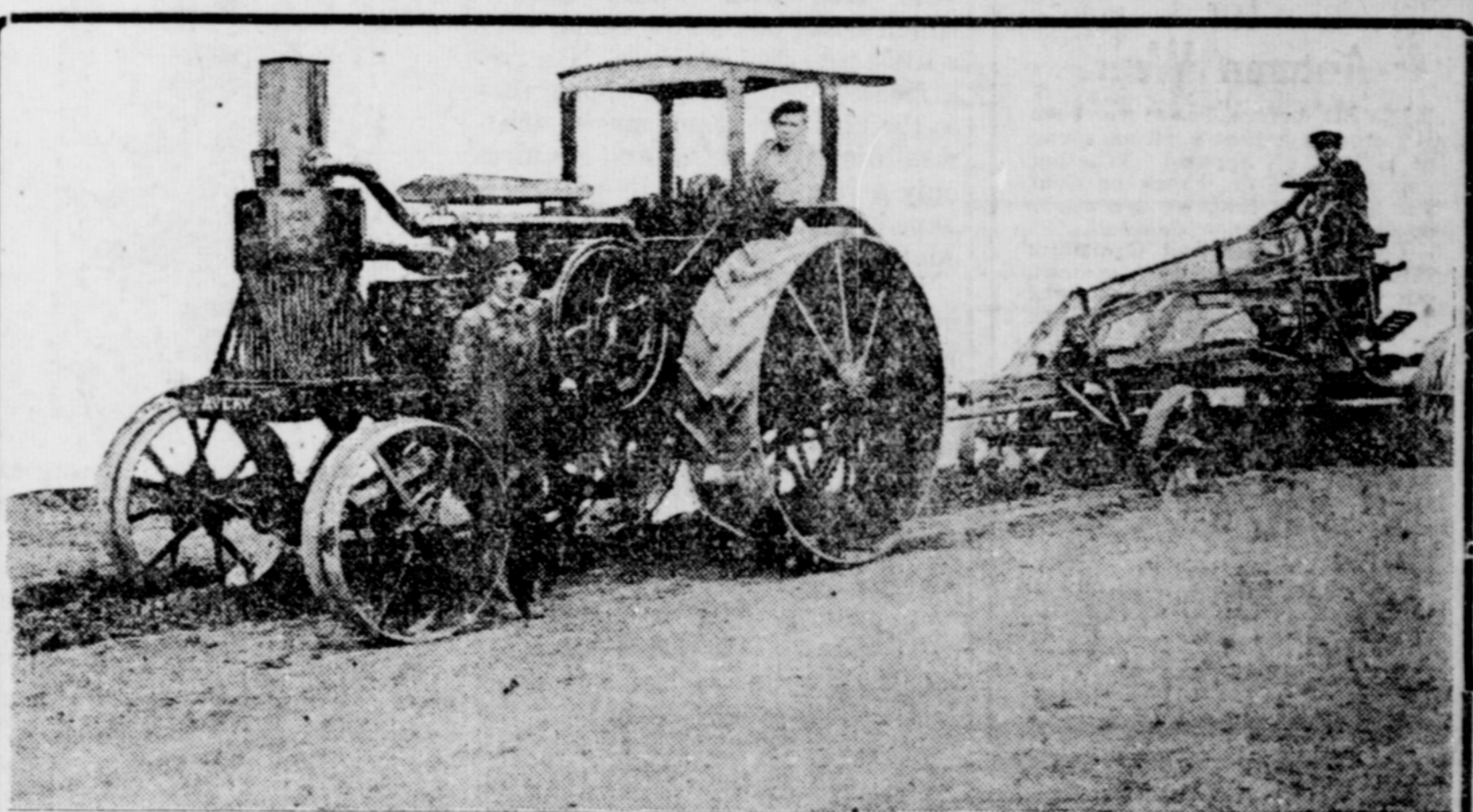
When Herman went to the spot on which he had found the wondrous Babe, he found that where the Christ Child had laid the most beautiful flowers were springing.

He gathered a bunch of them and took them to his wife. "I found them where the Christ Child lay," he said. "We will call them chrysanthemums, the Christ flowers. Gold flowers they are."

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 Labor reduced One-Half. The Imperial Iron burns ten hours at a cost of two cents. Always hot; no waiting; no hot fire; safe as the old-fashioned iron. So simple a child can use it. Each one guaranteed. In order to advertise our iron we are giving one lady in each community an Iron Free, no cost whatever. Be first to get your iron. Write today for particulars; a postal card will do.
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 A. RAGLAND, President, Dallas, Texas.
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 The METROPOLITAN has been in successful operation 33 years—it stands FIRST in Texas as a THOROUGH and RELIABLE Commercial School. Write for full information.

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 —Pleatings of all kinds
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 FURS Remodeled and Repaired
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Stylish Modes for Autumn Wear
 NEVER before have we been able to collect such an array of lovely Fall apparel. Whether you need a Suit, Frock or Coat you will find that we are ready to serve you.
 Dainty Blouses and Charming Millinery will greet you. In fact, our entire store is just a delight when you view the new things.
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 We have the famous Vogue patterns, and they cannot be purchased elsewhere in the city of Dallas. If you like to make your own things you should try a Vogue Style—they never fail to give the very latest style departures.
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 Of the finest workmanship. Box, French Accordion, Side and Knife Buttons Covered.
 Hemstitching, Picotting, Braiding, Buttonholes, Tailor-Stitching, Embroidery, Etc.
 Work promptly done and mail orders solicited.
Houston Pleating and Button Co.
 201 Kiam Bldg., Houston, Texas.

The Christmas Dinner

At times because of lagging Christmas spirit or through change of family plans, one wishes at the last minute to get up a dinner which will partake of as much Christmas spirit as time and means will allow.

The first thing to do is to look over the supplies at hand and those which are within reach at the near-by stores. If the market and purse afford a turkey the rest is easy, for with a brown, luscious turkey and its "fixings" one can add a Christmas flavor to any meal. The regulation turkey dinner such as:

- Oysters
- Roast Turkey
- Mashed Potatoes
- Cold Slaw
- Cranberry Sauce
- Cauliflower
- Mince Pie
- Nuts
- Raisins

When a meal like the above is out of the question consult the family tastes and get the things that suit the majority of the members of the family. If they like oysters or fish, for instance, have something as follows:

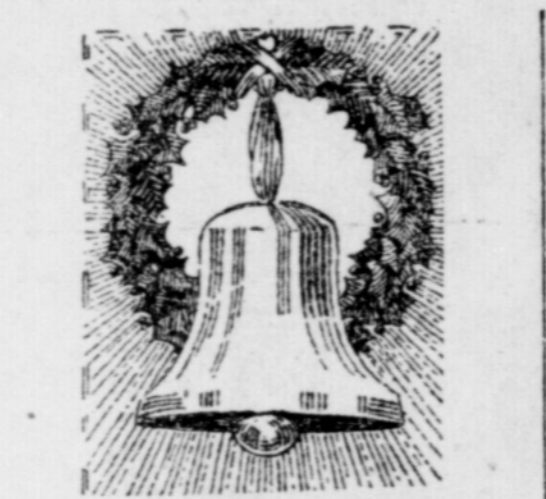
- Oyster Cocktails
- Hot Spice Cake
- Lobster Croquettes
- Stewed Tomatoes
- Apple Tart Pie
- Marshmallow Whip

If there is no preference one may add a holiday taste to chicken by changing the filling or adding a sauce as:

- Chicken Soup
- Roast Chicken with Potato Filling
- Fig Pudding
- Roast Chicken with Oyster Sauce
- Mashed Potatoes
- Prune Tapioca with Soft Custard

Sometimes a new flavoring will add the right touch:

- Olives
- Salted Nuts
- Escalloped Potatoes
- Fig Pudding
- Roast Chicken with Oyster Sauce
- Mashed Potatoes
- Prune Tapioca with Soft Custard



Creamed Potatoes Spinach
 Fruit Salad Pumpkin Pie

In making vermicelli soup use your regular recipe, but add a tablespoon of grated cheese and three or four drops of Worcestershire sauce to each quart of soup. One banana cut up fine and added to the filling that you put into your shoulder of lamb will give an unusual flavor which is delicious.

In creaming the potatoes add a little celery salt, then sprinkle with chopped parsley or paprika. In making your dressing for the spinach use a tablespoonful of vinegar and a teaspoonful of sugar with your drawn butter. By just such changes one may often give a holiday flavor to an ordinary meal.

One must not forget to give a touch of Christmas to the table as well as to the menu. Some sprigs of holly or bits of spruce in a vase, a single rose or chrysanthemum will make the table more attractive. A fern in the center with gay ribbons reaching to each place with a little favor or card will make a livelier meal, particularly if the cards have appropriate quotations written on them.

It is a mistake, though, for the housewife to become so busy in preparing or arranging the meal and the table that she forgets to make herself look as pretty as possible, or to be crowned with a smiling cheerful face—the best possible sauce to the food she provides.

Oyster Sauce
 Make a white sauce using the proportion of one tablespoonful of butterine, one tablespoonful of flour, to a cup of milk; blend and

cook, then add one cupful of oysters and heat just long enough to curl the edges; pour over and around the chicken after it is on the platter.

Take dry mashed potatoes and grated bread crumbs, half and half, mixed together, season well, add a tablespoonful of parsley cut fine, two tablespoonfuls of butter or butterine and, if one likes the taste of onions, one small onion cut very fine; mix thoroughly and fill the chicken as with ordinary stuffing.

Fig Pudding
 One pint of chopped figs, one cupful of chopped kidney suet, one cupful of milk, sweet or sour, one even teaspoonful soda, one large cupful New Orleans molasses, two eggs, three cupfuls flour, one teaspoonful cinnamon. Mix the dry ingredients first, then add the liquids, put in a well-greased pudding mold, large enough so that it is three-quarters full. Tie on the top of the pudding mold tightly and boil in a kettle of water for five hours. Serve hot with golden sauce.

Golden Sauce
 Three-fourths lb. of brown sugar, 7-8 pint of boiling water, 1-4 lb. of butter, white of one egg, 1 teaspoonful vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar together, add the hot water, put in the double boiler. When blended add the well-beaten white of the egg; cook a few minutes and serve.

Prune Tapioca With Custard
 One cup of prune liquor, 1-2 cup of instantaneous tapioca, 1 pint milk, 1 dozen cooked prunes, 2 eggs, 1-4 cup sugar.

Cut up the prunes and cook them together with the liquor in the top of the double boiler. Stir in the tapioca, wet with a little water, cook until soft. Before removing from the fire whip in the two well-beaten whites of egg, put in a mold to harden.

Soft Custard
 One pint of milk, yolks of two eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the yolks, add sugar and vanilla, cook until thick; let cool and serve around prune tapioca.

For the Christmas Tree

If your supply of Christmas tree ornaments this year is low, while prices are decidedly high, trim your tree with "fairy snow," which costs but a few cents, with a little time and patience. It gives a frosted, "woodsey" appearance to the tree that seems more Christmas-like and natural and requires only a few colored balls with perhaps a little loose tinsel by way of contrast.

Unfold and lay on top of each other a dozen or more sheets of white tissue paper. Gather the sheets in a mass from end to end, crinkling and crushing them lightly between the hands until they form a fairly compact roll that corresponds to the original width of the paper. Now, with sharp scissors, begin snipping off at one end, just as you have seen the candyman at the store snip off bits from a long roll of salt-water taffy. But your snips must be fine, from 1-8 to 1-4 of an inch wide. Cut to the end of the roll, then shake out carefully each little bundle, and hang in long festoons from the branches of the tree. Thus it is possible to trim lavishly the rear branches which often present such a forlorn, "nobody-home" appearance when ornaments are scarce.

Last Christmas I saw a tree trimmed with nothing but fairy snow and colored electric lights; the effect was charming.

CHRISTMAS IN SCANDINAVIA
 Christmas is the greatest festival of Scandinavia. There are no



holidays to which both young and old look forward with so much pleasure as to the days of Yule—days which in olden times were also celebrated by the followers of Thor and Odin.

In the cities Christmas and the days immediately following are legal holidays; but it is in the country that one should witness the rejoicings. In many districts of Sweden and Norway, among the peasants and farmers, these continue for nearly two weeks, and are called the "Tretten jule dage"—thirteen days of Yule.

MISTLETOE AS A CURE
 Numerous curious and ridiculous superstitions as to methods of preventing disease were believed in years ago, and are not altogether extinct even today, it is said. Much ancient faith clustered about the mandrake root, which was carved in the form of a doll, dressed in

fine clothes, and kept in a box or coffin concealed in some corner of the house. Each month it was washed in wine and water and freshly garbed.

Another universal cure was to carry a piece of mistletoe which had been cut from a tree by a golden sickle and caught in a white vessel as it ran.

Metal scraped from a church bell or a piece of the rope was supposed to have a similar protective influence against disease, as also a cloth stained in the blood of a murderer, or the rope with which he was hanged.

GREEN GROWS THE MISTLETOE BOUGH

When bleak winter comes to Merrie England in the branches of many a bare tree flames a green bonfire of bright mistletoe. It grows on many different kinds of trees—apple trees, hawthorn trees, sycamores, poplars, locusts, oaks and even firs, taking its nourishment from the juices of the tree on which it flourishes. The Druids of ancient England regarded the mistletoe as a magic shrub. Traces of this ancient regard still remain in our present customs. Little does the modern girl, caught standing unconsciously or otherwise under the chandelier, realize that a sprig of this very same plant once winked its roguish eye in a dim and dusky forest when a white-robed Druid caught a flying haired little Druidess in his arms and by this same sign kissed her.

Remember to Plan Your Trips on the
INTERURBAN LINES
 Between FORT WORTH AND DALLAS AND FORT AND CLEBURNE. Always Faster Time; Lower Rates; Service.
 Ask our agents for complete information.
 R. L. MILLER, G. P. A.
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 Furriers, Taxidermists, Trappers, Modelers, Cleaners, Bleachers, Dyers of FURS
 We Mount Any Animal
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 SPECIAL NOTICE—Ship all furs for taxidermy in ventilated boxes. Ship all hides for packed in fine salt.

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PRICE ONLY \$9.85
 No. 334—as illustrated, beautiful mahogany finish, celluloid bound, good size, rich, mellow tone.
Guaranteed
 to reach you in perfect condition. Do not pay unwise prices every way.
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 Instruments sent Parcel Post C.O.D. pay only after careful examination, completely satisfied, return in full pay all charges.
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 Mail your order today. You save because we buy direct from the factories. Special Xmas offers on Ukuleles, Mandolins and Banjos.
ORDER TODAY.
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 Good to the last drop
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Christmas and Candy
 are inseparable, and your Christmas would not be complete without it. Of course, you will want the BEST—
Texas Girl Chocolate
 "SWEETEST IN 48 STATES"
 15 different assortments.
 101 distinct varieties.
 Fruits, nuts and creams.
 Each piece a delightful surprise.
 The most appropriate gift for wife, sweetheart.
 Our guarantee with every box.
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Lynn County News

B. HAYNES, Editor and Owner.
 Published Every Friday by
NEWS PRINTING COMPANY

ed as second class matter at the post
 at Tahoka, Texas, under act of March
 1879.

\$2.00 per Year in Advance.
 Advertising Rates on Application.

Foreign Advertising Representative
THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

The News was informed this
 week by County Judge, J. W.
 Elliott, that the Commissioners

part would visit several sur-
 rounding counties that were
 making the roads and obtain
 suggestions as to the best man-
 in grading Lynn County
 highways. A large tractor and
 order will be purchased in
 making the roads, Judge Elliott
 stated, and the smaller ones now
 used by the county will be turned
 over to the road overseers in
 different precincts.

The News office was honored
 with a call Saturday from two
 young men from Ottaway Kans.,
 Messrs. F. L. Kyle, publisher of
 Ottaway World, and A. L.
 Miller, sales manager of the

J. C. MAY
 The Jewelryman
 Located First Door East
 Thomas Bros.
 TAHOKA, TEXAS

Western Syndicate. They were
 traveling over the Southern
 Highway, which route carried
 them through Lynn County.

Quite a number of Tahokaites
 expect to hear Ex-President
 Taft speak in Post City to-
 morrow night, on the subject;
 "Our Place Among the Nations"
 It is not often in this section
 of the state that people have the
 opportunity to hear speakers of
 Mr. Taft's caliber, and those in-
 terested in the higher ideals of
 life, will pay the price asked to
 hear the discourse.

How the Editor Gets Rich

A child is born in the neigh-
 borhood; the editor gives the
 loud-lunged youngster and the
 happy parents a send-off; the
 Dr. gets \$25. and the editor gets
 \$100.00

It is christened; the minister
 gets \$5. and the editor gets \$0.

A marriage takes place. The
 editor pushes his pencil and tells
 a dozen lies about the "beautiful
 and accomplished" bride. The
 minister gets \$10. and a piece of
 cake; the editor gets \$00.

In the course of time she dies.
 The Doctor gets \$15. to \$100;
 the minister perhaps gets another
 \$5; the undertaker gets \$150
 to \$500; the editor publishes a
 notice of the death, an obituary
 two columns long and a card of
 thanks, and gets \$000.

No wonder so many country
 editors get rich. Have you paid
 your subscription?—Ex.

The News contains twenty
 pages in this issue, this issue be-
 ing our Christmas edition. While
 it does not contain the amount

of advertising we had hoped for
 still it is brim full of good read-
 ing matter and we hope our read-
 ers will appreciate our efforts in
 giving them a paper out of the
 ordinary. We sincerely thank
 those who purchased advertising
 space on the cover, as well as
 elsewhere in the paper.

Tell It to the Editor

Every newspaper editor is de-
 sireous of printing all the legiti-
 mate news of his subscription
 field. That is the object of his
 paper.

But unfortunately an editor is
 part human—he at least is mould-
 ed in human form. He does not
 possess a dozen pair of hands or
 legs, or eyes, or ears for the col-
 lection of that vast fund of in-
 formation.

That is why the editor urges
 you to tell him what you know—
 to keep him informed of the do-
 ings of yourself and family, of
 your friends, or of the commu-
 nity in general.

It is the only way to make a
 good paper—and a good paper is
 one of the prime requisites to a
 good community in which to live
 and do business.

Tell it to the editor.
 He'll tell others—if it is tellable

The Brownfield Herald has
 changed the size of its period-
 ical from five columns, eight
 pages to eight columns four
 pages. Editor Stricklin claims
 the change conserves paper. To
 our notion it was the proper
 thing to do and one can get a
 whole lot of reading on one
 page without going to the
 trouble of turning over. The
 Herald is one among the best
 papers that comes to our ex-
 change table, and Stricklin de-
 serves the very best patronage
 the merchants can give him.

Sherriff's Sale

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL-
 ESTATE UNDER EXECUTION
 The State of Texas, County of Lynn

A. L. LOCKWOOD, In the District
 Et Al Plaintiffs. Court, Lynn Coun-
 VS ty, Texas.
 T. M. BARTLEY, Defendant.

Whereby, by virtue of a certain alias
 execution issued out to the District
 Court of Lynn County, Texas, on the
 judgement rendered, in said court, on
 the 5th day of March, A. D. 1919, in
 favor of the said A. L. Lockwood, S.
 F. Singleton and W. E. Porterfield,
 and against the said T. M. Bartley,
 No. 254 on the docket of said court:

I did, on the 13th day of December, A.
 D. 1920, at 4 o'clock P. M. levy upon
 the following described tracts or par-
 cels of land situated in the County of
 Lynn and State of Texas, belonging to
 the said T. M. Bartley, to wit:-

All of lots Nos. 4 and 5 in block No.
 13; All of lots Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8 in
 block No. 27; All of Lots Nos. 4, 7 and
 13 in Block No. 32; All of lots Nos. 13,
 14, 15 and 16 in block No. 35; All of
 lot No. 20 in block no. 45; All of lots
 nos. 6 and 7 in block no. 50; All of
 lots nos. 3, 4, 9 and 10 in block no. 20;
 Lot no. 6 in block no. 76; All of lots
 nos. 3, 4, 9, 11 and 12 in block no. 40,
 as shown by the map or plot of the north
 Tahoka edition to the town of Tahoka,
 Lynn County, Texas;

And on the 8th day of February, A.
 D. 1921, being the first Tuesday in said
 month, between the hours of ten o'-
 clock, A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M. on
 said date, at the Court House door of
 said County I will offer for sale and sell
 at public auction for cash all the right
 title and interest of the said T. M.
 Bartley in and to said property.

Dated at Tahoka, Texas, this the
 13th day of December, A. D. 1920.

S. W. SANFORD; Sheriff of Lynn
 County, Texas.

20c Cotton 20c

Abilene, Texas Dec. 6, 1920.
 The Abilene Draughon Col-
 lege offers 20c for cotton, mid-
 dling basis, on complete busi-
 ness course at regular rate; or, in
 lieu, now offers special holiday
 rates and guarantees \$35 to \$250-
 a-month positions, according to
 J. D. Miracle, President. Write
 Mr. Miracle, Box 38C.

To relieve rheumatism, sprains
 lame back, lumbago or pleurisy,
 Ballard's Snow Liniment is a
 remedy of proven merit. Three
 Sizes, 30c, 60c and \$1.20 per bot-
 tle. Sold by Thomas Bros.



Useful Xmas. Presents

This is no time to spend money for useless presents! If
 you are going to buy Christmas presents, buy some-
 thing that is useful—something that the receiver of
 the present can use. We are offering many use ul
 presents in our regular stock that the youngest to the
 oldest person would appreciate.

J. M. Larkin
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The Big Store with the Low Prices.
 Southwest Corner Square
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Choice Eats

When you eat a meal at this cafe you can rest assured
 that it is sanitary and properly prepared. Try us once.

**Fresh Bread, Pies, Cakes; Cookies, and all kinds of
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 W. R. McCuision, Prop. West Side Tahoka.

30x3 Firestone N.S.	\$13.00
30x3½ Empire	13.30
30x3½ World	15.00
30x3½ Goodyear	18.00
30x3½ Lee	20.00

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 We give our customers the best service we know how,
 and we invite you to stop with us when in the city Our
 cafe is always open and the best of eats served our patrons.
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A modern discovery for the
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 a clear, colorless liquid possess-
 ing marvelous healing power.
 Price, 30c, 60c and \$1.20, Sold
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Distress after eating is due to
 bad digestion. Herbine helps
 the digestive process, clears the
 system of impurities and restores
 a feeling of vigor and buoyancy
 of spirits. Price, 60c, Sold by
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 Read the News want ads.

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We now have a Double Cleaning System installed at
 our gin, which will give you a good sample on both sides of
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TRY US OUT.

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Dr. M. C. Overton
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Dr. O. F. Peebler
 Office Phone 209
 Residence Phone 341
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 Evelyn M. Holladay, R. N.
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 A chartered Training School is con-
 ducted by Miss Mary F. Farwell, R.
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 Graduate in Veterinary Medi-
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 Calls answered anywhere in
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 Ruptured Colts successfully
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 Practice in all the Courts
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 Office in Northeast Corner
 Court House
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 Licensed Embalmer
 Calls answered day or night to
 any part of Lynn county.
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Dye right! Don't risk your material in a poor dye. Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into old garments, draperies, coverings, everything, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Buy "Diamond Dyes" — no other kind—then perfect results are guaranteed. Druggist has "Diamond Dyes Color Card"—16 rich colors. Adv.

In the Crowd.

"What are you making such a fuss about? I thought you were a good loser."

"I am, as far as an election is concerned," answered the excited citizen. "What I am concerned about is the loss of a perfectly good two-dollar watch."

SKIN ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE

are unsightly and mar the appearance of many a woman whose face would be otherwise attractive. There is no need for this. Just get a box of Tetterine and use it regularly and you will be surprised how quickly pimples, blotches, itchy patches, etc., disappear and how soft and clear the skin becomes. Nothing better for eczema and other skin troubles than Tetterine. Sold by druggists or mailed for 60c. by Shuptrine Co., Savannah, Ga.—Adv.

His Chief End in Life.

There lived in an English town a wealthy but exceedingly "tight" old lady, who kept very few servants and paid them as little as possible.

Among these was an underfed, miserable-looking lad of fourteen, who answered the door, did the dishwashing, waited at table, weeded the garden, washed the dog and a few other things.

One day a visitor asked this lad: "Well, my boy, and what do you do around here?"

"I do a butler, a kitchen maid and a gardener out of a job," replied the boy gravely.

How's This?

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will do what we claim for it—cure Catarrh or Deafness caused by Catarrh. We do not claim to cure any other disease.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a liquid, taken internally, and acts through the blood upon the mucous surfaces of the system, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions.

All Druggists. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Speaking Universally.

Since he had been to France he was very fond of airing his slight knowledge of French. On leaving his friend one evening he said:

"Au revoir!"

"What do you mean?" asked his friend.

"I mean good-by—'au revoir' is 'good-by' in the French language," said the would-be linguist.

"Oh, I see," retorted his friend. "Well, carbolio acid to you!"

"What on earth does that mean?"

"Carbolio acid means 'good-by' in any language," was the reply.

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

One Way.

"Mummy, I'm gon' to give Auntie Maud my spade and pail."

"Whatever for, Willie?"

"So that she can kick it."

"Kick it?"

"Yes, Daddy said we should have a lot of money if only Auntie would kick the bucket."—TIT-BITS.

THE BEST YET.

If you have never used Vacher-Balm, you don't know how quickly and pleasantly a cold in the head, or soreness anywhere can be relieved by this harmless remedy.

Ask your druggist, or send for a free sample, to E. W. Vacher, Inc., New Orleans, La.

Avoid imitations. Nothing is "just as good."—Adv.

Definition of a Friend.

Some one defined a friend as "one who is truer to me than I am to myself." We are not always true to ourselves, and one of the highest offices of friendship is to hold the life true to its best. The love that does not make us long to be better and stronger for its sake, and in gratitude for its possession, is not the highest type of love.

Roman Eye Balsam has gained the public's confidence during 75 years. Manufactured only by Wright's Indian Vegetable Pill Co., 372 Pearl St., New York City.—Adv.

The man that would be great must first work hard to be child-like.

It's often as well to know how to hold your pen as your tongue.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPES.

"They say," Mr. Prong-Horned Antelope said, "that we should tell our story, for we are so different and so unusual from any other antelopes. In fact, we're just like ourselves, just like ourselves."

"And they say that folks would like to hear about us and to know how we act and why we are different from other creatures. They'd be much interested in knowing."

"So if you do not mind hearing about yourself and about myself, I will tell our story," said Mr. Prong-Horned Antelope as he looked at Mrs. Prong-Horned Antelope.

"I would love to hear it, for I'm like most creatures," said Mrs. Prong-Horned Antelope, "and like to hear about myself."

"In the first place of all," said Mr. Prong-Horned Antelope, "we should be protected from those who kill animals, for if we are not protected there will be fewer and fewer of us living, until at last there will be none at all."

"We're not very fond of the Atlantic coast, and this zoo is situated near there, but still we're getting on pretty well, and we hope folks will come and see us."

"At least we hope those who are near zoos where there are prong-horned antelopes will take a look, and those who do not live where they can see us and our cousins will make friends with us now by hearing of us."

"That is what we wish. We're really quite delicate, which does seem a pity, and the little ones are quite delicate as a rule when they're born."

"We used to live everywhere—that is all through the western plains and over the deserts and through the wooded lands, too."

"When our families lived on the plains they fed most sumptuously on rich grasses, but our families lived in a good many places, as I've said."

"We are the only living animals of mammals as they usually speak of us with hollow horns, growing over a bony kind of core, which we shed each year. Yes, we shed our hollow horns each year."

"We do," agreed Mrs. Prong-Horned Antelope. "I like this sort of talk," she added, "for it is nice to think over the interesting things about one's own self when there are interesting things to think over. There aren't always, but in our cases there are interesting things about us. We're so unusual."

"In fact, we're almost too unusual."

"And we have prongs to our hollow horns, which is unusual," continued Mr. Prong-Horned Antelope. "That is the main reason we were given our name."



So Unusual.

name. Of course, we're antelopes, so we're called antelopes, but because our horns have prongs we are called Prong-Horned Antelopes.

"What is more, we're the only animals with this strange feature, too."

"Our hair is different, and in some sections of us arranged one way and in other sections another way!"

"Our horns are placed unusually. But they say that the most important thing about us is that we're the possessors of all the curious ways and actions and looks and that others aren't like us."

"With other animals there are many things they do like. But we are very, very different from all other antelopes."

"And we will always be different as long as there are prong-horned antelopes."

"And I hope there always will be prong-horned antelopes, not only because we're interesting, but because I like the family of which I am a part."

"And so do I," said Mrs. Prong-Horned Antelope. "and I feel proud when the keeper tells people of all the things we do and of the looks we have which are so different from those of other antelopes in so many little ways!"

"Yes, I'm glad you decided to talk about yourself," she added, "for it has given me a pleasant little time indeed."

Hot.

Jim—My pinchers are mad today Dick—How is that?

Jim—Why, I left them in front of a fire and they lost their temper.—Boys' Life.

Past Tense of Migrate.

"Jimmy," said the teacher of the juvenile class, "what is the past tense of 'migrate'?"

"My gracious," promptly answered Jimmy.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. H. FITZWATER, D. D., Treasurer of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

(Copyright by Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 12

WHAT THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS LIKE.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 13:44-50. GOLDEN TEXT—The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.—Rom. 14:17.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL — Mark 4:26-32; Luke 13:18-21.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Sowing in Good Ground.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Short Stories That Jesus Told.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Christ's Joy of Finding the Lost.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Supreme Importance of Christ's Sacrifice for the Lost.

I. The Parable of the Hid Treasure (v. 44).

The common interpretation of this parable that Christ is the hid treasure for which the sinner must give up everything in order to buy salvation is false, for the following reasons:

1. Christ is not hidden in a field, but has been lifted up and made a spectacle to the world.

2. Nobody has ever been obliged to buy the world in order to get Christ.

3. Salvation cannot be purchased, for it is God's free and gracious gift.

4. No warrant is ever held out to a man to conceal his religion after he has obtained it.

In order to find ground that is safe and that we may appreciate its beauty and symmetry let us break up the parable into its component parts:

1. The field. This is the world (v. 28).

2. The treasure. In Psalm 135:4 we are told that Israel, the chosen people, is His treasure. The same truth is set forth in different places and ways (Deut. 7:6-8; 14:2; 26:18; 32: 8, 9). The kingdom of heaven as its true relation and bearing is now hidden. Christ was primarily sent to the Jews; it was for their sake, the hid treasure, that He bought the field.

3. The purchaser—the Son of God (John 3:16).

4. The purchase price. This was the precious blood of Jesus Christ, God's beloved Son, which is worth infinitely more than silver and gold and the treasures of earth (1 Pet. 1:13, 19; Isa. 53).

II. The Parable of the Merchantman Seeking Pearls (vv. 45, 46).

The view that this merchantman represents the sinner seeking salvation is contrary to the whole teaching of Scripture. This would make the sinner to be seeking for Christ, while Christ is as indifferent as a lifeless pearl. The whole burden of revelation is that man, since the fall of Adam in the garden of Eden, has been hid away from God, and that the Father, Son and Holy Spirit are all actively engaged in seeking for lost men.

1. The merchantman. He is without question Christ. He is actively engaged in the search for pearls. In this search he discovers one pearl of great price.

2. The purchase price. The merchantman sold all—impoverished himself in order to buy the pearl. Christ impoverished Himself (Phil. 2:6-8) to purchase the one pearl of great price by His own precious blood (1 Pet. 1:18, 19; Eph. 5:25). Salvation is without money and without price.

3. The pearl of great price. This is the church. Christ, the merchantman, will find other pearls of great value, but the peerless gem set above all others will be the church which He has purchased with His own blood. This truth is in harmony with the general teaching of Scripture, which sets forth the different bodies of the redeemed.

III. The Parable of the Dragnet (vv. 47-50).

This parable gives us a picture of the consummation of the kingdom. Note the parts of the parable:

1. The sea. This word when used in a figurative sense denotes peoples or multitudes (Dan. 7:3; Rev. 17:15). This means, then, that out of this world shall be gathered a multitude of people, good and bad.

2. The dragnet. The word "net" is properly translated dragnet. The dragnet cast into the sea, then, means the preaching of the Gospel in this age.

3. The dragnet drawn to the shore when full. This means that when God's purpose is made full regarding the preaching of the Gospel in this age, account will be taken of the results.

4. Assortment made by the angels. In the day of this accounting the angels will be the agents which shall separate the saved from the unsaved.

5. The destiny of the bad fish. The angels which are sent forth shall sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire, where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Can Be No Comparison.

There can be no comparison made between the intrinsic values of the human soul, and the world. The one is immortal, everlasting; the other is corruptible, transitory. The one has been redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus; the other even now groans for redemption. The one is made in the image and after the likeness of God; the other but imperfectly reflects, as in a mirror, the wonderful majesty and power of God.—Rev. Henry Lowndes Drew.

STATE NEWS

The Texas legislature at its next session will be asked to revise taxation methods of the state by the Tax Assessors' association.

The first issue of the Tyler Tribune a semi-weekly newspaper, appeared on the streets last week. Its paper is being edited by Dabney White.

At a meeting of a number of prominent farmers and live stock breeders held at Lubbock recently preliminary steps were taken for the organization of a pure-bred live stock association.

The mayor, city marshal and two other prominent citizens of West last Thursday when their automobile was struck by an outgoing Katy passenger train.

Mrs. L. E. Wilson, about 44 years old was instantly killed and the body frightfully mangled when she was struck by northbound Katy passenger train No. 8 at a crossing near Sterrett last week.

Miss Blanche Holland of Waxahatchie has left for Belgium to accept a place as teacher in a girls' school established in Brussels by the mission board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

A mass meeting of farmers holding fast year's low grade cotton was held at Ennis last week, and a committee named to investigate the feasibility of pooling the cotton and shipping it direct to European spinners.

The Harrison liner Comedian sailed last week from port of Houston with 11,895 bales of cotton consigned to Liverpool. The Nevisian, the first liner of the Leyland line to dock in Houston, will take on a cargo of cotton.

The Lamesa high school building burned last week. The origin of the fire is unknown. The building was an old frame structure erected in 1896 and will soon be replaced by a \$70,000 brick. Temporary quarters for school will be provided.

Claud Woulverton, rancher of the Immemer vicinity, has the only herd of wild deer in middle west Texas. He is protecting the deer against hunters by posting his ranch, and is preparing to feed them cane, with his cattle through the winter.

The commercial apple orchards of Erath county are located within a radius of 20 miles of Stephenville and range in size from 10 acres to 250. The trees of the orchards are large and vigorous and every season are loaded with fine fruit.

Formal announcement has been made that a total of \$1,010,173 has been subscribed to the endowment fund of the College of Liberal Arts at Southern Methodist University. Further, it was said, there is probability of some additional subscriptions being received.

Last week 75 farmers of Hood county met and formed the Granbury Watermelon association, and elected R. M. Whitehead president and O. B. Chambers secretary. H. C. Aston, O. K. Grammer and Monroe McWhorter, executive committee, all of whom are farmers except the secretary, O. B. Chambers.

The mothers' home, conducted by the city of Dallas through its department of public welfare, owes its foundation to an advertisement that appeared in a Dallas newspaper last winter which said: "A mother with three children who neither wants to give away, drown nor desert them, desires a room."

Wanted in Louisville, Ky., for two years on 98 indictments charging him with embezzlement and forgery of more than \$700,000, George L. Martin, former bank director, real estate man and one of Louisville's leading citizens for years before his disappearance in January, 1918, was arrested in his office in Dallas last week.

The docket of the Texas tariff bureau for the hearing in Dallas on Dec. 2 has been announced by A. C. Fonda, chairman. A hearing will be had on the proposition to continue the present minimum weights of shipments of grain and grain products which will expire on Dec. 1, between Shreveport and Texas points, and also between Texas points.

E. R. Crutcher, a farmer living near Waxahatchie, brought a calf hide to town the other day for sale, but found no market for same. Whereupon he shipped it to Dallas by express. The hide was sold there and Mr. Crutcher received a check for 68c for it. After deducting express charges amounting to 60c he had 8c left. He said he would keep the check as a souvenir.

Fully 500 teachers are expected to attend the fourth annual convention of the South Plains Teachers institute which will convene at Lubbock Dec. 20 to 24, inclusive.

At an election held last week citizens of Hillsboro voted 306 to 145 in favor of issuing \$15,000 in bonds for the purpose of buying and equipping a market square, with the understanding that stock will no longer be allowed to be hitched on the public square.

Condensed Austin News

Governor Hobby has designated Dec. 11 as cotton acreage reduction day in Texas.

Prison system finances are not as healthy as they were several months ago, due to the low price of cotton. The cash balance on Nov. 1 was but \$200,356. During the month of October the receipts were \$116,895 and disbursements \$133,803.

The Texas railroads declare they are in full sympathy with the good road building program in Texas, but has advised the railroad commission that they can not grant a reduction on road building materials, as asked by the state highway commissioners and good roads associations.

Liquor permits to the number of 1,665 issued by the comptroller's report under the Dean law will expire on Dec. 31, and new permits must be renewed by all holders of the present permits if they desire to continue the dispensation of liquor under the provisions of the Dean act.

In arriving at a blanket wage of \$12 per week in four industries for women, the industrial welfare commission worked from three budgets, according to a statement issued by the commission. The information for these was gathered by investigators in 42 towns and cities in divers sections of the state.

The railroad commission has filed suit in the Travis county district court against the Wichita-Ranger Oil Company for penalties at the rate of \$5,000 per day for alleged violations of the commission's rules, which require notice of intention to drill and for notification before making pipe line connections.

State Senator Will H. Bledsoe of Lubbock, member of the state investigating committee, is unalterably opposed to forming Japanese colonies in Texas, and he has authorized the statement that he will introduce a bill in the next legislature, largely patterned after California legislation, to prevent Japanese owning land in this state.

George B. Terrell, commissioner of agriculture for Texas, accompanied by Dr. M. C. Langrany, entomologist & M. College, and Professor R. E. McDonald, chief entomologist of the state department of agriculture, have left for Mexico to investigate the pink bollworm situation in that country. The party will be absent about a week.

The state board of education has purchased new bonds aggregating approximately \$250,000 and made payment of 50 per cent on bonds heretofore purchased and included the following offers from independent school districts: Follett, Grandview, Pampa, Riverside and Wylie. Several small issues offered by districts in Hill, Smith and Fort Bend counties were also purchased.

Lawyers of Amarillo favor redistricting Potter county to equalize population and taxable values, according to a consensus of opinion expressed at a dinner of the executive committee of the Amarillo bar association. The committee recommended to the association that it tender its services to settle the dispute in Amarillo as to whether the city or Potter county shall control Llano cemetery.

Although tuberculosis kills 150,000 persons each year in the United States it is gradually losing ground. Sixteen years ago the death toll from the "white plague" was 200,000 men, women and children yearly. This number has been reduced by 50,000 largely through the efforts of anti-tuberculosis worker. This statement was made by the Texas public health association, which centers its efforts on fighting the disease in Texas.

The Wichita Falls, Ranger & Fort Worth Railway company has been granted a temporary injunction by the fifty-third district court of Travis county restraining the railroad commission from putting into effect its order of Oct. 25, 1920, requiring the railway company to construct a new depot at its station of Necessity Stephens county. The railroad company contends that the order is unreasonable, that a new depot is unnecessary.

The hearing before the state insurance commission on its proposal to reduce rates in a number of classes has concluded. It had extended over a period of a week. The arguments will be made at some future date after the testimony has been transcribed. Counsel for the insurance companies express the hope that the arguments will be made before the full commission of three members, the evidence having been adduced before only two members.

For the first time in Texas history the inaugural ball will be eliminated from the ceremonies when Pat M. Neff takes oath of office as governor of this state next January.

The state banking board has granted certificate of authority to do business to the Security State Bank & Trust company of San Antonio, capital stock \$100,000. Certificate was also issued to the Securities State Bank and Trust company of Eastland capital stock \$150,000.

A LETTER FOR

From a Woman Who has Recovered from Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Garnett, Kas.—"I feel compelled to write you a letter to tell you how much I owe to Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for curing my chronic constipation and for restoring my health and making me a normal woman."



would pain terribly if I were to curb-stone. One day my car was thrown in the yard and every word in it. There were two who had been helped by me that I wanted to try it and it went to town and got me well as seemed as though I felt the second dose, so I kept on taking five bottles and by the way as well as I could work a year later I gave birth to a fine boy, and have had two more since and my health has been better than I ever have trouble of any kind. I am going to take your medicine and tell all the praise for my health I always recommend it to anyone I can.—Mrs. M. M. Garnett, Kansas.

Disapproval Resented. She was two years old, but she preferred to have her child be fed her. Her father was a spoon, but the child did not like her father looked at her plainly showing that he was at her capacity. This annoyed his daughter, because him away, saying, "Stop it, thing."

Dr. Peery's "Dead shot" has a regular approval for 75 years. It is only by Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, 372 Pearl St., New York City.

How one treasures the strangers who overhear his mark.

Sympathy amounts to the object isn't made aware of it.

Help That Bad

Why be miserable with a "bad" It's time you found out what Kidney weakness often causes suffering from rheumatic pains and kidney it may lead to disease, but it is easily cured by Kidney Pills, thousands.

A Texas Case. Mrs. M. way, Dub says: "A girl who small of broke my night and be tired in the morning. Knowing I felt other hand from Kidney Pills. They had failed in any of an other kind."

Get Doan's at Any Store. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BURLINGAME, CALIF.

Secured Lasting Relief from Bad Case of Indigestion

Dallas man suffered from Ware's Black Powder quick and lasting relief.

The remarkable value of Ware's Black Powder in the treatment of indigestion is shown in the case of Mr. G. H. of Dallas, who writes, under date 9th, 1920:

"I suffered from indigestion for years, and got in such condition that I could not work at times. Ware's Black Powder was recommended to me, and I got it. After using two or three boxes I was permanently relieved. Ware's Black Powder is widely known for its recommended use."

This wonderful remedy is sold by druggists for 60c and \$1.20 per box. Not a purgative. Contains no drugs. Forty years in use. Ware's free booklet on digestion is THE WARE CHEMICAL CO.

Appetite and Bowels Relieved

You can relish your meals without upsetting your liver or stomach if you will put your faith in Carrier's Little Liver Pills. Foul accumulations that poison the blood are expelled from the bowels and dizziness and sallow skin disappear. Small Pill—Small Dose.

WINTER'S CHILL

SOLD FOR 50 YEARS FOR RHEUMATISM AND FEVER. Also a Plan for Relief. At All Drug Stores. Arthur Pillsbury.

For Him

There is nothing more appropriate for the man who has everything else he needs, than a nice box of Cigars.

We have the famous Y. B's. Laveras and Travis Clubs in Xmas. boxes.

Thomas Bros. Drug Co.

TAHOKA, TEXAS

Cold Weather IS HERE

and time to unpack your cedar chest, get out those suits, coats, dresses, furs, and everything from last winter. Send them down here. When they come back to you, it will be like an old friend come back—you will have saved the price of a new one.

"WE CLEAN ABSOLUTELY"

We Call for and Deliver

Billy's Tailor Shop
PHONE 90.

Pains Were Terrific

Read how Mrs. Albert Gregory, of R. F. D. No. 1, Bluford, Ill., got rid of her ills. "During . . . I was awfully weak . . . My pains were terrific. I thought I would die. The bearing-down pains were actually so severe I could not stand the pressure of my hands on the lower part of my stomach. . . . I simply felt as if life was for but a short time. My husband was worried. . . . One evening, while reading the Birthday Almanac, he came across a case similar to mine, and went straight for some Cardui for me to try.

TAKE

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

"I took it faithfully and the results were immediate," adds Mrs. Gregory. "I continued to get better, all my ills left me, and I went through . . . with no further trouble. My baby was fat and strong, and myself—thank God—am once more hale and hearty, can walk miles, do my work, though 44 years old, feel like a new person. All I owe to Cardui." For many years Cardui has been found helpful in building up the system when run down by disorders peculiar to women.

Take Cardui

ITCH!
Money back without question if HUNT'S Salve fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin disease. Try a 75 cent box at our risk.

Thomas Bros. Drug Co.

Auto Accident

Sunday afternoon Otis Thweatt was going from Post to his home near Close City (Ragtown) on a hurry up trip with some medicine for his father Dr. O. L. Thweatt and as he turned into the Slaton road at the store at Close City he was hit by a big car driven by some boys from Tahoka.

The Thweatt car was badly damaged in front while the other car was over turned and completely wrecked.

The driver of the Tahoka car, young Edwards, had a rib broken and was considerably bruised up. There were three others in this car, who escaped injury. They went on to their homes Sunday night.

Otis Thweatt was not hurt and the damage to his car was not great. POST CITY POST

ATHELETICS

Basket ball is still the topic of the day, on the athletic field of Tahoka High School.

The Senior girls have organized a basket ball team with Miss Muecke, as coach. A new ball has been ordered. They bid fair to be one of the "star" teams of this county, as they have won a game after having practiced only a week. Following is a line up of the two school teams:

Velma Crouch	jumping center
Cricket Baldrige	running center
Don Clinton	guard
Pearle Ketner	guard
Audy V McCormack	goaler
Joycie Ketner	goaler

The other team:

Coy Napier	jumping center
Wilma Brashear	running center
Inez Davis	guard
Ira May Harris	guard
Frankie Wells	goaler
Marthie Slover	goaler

The following piece of poetry was written by Jess Key on one of the games:

"Amid the many shouts and yells
T. H. S. done it well.
We scrambled for the game,
Ever it was the same.
We beat them with an awful score
It was just fifteen to thirty-four
We were just too strong for the boys
To the victor belongs the spoils"



CHEAP ENOUGH
Shs: Now George, I want you to give me something cheap for Christmas.
He: I was going to offer myself.

Impossible to Resist Influence.
It is quite impossible to resist the sweet influence of the coming holidays and not to feel a thrill of sympathetic delight over that which serves to gladden all mankind. The very air seems to have caught the inspiration of the hour, and no one can fail to perceive, as he hurries through the streets, when Christmas is drawing near.

CHRISTMAS WEEK IN ENGLAND

Time When Scattered Families Are United and Tender Memories Are Revived.

MANY and great are the changes which have occurred in England since Dickens wrote "A Christmas Carol," but they have not affected the national love for the festival and the determination to preserve unimpaired the traditional warmth and heartiness of its celebration. Christmas week is still the great week of the year for the English people. It is the one week when scattered families are reunited when tender memories and old associations are revived, when friend greets friend with a cheery expansiveness in striking contrast with the characteristic reserve of the English nature, so undemonstrative to those who do not know it well, apparently so distant and unsympathetic.

From Wednesday all business will be suspended, not to be resumed till Monday morning. The whole nation will give itself up to good cheer and good fellowship, and for a brief season, all strife and controversy are hushed, and peace, charity and concord reign supreme.

Substitute for a Tree.

We are not going to have a Christmas tree, writes a correspondent. To make them brilliant many pretty little ornaments are needed and they cost a good deal. My plan is for a barrel in place of a tree. I have the barrel now in a closet. It is covered with old dark green cambric and the day before the great holiday I am going to pin sprigs of evergreen and holly over it. It will look pretty gay, I think, when it is filled with the gifts that are going into it now, all prettily tissued and tied, and my son as Jolly Old Santa Claus stands over it to delve into its mysteries and to proclaim the names of those who are to solve them. I am sure we will enjoy our barrel as much as we would a tree.

Best of All Holidays

TAKE it all in all, it may be safely asserted that Christmas is the merriest and the best of all holidays, and one which is likely to be observed for ages yet to come. Nations may rise and fall, new beliefs and religions may sweep away the old, but that would seem, indeed, a dreary and empty year which brought no merry Christmas in its annual round. May old Father Time long spare his holiday to mankind to gladden the hearts of all with its coming, and may each Christmas be still merrier than the last.

An Ancient Christmas Dish.

An indispensable Christmas dish of ancient times was "frumenty" or "frumante." Here is the recipe for making the dish according to a faithful old chronicler: "Take clean wheat and bray it in a mortar until the hulls be all gone off, and seethe it until it burst, and take it up and let it cool; and take clean, fresh broth and sweet milk of almonds or sweet milk of kine and temper it all; and take the yolks of eggs. Boll it a little and set it down and mess it forth with fat venison or fresh mutton." Frumenty was often served alone without venison or mutton. When served by itself it was well sweetened.



A BIG JOKE

Duck: Now I hope I won't get a treatise on "How to Swim" for a Christmas gift.

A Form of Generosity.
"That fellow is kind of hard to depend on."
"He seems to be very generous."
"Yes. He's a regular Santa Claus."
"I don't understand."
"He is willing to take the credit for giving you anything you want provided someone else stands the account."

Sanitary Barber Shop

I. S. DOAK, Prop.

A clean sanitary shop, good baths, and the best barbers. Your business is always appreciated. Bring the children in and let us fix them up.

Tahoka, Texas.

BIG SURPRISE TO MANY IN THIS TOWN

Those who have used it here are astonished at the INSTANT action of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-ika. Because it flushes the alimentary tract COMPLETELY Adler-ika relieves ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach or gas. It removes such surprising foul matter that a few doses often relieve or prevent appendicitis. A short treatment helps chronic stomach trouble.

Thomas Bros. Drug Co.

USE OF CHRISTMAS STOCKING

Good St. Nicholas, Saint of Fourth Century of Christian Era, Founder of Custom.



CHRISTMAS stockings have come down to us from the good St. Nicholas, who was a saint of the fourth century of the Christian era and was born December 6, 342, in Lycia, Asia Minor. He was regarded as especially the patron saint of children, young girls and sailors. The Christmas stocking custom arose as follows:

It seems that St. Nicholas, who was the archbishop of Myra, lived in the same town with an impoverished nobleman who because he had no portions to give his daughters, and indeed no means with which to support them, was about to sell them into a life of sin. St. Nicholas, who was accustomed to dispense his large fortune in gifts of charity, resolved to rescue the young women. As he approached their house wondering how he should proceed, the moon shone out and displayed an open window. Instantly St. Nicholas threw a purse of gold in at the window which, falling at the feet of the father of the girls, enabled him to portion his oldest daughter. The second time St. Nicholas visited the house he also was able to throw a purse of gold through an open window, thus providing for the portion of the second daughter. On the third visit the father, watching for his benefactor, cast himself at the feet of the saint and cried:

"Oh, St. Nicholas, servant of God, why seek to hide thyself?"

The saint made the father promise not to reveal his benefactions. From this habit of bestowing gifts in secret and under the cloak of night arose the practice of putting out shoes or stockings for the younger members of the family, so that the good saint would be able to fill them without being spied on. At one time it was the custom for young women pupils in convents on the even of Saint Nicholas to hang their new silk stockings on the door of the apartment of the abbess. They would also write notes calling the attention of the good St. Nicholas to their stockings. In the morning when the convent pupils who had not gone home for the holidays arose they invariably found their stockings filled with sweetmeats.

Fort Worth Star Telegram subscriptions, new and renewal, taken at the News office

Hear Ex-President Taft at Post, Saturday night December 18th. Tickets on sale at banks.



FIFTEEN HUNDRED times each day in the United States the greedy hand of Fire seizes some home, some factory—snatches away, destroys forever some part of the nation's wealth.

How about your property? Is it adequately insured—is it properly safeguarded? Today, a fire loss entails the highest replacement cost in history. Therefore, be vigilant—for Carelessness and Fire are allies. In addition to fire insurance, and without cost, the Hartford gives expert fire prevention service.

PARKHURST
Insurance Agency
Tahoka, Texas

ALL THE COMFORTS

and contentments of owning your own home can be yours. Let us convince you that it can be achieved—How you can enjoy all the benefits of home ownership instead of suffering from the disadvantages of accumulating rent receipts. Confer with us.

Higginbotham-Bartlett Co.
LUMBER DEALERS
Tahoka,

CHRISTMAS



We wish to express our appreciation of your patronage kindly ask that you continue to give us a liberal portion of your trade.

And to those who have not as yet made our acquaintance you cannot realize how much you are losing on each purchase until you give us a trial. We wish for one and all a Merry Christmas for 1920. PAY US A VISIT.

CORNER CAFE.

C. W. Dillow, Prop. Tahoka, Texas

Investing in a ...HOME...

You can never hope to find any investment that will pay such return on the money invested as your home.

—The savings in rent in a few years will repay the cost and if it is built, modern and attractive the selling value will be more than a cost.

—Then add the daily income of happiness, contentment and pride in possession and by comparison to other investments, you will find you have invested wisely.

We furnish the plans, material and building

A. G. McAdams Ltd.
W. S. MOORE, Mgr.

SERVICE, QUALITY, PRICE. TAHOKA, TEXAS

A Few Fords

[New and Second-hand]

FOR SALE

Worth the money.

Tires at Greatly Reduced Prices

Fisk, Fire Stone and Star,
1-4 OFF

BRADLEY-TAHOKA
AUTO CO.

New Log Saw

aster, Costs Less, Makes Money for Users and Works While You Rest. Improved power log saw, now red, outdoes all other log saws cutting wood quickly and at little cost. New 4-cycle, high power motor with Oscillating Magneto—tends to fall you—makes the saw cut logs faster than other log saws. Its cut and is ready for use before the ordinary saw is well along. This log saw—The Ottawa—has a designed friction clutch, cone lever, which starts and stops without stopping the engine. It has imitated, but no other power saw has this improvement. The Ottawa Log Saw is for less money than any other saw of anything like its size.



Model, 4-H. P. Ottawa Log Saw. In wheels this outfit from cut and log to log like a barrow. Attachments cut down trees in branches. Extra power lets it do heavy work of all kinds. If the Ottawa Log Saw launch her sales and are making big things, the machine doing the 50 cords cut any day, rainy or one man, are normal figures. It is approaching \$200 a cord; it is compact, simple and durable for each or easy payments arranged. If you have wood to Ottawa Log Saw will be the factory machine you've ever seen. To suggest that you write the Ottawa Log Saw Co., 2724 Wood St., Ottawa for their complete new illustration and prices, sent free to you of this paper.

Life for Sick Man

ic Works Magic

aken only two boxes of and feel like a new man. It is more good than anything else. C. O. Frappier. It is the modern remedy for each, bloating, food repeating, indigestion. It quickly takes up the stomach and digests the food. That means not only no pain and discomfort but full strength from the food. Big box only costs a trifle. Druggists' guarantee.

Running Sores

I stand back of every box. It guarantees to refund the price (50 cents) if Peterson's doesn't do all I claim. Use it for eczema, old sores, ulcers, salt rheum, ulcers, sore throat, itching skin, skin eruptions, bleeding and itching piles, chafing, burns, scalds, cuts, sunburn.

Kids Stop Quick

up a cold in six hours; no quicker relief in coughs and croup. Myeloid. Goes right to the source of the germ. Money back if not satisfied. At good druggists everywhere.

icura Soap

The Healthy—Living Soap. It shaves without mug. Everywhere. Dr. J. C. Ford Permanent Non-Skid Cream. It softens, instantly on and off. Sells. Rowe Co., Frattville, Conn.

as Directory

of the Worms. TEN YOUR STOCK. DRUGS—GO for hogs and sheep. SALT BLOCK for cattle. dollar brings big sample. Chemical Co. of Texas, Inc. Houston, Texas.

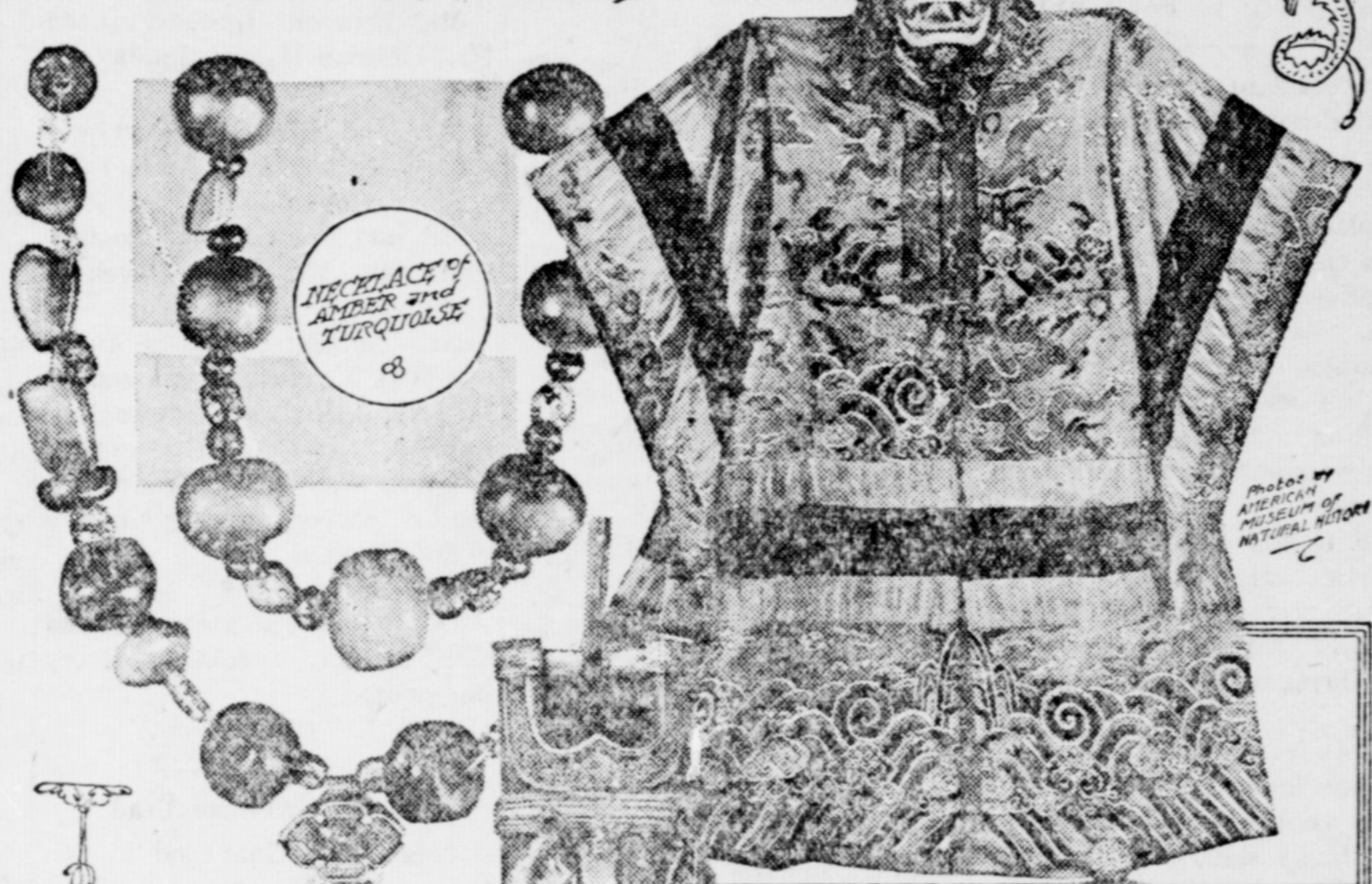
Liver Spots

les, Pimples, Blackheads. FACE PACK is used. Applied by skin specialists. Mailed \$1.00. Drug Store, Houston, Tex.

Accordion Pleating

of the Finest Workmanship. Embroidering, Buttonholes, etc. Work Promptly Done and Mail Orders Solicited. Houston Pleating & Button Co. 201 Kram Bldg., Houston, Tex.

Treasures From Tibet



UT of Tibet the secret, remote and forbidding, there has come to us a treasure freight to which clings a poignant and somewhat sinister atmosphere of oriental mystery and barbarism. Once again has been lifted a little corner of the vast curtain of silence behind which the strange and colorful drama of Tibet goes on, and we have been given a vivid revelation of life in the secluded land.

Often before, missionaries returning from far-off countries have brought back costumes, weapons and implements which have thrown light on the customs and culture of the people who had made them. And now again a missionary—Rev. H. B. Marx for 16 years attached to a Moravian mission on the Indian side of the Tibetan border—brings such a collection, large and rich in variety and interest. Through funds provided by J. P. Morgan, the collection has been secured for the American Museum of Natural History, in New York city, and has already been placed on exhibition and examined by many visitors.

There are over 230 pieces in the new Tibetan collection, and they cover probably every phase of the life of Tibet. There are native costumes—the men's consisting of a small hat trimmed with artificial flowers, long woolen gown, shawl and belt, coarse woolen trousers and shoes with heavily-felted soles. The women's civil dress is much the same, but includes great brass pins and silver filigree ornaments set with turquoise and coral. There are large earrings and finger rings, also of silver and set with turquoise. The necklaces, made of very large beads of amber, coral and turquoise are worn as ornaments, but have also a religious significance, for their colors are recognized as symbolical. In some parts of Tibet there are three, in other parts five colors recognized as symbols; yellow for the earth, blue for the water, red for light and warmth, green for the wind and white for the clouds or heaven.

Masks of Devil Dancers. The five colors are used in the elaborate costumes of the "devil dancers," and in the masks used in the ceremonies for driving away demons. Of these, "Togdam," the five-skull mask, is especially celebrated and sacred. The five skulls surmounting the mask are supposed to be the skulls of slain enemies, trophies of the devil dancer, who represents a warrior of the old Tibetan mythology. Also of great religious significance are the "dorje" and the "dorje purbu," representing the thunderbolt. These are powerful weapons for the exorcism of demons. They are hurled into the ground by the lamas, or holy men, to whom they are the most sacred and revered of all religious objects.

Regalia made of human bones, carved elaborately; "potted lamas," made of clay and crushed lama bones; lamaistic rosaries of shell; amulets and charms against bad dreams and fears in the dark, sickness, and the snow-leopard and wolf; prayer-wheels and sheaves of prayer-leaves; Buddhist idols; dice for use in divination; sacred temple banners—these are among the religious objects collected by Mr. Marx. Supplemented by what we know of Tibetan religious practices, they invoke a striking picture of the sacred temples, the pilgrimages and sacrifices, the self-inflicted mortifications, and the great religious communities in which the lamas, liv-

ing thousands strong as in a vast, barbaric monastery, carry on their weird traditions and ceremonies. Weapons and Musical Instruments. Of weapons there are in the collection daggers and sabres, ancient bows and arrows, and poisoned implements of war and the hunt. And there is a heavy Tibetan gun, with its attached rest on which the Tibetan always supports his gun when firing. The spark for shooting off the gun is struck from the tinder box. The favored of all his gods must be that Tibetan who is able to hit a moving target by means of this clumsy firearm. Harness and trappings for their horses, drums and bells are also included in the Tibetan military outfit. Here also belongs the imitation skull, trimmed with artificial teeth and long hair, in which the warrior catches the blood of his slain enemy, which he drinks to gain new vigor for the fight.

In his calmer moments, the Tibetan's savage breast is charmed by the strains of his primitive guitar and three-stringed banjo, the double flute of reed or bamboo, and the oboe which is particularly the instrument of the beggar. And for his enjoyment he has fashioned pipes for smoking tobacco (both dry and cooled through water) and opium. These are all represented in the new collection in the American museum, as are also books in commercial and the more ornate classical Tibetan writing, and the first Tibetan newspaper which was printed on the Leh mission press of the Moravian missions.

By no means the least interesting among so many curious objects are the bright, thick Tibetan rugs, and the primitive scale consisting of a bamboo rod with a carved stone weight at one end and at the other a square of skin, suspended by thongs, for holding the article to be weighed. And always attractive to the curious-minded are the household utensils—the cooking vessels, dishes, teacups (both porcelain and wooden) and cup stands, and cup holders in which the Tibetans carry their teacups when traveling. A low tea table of red and black lacquer and elaborately-worked teapots of brass and silver have a beauty of their own. And a small churn standing beside the tea things in the museum's exhibit is appropriately placed. For "buttered tea" is the staple food of the Tibetans. They make it by melting butter in hot tea, stirring powdered barley into the liquid and rolling the resulting batter into a little cake.

Artificial Leg 300 B. C. The oldest wooden leg in existence is that in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in England. It was found in a tomb at Capua, and is, of course, of Roman origin. This artificial member accurately represents the form of the human leg. It is made with pieces of thin bronze, fastened by bronze nails to a wooden core. Two iron bars, having holes at their free ends, are attached to the

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions. Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Pain, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoclonal Acidester of Salicylic Acid.

Kill That Cold With HILL'S CASCARA QUININE

FOR Colds, Coughs AND La Grippe

Neglected Colds are Dangerous. Take no chances. Keep this standard remedy handy for the first sneeze. Breaks up a cold in 24 hours—Relieves Grippe in 3 days—Excellent for Headache. Quinine in this form does not affect the head—Cascara is best Tonic Laxative—No Opium in Hill's.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

Harmless, purely vegetable, Infants' and Children's Regulator, formula on every label. Guaranteed non-narcotic, non-alcoholic.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP

The Infants' and Children's Regulator. It is the safest and best combination of purely vegetable ingredients that medical skill has ever devised and endorsed as this complete open published formula shows. Read it.

Costs more to make Mrs. Winslow's Syrup than similar preparations. Yet it costs you no more than ordinary laxatives. At all Druggists. ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 215-217 Fulton St., New York. General Selling Agents: Harold F. Rowley & Co., Inc., New York, London, Toronto.

DR. THACHER'S LIVER AND BLOOD SYRUP

You're as Sick or as Well as Your LIVER. How's your liver? Are you constipated, bilious, grumpy? Have you dizzy spells, dull headaches, bad taste in your mouth, foul breath? If so, you need Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup; which has been knocking out troubles of your sort ever since the good old southern doctor first prescribed it away back in 1852. On sale at your drug store.

You're as Old or as Young as Your BLOOD. If you would stay young in health as you grow older in years, have a care for your blood. Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup puts life into your blood; purifies and enriches it; makes it tone up the whole system. Also keeps your Bowels open and is a tonic and a cleanser combined. Good for the whole family. Sold at your drug store.

Andy Anton, Thompsonville, Ill., wrote Aug. 31, 1918: "I feel that I should send in my testimonial for Dr. Thacher's Liver Medicine, which I have used for twelve years. Before I used it I could not do a whole day's work; because I was so weak in my kidneys, but I am now strong and healthy."

J. M. Sexton, Box 147, Ocala, Fla., wrote Jan. 22, 1919: "I used a bottle of your Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup in my family with a four-year-old child that had had kidney trouble, caused by measles. Found it to do more good than all the medicines that I ever got hold of."

Sole Prop. & Mfr. THACHER MEDICINE CO., Chattanooga, Tenn., U. S. A.

FOR THE BEST TABLES MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"GOOD TO THE LAST DROP" SEALED TINS AT GROCERS

Some Real Hunting. "Well, Joe," said Wilkins, as he met his friend Robinson on the avenue, "did you get any good hunting up in Maine?" "We sure did," said Robinson. "How did that new dog Brown sent you work?" "Splendid!" was the reply. "Fact is, if it hadn't been for that dog we wouldn't have had any hunting at all. He ran away at the first shot, and we spent four days looking for him."—Boston Transcript.

LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS

Continued from first page

Tahoka, Texas,
Dec. 13, 1920

Dear Santa:

I am a little boy, three years old. I know you have heard of me for my mama told me that Santa watches all good little boys and I think I have been good for I have tried, but you know it is hard for a young man of my age to be real good.

Now I want you to please bring me a little fire-wagon, a little automobile, candy, fruits and nuts.

I have a little sister, Billie-Bernice, only five months old and I sure don't want you to forget her and bring her a little doll that you can knock over and it will sit back up and if you can't afford to bring her nuts, candy and fruit I will give some of mine to her.

Don't forget the other little boys and girls,

I am your best little boy,
NORMAN SWAFFORD

Tahoka, Texas,
Dec. 12, 1920

Dear Santa Claus:

I want you to bring me a little air plane because I think I can make it fly.

I have a little sister but don't bring her anything her can tair up. I also want a little bank and a foot-ball and a balking mule.

GEORGE CLAUD WELLS

Tahoka, Texas,
Dec. 9, 1920

Dear Santa:

I have been a good little girl this year and please bring me a ring a little work box, a doll and a doll trunk, a tricycle and some apples, oranges candy and all kinds of nuts

I am your little girl,
LUCILE MCCORD

Tahoka, Texas,
Dec. 9, 1920

Dear Santa Claus:

I'm looking for you Christmas.

I'm trying awfully hard to be good but mama says that's "some job" for a boy nine years old I have two brothers, Zan's age is seven year old and little Pat is only three months old.

Please bring Pat a rattler and most anything will do for Zan and me. We don't expect much as things are so high.

I am going to school and in the fifth grade.

Please don't forget us.
GRAHAM HENSLEY

Tahoka, Texas,
Dec. 14, 1920

Dear Santa;

I would very much like for you to bring me an air gun and a top and a knife and a little horse and sheep and lots of gum and candy

With lots of love
J. P. M.

Tahoka, Texas,
Dec. 14, 1920

Dear Santa Claus:-

I am a little boy 8 years old I go to school at Magnolia I would very much like for you to visit me Xmas and bring me a humming top and a rubber ball and a jack knife

your little friend;
CURTIS

Tahoka, Texas,
Dec. 14, 1920.

Dear Santa Claus -

Please bring me a little gun full of candy and a little automobile.

With love,
RICHARD MEIL

Dear old Santa, here we are With drooping mouths and looks afar,

We have our stockings at the fire-place hung,
And our memories of 1920 cotton prices in our minds are stung; But, now this year you fill our stockings
With prices that are perfectly shocking,
For we planted and raised our cotton crops
with a glowing face and a many ha, ha!
But, you made us feel like we wanted to say ta, ta!
We bring our cotton to town to sell;
One awful look at the buyer and we say "go to H - -!"
But we bring it back with a long, lanky sigh,
And humbly ask "won't you please go a little higher?"
We get our bid and say no more
But return to our homes and swear, "never more"
Now, dear Santa, if you can and will mend,
Please send us prices that will cover all things
And make, "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

Your broken hearted friend
HARD TIMES

We are glad to enroll County Clerk, B. H. Robinson, on the News subscription book.

Want Ads

Make your dollars all have cents and trade at The TOGGERY. 121c

FOR SALE—A fine selection of Edison Amberole Records at a great sacrifice. MRS. H. C. CRUE

FOR SALE—Span mules; bargain; also my 5-room House in east Tahoka. W J. Cronch. 12

WANTED—A number of hands. 145 acres of cotton to pick on J. F. Carter's place 10 miles south-east of Tahoka. Will pay reasonable price.
J. F. CARTER

FOR SALE—Fine Mammoth Broze Turkeys, for raising purposes. Toms, \$5.50. Hens \$3.50. Write or apply. S. W. ELLIS. Farmers Union Business Agent. Tahoka, Texas. -13 tf

FOR SALE OR TRADE Big fat hog, weighs 400 lbs., for shoats or pigs. W. H. IZARD 74 a

NOTICE STOCKMEN—I have wheat land to rent for grazing purposes, at \$1.00 per head per month. BUSTER FENTON 151tc

A remedy that will penetrate is necessary in the treatment of rheumatism. Ballard's Snow Liniment goes right through the flesh to the bone and relieves promptly. Three sizes, 30c, 60c and \$1.20 per bottle. Sold by Thomas Bros.

Irregularity of the bowel movements makes you feel uncomfortable and leads to a constipated habit which is bad. Herbine is the remedy you need. It restores healthy regularity. Price, 60c. Sold by Thomas Bros.

Midway News

[DELAYED]

We are having some cold weather this week.

Miss Sallie Halson spent Saturday night with Misses Laurie and Winnie Swann.

Mr. Dawson Hodges visited Mr. Herman Halson Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Lewis visited Mr. and Mrs. Jono. Lewis Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland visited their son, Mr. Jess Cleveland Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stevens and Miss Myrtle Stevens visited Mr. and Mrs. Wade Cowan Sunday.

There was a large crowd attended prayer meeting Sunday night. Every body come next Sunday night.

Don't forget singing first and third Sunday evenings. Every body come.

"RED WING"

W. W. Gatewood Dead

Judge W. W. Gatewood, known to Brownfield as one of the foremost lawyers of the Southwest bar, until his retirement a few years ago, passed away suddenly last Thursday afternoon, December 2nd, and was laid tenderly to rest by his loved one and his host of friends, the following afternoon.

BROWNFIELD HEARLD

Your attention is called to the advertisement of L. E. Hunt & Company, of Lubbock, in this issue of the News. This firm is an exclusive man and boys store, and invites the trade of Lynn county people while in Lubbock.

O'Donnell

M. W. Hancock was here this week.

Mr. R. P. Tomilson and family have moved to Pecos. Mr. Raymond Webb and family were Tahoka Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. left last week on a plane. They will go by Santa Fe to visit their daughter, Jewell and Byrdie, attending school at that place.

Mr. T. R. Ivey, assisted by Charlie Shook, is in business in Snyder this week.

Mr. A. L. Lockwood on business last week.

Mrs. Gladie Roberts Gertrude Aldridge was visitors the latter part of the week.

O'Donnell has been here last few Sundays by a sand storm. We are expecting another next Sunday.

REPORT

The Rix Furniture Co. of Lubbock, carry a page advertisement in this week. This popular furniture house is giving a big count on all pianos and during the holidays, and the patronage of all Lynn people.

Renew your subscription to the Star Telegram at this office. We are duly agents. Bargain days now on and we can give the sum of \$2.15 on the year.

You always get the most for your dollar at—The TOGGERY.

LOWER PRICES

We will sell Children's Misses and Ladies Coats at 50 per cent off.

Men's \$20.00 Sheep lined Coats now \$10.00.

Men's work pants was \$8.00 now \$4.50. All \$4.50 pants now \$3.25.

Men's \$3.75 wool shirts now \$3.25. Uncle Sam's blue shirts, was \$2.00 now \$1.25. 50 per cent off on all silk shirts, \$11.50 shirts now \$5.75. Buy that boy Christmas gift, let it be a silk shirt. Men's and boys suits at actual cost and lower.

We have the best prices on shoes for a long time; do not buy your shoes until you see ours, we make the price right

PRICES SLASHED ON GINGHAMS. All 50c Gingham now 30c; all 35c Gingham now 20c; all 30c Gingham now 15c.

All 50c Outings now 30c; all 30c outings now 15c.

These prices hold good during the holidays. First to come gets the pick of all these prices.

\$10.00 wool Blankets now \$5.00. \$12.50 wool blankets now \$6.25 the pair. Buy these blankets while they last.

Tahoka, **The McCormack Store.** PHONE 160

F. E. REDWINE S. B. HATCHETT

Our Business is Still rowing. For Quick Sale List Your Land With Us.

The West Texas Real Estate Co.

"Service and Fair Dealing," our Motto.

Write or wire us for our list of Bargains.

Member of the
TAHOKA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Tahoka, Texas

Amarillo Man Gives Thousand to School

Plainview, Dec. —Lester Stone, of Amarillo, has contributed \$1000 to Wayland College here for the purpose of enlarging the science laboratories. Mr. Stone's gift will enable Wayland College to have one of the largest and best equipped laboratories of any junior college in the state.

At the regular meeting of the trustees of the college, last week, Rev. Harlan J. Mathews, of Plainview, was elected president of the board and Rev. R. F. Jenkins, of Amarillo, was elected vice president. J. M. Malone of Plainview was re-elected secretary.

Try News Want ad for results.

Eggs Are Scarce

With the approach of Christmas season, eggs are becoming scarce and high.

Merchants are paying as high as 60 cents per dozen for eggs, and part of the time are unable to supply demand.

As a result, chicken raisers who have bred and fed their chickens so as to have a number of early winter layers, are reaping a big reward.

It is reported that as many as three fires have occurred on the T-ranch the past week. Prairie fires are easy started at this time of year, and those traversing the large pasture should use every precaution in starting a blaze that would destroy hundreds of sections of grass.

Our good friend J. V. Dyer, residing four miles east of Tahoka, killed hogs Tuesday of this week. The porkers weighed 425 and 640 pounds each and places Mr. Dyer on the safe side for his winter meat. He has the thanks of the News family for a nice mess of sausage.

Has your subscription expired?

Go To The "Movies" XMAS.

December 23, "The Idol Dancer." D. W. Griffith
" 24, "Lost City" No. 9. Waltz me
" 25, Frank Keenan in "Something Extra"
" 27, "Man and His Woman."
" 28, "Sacred Flames."
" 29, "Felix O' Day."
" 30, Title not known.
" 31, "Lost City," No. 10, and "Raise the Roof"

January 1, Dolores Cassinelli in "The Webb of Dawn"

Star Theater, TAHOKA.

E. L. HOWARD, Mgr.

Buy Christmas Presents that the Whole Family can Use

A piece of Furniture, Phonograph, Rug and a number of other useful presents too numerous to mention. Come in and let us help you make your selection.

J. E. STOKES FURNITURE STORE.

West Side Square, Tahoka, Texas

TOY TREE TABLE DECORATION

Miniature Christmas Emblem May Be Surrounded With Presents Tied With Red Ribbon.

DECORATE the table with a Christmas tree, one of the toy ones, and pile around its foot a quantity of presents tied with red ribbons.

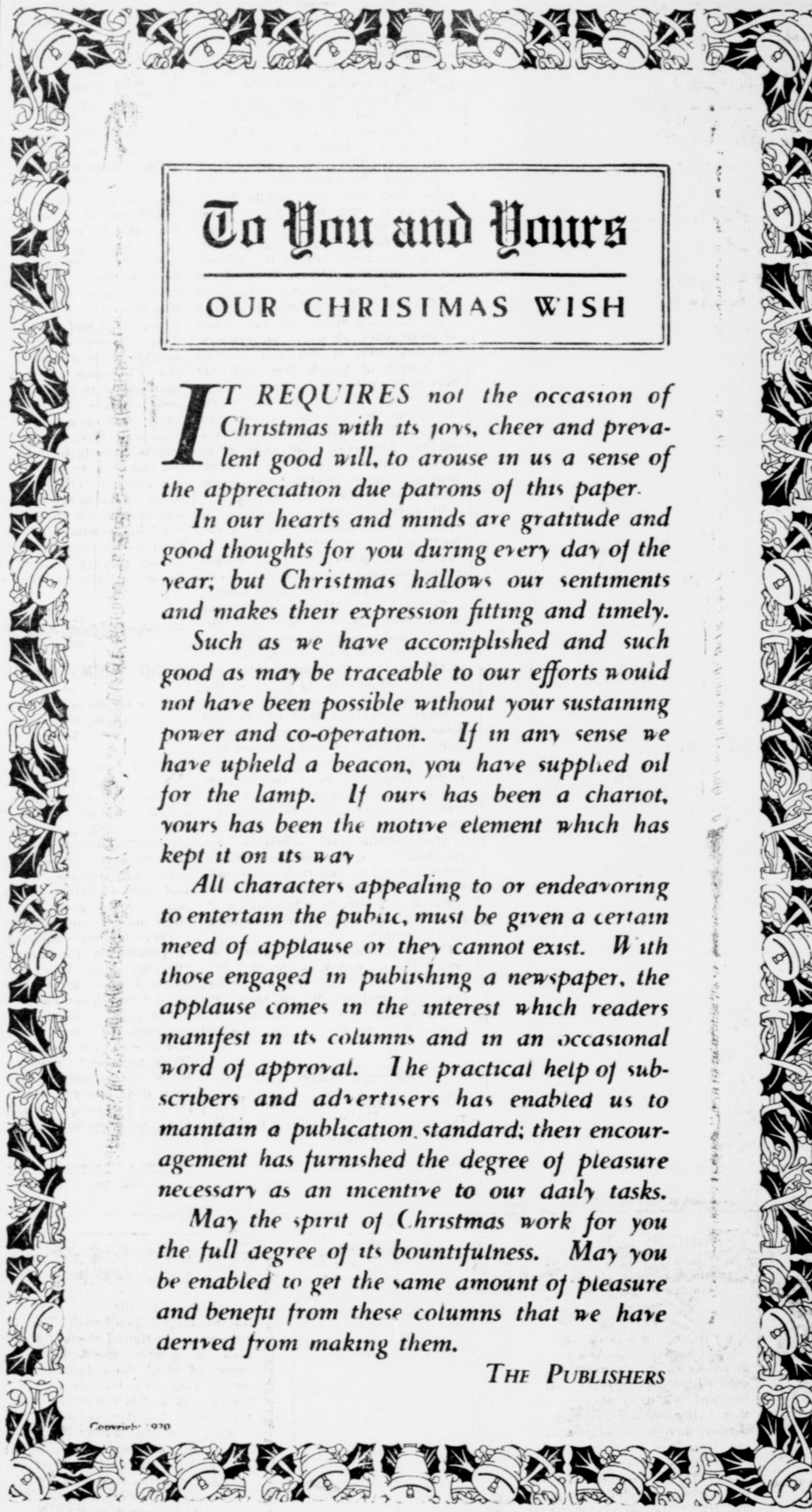
These should be only what a college man would call "grinds"—perhaps a tiny tin piano for a would-be performer, a lantern for the one the points of whose jokes are difficult to see, a placid paper golf bag for the enthusiastic player, and so on, each with a rhyme or quotation, says Harper's Bazar. If one considers a goose a somewhat undignified bird, ducks may be exchanged for it, either the domestic fowl or the more expensive canvas-back or redhead. Fried oysters is very good with duck, the crispest pieces dropped in batter and then cooked in deep fat. But the apple sauce croquettes should not be omitted even with this. For this informal dinner there is a very good and innocuous drink to serve with the heavy course—sweet cider, spiced and sugared to taste, cooked ten minutes and served hot.

YULETIDE THORN TREE SAVED

Blooming Glastonbury, Subject of Beautiful Legends of Christmas, Was Doomed to Destruction.

ONE of the most beautiful legends of Christmas is that of the Glastonbury thorn. The thorn tree grew at Glastonbury Abbey, in Somersetshire, and was supposed to have developed from the staff of Joseph of Arimathea. According to the legend, Joseph came to Glastonbury and while he was resting on a hill afterward known as Weary All Hill he struck his staff in the earth. The staff immediately grew green and budded, and at Christmas time it blossomed into beautiful flowers.

One chronicler states that during Queen Elizabeth's reign the thorn had a double trunk, but that a somewhat bigoted Puritan, who disliked the tree because to his mind it smacked of popery, started to cut it down, and succeeded in demolishing one of the trunks. A miracle rescued the remaining trunk of the tree by causing a chip of wood to fly up and hit the Puritan in the eye, while at the same time he slipped and cut his leg. Later the tree was grubbed up, but a number of smaller trees raised from slips of the original are said to be owned by persons in the neighborhood.



To You and Yours

OUR CHRISTMAS WISH

IT REQUIRES not the occasion of Christmas with its joys, cheer and prevalent good will, to arouse in us a sense of the appreciation due patrons of this paper.

In our hearts and minds are gratitude and good thoughts for you during every day of the year, but Christmas hallows our sentiments and makes their expression fitting and timely.

Such as we have accomplished and such good as may be traceable to our efforts would not have been possible without your sustaining power and co-operation. If in any sense we have upheld a beacon, you have supplied oil for the lamp. If ours has been a chariot, yours has been the motive element which has kept it on its way.

All characters appealing to or endeavoring to entertain the public, must be given a certain meed of applause or they cannot exist. With those engaged in publishing a newspaper, the applause comes in the interest which readers manifest in its columns and in an occasional word of approval. The practical help of subscribers and advertisers has enabled us to maintain a publication standard; their encouragement has furnished the degree of pleasure necessary as an incentive to our daily tasks.

May the spirit of Christmas work for you the full degree of its bountifulness. May you be enabled to get the same amount of pleasure and benefit from these columns that we have derived from making them.

THE PUBLISHERS

Copyright 1920



Dear Lady

WE know how hard it is to find a present for HIM—Just the thing to please and also carry the Gift Spirit—But that's our business, pleasing him, so come in—we can please you both, and SAVE you money.

Ours is an exclusive store for Men and boys and we have bountifully prepared the most wonderfully assortment of USEFUL GULF GIFTS to be found on the South Plains.

Below are a few suggestions on which we are giving exceptional discounts ranging from 20% off to 1-2 price.

FOR THE MAN

- Gloves
- Hosiery
- Neckties
- Bathrobes
- House Slippers
- Hand Bags
- Florsheim Shoes
- Sheep Lined Coats
- Bootees
- Fur Caps
- Wool Shirts
- Belts

FOR THE BOY

- "Wooly Boy" 2 Pant Suits, 1-2 Price until December 25th.
- Felt Slippers
- Gloves
- Slip-Over Sweaters
- Hosiery
- Wool lined Red top Rubber Boots
- Bootees
- Scout Pants
- Wool Shirts

He will appreciate it more
If it Comes From a
MAN'S STORE.

L. E. HUNT & Co.

The Christmas Store for Men and Boys.

"We will make right that which is not right."

LUBBOCK, TEXAS

Christmas Trees by Million

NURSERYMEN grow large quantities of Norway spruce for Christmas uses—rather more in the middle West, where conifers are not common in the woods, than on the eastern and western coasts, where they fringe every hillside. But the tree most commonly used is a short-needle pine found in the woods of Northern Michigan and Wisconsin. Early in September the Indians about the lumber camps of this region are set to work cutting these trees for the market, and by early November a little fleet of vessels makes its way down Lake Michigan, a Christmas tree hauled to the foremast of each one, that by this sign all may know that in their holds is a cargo which might not tempt a Captain Kidd, but is far more precious than many a one for which good ships have been scuttled.

Our Commercialized Christmas.

Christmas is the decoration day of a commercial age. Then, as on no other day, we face with compassion those who have fallen in our battles for wealth. For a moment we think of the thousands of children who have no share in that easy life we give our children, and must find the season's joy in the charity dinner. Along with the barrier to which we have debased our giving within our circle of acquaintances, we play at extending the spirit of the day to those who are the pawns of our industrial game. The Salvation army lass, standing cold and numb on the street corner, collecting funds for Christmas baskets for the poor, reminds us of the wreckage left in the wake of our prosperity. We give a trifle to help the poor temper the bitterness of the year with a couple of hours' good eating.

A Merry Christmas to readers of The News.

Plum Pudding of Other Days.

A great deal has been said, written and sung about the plum pudding of old England, but centuries ago it had a formidable rival for epicurean favor known as plum-pottage or porridge. It consisted of beef or mutton made into a broth, thickened with brown bread, which was then thoroughly boiled after raisins, currants, prunes, cloves, nutmeg and ginger had been added. This dish is now entirely obsolete, though "Poor Richard's Almanac" mentions it as late as 1750, and a Mrs. Frazer, who published a cook-book in Edinburgh in 1791, announcing herself on its title page as the only teacher of the great art of cookery in that city, gives a recipe for making it, while Brand, the popular antiquary, tells how he partook of it at a Christmas dinner in the mansion of an old English gentleman in 1801, but it has long since been wholly supplanted by plum pudding. The origin of the latter is veiled into obscurity. The earliest cook book which makes any reference to it is the one by Mrs. Frazer already referred to as containing a recipe for plum pottage.

Christmas Eve in the Home

CHRISTMAS EVE in the home is always a joyous event or should be. The father has closed his ledger with a "Thank God" that there is now and then a respite from toll, from the perplexities and cares of everyday life an oasis in the desert of the year, and yields himself for the time to the pleasure of creating new joys for the loved ones at the home fireside. The mother's heart overflows with love and thankfulness as she watches the innocent and enthusiastic glee of her little ones over their Christmas gifts. And as for the children themselves, what eternity of time could compensate them for the loss of one Christmas?

MAKE OUT GIFT LIST EARLY

Thoughtful Shoppers Start Task Several Weeks Before Rush Begins in Busy Stores.

THE buyer who really puts some altruism into her Christmas gifts makes out her list several weeks in advance. If she be a canny somebody she has kept her list of the year before and is able to see what were her gifts the preceding season, and thus avoid the risk of repeating herself. Still more canny is she if she has made mental or written notes from time to time of various articles for which she has heard a desire expressed by friends. Such note taking will greatly lessen her labors.

For it is no light thing to choose Christmas gifts judiciously. The whole secret of their acceptability lies in their appropriateness. Not only must they be appropriate to the person from whom they come and to whom they go, but to the circumstances in which the latter is placed. For an instance, there are few housekeepers who do not welcome an addition of fine linen to their store. But if a housekeeper who lives plainly in simple surroundings one sends a superb lace-trimmed tea cloth or doilies that throw all her other possessions into the shade, there is an unsuitability about the gift that robs it of much of its charm.—Harper's Bazar.



DO IT EARLY

Bug — Doing your Christmas shopping now? Why it's a long time off.
Mrs. Snail — I know, but the store is half a block away.

An Easy Gift.

Small boy, running up and displaying shite.—"Just look, uncle, what I've done with my example! Got a whole million! I'll give it to you as a Christmas present."—Elegende Blatter.

An Unsatisfactory Plan.

"Why Johnny," said the caller, as she hid wept bitterly, "crying on Christmas morning?"

"Yuh—yessir," sobbed Johnny. "We all agreed in our family this year to tug-give each other only what we needed most."

"Well that isn't such a bad idea, is it? Nothing to cry about, anyhow, eh?"

"It's run-rotten," sobbed Johnny. "Dad gave me a hokin'."

A PESSIMIST

Duck: I'll bet I get a raincoat, or a pair of rubbers, or something like that for Christmas.



Coffin-Shaped Pie Crusts.

Selden, the antiquary, tells us that Christmas pies were formerly baked in a coffin-shaped crust to represent the crutch or manger in which our Saviour was laid.

Well Led.

Mary and Robert, of tender age, had ponies as their Christmas presents and were being taught to ride. Daily they were put on the ponies backs at the entrance to Central park in New York, and were taken for the prescribed round. Being only four and six years respectively, they welcomed the kind attentions of grooms, especially the immense help of leading the pony. But it was best that they should go it alone.

Near by the plaza entrance, of course, is the bronze equestrian statue of General Sherman, with victory going before his horse. Mary, after being for a long time without a groom to lead, one day looked wistfully at the statue.

"Father," she said, "wasn't it awfully kind of that man's wife to lead his horse for him?"



A New-Fashioned Christmas Of Old-Fashioned Joy---

---A happy Christmas, where reigns the fullness of Peace and Contentment---
---A Merry, Merry Christmas where Love and Warmth and Friendship hold---
---court---where the Silvery Laughter of Youth, the Contented smiles of Age, and
the Joyous Shouts of Happy Children make glad the Season---
---Such a Christmas we are wishing for you and yours.

The Guaranty State Bank,

TAHOKA, TEXAS



"Merry Christmas to Everyone!"

It's an age-old, time-worn adage, but there's nothing that will ever more fully
express our wishes, and so we are wishing it for you.

The nearer we approach the happy Yuletide Season, the more we are impressed
with the warm, throbbing, joyous significance of "Merry Christmas," and this
year is going to be a very Merry one.

Then "Merry Christmas" Everyone!

The First National Bank,

TAHOKA, TEXAS



It Looks Like Christmas It Feels Like Christmas It Almost IS Christmas

Have you bought your Christmas presents?

We Have a Complete Line of

SENSIBLE, SERVICEABLE, PRACTICAL GIFTS

For the Whole Family

Seasonable Merchandise at most Reasonable Prices.

Knight & Brashear.

Green Trading Stamps

Green Trading Stamps.

Tahoka, Texas

Trees and Fires.

It is doubtful whether any single
agency has caused more fires than
Christmas trees. These are covered
with inflammable ornaments and kept
until the branches are as dry as tinder.
The practice of decorating with
candles and lighting these in order to
beautify the tree is the main source
of danger. There is something so
pleasing and satisfactory about Christ-
mas trees that no one feels like giv-
ing them up, or opposing their use,
but they are a source of loss and dan-
ger. Something should be done to
eliminate the danger, even though it
should reduce the number of trees.
Until regulations from the outside in-
terfere with the practice, it will be
well for every person who indulges in
the luxury to have a garden hose
ready for immediate use in case the
tree catches fire. Those who have no
means for extinguishing a fire should
not have a tree.—From the Kansas
City Journal.

About the Mistletoe

COLES in his "Art of
Stimpling" observes, "If
one hang mistletoe about the
neck the witches can have no
power of him." Some lingering
superstition remains in the
present day, and in many houses
a bunch of the mistletoe is sus-
pended from the ceiling, under
which the male part of the as-
sembly have the privilege of
taking the ladies and saluting
them. At the same time they
should wish them a happy new
year and present them with one
of the berries for good luck. In
other places people try by tobs
by the cracking of the leaves
and berries in the fire.

JEWELRY

CUT GLASS

ON THE WAY



To Make His Headquarters at

The LIMIT.

Christmas gifts from this store stand for more than the thing
itself; they speak for your taste and quality ideas. You don't
have to "hope it will be right;" you can be sure.

We give the famous "S.&H." Green Stamps.

SILVERWARE

DRUG SUNDRIES