

CHRISTMAS ISSUE

SANTA ANNA NEWS

"He Profits Most Who Serves Best"

VOL. 45.

SANTA ANNA, COLEMAN COUNTY, TEXAS, DECEMBER 25, 1930.

NO. 52.



"Merry Christmas,

Yours truly,

-SANTA CLAUS"

"He Profits Most Who Serves Best"

VOL. NO. 45

SANTA ANNA, COLEMAN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY DECEMBER 25, 1930

NUMBER 54

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT RULES OVER SANTA ANNA 45 MILLION DOLLAR GOVERNMENT DROUTH RELIEF

BUSINESS MEN SHOULD TAKE UP THE MATTER WITHOUT DELAY

The 45 million dollar loan recently voted by Congress, for drouth relief for the farmers, while slow in coming, will probably enable the farmers to find the where-with-all to make a crop on next year. Texas will very likely receive more than two million dollars of this fund—and the people of this county should take immediate steps to secure a portion of this appropriation for the local farmers. Organized effort on the part of merchants and farmers will be required to get the money.

A two fold benefit will be derived from the negotiation of these loans. It will help many farmers who would otherwise have difficulty in securing assistance, and it will place the purchasing of cotton seed in the hands of a few experienced seed men and they will buy only the best grade of seed, thereby improving the staple of the crop and give the farmers from 2 to 3 cents more per pound for their cotton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Balke, of Summerville, Texas, are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Lowe, this week.

Clifford Lowe is home for the holidays, visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Lowe.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Rainbolt were up from Rockwood Tuesday in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Standly.

Mrs. Dovie Chapman and daughter Inez of Waco and Mrs. S. A. Moore of Travis, are spending the holidays with Mrs. Reba McCrery.

Pioneer Citizen Dies At Brownwood

Archibald J. Reeves, 77, died at his home, 508 Main Avenue, at 6:30 o'clock Monday evening, December 22. He was one of the pioneer citizens of this section having settled in Brown county in 1884 on a ranch 20 miles northwest of Brownwood. He lived there until 11 years ago when he came to Brownwood to make his home.

He was born August 23, 1853, in Selma, Alabama. He left Alabama as a young man and settled for a time in Falls county, Texas. There he married Miss Sarah Henderson. The couple came to Brown county and settled on the ranch northwest of Brownwood. Mrs. Reeves preceded her husband in death 36 years ago.

Mr. Reeves was one of the old time cattlemen of this section and was actively engaged in the business until he came to Brownwood. He was well known not only in Brownwood, but thruout the county.

Living most of his life in a rural community where there was no church, Mr. Reeves did not join a church, but favored the Presbyterian church. After coming to Brownwood he attended the Methodist church and was regular member of Dr. Ragsdale's Bible class at the First Methodist church until ill health prevented his attendance.

For the past several years Mr. Reeves has been in ill health and for more than two years was confined almost entirely to his bed.

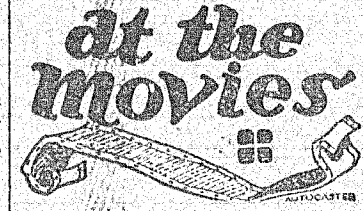
Surviving Mr. Reeves are three daughters, Miss Carrie Reeves, Brownwood; Mrs. W. R. Hickman, Coleman; and Mrs. Ace Hickman Baird. Six grandchildren survive and a brother, C. H. Reeves of Brownwood, also survive.

A short service will be held at the home, 508 Main Avenue, Wednesday at 10 o'clock. Another short service was held at the home, 508 Main Avenue, Wednesday morning at 10:00 o'clock. Another short service was held at Salem cemetery, 5 miles north West of Bangs, where Mr. Reeves was buried on the family plot.

Rev. J. S. Cook, pastor First Methodist church, Rev. J. W. Johnson of Dallas conducted the service.

Methodist Church

A new feature in the local program of the M. E. church was inaugurated this week. A church bulletin was edited and printed by the Pastor and the Epworth Leaguers. This church organ will add much to the efficiency of the church.



QUEEN THEATRE

A compelling and extremely moving narrative of the effects of prison environment on a young boy is told in "The Big House," which opened last night at the Queen Theatre.

George Hill, the director, achieved a masterful touch in playing a searchlight on the devastating aspects of contact with hardened criminals, the frustration of confinement and the pathetic separation of the boy from the girl he loves.

Using a powerful staged penitentiary riot as the climax of the story, the director has built up a series of episodes which hold the attention from the first moment to the last and leave one at the conclusion of the picture with plenty of food for thought.

The acting of the large cast is well high perfect, such players as Lewis Stone, Wallace Beery, Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery J. C. Nugent, Karl Dane, Lella Hyams, Claire MacDowell and Mathew Betz giving what seems to this reviewer unparalleled performance of sterling worth.

Scenes which will keep the observer sitting up straight in his seat include the breaking in of the prison doors by huge army tanks, the wild revolt of hundreds of convicts in the prison yards, the mad demonstration in the cell house and the dramatic death scene of Wallace Beery.

"MONTANA MOON" DIRECTOR DOUBLES FOR COW!

Doubling for a cow is Mal St. Clair's newest claim to fame.

Right in the middle of a scene he was directing for "Montana Moon" which will open Fri. night at the Queen theatre with Joan Crawford starring, a cow moored, the sound being recorded with the dialogue through the mountain location equipment.

When the scene was retaken from another angle, the moo had to again come in at the same place so Mal supplied the mooing from the sidelines.

John Mack Brown plays opposite Miss Crawford in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Western feature and the supporting cast includes Ricardo Cortez, Dorothy Sebastian, Cliff (Ukulele Ike) Edwards, Benny Rubin, Karl Dane and Lloyd Ingraham.

The Introduction

By Albert T. Reid



Mr. and Mrs. Morgan

A very enjoyable day was spent despite the freezing weather, Dec. 16th, when Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Morgan of Santa Anna celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with a turkey dinner.

Only two of the children and 6 grandchildren could be present.

They received cards, a telegram and gifts from those not present. Among which were 3 five dollar gold pieces.

Those present for the occasion were: Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Martin and son, Roy, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Rollins and children, Edwin, Cathrine, Elizabeth and Doris, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Morgan and son, Leon Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan were married at Mt. Pleasant, Miss., Dec. 16, 1880. Both were raised there.

They have seven children living and three dead. This couple came to Texas and settled in Paris in 1891.

They lived in and near Santa Anna from 1906 to 1912, when they moved back to Red River Co. They came back to Coleman in 1922.

The children and grand children not present were: Rev. C. P. Morgan and three children of Palo Alto, Cal., Mrs. W. E. McKnight who has no children, Mrs. J. A. Blake, Haskell, Texas and four children, Guy C. Morgan and two children, McCamey, Texas, J. S. Morgan, 3 children De Kalb, Texas.

Miss Allie Pearce, is spending the holidays with homefolks in Coleman.

Miss Leta Murphy, is spending Christmas in Hubbard.

Miss Lillian Durham, is spending Christmas in Hamilton.

Miss Barbara Hardy is spending Christmas in Ft. Worth.

Some of the ex-students who are spending the holidays in Santa Anna are Buster Turner of Oklahoma University, Leon Bartlett and Simms Johnson of Simmons University, Eugene Watkins and Wendell Sparkman of Teck, Mary Lela Woodward of Sul Ross.

Mr. James K. Polk of Abilene is spending the holidays with Audas Smith.

Miss Kathryn Baxter came in Saturday from Waco to spend Christmas with home folks.

Mrs. Henry Newman and sons Raymond and Kirk, of Alpine, are visiting her mother, Mrs. Wallace Kirkpatrick an dother relatives.

Prof. and Mrs. D. D. Byrne left last Friday to visit relatives in South and East Texas.

Miss Mary Lela Woodward who is attending Sul Ross College at Alpine, is spending Christmas with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Rendleman of Little Rock, Ark., after a few days visit to relatives and friends here, went on to San Antonio to spend the holidays.

Mrs. Frank Adams and daughter, Frances Louise, Edna Shamblin and Miss Ruby Valentine and John Overby were in Coleman Tuesday.

Jess Stacey of Los Angeles, Cal. is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Stacy.

Miss Edrine Tyson who is teaching school in Breckenridge, is visiting her father, Dr. J. Tyson.

CHRISTMAS TREE BIG SUCCESS

Good Cheer Boxes Spread True Spirit of Christmas

A festive spirit prevailed in Santa Anna, Tuesday and Wednesday. Streets were crowded with cars and the sidewalks were almost impassable. Fireworks vendors stationed at the crowded corners were typical heralds of the holiday season.

Every store in town in spite of the unusually bad financial condition of the country, has been tastefully decorated in beautiful Yuletide colors and materials.

The Queen Theatre was filled to capacity with happy youngsters who were there to see Santa and receive their gifts from the Legion boys last night. Lovely sacks of candies, fruit and nuts with a toy were given to the little fellows.

This will become an annual custom with the Legion.

The United Charities distributed some twenty or twenty five "Good Cheer Boxes" over town on Christmas eve.

The Christmas spirit seems to be just about the best we've ever seen. This always happens when we forget our selves and remember others.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Gilmore were Coleman visitors Tuesday.

PREACHING AT STACY

Rev. E. J. Smith will preach at Stacy Sunday. Everyone invited to come.

AMERICAN LEGION

The regular meeting night of Jack Laughlin Post of American Legion is the first Tuesday night in each month.

The next regular meeting will be Tuesday January 6th, 1930. All ex-service men whether members of the Legion or not are cordially invited to attend. There will be something discussed that will be of interest to everyone.—Committee.

MR. AND MRS. W. B. BROWN
Will Celebrate Their
Golden Wedding Anniversary
Sunday, December 28th
Open House From 2 to 5 P. M.
Friends and Relatives are
Invited
Please do Not Bring Gifts

Man is Killed in Row at Houston

Houston, Dec. 23—Gus Vaughn 35 was shot and killed after an altercation here Tuesday afternoon. Joe Roppolo, 43, shoemaker, surrendered and was being held at the sheriff's office.

The shooting followed an argument in which Vaughn and two negroes participated.—Ft. Worth Star Telegram. The victim was a former resident of Trickham community. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Vaughn of Trickham. Burial services will be held in Brownwood.

King of Finance



Montagu Cole Norman, respected Governor of the Bank of England for the 11th time is regarded as the ablest and most powerful financier in the world. He got his early training in an American bank.



Christmas

is a Day on which to remember and forget—forget your worries, and remember the bright, happy things of life.

—We hope your life will be full of Happy Christmases.

The First National Bank
OF SANTA ANNA, TEXAS





My Best Girl

Copyright by
WATFORD MORRIS
& MARY PICKFORD
FAIRBANKS-1927

By
KATHLEEN NORRIS

FIRST INSTALLMENT

"Gee, that is pretty" said Mary Margaret Petheridge Johnson, in an awed whisper. Small, shabby alone, and shuddering with pleasurable excitement and chill, she hung upon the gate of the paternal residence and paid to the miracle of palling and brightening lights and colours in the gray world about her an involuntary tribute of delight and reverence.

Behind her shabby little back, and the dragged strings of her shabby little kitchen apron, and the carelessly massed ringlets of her tousled little head, the sun was rising.

The Johnson cottage stood at the very top of a steep city block. It was a meek, self-effacing little dwelling, disreputable looking paint. Behind the cottage was a low row of miserable outbuildings, none able to stand alone, each one yet managing to afford a wretched support to its neighbour.

On this cool winter morning, a light from the kitchen window lay warm and yellow across the brightening yard, and a cat, huddled disgustedly against the closed kitchen door, mewled occasionally in a protesting and affronted fashion.

The two figures that were at the street gate, however, saw and heard nothing of this. One of them was a small cur dog. The other figure was that of Maggie Johnson.

"It's pretty" she said aloud, in a dreamy voice, as the gold flashed on the distant windows and dripped through trees, and the familiar silhouette of the city grew more and more recognizable. "It's like it was a big tide—washin' everyone along before it!"

For as she hung there, craned whistles far away and nearby shrilled the quarter before seven o'clock and the early workers in factories and in the big machine shops began to gather visibly in the streets. For a few minutes, their shadows moved long and red, ahead of them. Then it was day, ordinary, commonplace, work-time again, and Maggie rousing herself with a guilty start from the luxury of dreaming, returned to her household cares with the velocity of a little dynamo.

The sense of beauty and adventure was still strong upon her as she caught up the bottles that supplied the Johnsons with their breakfast milk and cream,

and fled to the neglected kitchen.

There was everything, domestically speaking, to be done in the kitchen, but nobody in Maggie's seventeen years had ever done it, or even half done it, and the wild disorder troubled her not at all.

At seventeen, a peculiarly youthful and innocent seventeen, she was not analytical. She had spent every night of her life under this low, old-fashioned cottage roof and the dirt and disorder that Ma and Liz created in their wake and spread about them instantly were one of the simple and unavoidable conditions of her life.

Maggie had to push aside the sugar bowl and the blue plate of stale and broken soda crackers, to find room on the cluttered table to cut the fresh loaf; she had to unearth the coffee-pot from the confusion of the sink and rinse away the cuff of black ground from its spout before she could mix fresh coffee and set it on the stove to boil.

This done, she seized an instant to run into the adjoining bedroom and whisper into the ear of the man who lay asleep there:

"Seven, Pop! Lissen—seven o'clock!"

The man, a small, huddled, insignificant figure in the close gloom of the ugly little room, roused himself alertly. The double bed's other occupant also roused, groaned, and Maggie's mother stirred reluctantly and asked anxiously apparently out of the deep slumber:

"Maggie, how's the Mayor?"

"I didn't have time to look, Ma. But don't get up," the girl urged her, concernedly. "I'll bring you in some breakfast, and the paper too!"

"It don't seem right you should" Mrs. Johnson said perfunctorily. "Is 'Lizabeth up?" she asked. "You make her, her share! The worst housekeeping," Mrs. Johnson, who had a very slight cold acquaintance with the subject, resumed, sighing, "is dividin' up the work so one don't get it all."

Maggie, too well accustomed to these rambling dissertations, to waste time in listening, to them had returned to the kitchen. She poured her father, who came noiselessly out in his postman's gray, a cup of smoking coffee, poured herself a glass of milk, and ate the toast and butter between them.

Len Johnson sat down cautiously, sent an interrogative glance to the bedroom door. He was a small, timid man, with strands of silky hair brushed damp and neat across the shining bald dome of his head.

"Mad?" he asked, without sound.

Maggie set down her glass, looked straight at him, looked at the bedroom door, and shook her head.

"You wakin' her up?" Len Johnson breathed almost inaudibly.

"She didn't care" Maggie shaped the words, with her lips, rather than said them.

Mrs. Johnson, lured by the appetizing odours kitchen-ward, appeared majestically in the doorway.

A worn and spotted kimono was wrapped about her, her rich dark hair was in disorder, her eyes were fixed steadily upon her husband's shrinking form. Maggie leaped to her feet, and as her mother, who was an enormous woman, sank heavily into the vacated chair, she busied herself with the coffee-pot and sacrificed, without a second's hesitation, the toast she had made for herself.

While she spread fresh slices on the oven grating, she watched both parents uneasily. Her father, pretending to eat and to act naturally, was smitten as a mouse might have been under the eyes of a cat; her mother, automatically stirring her coffee and reaching for sugar and cream, never moved her gaze from him.

"I could laugh at this," she said presently, in a clear, rich rolling voice, every word enunciated. "I—a Petheridge—eatin' in my kitchen! And waitin' on me—is my daughter! This don't seem funny to Maggie, Len, but considerin' the home you took me from, and the way things was there, I should think it'd seem funny to you! Don't it?"

Len Johnson started nervously as the last word was shot at him.

"Indeed it don't, my dear! You've quite right, I think we got along real well—considerin'."

"Considerin' what?" the woman asked with quiet menace.

"Considerin' that your sister is

entirely beyond our control, and don't pay no more attention to the father and mother that bore her than the babe unborn—considerin' that you are slavin' away the best part of your life in a five and ten cent store," Mrs. Johnson took up the challenge with deadly readiness, and considerin' that your father who was supposed to have a fine future in a bank when I married him as God is my judge, and as I set here this minute—Maggie," she broke off the automatic and quite unattended trade to ask suddenly, "what are them cotton gloves like, at the Mack?"

"I didn't hear you, Ma, I was talkin' to Pa," Maggie said?"

"Pop, I'm workin' to-night. It's Sat'day. Are you on late?" It was hardly above a murmur, it did not in the least interfere with the majestic monologue of the lady of the house.

"Shall I wait for you like I useter, dearie?"

"No—you get comfortable an read your paper after dinner. Murphy comes right to this corner—it ain't so far, anyway. You will be on for the Christmas rush next week anyway."

Maggie washed her hands at the faucet with a piece of yellow soap, pulled a small and shabby hat, once her older sister's tightly down over her thickly coiled hair, and hung up her disruptive apron. She was slipping her arms into a thick, clumsy coat—also a discard from her sister—when, reminded perhaps by the garment of its important first owner, a change came over her face, and she said in consternation:

"Oh heavenly day! It's five past eight, and Liz says to wake her at ha'p-pas seven!"

"For heaven's sake, what is it, Maggie?" Mrs. Johnson screamed agitatedly a moment later. "Don't come flyin' out of rooms that way—you'll have me in a faint on the floor. What's happened! What is it!"

"What's happened is that Liz Johnson and all her bedclothes are down on the floor!" Maggie answered, voice tearful with rage. "And the next time she wears only my silk stockings, I'll have her arrested—that's what's the matter! I went without lunches four days for those stockings, and she's got 'em full of runs, and I want to tell you—where's Pop?" She interrupted herself, suddenly calming. "Has Pop gone?" she demanded blankly, her angry face taking on an almost ludicrous look of concern and disappointment.

"Maggie, I wish you wouldn't be so sharp with 'Lizabeth," her mother said, protestingly; it's common to have two sisters always squabblin'. If she borrowed your stockin's—"

"Borrowed! you might as well borrow a waffle," Maggie burst forth scornfully. "You might as well borrow a bath! How long ago did Pop go?"

"I can catch him—good-bye, Ma!" Maggie called, her voice coming back on the wave of cold air that was admitted by the opening kitchen door.

Mrs. Johnson sat on dreamily, munching and pondering. Maggie and the man of the family had to punch time clocks at half past eight. But Elizabeth, the older daughter, could saunter down to the beauty parlour where she "demonstrated" a complexion cream, at any time before ten.

She came out now, tousled and sleepy as her mother had been, and wrapped like her mother, in a soiled kimono.

"Oh, Lord, I'm dead!" she said simply.

"Have a good time last night?" her mother asked, rattling the sheets of a newspaper.

"The time of my life. Oh, Lord, I'm dead. I got a cold anyway. Helen's got her death of cold. Chess Rivers was just in from Denver and he's just about dead!" Elizabeth, obviously undisturbed by these mortuary details.

"Ma, you ought to get a Jap in here. This place looks something awful!"

The older woman continued to crunch and read, unruffled. Her first born could do no wrong. "I know it, 'Lizabeth. But two dollars a day! My God you wonder what next! Two dollars a day for what? I asked one of them. 'A few dishes,' I said, and

to sweep a cottage of five rooms—why, I said, 'it's child's play. When I first was married, I told him, 'I could get a girl for fifty cents a day!'"

"It seems like Maggie thinks of nobody but herself," her mother said, out of a long pause, "and that's the truth!"

"But fortunately for Maggie, it was only on rare and terrible occasions that her mother and sister agreed in criticizing her. Now Elizabeth came indifferently to her defense.

"Oh, poor kid, she doesn't get many brakes!"

"You'd stand up for her, of course," Mrs. Johnson commented in resentment.

"Well, she don't get many brakes!" Elizabeth repeated absently.

"Poverty is a curse, all right!" Mrs. Johnson presently responded vaguely. But her daughter had heard this remark so often that it made no impression, except, perhaps, that of deepening the formless discontent that was one of Liz's most marked characteristics.

Maggie had danced along the frosty winter street beside the bent, meek little figure of Len Johnson, postman, chattering with her usual eager rush, of everything in general and of themselves in particular.

Len Johnson made almost no response. She was always like this, her eyes, her voice, her feet eager in the rush of joyous vitality that marked, for Maggie, the rise of every new day.

But even he took Maggie large ly as a matter of course. 'Lizabeth was the beauty of the family, aristocratic and exacting and discontented, like her mother, and poor Minnie—well, she hadn't made much of a match when she had chosen Leonard

Continued on last page

Christmas Greetings

We wish to take this method of wishing our many friends and customers a Merry Christmas, and Happy New Year. We also wish to express our gratitude and thanks for your patronage and good will.

Special Attention

We wish to announce that in the very near future we will be located in the building next door East of the Piggly-Wiggly Grocery. The building will be remodeled and arranged in a very few days.

Mrs. Comer Blue
JEWELRY

SANTA ANNA TRANSFER COMPANY

MAY THIS CHRISTMAS
BE
YOUR MERRIEST

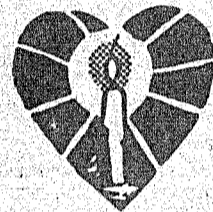
J. C. MORRIS



Not because it is an honored custom, but because of the sincerity of our appreciation we wish to thank you for your part in our prosperity and wish you a

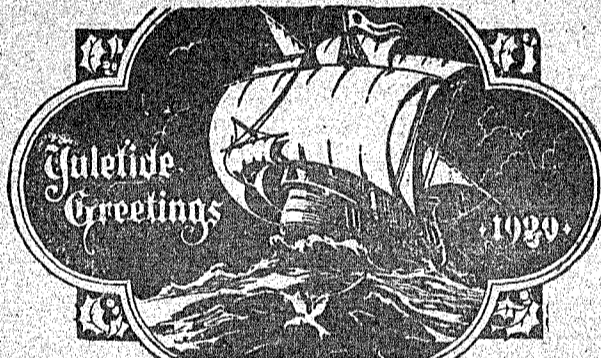
MERRY CHRISTMAS

Mrs. G. A. Shockey



Every year is full of sunny days and cloudy ones. We hope that the sunshine of our good wishes will brighten your way, always.

B. T. VINSON



Like the treasure ship of olden times, so may Christmas come to you laden with all that will make for your happiness throughout the year.

May we serve you in the future

R. J. MARSHALL & SONS

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Lowe, who are teaching school in Sweetwater, are home for a few days visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Lowe.

Burgess Sealy is home from school at Galveston, for the holidays.

Mrs. A. Preston Bailey is home for a few days visiting her father, Dr. J. Tyson, and other relatives.

Guy Ellis and mother of Throckmorton are visiting relatives here for a few days.

Go to church Sunday.

THE FEMINE FORUM
MRS. A. I. ODER, Columnist

CHRISTMAS MEDITATIONS

At this happy Yuletide Season it is a pleasure to think of the many happy Christmases we have had, and to remember the loved ones who made this annual occasion a day of all days to our childish hearts. In the innocent days of childhood, how long it seemed from one visit of Santa Claus to another. But now that "we have older grown," the months and days speed by with ever increasing momentum, and now we find ourselves face to face with Christmas of 1936.

A prominent English writer describing Christmas customs in England tells how that much is made of the religious significance of this day. This is as it should be. Services are held in their holly decked churches. The crowds assemble and their services consist of singing hymns and carols. Scriptures are read, telling the story of the birth of the Savior of the world. The old familiar carols are sung in the homes and on the streets as well as in the churches. Most of our old hymns and carols come from England. They do not seem to give much thought to gift swapping as we do in America. An authority has said that the twin evils of modern life are hurry and worry. And at this time many, like Martha are so cumbered with serving and gift wrapping and other matters incident to this season, that He who found "no room in the inn" at His birth, also finds no room in the homes of many, upon this anniversary occasion.

If at this season we cannot remember with gifts, all whom we would like, we can as one writer said, give "appreciation." Let those who have done us a kindness, know that it is appreciated. All can give service.

As to material gifts, it is not the price that counts. Sometimes the simplest gifts bring the most pleasure, a prominent woman said that the gift that touched her most last year was a little blue vase, because the giver made a sacrifice to bestow it. Another lady said the presents that she appreciated most last Christmas cost less than a quarter in every instance, they were candles, bud vases, beads and scrap books, so remember, this not "what we give but what we share. For the gift without the giver is bare."

Never have I known so much good will as is being manifested at this time. It seems that the ties of brotherhood are being strengthened. Great efforts are being put forth in behalf of the unfortunate. May that peace and good will as sung by the angelic choir to the shepherds watching over their flocks by night" upon the rocky Judean hills, descend into the hearts of all who have helped to make this a happy worth while time for "others."

There is much discussion at this time of year concerning Santa Claus. Shall we banish Santa Claus has brought forth much discussion recently in a well known magazine of religion education. Mrs. Grace Reese Atkins a writer with National reputation got the prize. Her article appears below. Whatever else is done or taught most people will agree that Christ should have the pre-eminence at this time.

Keep Santa in the Realm of Make-believe
(This is the prize winning letter)
By Grace Reese Atkins

When confronted with the bald query, "Is there a Santa Claus?" I never say "Yes." Still, I never say "No!" There is a middle ground of evasion where one can loiter through all the delicious December days until the spirit of giving is woven into the heart of the child that he will forget his question.

There are ever so many things besides "Yes" and "No" which can be said. For instance: "Well, I've heard people talk about Santa Claus, but I never really saw him. Did you? Of course, I saw those santas in the toy stores last year, but they were just people dressed up to look like him. He must be a sort of fairy person." The children know that fairies are make-believe, but they go right on with the delightful magery, enjoying it as much as if I had said "Yes" to their question.

On another day we approach the matter from a different angle. "Wouldn't it be fun to make presents for our parents and slip them into the stockings on Christmas eve? They'd say: 'Why, Santa Claus must have been here!' Interest is shifted from Santa to an absorbing personal project, and another insurance policy is taken out against

painful disillusionment. While we throw a web of misty make-believe around Santa Claus, let us be sure to bring the Christ-Child out into the full light of reality, making the holiday a beautiful giving-time because "God loved us, and gave his son."

A Christmas Message

I find it in my heart to write a word of greeting and bring a word of cheer to the readers of The News at this season.

The significance of this season is often overlooked and some have so perverted the meaning of it as to make it appear the celebration of the birth of a devil rather than the birth of the Christ, who was God manifest in the flesh. We miss the blessing that might be ours unless we see something of the real meaning of this day. The fact that the world celebrates Christmas as the birth of Christ means that we believe the Savior from sin has come according to the prophecies of God's word. Regardless of what else it might mean it means that God loves us and Gave Christ to save us from sin unto himself.

May his spirit lead and guide each and all, and as you gather at some fireside in the presence of loved ones and friends, may

the presence of Christ be sought and felt to sanctify your fellowship to the good of all lives. May the Comforter rest with the sad, and may the humble remember by His being born in a manger that God understands and sympathizes with the poorest in the land.

We are all one milestone nearer Home. Let us praise God for His goodness and guiding providence and dedicate ourselves afresh to the proclamation of the good news that there "has been born in the City of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord" not forgetting that the heavenly messengers on that eventful night announced that God intended that the glad tidings should be preached to all people. Many have not heard of this wonderful manifestation of God's love for mankind. Then, as we celebrate this manifestation, let us also dedicate our lives to holy service in an obedient

effort to preach this message of love to all nations of the earth. As a messenger of glad tidings, a preacher of the blessed gospel of Christ, I wish to say to all who shall read these lines that my prayer for you at this particular season is that God may bless you and yours today and forevermore, leading you by His Blessed Presence through all the troubles of your pilgrimage here below, and bringing you finally to that Holy City of love, peace joy and sinlessness He is now preparing for those that love Him.

Hal C. Wingo, Pastor, Baptist Church

Mrs. L. J. Clayton, of Houston is visiting her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Faulkner, and other relatives.

Miss Cody Wallace who is a teacher in the San Angelo schools is home for the holidays, visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wallace.

THE HAPPIER IN EVERY WAY THE CHRISTMAS SEASON MAKES YOU, THE HAPPIER WE'LL BE THAT OUR WISHES FOR YOU HAVE COME TRUE.

J. G. Williamson



We wish to express to you, our old customers, our appreciation of your loyalty. To our new customers, our appreciation of your confidence. To you who are not our customers, the hope that we may be of service to you, and to wish you not only a Merry Christmas but a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Phillips Drug Co.

Merry Christmas

and

Happy New Year

to our

Friends and Customers.

W. C. Ford & Co.

Great Scientist



Sir Chandrasekhara Venkata Raman, Hindu physicist, who has been awarded the \$45,000 Nobel Prize in physics for his research in light.

To all the people of this community we wish a

MERRY CHRISTMAS

and hope that we have had some small part in making it so

D. R. Hill & Brother



To all whose patronage has helped us succeed we pay our debt of gratitude today. To you and yours we wish the happiest of Happy Christmases.

Coleman Gas & Oil Co.

SANTA ANNA NEWS

Published Friday at Santa Anna, Texas

Mrs. J. M. Callan Editor
 J. M. Callan Publisher
 J. J. Gregg Owner

Entered at the Post Office at Santa Anna, Texas, as Second Class Mail

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 In Coleman County and Bangs, route 2, per year \$1.00
 Elsewhere \$1.50

Members Texas Press Association

All cards of thanks and resolutions of respect charged for at one half the advertising rate

Local Readers and Classified ads charged for at the rate of 2c per word for first insertion, and 1c per word for each additional insertion, with a minimum charge of 25c.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character of any person or firm appearing in these columns will be gladly and properly corrected upon calling the attention of the management to the article in question.

Editorial

GROW LESS GET MORE

That is the title of a little pamphlet which has just been got out for free distribution by the Federal Farm Board. It is worth every farmer's while to read it.

If any proof were needed that the less of any crop were produced, the more actual money the growers would get, it is furnished in the figures which the Farm Board cites. Every farmer realizes that when potatoes are scarce in the market he gets a higher price per bushel. What many do not realize is that the price per bushel is so much higher, in time of scant supply, that he actually makes more money on his small crop than when he grows a large crop.

The potato figures are the ones the Farm Board uses. In 1929 the United States had the largest potato crop on record—963 million bushels. The average farm price for potatoes that year was 66 cents a bushel, and the total received by the farmers was 195 million dollars. In 1925 the potato crop was small—only 321 million bushels. As a result, the average price was a full dollar higher than in the year of the big crop, or \$1.66 a bushel. The farmers received 337 million dollars for less work and less expense than when they got only five-eighths as much.

Of course, crop reduction won't work to increase farm prices unless all, or most of the farmers in a given district, growing the same commodity agree to cut down their acreage. One of the results of cooperative system which the Farm Board is charged by law to inaugurate is a

wider exchange of information among farmers, and a better mutual understanding, so that it should be easier to reduce their acreage in wheat, corn, cotton, potatoes or the other staple crops to the advantage of all.

Fewer acres under cultivation, larger yields per acre, are the only secrets of real farm prosperity.

Mr. and Mrs. R. William Turner of Houston are spending the Christmas holidays with home folks.

MRS. J. T. TWYMAN

In the recent death of Mrs. Twyman Santa Anna has lost a good citizen. Those who knew her best, spoke the most complimentary words of her life, as a mother, wife, neighbor and friend.

Her calm and serene disposition and patience in suffering were examples we would all do well to emulate. It should be a comfort to her daughters, Mrs. Krupa and Mrs. Blake that throughout her days she wore "the white flower of a blameless life."

H. J. Parker was in Dallas this week to be with his daughter, Adeline, who was operated on. Last reports Miss Parker was doing fine.

The Mountaineer

The staff

Editor-in-Chief Irene McCreary
 Assistant Editor Carl Flores
 Sports Editor John E. Smith
 Joke Editor A. G. Weaver
 Senior Reporter June Bond
 Junior Reporter Woodrow Neill
 Sophomore Reporter Kathryn Rollins
 Freshman Reporter Thelma Lowe

MOUNTANEERS BGOLTEEET

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill,
 But let it whistle as it will,
 We'll keep our Christmas Merry still.

This selection was composed by Sir Walter Scott, as it was good advice in his day it also is good advice now. Don't let hard times bar your good time. It isn't the gift but the giver that counts.

Let us resolve to keep up the Christmas spirit and celebrate Christmas in the good old way.
 —S-A-H-S—

SEVENTH GRADE CHRISTMAS TREE

Last Friday fifty two seventh graders and a number of friends gathered in the study hall for their annual Christmas tree. After an interesting program the gifts were distributed by one of Santa's helpers. Due to the price limit, the gifts were small but everyone agreed that it was a very pleasant treat, because the presents were often very comical.

—S-A-H-S—

JOKES

Mrs. Scarborough: This essay on "Our Dog" is word for word the same as your brothers'." Jack DuBois: Yes mam, it's the same dog.

Mr. Pieratt: (to Mrs. Pieratt) Good-bye dear and don't forget to take your glasses off when you aren't looking at anything. (He must be a scotchman)

Visitor: And how old are you A. G.?
 A. G.: I'm just at the awkward age.

Visitor: And what do you call that.
 A. G.: (bitterly) I'm too old to cry and too young to swear.

—S-A-H-S—

CHAPEL PROGRAM FRI DEC 19

The following program was presented by the Scribblers and Choral Clubs:
 Songs—Choral Club
 Reading—Irene McCreary

ed for Santa Anna High School and how proud the Pep Squad was over their victories. May the Pep Squad girls that graduate think about their last year as they stood on the sideline and yelled for our team, seemed like all the crowd had the time of their lives and all enjoyed the punch, and next year all of us must meet together again and bring back our good times together. The crowd left the hostess home about 10:30 and all re-

ported a swell time.
 —S-A-H-S—

Mrs. Frank Parks of Hobbs, New Mexico is spending the holidays with Miss Mattie Ella McCreary.

Miss Florence Niell, is spending the holidays with homefolks.

WANTED—Two 1000 pound mules or horses for their feed—H.H. Brown.

Eyes Ca: r taol hrdl hrdtmfw
 Songs, "Begging with Tears in my Eyes," "Around the Corner"—Scribblers.

Pantomime—"Aunt Ella"—Anne Mae Smith, "Her Niece"—June Bond.

Reading—Francis Adams
 Song—Choral Club.
 —S-A-H-S—

FRESHMAN PARTY

Saturday night, December the Twentieth, Annie Louise Watkins gave the Freshman class a party at her home.

There were a large number present and a number of games were played which seemed to have been enjoyed by all.

After the games the refreshments were served with cranberry men for plate favors. After the refreshments more games were played.

Everyone then went home, having enjoyed themselves very much.

—S-A-H-S—


A LUNCHEON

Miss Mary H. Simpson and Annie Wilson gave a luncheon for their Home Project. Miss Haynes watched them cook and then about 5:30 the guests, Miss Hettie Fae Todd, Helen Upton of Cross Plains, Irene McCreary and Kathryn Rose Pinney, arrived. The host served meat loaf, peas au gratin, waldorp salad, glazed sweet potatoes, peaches and cream, biscuit, and hot tea.

—S-A-H-S—

PEP SQUAD AND FOOTBALL PARTY

Last Friday night our Pep Leader, Annie Wilson, gave the Pep squad and Football boys a party. The crowd gathered at her home about 7:30 many games were played and some danced. The Pep Squad and Football boys gathered for one of the last times together, may the boys that graduate this year think back over the years in the past and may one of their memories be the last year that they play-



To all who have favored us with their good will, we esteem this occasion a priceless privilege to express our appreciation and wish everybody a Merry Christmas.

Helpy-Selfy

PLENTY PURE JERSEY MILK!!!!



Sweet Milk and Cream

DELIVER TWICE DAILY

TODD'S DAIRY
 Phone 91

QUEEN THEATRE PROGRAM

Friday & Saturday this week

—Joan Crawford in—
 Montana Moon

Other leading stars in picture at last a musical Western set in the great open. Joan Crawford's greatest triumph, a wild society celt, lamed by cowboys. Comedy in connection.

Matinee Sun. 2 & 4

Sun. Mon. & Tues.

—William Haines in—
 The Girl Sed No

With Lella Hyams, Polly Moran, Marie Dressler, here is Haines funniest picture his talking successor to Navy Blues, you'll roar at the screens smartest comedy, two reels. Comedy in connection.

WED & THUR, 31 and JAN 1

The Big House

Featuring Chester Morris, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and many other leading stars, a mighty drama of a city of sorrows. A drama of men beyond the pale, is man his brother's keeper. See the Big House this is a Metro Goldwin special. Comedy in connection.

With so much to be thankful for, that we can't count our blessings we thank you most sincerely for your part in them and wish you a very Happy Christmas and New Yeay.

Rose Sin

Another Christmas—
 Another Opportunity,
 to thank you for
 a year of valued patronage

Another opportunity
 to wish you happiness
 and prosperity.

Gehrett Dry Goods Co.

Classified Advertising

NEED GLASSES

Dr. Jones, the Eye Man, will be at Mrs. Comor Blue's Jewelry Store every Tuesday. Eyes examined, glasses fitted, headache and eye strain relieved.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Rhode Island Red roosters \$1.00 each—Mrs. B. P. Alexander, one mile West on the highway road. Itc

FOR SALE OR RENT—Thoroughbred Angora milch goats. Prices reduced. Mrs. E. M. Sharp Phone 285, Santa Anna, Texas.

ASTRAYED—One black horse mare, 14 hands high, notify W. A. Pritchard, Santa Anna, Texas

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished, 3 room apartment—H. R. Layne 2tc

Real value in used cars worth the money—ready for service—Charley Evans, at Evans and Donham Garage.

See Charley Evans at Evans and Donham Garage for good used cars cheap.

FOR SALE—All or any part of my household goods at a sacrifice. Also my home for rent, just East of city hall.—R. M. Stephenson. 51un

Our mattress factory is running every day. Nice selection of ticks. We guarantee satisfaction. Mead Furniture Co. Coleman, Texas.

LOST—Handtooled, one strap ladies purse, somewhere near Blue Bonnet Cafe. Call Black 151 to give information. 1tp.

WANTED—Laundry at 25c dozen, everything furnished—Mrs. J. T. Wheeler, Phone 259 4tc49

DR. W. G. WILLIAMS
Eye, ear, nose and throat.
GLASSES FITTED

Office hours 9:00 to 12:00 a. m. 1:00 to 5:00 p. m. — Phone 33

FIRST NTL BANK BUILDING
Santa Anna, Texas

WANTED—To rent on 1-3 and 1-4 from 100 to 150 acres of good land, have plenty of feed, good team and tools. Can run farm myself.—R. C. Lentz, Bangs Texas.

We have plenty of money to loan on good farms and ranches.

TRIGG REALTY Company
108 East Lee Street
Brownwood, Texas

AUTO LOANS
NOTES TAKEN UP, PAYMENTS MADE SMALLER, MORE CASH ADVANCED.

HENRY BICKLE
Office over Bowen Drug Store
Phone 873
Coleman, Texas

Santa Anna Transfer Company

—we—
Haul Anything
SERVICE IS OUR MOTTO
J. C. Morris, Mgr.
Day Phone 38
Night Phone 331

Fuller-Transfer
Santa Anna, Texas
We haul anything
Service With a Smile
Phone 368

NOTICE

Buy Your Nursery Stock Now

To my friends and customers. I was hurt in a car wreck last Fall and have failed to see the people of Santa Anna and the territory.

I am still with the Old Established Sherman Nursery Co. and taking orders for immediate shipments. Attractive discount on orders received now. Call 70 for appointment. —W. E. Smith.

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the shareholders of the State National Bank of Santa Anna, Texas will be held in said bank building at 4:00 o'clock p. m. Saturday January 17th 1931 for the purpose of appointing a liquidating agent, and voting the affairs of said bank in liquidation.

P. P. Bond, Cashier

Stockholders Notice

The stockholders of the First National Bank of Santa Anna, Texas are hereby notified that the regular annual meeting will be held at the offices of the bank at 2 p. m. on the second Tuesday of January, being January 13, 1931, for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of any other business that may come before it.—O. L. Cheaney, Cashier.

C. P. Petty

EMBALMER
and
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
—Phone 373—

Bill Rehm and Lloyd Gilbreath of Rockwood were Santa Anna visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. Barber and daughter of Abilene are visiting their sister, Mrs. E. E. Chambers this week.

Mrs. Mary G. Benchoff, was called to Ft. Worth Monday in response to a call that her brother had died suddenly.

Country Correspondence

Brown Ranch News

(Beatrice Yates)
(Intended for last week)

To the cheers of a large crowd the Cowboys revived the peoples faith in them and proved their ability to play basket-ball by breaking their lengthing chain of defeats and winning a game over Rae. The game was played on the Valera court, Friday night and at the end of the third quarter two unlucky cowboys were taken from the field. The last quarter was played with only four Brown Ranch boys on the court. The game, which was the most interesting and hardest won game the Cowboys have played, ended with the score 17-14 in favor of Brown Ranch.

Miss Mary Middlebrook was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edd Hector of Coleman, Sunday.

Guests in the H. N. Lawrence home Sunday were Louie Brown and family of Valera, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Love and son Moody, Tom Smith and family.

Several from this community attended the dedication of the new Coleman, Airport Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Patton and children of Elloit spent Sunday in the C. N. Ballard home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Sparks and family spent Saturday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hinds of Coleman.

A few from this community attended church at Shields and Goldbusk, Sunday.

Miss Hallie Shamblin, spent the week-end with home folks at Shields.

Prof Owen and family spent Sunday with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Edd Hector of Coleman and Mr. Ray Weekes of Abilene visited Miss Mary Lou Smith Sunday.

This week will end our school days until after the holidays, when our work will again begin on Monday morning, December 29.

Brown Ranch Cowboys

(Composed by Lena Miller)

Brown Ranch Cowboys win the games!
We think they are grand,
And you can bet we boost them,
We'll back them to a stand,
Now, of course we don't say
That they can't be beat;
But we can say we're good sports,
And certainly hate a cheat.
Now Reginald Owen is our Coach
And you can bet he is fine.
If the Cowboys will obey his rules
They will get there every time.
First we have Claude Lawrence,
Our Captain and a good
thrower too;
And he's certainly good on long
shots
Those who can beat him are
few.
Then we have a good goal-
thrower,
And he is J. B. Snider.
Come and watch him ring the
goals,
And you'll admit he's a fighter
And then we have Bill Roberts,
He's a good goal - thrower, too.
If you can beat him—
It beats what most can do.
And then there is Bill Jones,
And you can bet he's fine,
The best thing about Bill—
He's right there all the time.
And then there is the Moore boys
J. H. and Owen by name;
And when the Cowboys play
You will know they are in the
game.
We have T. L. Scarborough and
Fred Simonton,
They are new ones on our line.
But if they are just substitutes,
Never the less, they are fine!
And now that is our line-up,
Each one, man for man;
And we'd have you know these
Cowboys
Are the best in the land.
We love them and we'll yell for
'em,
We'll boost them to a stand,
We'll fight for 'em, We'll root
for 'em;
For we know that they have
sand.
Now, we won't say they are so
fine,
They just can't be beat;
Because they have, you see;
But we didn't cry over the
defeat.
We won the cup last year,
And we're going to win it
again.
You need not plan on winning it,
For we have all the fame.
We know you talk about us,
You say we won last year by
luck;
But you had better watch out—

He loved everyone he knew,
He talked, he smiled, and them
into
His little heart he drew.
We loved him, Oh! we loved him,
Loved him more every day,
It placed an icy hand upon our
hearts
To see him taken away.
We had no school the next day,
We could not control our head;
For the little boy we loved so
well
Lay still, cold and dead,
In his white casket he lay,
Looking so natural and neat.
Oh! our precious little darling,
O! God, but he was sweet.
We had always gave what he
wanted,
But life we could not give
Oh! God, why did you take him
away?
He wanted so to live,
He suffered, Oh! he suffered,
His baby hrdl mfvy shrd cmf
His body rocked with pain;
But now he has gone where
He will never suffer again.
The doctors and the nurses
Did all they could to save,
Hal fought so hard for his life.
So hard, so true, so brave.
The many beautiful flowers,
Which covered the little
mound;
Bespoke of the many friends
that
To his heart-strings he had
bound.
He was planning so for Christ-
Continued on last page

"A SANTA ANNA INSTITUTION"

HEEDY SELF

OWNED AND OPERATED BY FORD BARNES

SAVE A LITTLE ON EVERY ITEM

SPUDS 10 pounds	for .19
TOMATOES 3 FOR	25c
SORGHUM 1-2 GALLON CAN	42c
MEAL LARGE SACK	57c
COFFEE Peaberry 3 lbs	.43
BAKING POWDER K. C.	18c
SOAP P. & G., 10 FR	35c
CRACKERS 3 LB. BOX	37c
PEPPER BLACK 1-2 lb	25c
PEPPER BLACK 1 lb	45c
HOMINY GRITS QUAKER	9c
OATS LARGE, 3 MINUTE	21c
HOMINY NO. 2, 3 FOR	21c
LARD All brands 8-lb pail	.89
MATCHES 6 FOR	14c
PEACHES GALLON CANS	.53
PICKLES QUART, Sour	23c
CHILI CON CARNE No. 1, 2 For	25c
SOAP CHIPS LARGE PKG.	19c
SALT PORK lb	.18
PORK Sausage Old Plantation, Lb.	18c
SMOKED BACON LB.	22c
SLICED DEXTER BACON LB.	28c



Ye Yuletide Greetings



TO EVERY FRIEND AND CUSTOMER WHO HAVE
MADE THE PASSING YEAR SO PLEASANT FOR
US WE WISH A VERY, VERY MERRY CHRIST-
MAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.



Mathews Motor Co.

This Week IN WASHINGTON BY RADFORD MOBLEY

No part of the federal farm board's first annual report, its summary and justification of its activities is of more interest to the average farmer than its discussion of relatively small general crops, as opposed to the great staple commodities which have monopolized the limelight.

The first of these discussed by the board in its report is the bean crop. A conference held a year ago with producers of dry beans indicated, said the report, that "production of dry beans was widely scattered over many states and that the cooperative operating in various areas all selling in competition with one another."

As a result the National Bean Marketing association was organized early this year in order to strengthen membership and capital of these cooperatives and to eliminate wasteful competition. The first duty of the association was to strengthen its individual member cooperatives by adding members, forming new units and strengthening their capital.

Pending completion of this program the association will attempt to handle the marketing of its members' beans. Besides aiding in establishing this national, the board loaned to two associations funds on beans in storage supplementary to credit they had obtained from the intermediate credit banks. This allowed the association to advance a larger share of the market value of the product to their members.

Plans for a similar program for potato growers are now under construction at the board, it was stated. The potato situation differs from that of the bean growers, however, in that there are already local and regional associations of growers.

The cooperatives in the industry as a whole, however, are of unequal strength and further development of some of these in the important potato producing areas will precede actual formation of a national selling agency for the industry.

A similar need exists in the apple industry before the attempt at coordination of all producing and marketing agencies is made. Apple growers in various sections have been among the most enthusiastic of those cooperatives seeking a national program, but the board feels that further time for organization of local units and unifying of community groups is needed before the national program is tried.

Loans have been made to the apple cooperatives to enable them to advance to their growers a greater proportion of the market value of the products in storage than could otherwise be done and for the construction of local packing facilities, the board said.

Somewhat in contrast to the bean, potato and apple situation is that of the pecan industry, in that the national association, when formed, will be designed mainly as a sales agency and to supervise grading on the part of member associations. Here again, however, the organization of the national awaits unification of the local organizations.

Perhaps the most important single development among these general crops is the board's survey of the northeastern states.

Because of its importance to the general farmer, the discussion is reproduced here in full:

"Before undertaking to develop a program for the extension of co-operative activities in these states, the board felt it necessary to obtain further information concerning the existing marketing associations. Accordingly, it is financing a survey of all co-operative marketing associations in the twelve northeastern states in co-operation with the state agricultural colleges in that region.

"With the information which is to be obtained from this inventory of co-operative effort, it is hoped that plans for further development may be made most successfully."

Apparently, so far as the general farmer is concerned, the board intends in all cases to await strengthening of local co-operatives before moving toward the national programs which have been started for such staples as livestock, cotton and wheat.

(Intended for last week)
Virginia Hooper spent Sunday with Jane Whitlow and enjoyed the nice birthday dinner which was given Mrs. Whitlow on her seventy-ninth birthday.

A Magazine for Parent Training

You see them everywhere—children who are disobedient, rude, unpopular with others. But these children weren't born that way. These undesirable traits developed gradually because some parent made bad mistakes in child training. Not because he intended to but because he didn't understand child psychology, didn't know how to teach good habits, how to guide his child to successful living.

The eyes of many parents have been opened to a new understanding of children, they have been helped to work out better, easier, happier ways of training their children by reading "The Parents' Magazine." Each month it brings them very practical, helpful articles on every phase of child care from the crib to college. It deals with such subjects as obedience, baby care, sex education, finicky appetites, adolescence, temper habits and character training. Doctors, teachers, psychologists, experts in many fields of child training, as well as mothers and fathers write its interesting, helpful articles. Mistakes in child training are costly. They may affect the entire future of your boy or girl. That is why you can't afford to be without "The Parents' Magazine." The subscription price is only \$2.00 for one year or \$3.00 for three years. Subscriptions will be received at the office of this newspaper, or may be sent direct to the S. N. Department, The Parents' Magazine, 251 Forth Ave., New York.

Many of the local teachers have gone home to spend the holidays.

JAPANESE TEA

The girls in Home Economics I have been very busy for the past few days cooking, writing invitations, planning menus for tea and trying to learn the latest fad in how a Japanese flapper should dress. We brought the week to a complete and delightful ending by giving a Japanese tea in honor of those whom we love and esteem, "Our Mothers."

The Home Economics Laboratory was decorated as a Japanese tea garden. From the ceiling many Jack-o-lanterns were hanging from streamers of red and green crepe paper. We had real Japanese ladies to pour tea, pass plates and entertain our mothers. In one corner stood a Christmas tree, on which there was a linen handkerchief for each mother.

As the mothers exchanged a friendly conversation over the tea table they were served the following refreshments, carrying out pink and green as color scheme: Bread and butter sandwiches, Angel food cake, divinity drops, mints, nuts, coffee and tea.

Among those who signed in our guest book were: Mrs. J. Ed. Bartlett, E. C. Newman, H. M. Smith, E. W. Polk, G. F. Bartlett, Joe Spencer, J. W. Lewis, J. S. Vestal, Dora Bell, Fred A. Rollins, Haynie L. Voss, J. C. Scarborough, D. L. Pieratt, J. F. Turner, W. I. Mitchell, Misses: Oliva Land, Robbie Lee Vestal, Wilma Jo Spencer, Rita Campbell.

—S-A-H-S—

(Intended for last week)
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pool of Moran and Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Moore of Albany spent the week-end with their mother, Mrs. L. T. Whitlow and grandma Whitlow at Camp Sunset. Grandma Whitlow celebrated her seventy-ninth birthday. While they also visited their aunt, Mrs. M. L. Hooper.

Grady Lowe is home from Abilene where he is attending school to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lowe.

Governor General



Sir Isaac Alfred Isaacs, former Chief Justice of Australia, just appointed by King George to be Governor General of that Dominion.



THE FAMILY DOCTOR

By JOHN JOSEPH GAINES, M.D.

SEASONABLE ADVICE

This morning a man came to my office—my first patient for the day. He was quite hoarse, and immediately walked to the radiator to warm himself, briskly rubbing his blue fingers together to increase circulation—he was half chilled.

Being a very active, spare man of 60 he abhorred wraps; he disliked "bundling up". So, he had been dashing out into the cold, often without taking time to put on his coat; this morning he wore no vest; was still sticking to summer underwear, and had on low shoes. At this very hour his ankles were almost bloodless and, it would have taken a full half hour for the warm room to restore his surface circulation to normal, if, indeed it could have been brought about in that time.

Of course he had a laryngitis with congested lungs due to his careless exposure of his body to cold air. The surface-blood had been driven in by a skin which resented the very uncomfortable atmosphere. Such things are first-rate causes of the dread disease, pneumonia!

The treatment—get the blood back to the surface and keep it there. Hot drinks, hot lemonade especially; rest in bed in a room that is comfortable; to induce a sweat is not bad rule, and can be done by the family. The pathologist may blame the teeth and tonsils in a man of this age, but it is dangerous to expose the body of one past middle age, to protracted cold, whatever foci of infection may or may not be present. The man or woman at that time of life, who wears summer shoes and stockings in winter, and does not keep up a good surface circulation, is flirting with serious consequences.

nearly as possible. Everybody on Fashion among its other crimes puts fur around the neck and strips the lower extremities as earth can convince me that such silly things conform to the laws of right living—and I think as much of "fresh air" as any one.

S. M. Polk was down* from Abilene this week looking after business.

Miss Jimmie Vinson arrived from Ft. Worth today to visit her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Vinson.

at Stacy Saturday night, Sunday morning and Sunday night. Everyone in the community is cordially invited to hear him talk on subjects that are in keeping with the season of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Blagg who are teaching school in Demmitt, New Mexico are home to spend the holidays with the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Vinson and other relatives.

Happy Christmas



to
Everybody

Santa Anna Merc. Co.



As the Christmas season spreads its warmth and good feeling among us we wish you, not only abundant good cheer, but that you may prosper as you have helped us prosper.

Banner Ice Company



WE feel very keenly that our customers are our partners, and That our success is but a reflection of your good will.

Long may we go on happily together.

The Texas Company



For years we have been extending our sincere best wishes for a very

HAPPY CHRISTMAS

to everybody in Santa Anna. We fervently do so again.

Turner's Drug Store



You've been generous to us all year. Christmas would not be Christmas unless we generously acknowledged our debt and wished for you unbounded happiness and prosperity.

Leeper-Curd Lumber Co.