

THE SANDERSON TIMES

VOLUME 23

SANDERSON TEXAS, FRIDAY, DEC. 19 1930

NO. 41

Special Service At Methodist Church

Sanderson Texas, Methodist Church, 11 a. m. Sunday, Dec. 21.

Voluntary—Mrs. Wilson.

Presentation of Bible.

Hymn No. 98.

Responsive reading. B. J. Stradley.

Prayer concluding with the pastor's prayer.

Gloria Patri.

Talk on Benevolences—B. J. Stradley.

Anthem Silent Night.

Alter offering, hymn No. 17.

Alter prayer Rev. B. M. Stradley.

Collection, offertory—Mrs. Stradley.

Violin solo—Henry Gold.

Hymn No. 17.

Sermon Dr. A. L. Moore, D. D. El Paso.

Invitation, Hymn No. 171.

Doxology and benediction.

W. M. S. TO LUNCH QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Dr. A. L. Moore, the new presiding elder of the El Paso district of the Methodist Church, will preside at the regular quarterly conference to be held Sunday, December 21, at the Methodist Church building, Sanderson.

Dr. Moore leaves immediately after the conference for Marlin, where he preaches, holds conference there, and goes to El Paso on the early Monday morning train.

Christmas Services Princess Theatre

The following program will be given by three of the churches of the town Sunday night, Dec. 21st, at 7:30 at the Princess Theatre. The entire community is most cordially invited to attend.

Song. All hail the power of Jesus name. Congregation.

Prayer. Rev. Ira Harrison.

Reading.

Male Quartet. Brethern McAdams, Thrift, Harrison, Stradley.

Offertory. Plate collection for local charity.

Song. Silent night.

Sermon. Rev. B. M. Stradley.

Song. Joy to the world. Congregation.

Benediction.

7TH GRADE HAVE SOCIAL AND THEATRE PARTY

The seventh grade, sponsored by Miss Weatherbee, had a very delightful social at the Methodist parsonage Friday evening, the young people attended the theatre in group, returned to the parsonage where diversified games were played, supervised by Mrs. B. M. Stradley and Miss Weatherbee and Prof. and Mrs. S. E. Nelson.

Delightful refreshments were served and the young people had a pleasant time.

Mrs. Lee A. Cook left the latter part of last week for Austin, where she will spend the holidays with her people.

Special Service At The Baptist Church

Sunday morning Dec 21st we will have our Christmas program at the Baptist church at which time all the boys and girls will receive their Christmas box. We most cordially invite the parents of these children and the entire community to come.

A plate offering will be made for Buckner Orphans Home. All of us will want to get in on this.

Sunday night there will be special services at the Theatre Lets make this a good time for all.

W. M. S. TO LUNCH QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

All in attendance upon the quarterly conference at the Methodist Church building Sunday, December 21, at 1 p. m., will be the special guests to lunch with the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, at the Methodist Church parsonage from 12:15 to 1 p. m.

The official membership now of the quarterly conference—church officials—is 22.

Dr. A. L. Moore will preside, and H. C. Goldwire will be secretary.

Dr. A. L. Moore will give a 10 minutes scriptural exposition, the pastor will direct the devotional, and the official affairs of the church will be taken up.

All who care to attend are cordially invited to do so.

A SAVIOR BORN

Just a little babe was he
Angels called him Lord
Wise men crowned him, king of kings
And Prophets called him God.
Angels sang, a Saviour born,
Hearts were filled with joy
Christmas bells began to ring
Peace and joy to all.

From the manger to the grave
He my sorrows bore
Then in triumph came he forth
To live forever more.
Joy and peace, and gladness came
In that triumph song
Just a little babe was he
But our mighty God.

Martha Stradley

Ware Eating House Opens

Mrs T. N. White of Alpine has leased the Ware House and on Sunday of this week began serving meals. Mrs. White is an old hand at this business and if you care for a good home cooked meal you will know where to go.

Take notice of the Ware Hotel Advertisement in this issue.

Catholic Church

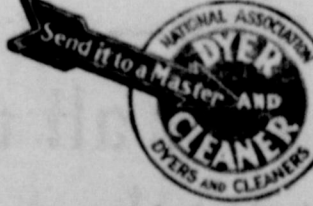
There will be midnight mass Christmas eve night and Christmas morning at 9 and 9:30.

Get Ready For -the- HOLIDAYS

HAVE YOUR CLOTHES CLEANED AND PRESSED -AT-

a Reliable Place and you will never worry about how they look.

You can't go wrong



Send it to a Master and Cleaner

Empire Cleaners & Dyers
FRANK ROBERTSON, Owner.

Funeral Services For Miss Lout

Funeral services were held last Saturday for Miss Dorris Sybil Lout, the girl who was killed in an automobile wreck near Sanderson on the night of Dec. 4. Although among strangers the little lady was not without friends and a large number of our citizens followed the remains to its last resting place in Evergreen cemetery.

The grave was piled high with beautiful floral offerings.

BENEVOLENCES WORSHIP SERVICE NEXT SUNDAY

Sunday, December 21, at the 11 a. m. hour, as announced elsewhere Dr. A. L. Moore will preach a special sermon at the "Annual Benevolences Worship Service." This service is in charge of the local board of lay activities of the Methodist Church, Prof. B. J. Brannon lay leader.

The board, along with the music committee of the church, have arranged a splendid musical devotional, and it is hoped that all who are not worshipping elsewhere will attend this service, at the Methodist Church building Sunday, December 21, at 11 a. m., and hear Dr. Moore.

Dr. A. L. Moore To Be Here Sunday

Dr. A. L. Moore, Ph. D. D. D., the new presiding elder of the El Paso district of the Methodist Church, will be in Sanderson Sunday, December 21, preaching at the Sanderson Methodist Church building at 11 a. m.

Dr. Moore is an outstanding pulpit minister, a well known religious educator, and known wherever he goes for being a mixer.

Dr. Moore came west four years ago for his wife's health, and received the appointment of presiding elder of the Roswell district of the Methodist Church and now resides at El Paso, Texas.

The music committee of the Methodist Church has arranged special music for Sunday.

Everybody is cordially invited to hear Dr. Moore.

The Times is crowded this week for space and was obliged to leave out some articles until next week and to condense as many articles as possible that were published. We will be able to take care of all next week.

Wanted—Woman or girl to keep house. Permanent. If Mexican, must speak a little English. Inquire at Times office.

American Legion Sponsors Dance

Members of the American Legion Post at Sanderson will give four dances during the holidays. Christmas eve there will be a dance at the Masonic Temple. Christmas night, at the C. A. C. hall, and on the nights of Dec. 27th and 31st. at the C. A. C. hall.

A six piece colored orchestra will furnish music for these dances, which will began at 9 p. m.

Return From California

Mr and Mrs. H. D. Williams have returned from a month's visit in California. They visited Mr. Williams's sister, Mr and Mrs. Frank Davis in Oakland, and also visited Mr. Williams mother, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Beal in Shingletown. They visited the old home in Palcedro where Mr. Williams was born. They stopped over in Los Angeles and visited with Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Ford, and while there visited the oldest mission in California. They report a most interesting trip.

C. F. Frazier of Dallas, Texas, is here for a weeks visit with his sister Miss Kate Frazier.

Lemons & Henshaw, Abstractors

TERRELL COUNTY LANDS

Lands Sold, Lands Leased, Property Rented, Taxes Paid.

ABSTRACTS EXAMINED AND TITLES PASSED UPON BY AN EFFICIENT AND RELIABLE ATTORNEY

Office with County Clerk Sanderson, Texas

G. J. HENSHAW, MGR.

TREAT YOURSELF TO A

TURREY DINNER

CHRISTMAS DAY

DRYDEN HOTEL, Dryden, Tex.

F. B. CARTER, PROP.

A. P. UTTERBACK, M. D.

Announces the opening of an office for general practice, located in the Goode residence until further notice.

SANDERSON TEXAS

DO IT NOW?

Have an adjustment, you may not think you need them, but I know that you do.

HOURS—9 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 6 p. m.

Office next door to Masonic Temple

Alice Kilpatrick, Chiropractor

SANDERSON, TEXAS

W. E. STIRMAN

DEALER IN WOOD AND COAL

Dawson Egg Coal. Good Enough

McAlester Lump Coal. Best of Coal

Live Oak Wood. Good and Dry

Cedar Wood. Best kind of kindling

Mesquite Wood

Phone 35



We wish to extend our friends and customers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

A Box of Hosiery.

Sheer delightfully shaded and knitted to cling to the ankles with stunning slimmness, makes a magnificent gift.

SHE never has too many hose

A Few Suggestions For Desirable Christmas Gifts

Toys	End Tables	Gift Perfumes
Games	Smoking Stands	Fountain Pens
Dolls	Bridge Sets	Costume Jewelry
Tool Chests	Electrical Appliances	Mens Ties
Books	Silverware	Mens Socks

Come to our store for hundreds of other appropriate Holiday items

PURSES!

Stylish! Snappy! New!

Hand tooled. Genuine leather. Under arm styles, Pouch styles. Colors to harmonize with your ensemble.



THE KERR MERC. COMPANY

Christmas

The Miracle Season
 by Florence Harris Wells

Let us go back over the centuries that we may see the soft Judean hills flooded with heavenly light; that we may behold the flaming star of the East guiding the three wise men, Melchior with flowing white hair and sweeping, snowy beard; Caspar, a beautiful boy, and Balthasar in the prime of life, symbolizing age, youth and middle age, bowing at the cradle in the manger.

They bring from afar their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh to the King of Kings, as the song of the heavenly chorus of angels on the plains of Bethlehem floods the air. The Master's touch worked strange miracles long ago. But let us now turn a simple dial and again a miracle has been wrought—even here as it was there so long ago.

The room is full of sound. The air is charged with Christmas—always Christmas. Even the word is radiant with holiness. With the voices of the present are mingled those of the past. At Christmas man is at his best. It is the blest season of the year. The season of giving and receiving. The season of love reborn. It is the miracle season.

Happiness is in the air. Laughter reigns. In the tongues of all nations voices are raised in greeting. The angels sang out their glad tidings of great joy above the plains of Bethlehem and as often as Christmas comes, the carols, music, bells, voices—all unite in a great singing circle sounding o'er all the world the glad words: A Merry Christmas!



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Beggars CAN Choose

Margaret Weymouth Jackson

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THE STORY

Renewing a childhood attachment, Ernestine Briceland, of a wealthy family, is attracted by Will Todd, newspaper artist, son of a carpenter. Ernestine's sister, Lillian, knowing their father would disapprove, urges her to end the affair, but Ernestine refuses. They make a runaway marriage. Briceland is furious, but helpless, as Ernestine is of age. Loring Hamilton, lawyer, wins Lillian's consent to be his wife. Will and Ernestine begin their married life in a single room in a humble neighborhood. John Poole, Will's best friend, gives a birthday party for Ernestine at Ruby Pastano's resort.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"But you have lived in the country?"
"Oh, yes, always. In the summer. My grandmother Langley had a home in Indiana where my father's quarries are. Why do you ask?"
"Never mind me. Tell me of yourself. This house in the country, and your home on Sheridan road is a long way from here."
Ernestine understood his idea, but she refused to be drawn into such a complicated conversation.

"It is only a few miles," she replied, and he gave an impatient exclamation.

"It is a thousand miles and a hundred years at least," he said. "Tell me about your mother's house."
Ernestine thought about it.
"Do you know anything about American period furniture, Mr. Pastano? There is a Duncan Phyfe table, and pierced brass fire-fender, in the living room; four-poster beds upstairs, with hooked rugs and woven counterpanes—all of the things have come into the family honestly, through natural possession, and not from auction rooms. But, of course, you know."

She smiled at him. Her long hands lay together in the immaculate perfection of her yellow chiffon lap. Her voice was low, only for his ears, and though she thought him very strange, she gave him her gravest, youngest courtesy.

"I know nothing about America, at all, it seems."
"It's just the house—I'll take you to see it some day, if you like, although mamma doesn't like people to consider it a museum, as some experts do. Of course, I don't live there since my marriage. We live in a rooming house on Erie street, and it just shows that furniture and things do not mean so much, for I am happier now than I was."

"You have left this house of your mother, with pierced brass from your own ancestors, to live in Erie street?" She nodded and smiled again, and her eyes pleaded for his understanding.

He shook his head sadly. He heaved a vast sigh.
"No, I do not understand America. Continually I am full of new astonishment. Women are somewhat the same the world around—but American men are outside my comprehension."
"You have been successful here," she reminded him, but he brushed her comment aside, pursuing his own thought aloud.

"No, I do not understand. If my man is penniless; if he is an artist starving in a garret, and the great, the incredible good fortune come to him that he shall marry a girl of noble birth, who has a quiet voice, and gentle still hands, and a brow where breeding shows its lovely smile—if my son have the grace and the smile of fortune to marry such a girl, and he bring her to a place like this—" He looked about him with scorn. "If he bring his wife to this brothel—this sink—I take a knife in my own hand and stab him through the heart. You must go away from here instantly—now! There is activity in this room that pollutes the very air. You will strangle in it—"

Ernestine's heart stopped beating in her astonishment. She felt that she had been unbearably affronted, and she rose and stood pale with anger. Mr. Pastano rose and stood before her, and met with approval the blaze of her eyes. A waiter appeared instantly with her coat, and he took it and wrapped it about her with immense dignity.

"So, go, princess!" he exclaimed, and bowed a little, and looked at her again, his own eyes alight. "You have only my good wishes. It is unfortunate I must confess the title to a place unfit for you, but this place was not made for you. The unfit, the broken, the abnormal must have their haunts, and they are not for others. Some day, perhaps, it will be my fortune that we shall be friends."

Every one was staring at them. Will had risen and stood beside her,

smiling uncertainly, not knowing at all what was going forward.

"I want to go home," Ernestine said to him icily.

"Tommy will take you," Will answered easily. "I have to take Mr. Poole to his flat."

Ernestine felt herself beginning to tremble with the indignities heaped upon her. She had been so in love, so exposed, that it all hurt her incredibly. She looked about her uncertainly, then laughed and answered Will with composure.

"I don't believe I'll have to depend on Tommy. Here are Lillian and Loring. They'll take me home."

Will swung about in astonishment, and there, indeed, coming through the room unseeing, were Lillian and her lover. Ernestine stood, smiling malignantly, as they came forward.

"Ernestine," exclaimed Lillian, when she was near enough, "I wanted to see you. We went to Mrs. Bennett's, but the maid said you were here, so we followed you. Can you come with us?"

"I was just going," answered Ernestine. "But wait and meet our friends. This is my sister, Miss Briceland, Mrs. Wiston, and Mr. Poole, Lillian, and Monsieur Mostane, and Mr. Wiston of the Sun, and Mr. Underwood, and Mr. Heyward—and this is Mr. Pastano, who owns this charming place. And this is Mr. Hamilton, Mrs. Wiston—"

The men had risen and were fumbling over the acknowledgements of the introductions. Ernestine seemed the most composed person present, and no one could have guessed that her knees were trembling.

"We wanted to get on, if you and Will can come with us," said Loring.



"But You Have Lived in the Country?"

While Mr. Pastano stood and regarded the newcomers evenly.

"I'll come with you, but Will has an engagement before he returns home. Goodbye, Mr. Poole. Thank you for the evening."

She gave her hand to her host, and he put his own hand on her shoulder to steady himself. Loring winced and scowled at this contact, but Ernestine was now in complete command of herself and smiled steadily. Mr. Poole's heavy face, his confusion, did not dismay her. She bade him an affectionate good night, then turned to the others.

"Good night, all of you. I'm sorry to run away, from my own party, but somebody must start. If you will excuse me—Good night, Will. I'll see you later."

She gave Will a luminous look. He did not answer but stared at her silently, and she turned, sweeping her wrap about her, carrying herself like a queen of the realm, and went off, Loring's black bulk between the sisters, his face dark with forebodings.

Down the wooden stairs they passed in complete silence. A new sedan stood at the curb, and Loring in majestic silence opened the car door for the girls who got in the back seat. He closed the door and got in the driver's seat and started the engine. Lillian and Ernestine sat close together in the warmth and comfort of the heated upholstered, glass-enclosed interior. Ernestine felt for the first time a poignant homesickness for comfort and convenience.

"Why didn't Will come with us?" asked Loring from the front seat.

Ernestine decided to be frank.
"You could see that Mr. Poole had been drinking too much, couldn't you? Well, Will felt that he ought to take him home and see that he got there safely. He often does that. They're good friends, you know. And you mustn't think badly of Mr. Poole. He's

Discoveries Put Roman Art on Higher Plane

But archeological discoveries in Italy and the Roman dominion within the last two or three decades, and the scientific comparison of Roman art with Greek and other art, and the consequent evaluation of its merits, have put Rome on a rather high plane of artistic production.

No longer is it to be believed that there was no Roman art before the time of the empire; from the fourth to the second centuries before Christ there was a large and meritorious amount of work done, both in painting and in sculpture. A fairly large piece of wall painting was found in a tomb on the Esquiline hill in Rome. It dates from the end of the fourth century B. C., and represents a group of Roman generals holding a conference.

old, and, really, he is a wonderful man."

"But how about you? How would you have got home? Our coming along was an accident."

"Tommy Tucker would have taken me," said Ernestine calmly. "Or the Wistons, or Monsieur Mostane. I'd have gone home all right."

There was a silence of disapproval and adjustment. The car rolled smoothly along the quiet streets.

"Then everything's all right?" asked Lillian diffidently.

"Of course, darling."

"I'm so glad. Will you come and have lunch with mamma and me tomorrow and let me tell you all our plans?"

"I'll see," said Ernestine. "Now, I'll have to go home. I'm terribly tired."

"Of course you are. It's late. I'm tired, too. But, Ernestine, I'm so happy that I wonder if I can be any happier." Her voice was bright and clear—quick and competent. Ernestine remembered the tears and passion of her own engagement.

"You will be happy always. You will," she said with intensity.

They left her at the stone steps and watched until she opened the door with her latchkey and disappeared into the dark prison-like house. Then Loring turned the car about and, with Lillian at his side, started back north. Lillian cuddled against him.

"Oh, Lorie," she said sorrowfully, "she isn't happy. You know she isn't. It wouldn't be so bad for her to be poor, if only he were good to her. But you can see that he neglects her. If he cannot provide for her decently he could at least be a gentleman to her. But after all she has done for him, he mistreats her."

"Don't be disturbed about it, darling," said Loring in a low voice. "There's nothing we can do now. Only be good to her and wait for her to waken."

In Mrs. Bennett's boarding house Ernestine climbed the stairs slowly, feeling herself weak with rage.

CHAPTER V

The First Quarrel

Ernestine's anger and resentment grew like a bonfire. The small front room was cold, but she was unaware of its temperature or of the frost gathering thick on the window. Everything was fuel to the flame which burned in her. The longer Will delayed the more her anger grew. His cavalier treatment of her. Tommy could take her home! Mr. Poole needed him. More than anything else, more, she told herself, than the humiliation of Mr. Pastano's scorn was this fact, that Mr. Poole mattered more than she did.

She gave herself up to anger as she had given herself to love—with abandon. Will had neglected her. He had humiliated her. She knew that she would not have cared for any of it so much if she had not been forced to see it through the horrified eyes of her sister and Loring. They were pitying her now. She could imagine Lillian's comments, Loring's sympathy. That was the crux of the whole matter. And Mr. Poole, the vile old drunkard! Was this the sort of friendship her marriage was to bring her? She had given up everything for Will—everything! Was he to sacrifice nothing for her? Could he not abandon this adoration of an obscene old man who happened to be a cartoonist? It was not necessary for these gifted people to foregather in such a place. She burned and trembled as she recalled Pastano's contempt. That strangers should need to instruct her as to her proper place—

So absorbing were her thoughts, so wrapped was she in the resounding cadences of her own inner tumult, that she did not hear the outer door nor Will's soft step on the stairs, when at last he came.

"Up yet?" he asked in a husky whisper. "You should have been in bed two hours ago. It's cold as the devil outside. But what's the matter, kitten? Aren't you well?"

"Don't speak to me!" said Ernestine, and the fact that, like himself, she had to lower her voice in consideration for people sleeping on either side only added to her rage.

"But Ernestine!"
"Don't speak to me!" she cried again, and this time her voice was clear. "I never want to go anywhere with you again."

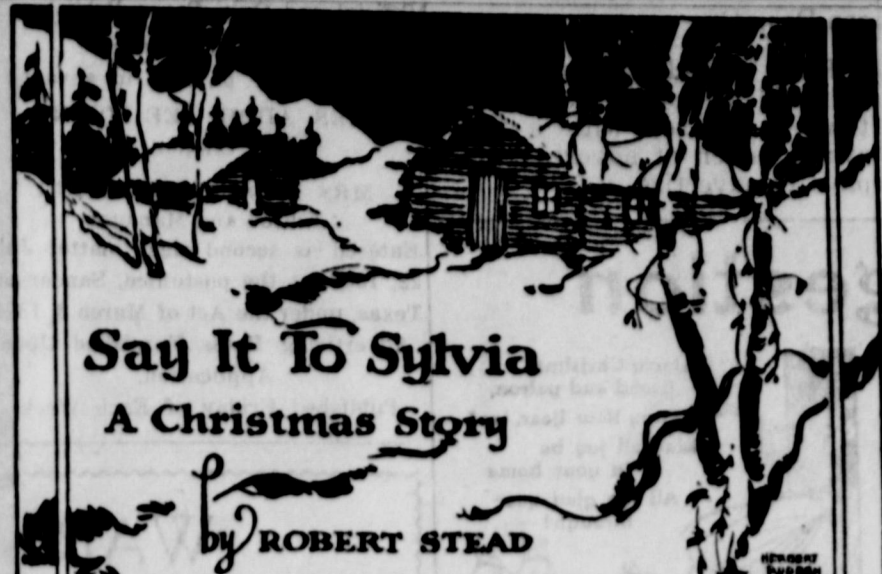
"Be silent," he commanded in a voice low but stern, and his eyes leaped back at her with an anger equal to her own. "Have you lost your wits? Shouting in this place in the middle of the night?"

Ernestine stood, her mouth open a little in amazement at his tone. Hot words trembled upon her tongue.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Little Advice

If you would wield a command that is profitable to yourself and injurious to nobody, clear your own faults out of the way.—Seneca.



Say It To Sylvia
A Christmas Story
By ROBERT STEAD

DAVE HOLDEN chose his homestead high up the foothill valley not only for the shelter of surrounding hills and proximity to groves of spruce and lodge-pole pine. He had another reason for retreating so far from civilization. That reason was Sylvia Palmer.

Dave and Sylvia had been pals together down the plains where both were born. They had attended the same school, the same picnics, dances, country concerts. Many a starry night, with Sylvia at his side, Dave had driven the prairie trails, none too eager to reach their destination. And Sylvia, too, seemed quite content to daily on the way.

It was true there never had been any formal engagement between them. It hardly seemed necessary. They had "gone together" so long that sometime, Dave supposed, when he was in a position to offer her a home, he would tell her so, and Sylvia would say, "All right, Dave. Whenever you are ready." Then she would turn her tempting mouth to him, and he would kiss her tenderly and a little differently, now that she was so soon to be his bride.

But Dave had not counted on a woman's will—and what comes of it. At eighteen Sylvia, having secured her teacher's certificate, applied for and was accepted by a town school some distance from her home. She was all enthusiasm and excitement over her plunge into the great, self-supporting world.

Dave may have shared her excitement, but not her enthusiasm. He told her so.

"Why, Dave Holden, I'm surprised at you!" Sylvia retorted. "I thought you would be glad to see me get a chance."

"Of course, I want you to have your chance," he explained, "but I'm figuring on fixing a chance for you, too. Dad is paying me a man's wages now. In another year or two I'll be all set to take up land of my own, and then—"

She waited for him to put something definite into words, but a certain shyness held him back. Anyway, she knew what he meant. She gave his disengaged hand a girlish squeeze.

"That will be fine," she said. "You will make a good farmer, Dave."

"Maybe," he admitted. "And maybe by that time you'll have taken up with one of those town sheiks, and I won't care then whether I go farming, or not."

"Don't you worry over that. I'm not planning on taking up with any town sheik—not with a big boy like Dave Holden running around loose."

But Dave worried, just the same, and by the second term he knew he had occasion for it. Sylvia's talk had turned from crops and country picnics and all things of the land to sport and tennis and particularly one Jack Fulton whose name was often on her lips. Dave had a feeling of being taken at a disadvantage. Instead of wooing Sylvia for himself he bluntly charged her with having transferred her affections to Fulton.

"I ain't blaming you," he said, sarcastically. "No doubt he is a very fine fellow. But if I meet him some day perhaps we'll see which is the best man."

"He's pretty strong, Dave," Sylvia teased. "Better be careful."
Whereupon Dave lost his temper altogether. "Maybe I should be careful, and maybe you should be careful, too. What I'm saying is, either you give him up, or I'm through!"

That was too much for the spirited Sylvia. Whether or not she cared for Jack Fulton, she wasn't going to take orders about it from Dave. Dave never had actually asked her to marry him, although she had given him opportunity enough.

"All right; you're through!" she said, and whisked herself out of his presence.

Dave had not expected that result, but he had gone too far to retreat. He had thought that Sylvia would bow to his ultimatum. Her curt rejection

hurt his pride more than anything he had thought possible. He felt that he had suddenly lost all faith in human nature, and that life among his old associates would be intolerable. So he drew his wages, gathered up his equipment, and trekked into the foothill country to the very farthest homestead on the map.

He found a place by a mountain stream, cut down spruce logs, and built himself a cabin. When winter set in he began cutting posts and rails for fencing on his farm. To keep from thinking he worked feverishly, early and late. But thoughts would come, in spite of all he could do to stop them. Particularly as the Christmas season drew near his mind would turn to the old farm down on the plains. What ample preparations would be going on in his mother's kitchen! What stacks of food! What happy chatter, sobered a bit perhaps because of the boy who had left home in a huff and never had written back! And Sylvia! Sylvia would be home now for the Christmas vacation. Perhaps this Fulton fellow would be visiting with her.

Dave turned with a shrug and shoved more wood into his rusty stove.



FOR COLDS OF EVERY NATURE
An amazing prescription—Laxana (double strength)—breaks up colds overnight. It contains the best cold medicines known to medical science together with effective laxatives. Whether you have a simple head cold, or a heavy deep-seated cold which is making you feel dizzy, weak and "achy"—take Laxana tonight and get relief while you sleep. Costs less per dose; does more per dose. Your money back if it doesn't help you. Sold at drug stores everywhere.

LAX-ANA
DOUBLE STRENGTH

SPECIAL NOTICE TO STOMACH SUFFERERS—If you are suffering from Indigestion, Nausea, Gas Pains, Sour Stomach or the many other stomach disorders send today for DR. MOORE'S STOMACH REMEDY. This may be taken at any time, and sure relief. It is a doctor's prescription that is now made available to everybody after years of success in his private practice. Sold direct only. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mail \$1.00 for large box and get your first trial bottle.

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GUARANTEED TO KILL SCREW WORMS

30¢ SOLD EVERYWHERE 60¢

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC
For over 50 years it has been the household remedy for all forms of Malaria Chills and Fever Dengue. It is a Reliable, General Invigorating Tonic.

I-KUR-BURNS CO.
P. O. Box 553
PORT ARTHUR - TEXAS

STOP THAT ITCHING
Apply Blue Star Ointment to relieve Skin Irritations, Itching Skin or the Itch of Eczemic conditions, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Sores, Poison Oak and as an Antiseptic Dressing for Old Sores, etc. Ask your Druggist for

BLUE STAR OINTMENT

Dad Still Remembered
His Early Trouncings
Bartholomew had come home from school with the complaint that in the course of the day his teacher had assaulted his anatomy with undue alacrity. Mother was indignant. When father came home the report was made that the son had been beaten to a pulp by the teacher—the measure of punishment always grows as the story is retold.
"Why, she must have beaten him up awful!" the mother groaned.
"I'll talk to the boy," said the more composed dad.
"Son, how long was the ruler she used?"
"Two foot."
"Go on back and get some more education—they used three-footers in my day!"—Exchange.

PROMOTES HEALING
HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

Limited Talent
Editor—You ought to typewrite your poetry, you know.
Poet—My goodness! If I were clever enough to do typewriting, do you think I would be wasting my time on poetry?

The Trouble Makers
Billups—Let sleeping dogs lie.
Quillups—Of course; it's the barking ones that invite interference.

Pave Roads With Rubber
Paving blocks of rubber have been used in Great Britain since 1913.

"A Mother of Five
needs so much strength to care for her children properly, yet I was weak, run-down and constantly ailing. G. F. P. was the only thing that helped me. This fine tonic built up my health and gave me all the strength and energy I needed to do my housework and care for my five children."
—From letters of grateful women.

St. Joseph's G.E.P.
The Woman's Tonic

HOW I RID MYSELF OF PSORIASIS
Write and I will tell you my own story, so that you too can rid yourself of this disease without medical treatments, salves or injections.
P. O. R. 18 Box 142, Woodside, Lane Island

Mrs. Clyde Harrell was hostess to the Cactus bridge club at her home Thursday afternoon. High scores were awarded Mrs. Horace Fletcher, first, Mrs. S. C. Bodkin second. A delicious salad course was served.

Whitman's Candy at Sanderson Drug Co.

Read the ads this week, and you will be convinced that our town is blessed with a wide-awake bunch of advertisers. It pays to advertise.

THE SANDERSON TIMES
 Official and Only Paper Published in
 Terrell County
 \$2 per year payable in advance
MRS. ADDIE LEE BOLING
 Owner
MRS. BESSIE M. DARLING
 Editor and Manager.
 Entered as second class matter July 22, 1904, at the postoffice, Sanderson, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.
 Advertising Rates Furnished Upon Application.
 Published Friday of Each Week.

Teachers Entertain
 The ladies of the faculty of the Sanderson schools had their Christmas tree at the home of Mrs. W. J. Ferguson, Saturday evening, December 13. A buffet supper carrying out the Christmas scheme was served first. Bridge followed, with progression made in novel manner. At eleven the Christmas tree was unloaded and each lady received a lovely gift. Cut prizes were won by Mrs. Nelson, Miss Woodlock, and Mrs. Sandifer. High prize went to Miss Lorine Barker.

A Suggestion

While looking your best for Christmas and the Holidays Let us help you



Merry Christmas, friend and patron, Happy New Year, too! May all joy be in your home All the glad year through!

CITY BARBER SHOP

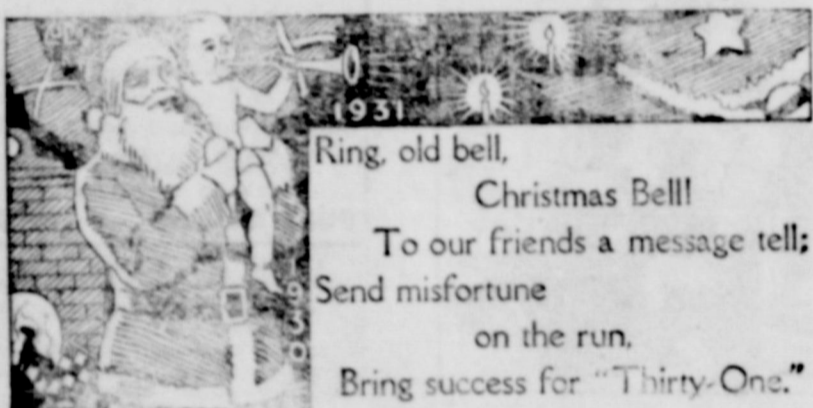


Christmas and the New Year, A gay old combination, And so this card of greeting, friends, Sincere congratulation!



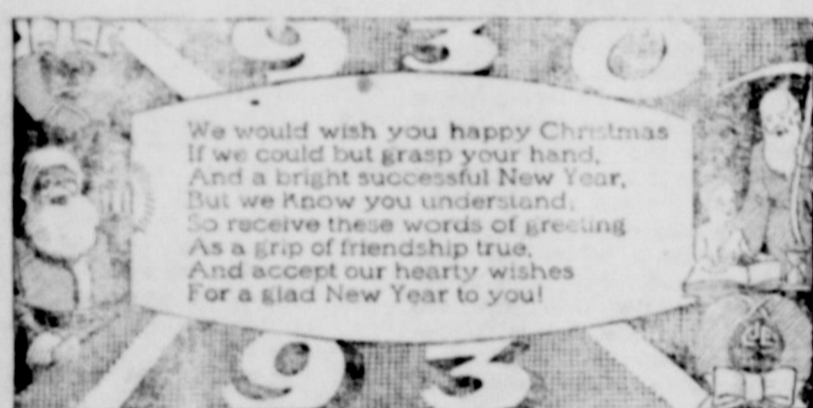
INTER-STATE CAFE

F. M. Weigand, Mgr.



Ring, old bell, Christmas Bell! To our friends a message tell; Send misfortune on the run, Bring success for "Thirty-One."

J. R. BLACKWELDER



We would wish you happy Christmas If we could but grasp your hand, And a bright successful New Year, But we know you understand, So receive these words of greeting As a grip of friendship true, And accept our hearty wishes For a glad New Year to you!

The Princess Theatre

Mrs. Carlton White

BORDER SERVICE STATION

Texaco Products

Tire Repairing



We cannot see you each alone, And that's the very reason, We come in print to wish you all Good wishes for the season!

Greasing Phone 29

CRANK CASE SERVICE



The gayest thing we have to say To friend and patron too, Is Merry, Merry Christmas Day, And glad New Year to you!

Casner-McKnight Repair Shop

L. M. Waters, Mgr.

WARE HOTEL

Come and try Mrs. White's Home Cooking.

Board and room by day or week, or board by day or week.

SPECIAL SUNDAY DINNERS

BREEDING'S BAKERY

PHONE 179

Leave Your Order For Fruit Cakes

We make the best of bread and pastry, always fresh

Powell's Laundry

WORK GUARANTEED

Prices Reasonable

Telephone 104

Sanderson,

Texas

Electrical Gifts

Bring Lasting Enjoyment



Egg Cookers
 Cook eggs perfectly in live steam.
\$5.50

Irons
 Save Mother's time and strength.
\$3.00 up



Floor Lamps

Beautiful lamps like these are eagerly welcomed. Many distinctive models.

\$6.50 up



Curling Irons
\$1.50 up



Urn Sets

Distinctively designed, with sugar and creamer to match. A gift to delight the smart hostess.

\$15.00 up

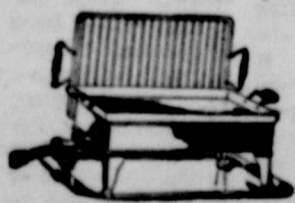


Table Stoves

Cook eggs and bacon right at the table. Toast sandwiches in 1 1/2 minutes.

\$4.00 up

Gifts most appreciated at Christmas are those which time can not dim . . . gifts that provide constant pleasure and relief from drudgery long after the tinsel and holly of Christmas have been forgotten. Electrical appliances, combining beauty with practical utility, are gifts that go on giving through the years, constant reminders of your thoughtfulness.

Give Something Electrical

Toasters

A gift of lasting usefulness.

\$3.95 up



Table Lamps

Decorative and useful. Sure to please.

\$2.50 up



The most glorious gift of all . . .



GENERAL ELECTRIC ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

We have made it easy for you to make this Christmas the most joyous of all. You can give her a General Electric Refrigerator so easily that your pocket-book will scarcely feel it. Just a few dollars down will deliver one on Christmas Eve so that the ice cubes will be frozen when she looks into the trays in the morning. The balance is spread over 24 months.

Special Low Christmas Terms

\$10 DOWN 24 MONTHS TO PAY

Next Payment February 1st, 1931

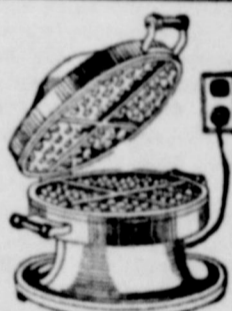


Cleaners

Every day for many years to come Mother will thank you for the time and effort her vacuum cleaner saves her.

\$24.50 up

Convenient Terms if Desired



Waffle Irons

Delicious, crunchy, golden-brown waffles quickly made without smoke or grease right at the table. One of Santa's best ideas.

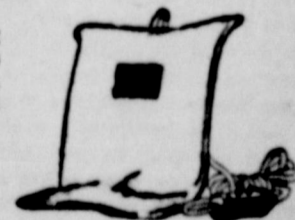
\$8.00 up

Xmas Tree Lights \$1.00 PER SET up

Warming Pads

These downy-soft warming pads banish aches and pains with steady soothing warmth. A boon to the aged and invalid.

\$6.00 up



Electric Corn Poppers . . . \$2.50 up
 Pressure Cookers \$9.50 up
 Electric Clocks \$7.95 up

Buy Your Gifts on Easy Payments. Small Sum Down--Balance Monthly.

Open Evenings Until Christmas



Percolators

The delicious flavor of electrically made coffee brings Christmas cheer every morning of the year.

\$3.50 up



Heaters

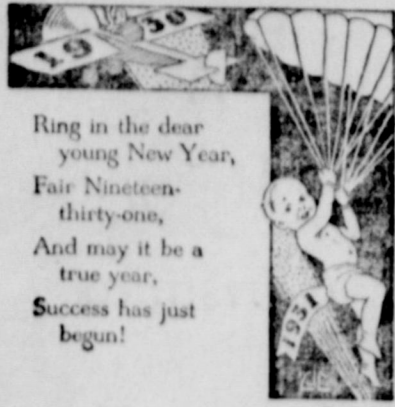
A cozy glow of instant heat for bedroom, bath and nursery. Carry it from room to room.

\$6.00 up

ANSWERING THE CALL FOR SERVICE
TEXAS LOUISIANA POWER COMPANY
 ECONOMICAL QUALITY MERCHANDISE

BREEDIN'GS BAKERY

Cakes that are as light as a snow flake, flucy as down. Pies that have that tantalizing flavor. Tarts that tease the palate, Pastry that is always good. You come over and see for yourself.



Ring in the dear young New Year,
Fair Nineteen-thirty-one,
And may it be a true year,
Success has just begun!

ORDERS FOR CHRISTMAS Received Now
LET US MAKE YOUR FRUIT CAKES

EAGLE SERVICE STATION
One Stop Service

Washing
Greasing



Snow and holly!
Christmas jolly!
Friends! good cheer!
A gay New Year!

Polishing
Phone 66

Quaker State Motor Oil
Your Business Appreciated



To our patrons and friends,
To our customers, too,
Here's the wish we are making
This Christmas for you:
May the pleasure that lasts,
And the joy that endures,
And success for the New Year
Forever be yours!

Make That Christmas Gift
A NEW CAR
A Buick or a New Chevrolet Six



We now have in our show rooms the New 1931 Chevrolet.

We invite you to call and look it over. No better make for the money and few higher priced cars are its equal.

Oil Gas Accessories
Washing Greasing

Casner-McKnight Motor Co.

Christmas



And Best Wishes For The New Year
—Empire Cleaners and Dyers.
FRANK ROBERTSON, Owner.

We hope the year that's finished
Has brought you happiness!
We hope that nineteen-thirty-one
Brings every new success!



Highway Lunch Room



Happy New Year!
Now a true year,
And a year of work well done;
Wreaths of holly,
All friends jolly,
Joy for nineteen-thirty-one!

O'Bryant Laundry



May all good friends surround you
To bring you Christmas cheer!
May all good things be with you
Throughout the fine New Year!

KERR HOTEL



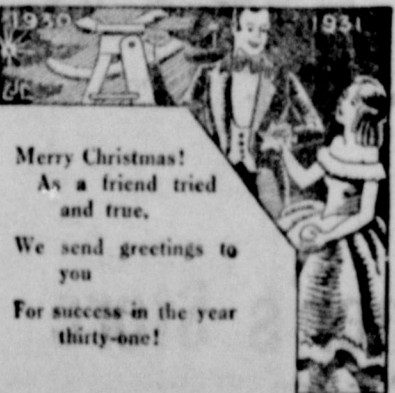
A bright and happy Christmas,
A jolly New Year too,
Good luck and friends aplenty,
Long life and health to you!

Powell's Laundry



Happy Christmas wishes
Caroled through the night!
Every joy to bring you
For a New Year bright!

DRYDEN HOTEL



Merry Christmas!
As a friend tried and true,
We send greetings to you
For success in the year thirty-one!

Lemons & Henshaw Abstractors

Merry Christmas to You!



May Your Christmas Morning Be Glorious
and Your Smile of Christmas Cheer
Spread on Throughout the Year

Sanderson State Bank

We hope the year that's finished has brought you happiness

We hope that Nineteen-thirty-one brings every new success



Santa is Beckoning You

to James House's Self Service Store Where there are Good Things to Eat

House's Self Service Store

We extend to you a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year



Give Yourself a Present That Will Last All Winter

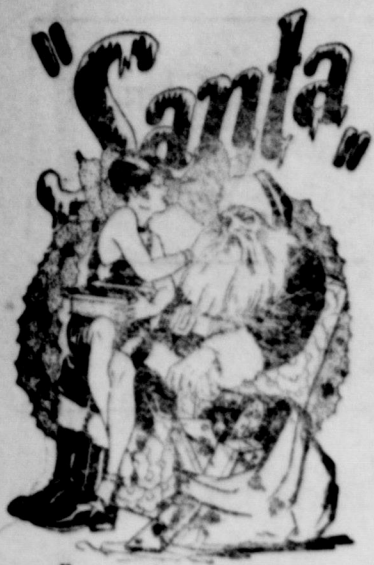
If it's a half a ton or ten tons, you will find Dawson's coal the best you have ever used. Every piece is heat producing, slow burning coal, with a minimum of ash. Because of a modern washing system it is free from dirt. Truly you will find that this is buying the gift of comfort.

Phone 35

W. E. STIRMAN

Phone 35

Make Up Your Gift List Now



-Has made our store his headquarters

PANGBURN'S
Better CANDIES

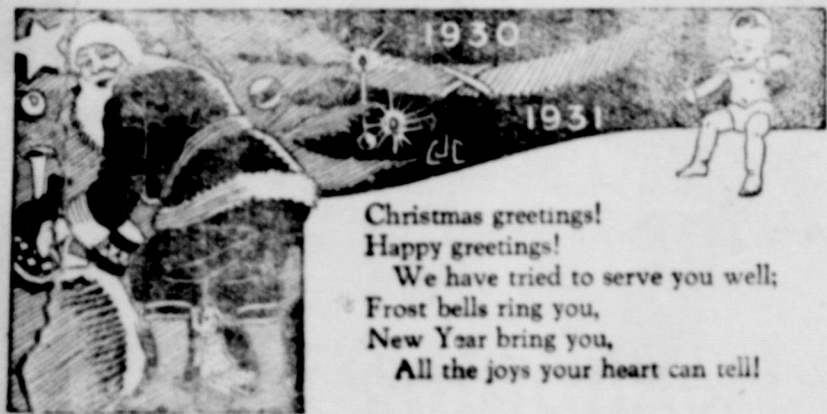
-make your selection from our display



Perfume, Kodaks, Victor Records, Toilet Articles, Stationery, and many other useful articles

Empress Drug Store & Confectionery

Mrs. Grace Lewellen, Prop.



*No better place in town to eat.
We serve the best
and try to please*

LOMA ALTA CAFE

Mrs. E. B. Whitaker, Mgr.

Get Ready For Christmas

Have Your Clothes Cleaned and Pressed at a Reliable Place



Our work is Guaranteed and our PRICES are to the minute

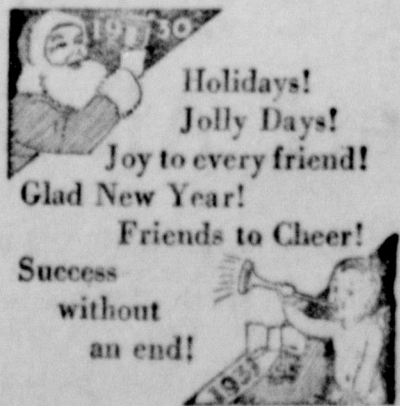
Model Tailors Phone 9

ROYAL BARBER SHOP

NO BETTER IN TOWN

FIRST CLASS WORK AT ALL TIMES

FRANK MAPLES, PROP.

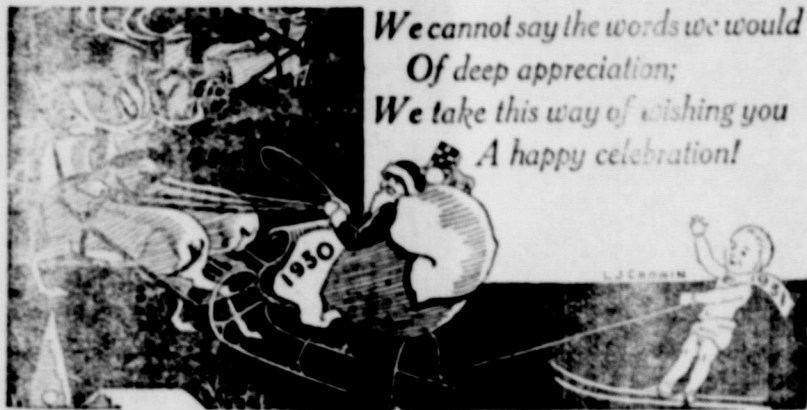


When your gift includes beauty of fine furniture; perfection of tone, and selectivity that brings into a room voices and music from over the world; in a world, when your gift is a Victor, or R. C. A. radio, it is a gift of joy indeed.

VICTOR OR R. C. A. RADIOLA

From \$112.50 to \$300

J. S. Nance



Forchheimer's Christmas Sale

OF

General Dry Goods, Ladies and Gents Furnishings

at Great Savings

Prices

That Will Interest You

Come and See For Yourself

L. Forchheimer's Store

"The Store For You"

A. F. Thrift, Mgr.

Wishing all of Our Customers

A Merry Christmas



and a Happy New Year

Brighten the Coming Holidays

WITH "SWEETS" FROM

The Sweet Shop



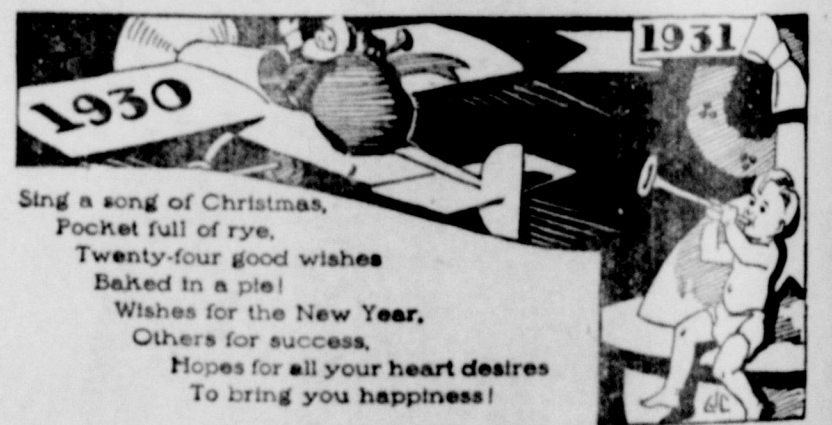
Let Us Supply You With Good Fresh Meats For the Holidays

Fresh from the farm for your Christmas Table



We have procured the finest of poultry to grace your holiday dinner table. Plump, well-fed birds that will be deliciously tender after a few hours in the oven.

Cooke's Market



Give Her a Radio

this Christmas



But make it a General Electric, Westing House, or a Stewart Warner

And the reasons for your choice will be appreciated, for the above featured Radios contain all that is wanted in radio today. That's filling a big bill, for you know what you want. We know, too, that's why we advise these radios as the radio supreme.

ALL PRICES

Texas-Louisiana Power Co. Sanderson, Texas

TO OUR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS



We take this method of thanking our friends and patrons, and wishing all a

Happy Christmas
and a
Prosperous New Year

Plenty of celluloid to fix your car curtains. J. R. Blackwelder

For Gifts—Eastman Kodaks at Sanderson Drug Co.

Mrs. R. M. Darling visited her mother at Buenavista, Friday night of last week.

For Gifts—Stationery, Pocket Knives, etc., at Sanderson Drug Co.

We can print your name on Christmas cards bought elsewhere. Sanderson Times.

Several from Sanderson attended the afternoon services at Dryden Sunday afternoon.

First-class dress making and re-modeling. Satisfaction guaranteed. Reasonable prices.

Mrs. Mary Lou Kellar. Next door to Presbyterian church

Mr and Mrs. Charles C. Beck of Gruver, Texas, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Earl Pierson and family. Mr and Mrs. Beck are Mrs. Pierson's father and mother.

J. Calvin Stansell made a business trip to San Antonio this week.

Mrs. Willie Banner entertained the Tuesday Club, Tuesday afternoon with a luncheon at one-thirty at her ranch home. It being a Christmas party, the living room was beautifully decorated with bouquets of poinsettia and wreaths of holly, and a beautiful Xmas tree, with lovely gifts for all. High score was won by Mrs. Bozarth Brown, second, Mrs. Jeff Sessums and low, Mrs. J. Nance.

Delphians Meet.

The Alpha Delphian Chapter of Sanderson met Wednesday, December 10, with eight members present. The following program was given: The School of Siena, Mrs. Lea. The purpose of Art, Mrs. Laurence. The Venetian School, Mrs. Stovell. Early Painters, Mrs. D. McLymont. Giorgione, Mrs. Jim Kerr. Next meeting will be on Tuesday, Dec 30. All members are urged to be present.

Mrs. G. Mussey, Sec.

FOR SALE

One 6-speed International truck. Driven 1100 miles. Good tires. In first class condition. With trailer, spare bed and wheels. Will sell for cash or trade in. Inquire at Sanderson office.

Notice to the General Public

Any checks with my name upon them by any other than myself will not be paid.
J. P. Yoas.

Notice of Reward Offered.

A reward of \$250 is hereby offered for information leading to the arrest, conviction and sentencing of any person found stealing sheep or goats from the ranch properties of the undersigned. A suspended sentence of a court will not entitle any informant of the benefits of this reward.

PROSSER & BROWN,
Sanderson, Texas

Highway Lunch Room

A Good Place to Eat
Short Orders Cold Drinks

Ranchmen

Let me do your Windmill Construction and Repair Work
All Work Guaranteed
See me, or phone 74
D. O. BOSWORTH
Sanderson, Texas

A Merry Christmas and

GOODYEAR
Ferguson Motor Co.
Ford Cars



Have Money For Christmas

The joy of giving is being able to PAY for your gifts. And * * after Christmas it is a joy to know that you still have a bank balance and can add to it regularly.

Start Saving Regularly Now

We Welcome Your Banking Business



SANDERSON STATE BANK

The Bank of Friendly Service



CARUTHERS GARAGE

Repair Shop

ACETYLENE WELDING

AND BLACKSMITHING

One Mile West of Town

PHONE 42

Charles Caruthers

Sanderson

Texas

Buick and Chevrolet Service

Have just installed all New Equipment

Can Handle Any Kind of Work

Be sure and see us before you go elsewhere

L. M. Waters

At Casner-McKnight Motor Co.

DON'T FORGET
The Sweet Shop

WHEN YOU ARE THIRSTY, CANDY HUNGRY, OR CRAVE A SMOKE

—TOASTED SANDWICHES—

HOLLINGSWORTH'S CANDIES

207 Curb Service All Hours

W. HENSHAW JR. PROP.

CITY BARBER SHOP

NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE

First Class Work at All Times. Prompt, Courteous Service

Ladies and Children's Work a Specialty.

HOT AND COLD BATHS

Your Patronage Appreciated.

F. A. SHARP

FRED YEATES

P. J. HOLMAN

J. CALVIN STANSELL

COUNTY ATTORNEY, TERRELL COUNTY

Sanderson, Texas

CIVIL BUSINESS APPRECIATED



LAST STAGES OF LIMBERLEG



DICAPHO-SALT CURED SHEEP

THIS — OR — THIS

DICAPHO-SALT HAS STOPPED THE RAVAGES OF LIMBERLEG (RICKETS) IN YOUR COMMUNITY

DICAPHO-SALT IS A MIXTURE OF 40% DICAPHO AND 60% MYLES SALT
DICAPHO IS THE MOST AVAILABLE PHOSPHATE MINERAL FOOD ON THE MARKET

DICAPHO IS

97% Pure Calcium Phosphate. Contains the essential ingredients of Lime and Phosphate combined in the correct proportions for most economical and efficient bone and tissue building and body toning up.

COLORLESS, ODORLESS AND TASTELESS.

No Danger from Bacterial Infection.

No Danger of Overdosing.

DICAPHO DOES

Entirely dissolves in the animal's stomach juices and so goes to work immediately to build up run-down animals.

Put fine finish on well animals. Put on weight—increases body size. Produces better and stronger young.

Increase wool and mohair production.

Animals take it readily from feed trough.

MANUFACTURED UNDER A SCIENTIFICALLY CONTROLLED PROCESS TO INSURE ITS CONSTANT STRENGTH AND PURITY BY

BAY CHEMICAL COMPANY, INC.
SUBSIDIARY OF MYLES SALT COMPANY, LTD.
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Dicapho Salt may be purchased from
Kerr Mercantile Co., Sanderson, Texas



Showing Stages of Recovery "Down-Pen" Sheep—just beginning to crawl.



Same Sheep—Showing improvement in "Down-Pen" test—complete cure effected in 60 days.

Pictures show results obtained with Dicapho-Salt on J. B. Moore's Ranch, Del Rio, Texas.

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By F. O. Alexander



WHAT'S ALL THIS COMMOTION AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT! - WHY AREN'T YOU YOUNGSTERS HOME IN BED? - THE IDEA, RUNNING AROUND DISTURBING PEOPLE LIKE THIS!



THAT'S RIGHT, BUCK - DON'T LET 'IM GET AWAY!

THIS FELLA WAS ENTERIN' YOUR HOUSE BY A WINDOW, MISTER! - HE SAID HE'D BIN LOCKED OUT -



HUH! - I LIVE IN THIS HOUSE - OF COURSE HE WAS LOCKED OUT - HIS KIND DON'T BELONG IN THERE - YOUNG MEN, YOU'VE CAUGHT A BURGLAR!

HERE HE IS, COMMISSIONER - NEED ANY HELP?



NOPE - ME AN' DUTCH HERE GITS ON FOINE TOGETHER, EH DUTCH? -

NOW YOU BOYS COME INTO THE HOUSE AN' LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN SCRAPE UP! I WANT TO HEAR ABOUT THIS CLUB OF YOURS

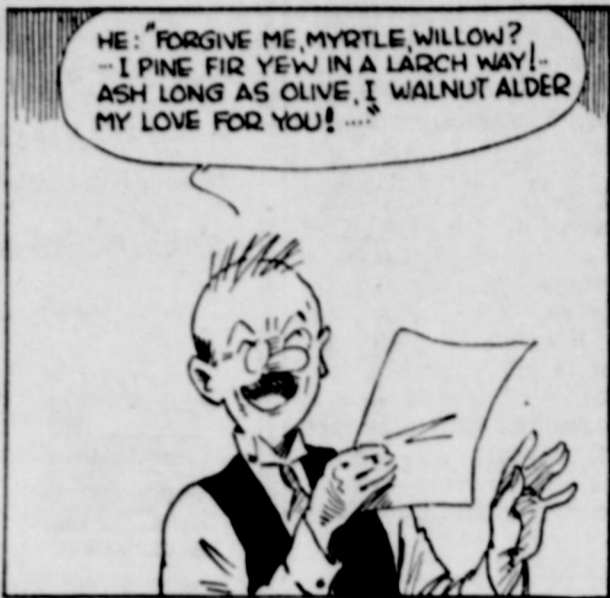
EATS!

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



LISTEN TO THIS, FANNY - I THINK I'LL SEND IT IN TO SOME MAGAZINE OR SOMETHIN' - IT'S ONE OF THOSE "HE-SHE" JOKES



HE: "FORGIVE ME, MYRTLE, WILLOW? - I PINE FIR YEW IN A LARCH WAY! - ASH LONG AS OLIVE, I WALNUT ALDER MY LOVE FOR YOU!"



SHE: "I'M SORRY, ELMER, BUT I WOODEN ABBOR THE THOUGHT OF MARRIAGE" - HE: "WELL, THAT'S OAK WITH ME! - YOU'RE TOO POPLAR ANYWAY - BUT YOU ARE A BEECH TO PUT UP WITH MY LUMBERING WAYS!"

Felix' Jokes Are Very Punny



YES, SEND IT IN TO SOME MAGAZINE, BY ALL MEANS, FELIX! - ANYTHING SO YOU DON'T MENTION IT AROUND HERE AGAIN!



OH WELL - YOU WOMEN HAV' NO SENSE OF HUMOR ANYWAY!

Along the Concrete



WHY NO TROUBLE AT ALL, TOM IS ONLY TO GLAD TO DRIVE OVER AND GET YOU. IT'S SUCH A MISERABLE NIGHT TO BE OUT IN AND THE STREET CARS ARE SO UNCERTAIN. WHY NO, TOM JUST LOVES TO DRIVE, YES, IT'S ONLY A HALF HOUR'S DRIVE, NO, HE'S JUST TICKLED TO DO IT.

GOING THROUGH THE "RED LIGHTS"

The Home Censor



WHAT HE DONT READ WONT BOTHER HIM

"HENPECKED" HUSBAND GETS A DIVORCE
COURT GRANTS DECREE; ADMONISHES WIFE FOR NAGGING

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Suggs



HERE COMES THAT POOR FELLER WHOSE STORE BURNT DOWN YESTERDAY



OH, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE!

TOO BAD ABOUT HER LOSS, MISTER!



IF IT HAD OCCURRED SOONER! YOU SEE, KID, WE HAD

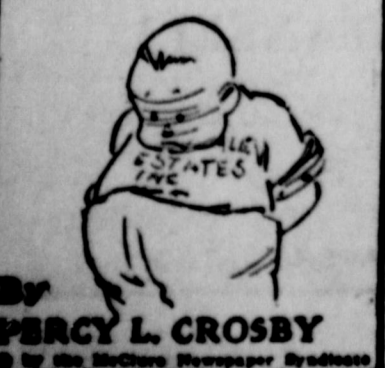
AS HOW?



JUST FINISHED MARKING THE STOCK DOWN 20%

The Clancy Kids

For a Time There Fat Felt Down in the Mouth



By PERCY L. CROSBY



HEY, FAT! DID YOU SWALLOW THAT GOLD FISH?



NEVER MIND! I FOUND HIM, FAT.



The Night Before Christmas

TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

Billy's Christmas Flowers for Mother

By Martha Banning Thomas

BILLY loved flowers, particularly red ones. From the moment he could toddle around alone, he had gone straight to the poppies in his mother's garden and pulled off all the heads. This was out of sheer love, not naughtiness.

When Billy grew to be three years old he still loved red flowers, but he did not pull off their heads. He kept them tightly in his fist, and smiled with contentment. One afternoon his mother took him shopping with her. There were a few last things she needed before Christmas. Billy was enchanted by the gay stores and happy looking people. He chattered by his mother's side and looked at everything with all his might. Once, when they were waiting to cross a street, Billy's eyes grew rounder than ever, for they were looking straight into a large, red poinsettia in a shop window. He had never seen anything so beautiful.

The policeman's whistle blew. People streamed across the street. But Billy's mother found that her little boy had not come with her. Somehow he had slipped away. She felt a moment of panic and ran back to the policeman before the traffic light changed. "My little boy," she gasped, "I don't know where he is!"

Then she heard a clear call. "Mamma! Here's— a— present— for you!" Billy's voice. She and the big policeman looked toward the other curb. Wedged in between peoples' legs and bundles stood Billy waving a great red flower. His face was all smiles. "A—SSSmas present!" called Billy again.

His mother and the policeman made a dash for him. The lights changed. Traffic roared by. "I found it in a garden," said Billy, "right there!" A surprised clerk was looking out of the flower shop window.

"Lots and lots of pretty flowers," croaked the child, "not dented like our garden."

"Thank heaven!" breathed his mother, "and thank you, Billy, for my present."

The policeman grinned and Billy's mother went in to pay for the flower. "He doesn't know any better. He thinks your shop is a garden," she explained. "I'll try to make him understand."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the clerk, "Merry Christmas, I'm sure!" Billy's mother hugged the child with a prayer of thankfulness in her heart, and shuddered to think of what might have happened. "This is a Merry Christmas!" she smiled, and Billy wondered why she held him so close. (© 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

HOW SHE WORKED IT



"I always get so many Christmas presents I don't know what to do with them."

"Ha! ha! Aren't you wise yet? I always use them for birthday presents throughout the coming year."

BABE OF BETHLEHEM

IN CHRISTMAS the whole Christian world prostrates itself in adoration around the crib of Bethlehem and rehearses in accents of love a history which precedes all time and will endure throughout eternity. As if by an instinct of our higher, spiritual nature, there well up from the depth of our hearts emotions which challenge the power of human expression. We seem to be lifted out of the sphere of natural endeavor to put on a new life and to stretch forward in desire to a blessedness which, though not palpable, is eminently real.—Cardinal Gibbons.

The Earliest Carol

The earliest Christmas carol we know was written in the Fourth century by Aurelius Prudentius. It was called "The Virgin and Child" and is still sung.

A Seasonable Reminder

One-half of the work done in the world is done in the United States, according to a Columbia professor. The seasonal reminder expectant youngsters hand to Santa Claus!

Improved Uniform International Sunday School Lesson

By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. (© 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for December 21

TIMOTHY: THE INFLUENCE OF HOME TRAINING

LESSON TEXT—Acts 16:1-3; Philip. plans 2:19-22; II Timothy 1:1-6; 3:14-16. **GOLDEN TEXT**—And that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Living for Christ in Our Homes. **YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC**—Religious Training in the Home.

I. Timothy's Parentage (Acts 16:1). His father was a Greek and his mother a believing Jewess. On his mother's side, at least, he had a godly ancestry. Frequently the influence of the mother makes the son. A pious mother and a pious grandmother were back of Timothy. How thankful to God ought those to be who have been blessed with a godly ancestry. Christian heredity and training are vital elements which go to make up Christian life.

II. Timothy's Training (I Tim. 1:5; II Tim. 3:14, 15). His wise and faithful mother and grandmother carefully nurtured him in God's Word. He knew the Scriptures from childhood through their training. The faith which came to him through his grandmother and mother did not come through the laws of heredity, but through careful training and teaching.

Three factors were involved in his training:

1. Godly ancestors. Those who have been blessed with godly ancestors should thank God for them. Those who are to be the parents of the coming generation should see to it that their children are not handicapped by a wrong life and wrong teaching.

2. A Christian home. The young of the human race must remain for the longest period under the influence of their parents. Unending existence and exalted destiny demand long and careful training. The goodness and wisdom of God are vitally reflected in this provision for humanity.

3. A diligent study of the Holy Scriptures. Timothy not only was taught the Scriptures from childhood, but was commanded diligently to study them (ch. 2:15). No home training or hereditary influence can possibly take the place of personal study of the Bible.

III. Timothy's Call (Acts 16:2, 3). While on his second missionary journey in company with Silas, Paul found Timothy at Lystra near Derbe. Perhaps he had been converted on Paul's first missionary journey, but bearing a favorable report of him by the brethren, Paul circumcised him so as not to offend the Jews, because his father was a Greek. This was in harmony with the decision of the Jerusalem council. It was a case where conciliation was possible without compromise of truth. From this time to the end of Paul's life, Timothy was his devoted companion.

IV. Timothy's Character.

1. Of a retiring disposition (II Tim. 1:6). He had received a gift from God at the hands of the apostle but it needed to be stirred up; that is, fanned into a flame. Such a temperament would mature in touch with a great personality like Paul. Each Christian has a gift from God's hand. It is highly important that the God-given gift be stirred up.

2. Courageous (II Tim. 2:1-8). Having been stirred up and freed from the spirit of fear, he deliberately identified himself with Paul in his sufferings and trials. Courage is greatly needed in doing the Lord's work.

3. Faithful (Phil. 2:20). Timothy tarried in the difficult field of Ephesus through many years. He was the only man of the proper fidelity to minister to the Philippians. The secret of his faithfulness in such a position was his fidelity to God's word.

V. Timothy's Ministry.

1. As a fellow missionary with Paul (Phil. 2:22). Paul testified that Timothy, as a son with a father, had served with him in the gospel.

2. As pastor of the church at Ephesus (I Tim. 1:3, 4). Here Timothy labored for many years, tactfully meeting the difficulties of that great church. The secret of his ministry, as that of all Christian ministers, was that he had implicit confidence in the Scriptures as God's Word, and that he diligently studied them so as rightly to divide them in meeting the needs of those to whom he ministered. This is the only way to meet the needs which arise in the difficult field of a pastor.

Humility
Humility is not only a virtue in itself, but a vessel to contain other virtues—like embers which keep the fire alive that is hidden under it. It empties itself by a modest estimation of its own worth, that Christ may fill it.—Thomas Adams.

Working With God
If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God.—George Macdonald.

Twelve-Month Calendar Used by Ancient Race

Those who propose a revised calendar are 4,000 years behind time, according to Prof. Arthur Posnansky, a German authority on obscure civilizations of the ancient world.

On a broad plateau touching the boundary line between Peru and Bolivia and overlooking Titicaca, the largest lake in South America, there lived, 4,000 years ago, a mysterious people who raised enormous temples and adjusted their lives to a calendar for 12 months each year, divided into three 10-day weeks, says Popular Science Monthly. The actual calendar as written by the savant priests of the ancient race has been discovered by Professor Posnansky, who is in Bolivia exploring the relics of the Tiahuanacans.

Although the Tiahuanacans are believed to have flourished at the same time as the Egyptians, it is difficult to trace their history, since they were unknown to contemporary Peruvians. The colossal stone structures built by the strange races are filled with huge monuments and statues and enhanced by elaborately carved doorways. The remains are considered in many respects to be among the most interesting of archeological records discovered in America.

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Freak Atlantic Craft

The desire to cross the Atlantic in some sort of freak craft seems to be contagious. A German production on the lines of a submarine with a weighted keel and with some sort of passenger accommodation up aloft is being constructed. The boat is stated to be unsinkable. It is made of steel, and is alleged to be absolutely watertight. This craft has actually materialized and an American named Jackson is busily engaged near Belfast on the building of a 75-footer (of wood) on the shores of Loch Neagh, in which he proposes to attempt crossing.

Immense Russian "Farm"

Louis Fisher in a recent article on Russia tells of the collectivized farms. One of the largest of these is known as the Gigant. An airplane is used by its director to get from one sector of the farm to another. It covers a surface of about 550,000 acres. However, this was not all cultivated this year. On this farm 3,541 workers, 220 tractors, 230 combines and 450 tractor seeding drills were employed. The total population was 17,000. This means that it was necessary virtually to build a small town.

And So Does the Dog

Musical Wife—It's strange, but when I play the piano, I always feel extraordinarily melancholy.

Husband—So do I, dearest.—Passing Show.

Pitch of Special Effect

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University Libraries
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Ancient Cotton Cloth
Fragments of cotton cloth have been found in the ruins of Mohenjodaro, in India, a town abandoned almost 5,000 years ago.

Plenty Of Time For Christmas



THEY had a good time Christmas at the Mackey home; in fact they had several good times—more good times than needed. Mr. Mackey had a prosperous insurance business down town. His son, Frank, was a deputy in the city clerk's office and his daughter was a confidential clerk in one of the big law firms.

Mrs. Mackey was housekeeper and homemaker. She was president of the Ladies' Aid society and in addition to other duties, was organist for the church choir.

Christmas was coming, in fact was only a few days off. An energetic clock agent was in town selling electric clocks. The Mackeys needed a clock so it was easy to sell Mr. Mackey one as a Christmas present for his wife, and in a day or two he had sold a clock to the son for his mother, and the daughter bought one, confident that a clock would be just the present her mother would enjoy.

The members of the Aid society were interviewed and a clock was bought for their president, Mrs. Mackey. Of course, the choir wanted to express their appreciation of their



organist and they bought a clock and sent it to the Mackey home marked "Do not open until Christmas eve."

On Christmas eve all the packages were brought in and the family gathered around the tree to inspect the gifts that old Santa had brought. That generous old soul handed Mrs. Mackey five good electric clocks. There was some little tinge of chagrin, but it could not be helped. Mrs. Mackey kissed them all and said playfully that she was going to have the time of her life.

The next morning, as Mr. Mackey was dressing he looked out of the window and saw the clock agent hurrying toward the depot. A hundred yards behind him came one of the Mackey neighbors. Mr. Mackey hailed the neighbor and said: "Stop that man ahead of you; I want to see him, I will be right up." When the neighbor reached the depot, the train was ready to start and the agent was climbing aboard. The accommodating neighbor pulled his coat and informed him that Mr. Mackey wanted to see him. "I can't wait," replied the agent, "but I know what he wants. He wants one of these clocks." "If that is what he wants," said the neighbor, "I can take it to him. How much is it?" "Fifteen dollars," replied the agent.

Red Coals And Christmas Eve



THE children had gone to bed, their stockings were all hanging by the fireplace. They were filled now. And two persons were sitting in front of the fire talking.

"Shall I put on another log?" he said.

"No, we had better not sit up much longer. Let's just stay until the red coals become dull," she answered.

Every Christmas eve they had sat like this when the house was quiet, after the stockings had been filled, after the tree had been trimmed.

It was becoming cooler since the fire had almost gone out, but their chairs were drawn closely up before the shining andirons.

"You always polish them so beautifully for Christmas," he said.

"You never grow tired of making everything as lovely each succeeding year."

"And you never grow tired of appreciating—perhaps that is why I can always take such an interest," she said.

"The andirons shine with fresh brilliancy each year," he said.

"Like our love for each other," she added. And then, for fear he might think she was a little too sentimental for one whose hair already had many streaks of gray she added: "You make me so sentimental, you darling."

He put his hand on hers. "It has been a hard year—all thy years have their struggles, but ever year, as I sit with you in front of this old fire it seems as though there is nothing that I want in this world."



"I think the thermometer will show zero before morning," he said. "I'll give the furnace an extra poke."

She waited while he went down into the cellar, and as he came up, and then went to lock the front door—the flickering lights from the stars and the bright white of the snow gleamed through at them.

"It's so beautiful," he said. "Let's take a look at it."

He put her heavy coat around her shoulders and together they stood out in front of the house for a moment.

"You always," he told her, "have been my guiding star."

And she put her hand in his and smiled through slightly moist eyes. He was so willing to praise, so willing to say those things when he thought them, that it had made her, she knew the sort of a person she was.

Each of them lived up to the praise and love the other gave. The glow of the Christmas fire warmed their hearts throughout the year. (© 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

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