

The Snyder Signal

TWENTY-NINTH YEAR.

SNYDER, SCURRY COUNTY, TEXAS, DEC. 17, 1915.

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“From Greenland’s Icy Mountains * * *”

A Painting by Henry G. Keller, Symbolizing the Universal Observance of Christmas.



THE CHRISTMAS MYSTERY-- BY DAVID GIBSON

THROUGH a pouring, cold, early December rain I had driven into the country five miles out of Keersburg, Ind., attended to my business and was back, sitting in the desolation of the office of the Keersburg House with two long hours to wait for train time—damp, depressed, tired, huddled up to the old cannon stove in the center of the barren room.

The Keersburg House was like other small country hotels, only more so. There was the same old wet place on the office ceiling—by it you could tell the exact situation of the washstand in the sleeping room above; the same cheap, spring-balance clock, surrounded by crudely lettered glass signs telling travelers to go to Livermore & Bacon for fine meats, Peleg Hostetter for fine livery, Steve Hankins for fine furniture and undertaking, and Tom Hawk for choice wines, liquors and 15-ball pool.

There was the same grease spot on the wall back of the counter where the proprietor rested his head while he sat and dozed, waiting for the 8:17 night train. There were the same smells of wood smoke, stale tobacco smoke, coal oil, a musty cellar and country cooking.

The only companion of my solitude was a little old man that sat opposite. He had never spoken to me, or I to him. There was no sound except the ticking of the clock, the popping of the wet wood in the stove and the rush of the rain against the front windows of the office.

This old man was dressed in what looked like new homespun, but wasn't. He wore a crumpled felt hat and boots. He had a short, white beard and a pair of sharp, blue eyes looked out of a wrinkled, brown, solemn face. A substantial citizen, I thought, one of those early Hoosier settlers that had knocked out his fortune by hard labor on the farm and had found his education and consolation in genial observance of human nature.

I was only aware that he was regarding me in my dismal reverie, when he said suddenly: "Great mystery, ain't it?"

"What?" I asked.

"Everything," he returned and set his serious gaze again on a glowing crack of the stove.

"But there's agreeable mysteries as well as disagreeable ones," the old man at length went on. "Suppose you never heard of the mystery of who gives Christmas to Keersburg?"

"No, but I'd like to, if it's an agreeable mystery," I said. "I'd like nothing better right now than to hear of anything agreeable."

"Well, it's always been a mystery, and a big one, too," picked up the old man as he twisted toward me in his chair; "for Keersburg always has a big Christmas—everybody, the poorest, the youngest child gets its toys, the oldest wash-woman get her calico dresses and good warm things, and all the needy ones get all they can eat that day an' supplies to last 'em for some time after."

"Even all them old folks out on the poor farm get theirs to put a little pleasure into their weary waitin' time."

"The afternoon before Christmas we have a big tree over in the K. P. hall, all the school children have a celebration with music and recitations an' I an' some to help me give out the toys and the candy."

"To see them children in there, all big-eyed, gigglin' an' happy, rich an' poor alike, an' the poor ones happier if anything than the rich ones—an', well, I ain't exactly a man of sentiment, but once in awhile I have to stop givin' out presents an' go behind somethin' an' cry."

"But," and here the old man paused and pointed a bent forefinger at me impressively, "where does it all come from?"

"Who pays the Santy Claus?"

"Who gives Christmas to Keersburg?"

I didn't know and I felt and looked very blank for an interminable period until the strange little old man, never taking his eyes off my face, took up his story.

"That's what nobody knows. At least, they didn't until—well, I'll get around to that later on. It takes some money, I tell you an' the possible guesses as to what it is are mighty few. But everybody in Keersburg is happy at least one day in the year, and that's more'n people in a whole lot of towns can say."

"All the buyin's done an' all the bills is paid by Elum Brown's bank, an' even old Elum himself don't know, for he says the money in bills and the list of the most needy ones in a strange hand-write is mysteriously put on his desk every year, that he just goes ahead and sees that the money is well spent which by the way is no small job—an' that's all he knows about it. He says, though, that he has suspicions, that he suspects a lot of things in this town both good and bad, mostly bad, but that he ain't sayin' much about 'em."

"Some says it is old Elum himself, but he says it ain't an' his word is as good as his check."

"It's pretty well covered up, but it's somebody that knows about everybody, for this is a old town with a good many old people still hangin' on, an' amongst 'em a lot of widdler ladies that ain't actually in want but don't have much beyond the necessities of life, an' there ain't one but don't get some knick-knack, a book or some little comfort that they wouldn't get if it wasn't for the one that gives Christmas to Keersburg."

The old man swung around and pointed out the window. "You see that place over there?" he demanded.

I looked, as he directed, through the gray of the afternoon, through the beating rain, across the flat mud of the public square, past a forlorn, hitched horse with its head hanging and rain running off his muzzle, and to a big, plain, drab-painted brick house. Most of its shutters were closed and I guessed they were so most of the time.

"Jason Keers lives over there all alone with a darkey man and his wife that take care of the place for him. His grandfather, Winthrop Keers, built the first house here and the town is named after the family."

"Jason comes around the hotel, takes some of his meals here; mebbe you saw him today—middle oldish man, big gray eyes, smooth shaven face, wears a straight brim plug hat an' a long coat that sticks out all around the bottom."

"No? Well, anyhow, Jason is a bachelor an'

his lips. He stays at home an' reads an' they say all his rooms is chuck full of books—never goes any place except back and forth from his house to the hotel here an' once in awhile to the 'piscopal church when the bishop comes to town an' preaches.

"He don't even go to the K. P. hall for the Christmas celebration, an' everybody always goes to that. I don't believe anybody ever had the cheek to wish him a merry Christmas, much less a happy New Year, for to look at him anybody would know it was a hopeless task to make Jason Keers happy by any means, cert'n'y not by a wish."

"You see that one-story ell on the side of his house? That's his office. There's a side gate an' a walk leadin' up to the door. His sign hangin' out there says he's a lawyer, but I never knowed him to have a case. I rather think he has some sort of a underground passage over to Elum Brown's bank an' he makes some of the loans the bank can't handle."

"As long as I've lived in this part of the country I don't remember anybody ever sayin' a good word for Jason Keers. They call him an old skinflint, a note barber an' Ol' Scrooge. Yet I never actually knowed of his doin' a mean thing."

"Of course, he loans money an' wants it back again. I never found him a bit different that way from anybody else."

"He loans monthly on farms, an' when I bought, cleared and drained my lower twenty, I got twenty-five hundred from him. Most of these

fine wife—about as pretty a middle-aged woman as you'd see. Black eyes, black hair an' always got a smile an' a good word for everybody."

"Mary Mason, we all call her, an' they do say she's got more sense than he had. A few years ago, they bought a fine place here in town, built on an addition an' furnished it with a piano-player, a phonograph an' a lot of fine stuff. Mary looked mighty happy in it, for I don't think the fact they owed on it worried her much—she knowed it'd all be paid for if he lived."

"A few months ago I heard Mason was takin' work lower than he should, lower than he could do it an' just keep his credit goin'. He was takin' the money from new jobs to pay up on the old ones."

"The wheel of debt finally got so big he couldn't give it another twist. He went home sick one night, took to his bed—an' poor feller, he never got up again."

"For a few days after the funeral Mary sat around in a kind of a daze, hardly knowin' whether she had much, little or nothin'. Of course, she feared the worst."

"One mornin' she set in the bay winder of her house, lookin' down the street. Suddenly over the tops of some bushes next the sidewalk fence she saw a straight-brim plug hat. The hat was movin' towards her house. She knowed that hat, or the man under it, or she thought she did."

"She didn't actually know that Jason Keers was comin' to see her—he was simply comin' that way. But she was scared by the possibility

an' all that was in them, just as Jason had done.

"Finally, she looked out of the winder in a vacant sort of way."

"It was snowin'."

"A smile come over her face an' she said aloud an' to herself:

"Now I know who gives Christmas to Keersburg!"

"Well, Mary took the paper down to Elum Brown at the bank together with some notes her husband had signed an' which Jason Keers had left in his chair the day he went to see her."

"Old Elum took this year's Christmas list, that he had just got, out of his desk an' compared the hand-write with that of the word 'Canceled' on the paper an' the notes."

"He didn't say nuthin', just nodded his head an' chuckled."

"Jason has been pretty busy of late helpin' the widdler get her affairs fixed up an' he has had to be up to her house considderable of evenin's."

"He's even had her down to the hotel here for supper the other night. I understand Keersburg is goin' to have a bigger Christmas than ev' this year, an'—"

The little old man stopped as if his story were ended and then, very reflectively, added:

"—An' I wouldn't be surprised—I wouldn't be surprised."

We sat a moment in silence.

The bus rumbled up to the sidewalk in the never-failing rain. The driver jumped down, shivered all over, threw open the front door of the hotel and yelled: "Up train!" The proprietor and two or three loungers appeared as if from some secret hiding places.

I put on my overcoat and as I turned to go out to the bus I shook hands with the little old man, who looked down at the floor, wagged his head and then cocked his shrewd, blue eyes at me and repeated in solemn tones:

"Well, I wouldn't be surprised—I wouldn't be surprised."

THE GIFT TIME OF THE YEAR.

The gift time of the year with its gaiety, joys and lessons, once again faces us in the ceaseless turning of the years. Every year brings this festival back to us. Though by its sublime origin it gives to all a common interest and conception, it applies itself to us individually in diversified ways. To some it means much, to others nothing. Like every other thing in life it is what we make it. And anyone who cannot see its beauty and the grandeur of its meaning is lacking in appreciation of the lofty things of life.

This season of the year is the epoch which has been the inspiration for the most exquisite poems, the sweetest music and the living of the noblest life. At this time we can hear echoes from the voices of the past, luring us to behold the greatest gift to mankind. The result of the gift was a revolution in morals, in society, in government and a new interpretation of life. Is it any wonder that poets sing about the gift, that essayists write about it or that artists use it for a model?

This time means more than an exchange of gifts. If this were all it would be barren indeed. It is a time for the blending of hearts and the drawing out of life its sweetest nectar. It is the best time of all the year. Though it usually comes clothed in garments of snow and ice, its frigidity is melted away by the rays from an abundant love. We can read its lessons of peace, sublimity and beauty written in letters of gold across the winter sky. It is the children's carnival, waited for through a whole year. With them it is hardly anything more than a gift-time. But they soon realize that it is not the monetary value of a gift that makes its worth, but the amount of love in which it is given.

As the greatest gift of time was a living gift, so the greatest gift that we can present to humanity is a living gift labeled—OURSELVES. Our best of everything, our every fiber vibrating in rapid oscillations impatient to spend their energy in doing some deed to help mankind, the promulgation of universal peace and the living on of the life that was only merely begun here by One whom we have learned to call The Prince of Peace.

LEGENDS OF THE CHRIST CHILD.

The German people have many legends connected with the Christ-child. One is a legend of Saint Hermann Joseph. The story runs that this saint, when a little boy, passed daily by a niche where was an image of the Virgin and Child, and delighted there to pay his devotions. His heart was so drawn toward the Holy Child that one day, having received what seemed to him a gift truly precious—a beautiful red and yellow apple—he ventured to offer it, with his prayer. To his unspeakable delight the Child put forth a hand and took the apple. After that day never was a gift bestowed upon the little Hermann that was not carried to the same place. He needed nothing for himself, but dedicated all his childish goods to the altar.

After a while grief came. His father, who was a poor man, found it necessary to take him from school and bind him to a trade. He communicated his woes to his friends of the niche and the Virgin comforted him, like a mother, and bestowed money on him, by means of which he rose to be a learned and tender shepherd of men.

Another story is that of the holy Rupert. Rupert was the only child of a princely house and had something to give besides apples. But his generosity and love were such that he could never see poor children suffering without giving them whatever he chanced to have with him.

One time, when he had given away his coat to a poor child, he got wearied and belated on his homeward way. He lay down and fell asleep. Then he dreamed that he was on a river shore, and saw an old man bathing many children. Rupert was seized with a strong desire to join them, and begged the old man to bathe him, also, in the stream. But he was answered, "It is not yet time." Just then a rainbow spanned the shore and on its arch was enthroned the child Jesus, dressed in a coat that Rupert knew to be his own. And the Child said to the others, "See this coat; it is one my brother Rupert has just sent to me. He has given us many gifts from his love; shall we not ask him to join us here?" And as the children shouted "Yes," Rupert



"Now I know who gives Christmas to Keersburg!"

farmers around here are scared of him an' won't borrow money from him. They'll get Eastern money from an agent an' pay a big commission an' be put to the expense of furnishin' an abstract. He never charged me a commission an' he knows the abstract on every clod of dirt in the county, by heart."

"Jason has a few farmer tenants around here an' the young ones get as much or more out of his judgment as his land, for he tells 'em what to plant an' where to plant it, an' even advances 'em money to buy machinery, stock an' fertilizer. Course he gets it back, who wouldn't?"

"For me, I figure that when the people here borrow money from a bank or an insurance company, they ain't borrowin' it from any one person in particular, but when they get it from Jason, why, they see him every day an' he is some one person they can cuss an' damn because they don't like to pay it back."

Here the little old man stopped short, took the iron poker from under the stove, wiggled it vigorously in a hole in the front, lifted the top lid and dropped in a chunk of wood. There was an eruption of sparks and smoke before he could get loose of the lid and he sat down, brushing his beard and hands.

"Ed's over to the livery stable, I s'pose," he uttered. "A body could come in here and steal the whole hotel if it was worth carryin' away."

There wasn't a human thing on the square, so far as I could see, and it seemed to me the little old man and I were the only souls in the town.

"For some years there's been a fellow around here by the name of Mason, a contractor. He started in doing small carpenter jobs and finally branched out an' took whole buildings. He put up some stores not only here in Keersburg, but in some other towns around."

"He was one of these fellers with a good deal more nerve an' energy than judgment an' you'd see him on the street in a muddy buggy an' a big bay hoss, drivin' from one job to another with a worried, hurried look as if he was goin' to a fire. He always looked to me as if he didn't know where the next pay-day money was comin' from."

an' she ran out into the kitchen, shut the door into the hall, put her hands up to her eyes an' waited. She told me all this herself."

"It seemed a awful long time while she waited an' listened. It finally come—a hard, bony kind of knock, she said, that went through the whole house an' kind of chilled the air till she shivered as she stood waitin' behind the kitchen door. Then there come another knock, harder an' bonier than the first one."

"Mary pulled herself together, opened the kitchen door and went through the hall to open the front door, dead set to meet fate with a smile."

"Jason Keers stood on the front porch without a flicker of expression on his face. Mary took him into the settin' room, give him a chair and set down herself. Jason set still a long time, workin' his hat around by the brim. I can see him now myself."

"Then he said it was a cold mornin'. Then he looked all around at the furniture, put his hat on the floor, cleared his throat, looked down at the carpet an' said:

"Mrs. Mason, I don't know whether you know it or not, but a short time before your husband died he assigned to me the equity in this property, all the furniture in these rooms, what he had comin' to him on certain contracts an' even his life insurance, all in consideration of me lettin' him have certain sums of money."

"No, Mr. Keers, I did not," says Mary, "an' what's more, I don't know anything I can do to keep you from executin' it."

"Well, there is somethin'," says Keers, lookin' Mary square in the face.

"What's that?" says Mary.

"Jason, he unbuttons his long coat, goes down into his inside pocket an' takes out a document, unfolds it, hands it to her an' says real quick:

"Take this out to the kitchen stove—an'—an'—burn it."

"An' then Jason buttoned his coat, picked up his hat, hustled out of the room, opened the front door himself, banged it after him an' disappeared down the street."

"Mary set in her chair for some minutes just as Jason had left her, with the paper in her lap. She told me this herself. Then she begun rock-

How Each Land Celebrates Christmas

IN ALL the year, all over the world, there is no day which fills the heart of the world with such joy and tenderness as Christmas.

It is the time when the fire of generous impulse burns high and whatever may be said of the danger of Christmas giving degenerating into commercial give-and-take, it is still a fine pleasure to thousands who love children and sympathize with the poor in the spirit of Him of whose birth the day is celebrated.

In medieval times there was a tradition of holiness investing an illuminated tree, which made it mystically appropriate to the season of the Winter solstice. These traditions may have been strongly influenced by the fact that about this time the Jews celebrated their Feast of Lights, also known as the Feast of Dedication. Lighted candles are a feature of the Jewish feast. Innumerable lights must therefore have been twinkling in every Jewish house in Bethlehem and Nazareth at about the reputed time of the Savior's birth. These vague traditions merging together finally led to the permanent establishment of the Christmas tree.

There is something fascinating about the folklore of the seasons, and when such legends are based upon such pleasant conceits, they become doubly interesting. Despite the whirligig of time, the good old traditions still linger with us. Christmas is remembered in the different countries of Europe according to their peculiar national characteristics.

It was the marriage of Queen Victoria to a German prince which led to the introduction of the German custom into England. In America the German emigrant brought the tree with him, and it was soon taken up by all classes. Merrie Old England was the soil in which the Merrie Christmas took its firmest root. Christmas, it must be remembered, was not then a single day of sport. It began Dec. 16 and it ended on Jan. 6, or twelfth night. All this period was devoted to holiday making.

In Germany, Christmas is a day of great rejoicing, particularly for the children, and is cele-

brated early Christmas Eve. Greens are hung from window and door, and garlands upon the walls. Upon the dining table a great cold supper is spread. The children's eyes are glued to the sliding doors which are presently to open and disclose the tree. At 6 o'clock a bell rings. Back swings the portal, and there it stands, resplendent with lights and tinsel.

Everybody kisses everybody else, and for three or four hours the cares of life are entirely forgotten. For the evening there is a dance, with much music and much merriment.

In no land is Christmas more generally celebrated than in Scandinavia. Peace and good will are the order of the season. The courts are closed, old quarrels are adjusted, and feuds are forgotten. A pretty symbol that reigns is the yuletide practice of placing in a row every pair of shoes in each household, typifying that during the year the family will live together in peace and harmony. Scandinavia is especially the land of the yule-log of Christmas stories and legends of Thor and Odin. The time out of mind custom of telling stories around a blazing hearth is still popular and a good story teller is ever welcome. Even the birds of the air are religiously thought of, and a sheaf of wheat is placed aloft on a pole in front of each house, to provide them with food, and in compliment of the day, all the household animals receive double rations.

In Sweden the people, rich and poor, alike rise as early as 3 o'clock on Christmas morning to attend divine service. But before leaving, every man's house is illuminated with as many candles as he can afford. The curtains are drawn. The windows are brilliantly illuminated, and through them one may catch a glance of the myriad of mystic lights that sparkle on the pungent Christmas tree pointing the way and cheering the procession as it passes along the road of snow. No nation in the world can surpass Norway in its enthusiastic love of country, and national songs are in order, even at a Christmas dinner.

In Germany on Christmas Eve the whole household prepares for church, when a simple but impressive service is always held. The wor-

shippers are armed with lighted candles, and the first comer, of course, will find the church in darkness. He places his lighted candle before him, and, as one after another appears, fresh candles flash out, till the building resembles a large parterre of single flames. The services over, the season is supposed to have fairly begun, and Christmas greetings are heard on every side.

In the rural life of Russia Christmas Eve is an important event. At sunset, young and old assemble in the principal street of the village, and, forming in procession, visit the house of the resident nobleman, the mayor and other village dignitaries, where they sing carols and receive coppers in return.

As soon as the evening star appears above the horizon, a supper is served. The feast begins by dividing the blessed wafer, a small portion of which is given to each person. This is a sacred rite in which none dare refuse to participate. The head of each family is given his first. The remaining members are served according to their ages, the little children, of course, being left to the last.

In Serbia and Bulgaria an early ceremony has to be performed by the head of each household. Before breakfast is thought of, corn is placed in a stocking and the chief of the family sprinkles a little salt before the house, saying, "Christ is Born;" to which one of the inmates replies, "He is born indeed." Then the housefather has to "wish," and, advancing to the hearth, where logs are burning in readiness, strikes them until sparks fly out, with a good wish for the horses, another for the cows, and so on through the whole farming stock, winding up with an extra blow for a plenteous harvest.

Then the ashes are collected, a coin is placed among them and the whole is hidden, or, in some districts, burned. As for the yule-logs, they are not permitted to smoulder quite away, but are carefully garnered, and the burnt ends placed in clefts of the fruit trees, so as to insure a bountiful crop.

At Christmas time the Italians prepare for Christmas sumptuous banquets, mostly of fish,

done in wonderful and diverse ways, and fish is eaten a week before the great feast night. Conspicuous among the presents is the "Urn of Fate." Children and friends, in order of their age, are bidden to put their hands into the urn and draw their fate. Many a blank is drawn, but in the end each one is satisfied with what best suits him. This urn is to the Italian children what the Christmas tree is to the young people of other countries.

From the land of the "Midnight Sun" to the evergreen south of perpetual Summer is a long journey, but in all the distance there is found no country where the Christmas festival is not celebrated.

The Christmas customs in America have been transplanted from Europe. Our Christmas tree comes from Germany, our Santa Claus from Holland, the Christmas stocking from Belgium or France, while "Merrie Christmas" was the old English greeting shouted from window to street on Christmas morning.

At present Christmas day, if somewhat shorn of its ancient glories, and unmarked by that jollity and exuberance of spirits which distinguished it in the time of our ancestors, is, nevertheless, still the holiday in which, of all throughout the year, all classes of society most cordially participate.

In no country is Christmas more heartily celebrated than in the United States. The spirit of good will and of gift-giving seems to fill the very air. The rich give lavishly and willingly of their abundance—princely sums toward the building of churches, the endowment of colleges, the housing of the poor. Even the countless thousands of poor newsboys who work hard and faithfully in all weathers through the entire year, to them and to the poor in all our great cities is given every Christmas day a substantial dinner.

And so, as the Christmas of 1915 is ushered in by the merry pealing of the church bells, may every living being catch something of the music as they ring out this vibrant message:

"Rejoice! And again I say unto you, Rejoice! For Christ the Lord was born on Christmas day!"

The Prospector's Christmas

Among the Mining Camps on Christmas Day

PROBABLY for the reason that he has elected to follow the loneliest calling in the world, Christmas with the prospector in any part of the world can hardly be called an occasion of cheer," said an old-time prospector who had followed the lure of gold pretty well all over the globe. "Generally Christmas is a time of soreness of spirit with him for the reason that the date merely serves to revive old memories and to intensify his sense of aloofness from all the pleasures of life. If he happens to be in a mining camp on Dec. 25 his bitterness is merely intensified. Uncouthness, which passes over his head during the remainder of the year, serves to irritate him on Christmas. I have been in a mining camp in Alaska at Christmas when it was instinctively felt that if any man merely said a word about the day it would mean his death. Men talked briefly enough of other subjects, but no man ventured a remark about Christmas.

"I was in such a camp about ten years ago, forty miles inland from Council. There was a big bunch of 'snowbirds' in there—that being the name of the Alaska prospector who dares the snows of winter in following his calling. For several days an atmosphere of gloom had settled down on the camp. We were all dreading the advent of Christmas day, with the memories it was sure to bring. I remembered that I had not seen my partner, Alf, for a day or two, but thought he was glooming around just like the rest of us—preferring to flock alone. But I took a stroll down to Alf's shack, just to see how he was getting along. He had a big dog—one of the native breed, that is more savage than a wolf. I noticed that the dog didn't threaten to make mince-meat of me as was his wont when I hove in sight. Wondering what had come over the critter to make him so gentle. I shoved past him and entered Alf's little one-room cabin, but my own heart almost stopped beating when I saw that Alf was dead.

"He had died while kneeling before his bed, saying his prayers. He had been sick for some time, but nobody thought it was anything serious, and Alf, who had been a prospector for fifty years, wasn't the sort to complain. He wasn't much given to praying, but probably the memories of Christmas had started him to repeating some boyhood prayer, and death took him while he was on his knees.

"When the rest of the boys heard what had happened everybody agreed that so popular a man as Alf ought to have the right kind of a funeral. It was two days to Christmas and we decided to bury him on that day. Furthermore, he was to have a Masonic funeral. But there was nothing in that barren waste to serve as a sprig of acacia. Two volunteers offered to mush to Council, a mere matter of forty miles and back, and bring some branches from a few stunted pines that grew there. Others volunteered to prepare the grave. One job was about equal to the other. We blasted a grave out of solid rock, and in the Alaskan winter darkness we buried poor old Alf with all the honors to which his craft entitled him. It was the most solemn scene that ever entered my life—that Christmas funeral 'north of 53.'

"Some of the sourdoughs made it a point to spend every Christmas in the 'states' even if they've missed the last of the regular boats and have to mush to Kodiak or Dutch Harbor and come out with a government outfit. I came down with such a bunch one year and we hit Seattle on Christmas day. In our party was a chap who had married an Eskimo—a girl who had found him nearly frozen on the trail and who had saved his life. It was the first sight his wife had

he had given her to spend. She spent about \$47 for ribbons, which she had strung all over herself from head to heels. She was a sight when she strolled into the lobby of the hotel, where most of us were standing, just as we had arrived. Not one of us cracked a smile but a traveling man who didn't have much idea about the danger of laughing at a sourdough's wife let out a ha-ha. At that a heavy muckluck, propelled by the brawny leg of the biggest prospector in the outfit, landed on him and he flew several feet in the air.

"Down in our southwestern deserts one will find scores of lonely prospectors who fairly dread the word Christmas. Of course, it isn't quite so bad there as in Alaska, as with two or three weeks' start a man can be at home if the longing gets too strong for him. But the prospector who has to spend Christmas out in the desert deliberately tries to fool himself regarding the date. He will try to skip days, but the harder he tries the more firmly each date becomes impressed



on his mind, and when Christmas comes he knows it just as well as if he heard the bells ringing back home.

"I mushed into a prospectors' camp in Nevada one Christmas night. There were two or three burros rustling about near the camp, but one of these animals was more favored than the rest for she was lying down at the campfire when I came in, snoozing away for all the world like a human being. To my amazement I saw a little pine tree by the fire. I knew it must have been brought down from the mountains forty or fifty miles away. It was hung with a knife and salt shaker and various other things out of the pack outfit. I knew it was meant for a Christmas tree, but I had learned the wisdom of keeping a close mouth where other men's affairs are concerned so I said nothing. After I had sat at the camp fire and talked awhile, with the burro snoozing on as if it wasn't worthy of any attention, the prospector told me the story of that tree.

"It seems that he had gone to the hills and got it and set it up for his pet burro. She had saved his life a week or two before. She had sounded a note of warning when he had reached for some sagebrush to start a fire, and had laid back her ears and had come down with lightning quickness, with all four feet bunched, on one of the deadly side-winder rattlesnakes of the desert—the reptile that is dreaded above all things by the prospector. It wasn't enough for the old man to show his gratitude by pampering that burro out of all reason—she must have a Christ-

perhaps. Or, perhaps, in imagination, the old man may have seen a little child playing about that Christmas tree which the pampered burro regarded with such cold indifference. Who knows?

"Down in Old Mexico I knew a prospector who dated all his luck from one Christmas, several years ago, when he stopped at a little settlement not far over the American line. Broke and hungry, he knocked at the door of the most pretentious dobe house in town. A peon was about to drive him away on account of his disreputable appearance, when a priest came and interfered. The alcalde also put in an appearance, and the tired, almost barefoot man was bidden to enter, and his burro—a bunch of bones—was taken care of. After being given food the prospector was asked to join in a Christmas service at midnight. He accepted, and found out that the alcalde was the owner of great flocks of sheep that had grazed on the edge of the barren country in which the stranger had been prospecting. The

the children's festival. But there is a feature in the Norse Christmas that I have not heard of in any other country in that in this market place there is for each Christmas tree a yulelog, or little sheaf of barley, each person who buys a tree also buys a sheaf. Then, when the tree is set up in the main room of the house at Yule-tide for the bairn (born, as they are called in Norway) the sheaf of grain is fastened on the end of a pole and put out in the yard for a Christmas feast for the birds!

If the degrees of civilization of a people can be measured by its behavior to the animals about it, then this custom denotes in the Norsemen a very high plane indeed.

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is a magic talisman when you learn the secret of handling it.

People who do good immediately discover that they get as much as they give.

Bringing joy bestows it. And the old spirit of Christmas comes to life again in every man who prevents it from dying in a child. It's a sort of atonement, and a great deal more besides.

You help yourself by fulfilling part of the responsibility that we all owe to the destitute, and there isn't another way of having so much satisfaction for so little cost as in watching what happens in a tenement room when a child of poverty opens a Christmas box (not to mention the look of the mother and the recording angel's entry on that none too crowded credit side of your eternal account.)

A CHRISTMAS TOAST.

The day of good-will—to the cold weather without and the warm hearts within—to the Christmas tree, which grows in a night and is plucked in the morning by the gladdest of fingers—to the day in which religion gives sweetness to social life—Christmas gifts; may they bless the giver not less than the receiver—to the oldest of our festivals, which grows mellow and sweeter with the passage of the centuries—to Saint Nicholas—to a merry day that leaves no heartache—to a good Christmas; may sleighing, gifts and feasting crowd out all gambling and drunkenness.

Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all and make good cheer;
Welcome all another year!
Welcome Yule!

Louisiana Protects Her Wild Animals.

The conservation commission of Louisiana not only protects the wild birds of that state from ruthless hunters but also has so protected the wild animals that they multiply in great numbers. New Orleans is now the largest primary fur market in the United States, and a prominent fur dealer of that city recently stated to the writer that sales of musk rat skins in New Orleans in one season has run as high as six and a half million skins. The South and Southwest, as a whole, produce more coon, o'possum, musk rat and skunk skins than any other part of the world. All fur skins are now bringing better prices than in any previous year, and it would pay our Texas boys after all crops are gathered to trap wild animals and sell their skins. The coon and o'possum are easily trapped or caught with hounds.

Here's to a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,
Without a misfortune and without a tear;
May good luck follow you and abide,

CHRISTMAS FOR THE BIRDS.

Among the other delightful traits of the Scandinavian people is their custom in their Yule festivities of thinking not only of the happiness of their little ones, but of teaching these children to bear in mind the happiness of others and in particular of the animals about them.

At the Yuletide season, we are told, the market place of Christmas presents a very gay aspect,



"This is all I care to keep from the old home."

OUR first Christmas Eve in a canal boat!" said Clara Haven, laughing. "Oh, Effie, did you ever think we should come to this?"

"It isn't a canal boat; it's a cottage!" cried indignant Effie. "And, if you didn't tell them, nobody would ever know it was made out of the old boat that went ashore in the freshest a year ago."

"Backed up against the rocks," said Clara. "With a chimney constructed out of an old stovepipe, and exactly two rooms in it."

"Two rooms are enough," said Effie, still valourously espousing the cause of the cottage. "What should we do with more than two rooms?"

"But to be sure the fact that we pay no rent is a great advantage," remarked Clara. "I don't think, if it came to that, that anybody could collect rent from a canal."

"Clara, hush!" said Effie. "And just see how lovely those autumn leaves are against the white curtains! And doesn't the fire blaze up beautifully? And see what a lovely red trail of light the sunset leaves against the snow!"

"I could copy that, I am sure, if only it would not fade away so quickly!" cried Clara, her eyes kindling with an artist's enthusiasm. "Oh Effie!" "There it goes!" cried Effie, dropping her outstretched hand as if it had been an enchanter's wand. "The sun is down—the crimson track is gone. Come, Clara, get out the books and the dictionary; we must work, even though it is Christmas Eve. Hush! there is someone coming up the path from the river. I can hear the grinding sound of footsteps on the snow."

Then came a tap on the door, and Effie Haven sprang to open it. Harvey Darrow stood there, both arms full of dark-green, glossy leaves.

"Mistletoe! Oh, Mr. Darrow!" cried the girl. "I found it down in the Black Woods," said the young farmer, his bright eyes sparkling back an answer-signal to the gladness of Effie's face. "There was an old dead tree all garlanded with it, and I knew you would like some. Mother don't think Christmas is Christmas without mistletoe. Her folks were English, you know, and she still clings to their traditions. Here—let me hang some over the mantel and above the doorway. Is that right?"

"How thoughtful it was of him to remember us!" said Clara, when the door was closed, and the footsteps sounded again, crisp and hollow in the freezing air, down the steep bank that led to the river.

"Yes," said Effie, busying herself with one or two polished mistletoe leaves that had fallen to the floor, "it is something to be remembered on Christmas Eve!"

Harvey Darrow kept on his way across the steely, gleaming surface of the hard-frozen Delaware river—through the snow-mantled gorges to a cozy farm house that nestled beneath a knot of monster maple trees, with its casements shining a welcome.

"Here's your Christmas mistletoe, mother!" he cried cheerfully. "Make the most of it, for the old tree is rotten at the heart, and I don't think it will last many more years."

Mrs. Darrow came out of her kitchen with a big pewter spoon in one hand and a spice-box in the other hand.

"It ain't as much as usual, is it, Harvey?" said she, critically surveying the fragrant, black-green heap. "Pears to me as if it was rather a scant lot."

"I left a little of it at the old canal boat," said Harvey, reddening under his mother's keen glance. "Clara and Euphemia, you know—"

"Humph!" curtly commented Mrs. Darrow.

"And they lead such a solitary, unfriendly life," added the young man, "and they work so hard."

"Humph!" again spoke the old lady. "Girls with such white hands can't do much hard work, I guess!"

"But you don't know, mother. Clara does needlework for an art place in Boston. Such work it is! I only wish you could see it!" he added, with enthusiasm. "There's one landscape on black satin—a lake, and trees, and swans, and a yellow sunset gleaming through tree-trunks. It brought \$50; but it was an order, and I don't think they paid her ten for it."

"Fifty dollars!—for that straggly, sprawly Kensington work! I don't believe it," said Mrs. Darrow, bluntly.

"And Effie does translation for a bookseller. Of course they pay her a miserable pittance, because she is merely a woman; but I don't know of any one that works any harder than those two girls."

"I suppose they could live with their relations?" observed Mrs. Darrow.

"On sufferance? They are too independent for that! They would rather starve than live on

their business!" said Mrs. Darrow, with a slight shrug of her shoulders.

Harvey was silent. "I want some of them big red apples out of the littlest bin in the barn-cellar!" said Mrs. Darrow, briskly. "The Northern Spy apples, you know, Harvey."

"Yes, mother," he answered quietly.

"I've calculated to serve a pretty nice dinner," said the housekeeper, complacently. "Nobody shall have it to say that the Darrows let Christmas day go by without properly observing it. There's roast turkey and chicken-pies and cranberry sauce and good, old-fashioned currant-jelly, and mince and pumpkin pies and a suet-pudding and apple dumplings, and—Oh I can't begin to tell what all!"

"And all this for us two?"

"Why, I've asked company, of course, Harvey!" said Mrs. Darrow, raising her eyebrows in an injured way. "There's your father's Uncle Elihu and Mrs. Bracebrook—"

"And the usual round of relations, I suppose, to eat your good things, and then criticize your cookery afterwards?"

"Well, Mrs. Bracebrook is hard to please, there is no denying that," said Mrs. Darrow. "And Aunt Lois can't eat chicken pie unless it's made arter that old Connecticut receipt, and your father's Uncle Elihu has to be dreadful careful about his digestion!" she pensively added.

"Mother!" said Harvey, suddenly.

"Yes?"

She paused with the lid of the spice-box in her hand. "Why can't you ask the girls from the old canal boat?" burst out Harvey. "They have no relatives near here to invite them to Christmas dinner. They are so solitary!"

Mrs. Darrow bit her lip.

"You never dictated to me afore whom to invite on Christmas day!" said she, a little shortly. "I don't dictate now, mother. Only—"

"My table is full," she went on. "And I hain't no notion of altering my arrangements."

Harvey stood a moment, looking out of the window.

"Very well, mother," said he, "this is the last time that I shall ask any such favor of you!" and he went quietly out of the room.

Mrs. Darrow looked after him with troubled eyes.

"It's mortal queer," said she, "what notions boys take when they get to be Harvey's age! And those girls living in an old canal boat, too, when there are Squire Duffy's niece and Mr. Marvin's daughters, just home from boarding school! But he did look awful put out, and there ain't no better son than Harvey, when all's come and gone. I'm most sorry— But there! it ain't no use cryin' arter spilled milk, and it's high time the loaf cake went into the oven. Harvey always likes frosted cake with a sprig o' mistletoe stuck in the middle. I'm glad I happened to think of it."

Christmas day came, ushered in by a keen wind with a sky as blue as lapis-lazuli, and a healthful, seasonable feeling of frost in the air.

Grand-uncle Elihu, looking like one of Pharaoh's mummies, arrived in a pre-Raphaelite sort of sleigh, drawn by an old gray horse. Mrs. Bracebrook was already on the scene. So was Aunt Lois.

Cousin Joseph and his fat wife sat contentedly on either side of the fire, and Deacon Hall and his daughter Joanna came straight from the church, where the parson had tacked an additional quarter of an hour on his sermon in celebration of the occasion.

And Harvey was coming slowly up from the barn, where he had been seeing to the comforts of Uncle Elihu's horse and Deacon Hall's rheumatic pony, when a neighbor came hurriedly across the hill and spoke to him in excited accents.

"Harvey, Harvey!" called his mother, from the

open door. "Dinner is ready! Come!"

Harvey strode into the midst of the festive group with a pale face and haggard, startled eyes.

"Have you heard what his happened?" said he. "There has been a snow slide on Barren Mountain. The old canal boat is buried in snow and ice, and the rocks and uprooted trees are hurled all the way down to the river bank. As for Effie and Clara, God knows what their fate may be; but I am going there at once, with Wilson and a lot of the neighbors, to see what can be done."

His voice shook; he clutched at a chair back to steady himself as he spoke, and then he rushed away.

Mrs. Darrow hastened after him.

"Harvey!" she cried. "Harvey, my son, listen to me!"

"Mother, for heaven's sake don't keep me!" said he, in deep, hoarse tones of despair.

"But, Harvey, dinner is ready."

"Mother, do you suppose I care for dinner if Effie Haven's blue eyes are closed forever? Don't hold me—let me go to the rescue of these girls!" "Harvey!"

It was another voice this time—a soft, tremulous voice—and Effie Haven herself, running out of the kitchen with a scarlet shawl thrown over her head, stood smiling before him.

"Clara is there, too," she said, coloring under the intense rapture and relief of his gaze. "We are quite safe, only—"

"I meant it for a surprise for you, Harvey," said Mrs. Darrow, recovering her breath and laying her hand caressingly on Effie's shoulder. "I went over there myself early this morning while you were at church, and brought them both back with me. They were to visit me until after the New Year's party, but now there's no telling how long I shall keep them. I did so want to see your face when you saw them first, and I've seen it," with a smile and a sob.

"Wasn't it kind of her?" whispered Effie, with the roses coming and going on her cheeks, and downcast eyes.

"Don't go to the snowslide," said Mrs. Darrow. "There's no harm done but can be undone when Christmas day is past and gone. Come back to the Christmas dinner now; Effie, make him come!"

Effie glanced at him shyly.

"He will come," said she.

And he came.

Of all the Christmas guests that day at Mrs. Darrow's hospitable board Effie and Clara Haven were the fairest and the sweetest.

"Mother," said Harvey, following her out to the kitchen afterward, "how can I thank you for this? Was there ever such a mother as you are?"

"Oh, child," faltered she, "don't you know that my chief wish in life is that you may be happy? Bring her home here to live whenever she will consent, and her sister, too. They'll be better satisfied together, and they are sweet, lovely girls as ever lived."

And the kiss that her son gave her was a rich reward for the battle she had fought within herself, the sacrifices she had made in secret.

"Their lives were saved by my asking them here," she mused. "When I went there with that idea in my mind, I was following the leading of the Lord!"

The next day Clara and Effie went back across the frozen river to look at the stupendous ruin wrought by the snowslide. The old home was a crushed and shapeless wreck, and Clara shuddered as she gazed.

"Effie," said she, "think what a dreadful death we should have died if we had not gone with Harvey Darrow's mother!"

But Effie, leaning lightly on Harvey's arm, was watching the men as, with spades and pickaxes, they strove to clear away the blocks of ice and drifts of snow.

"Here's some green stuff!" shouted Darwin

Hall, as his mattock pierced a wall of snow. "By jingo! if it ain't mistletoe!"

Effie stooped, and, picking up a sprig of the still fresh verdure, put it in her bosom.

"The mistletoe—the blessed Christmas mistletoe that you brought, Harvey!" she whispered. "This is all I care to keep from the old home!"

THE STORY OF A POSTAGE STAMP.

Inside the letter which the postman handed to Dinah for Master Tom was a carefully wrapped piece of gold, and when the boy saw it he gave a whoop of delight that brought his mother running down the front stairs.

"From Uncle Bob!" he shouted. "All the way from Egypt, mother—see, it's marked Sudan postage. How bully in uncle to remember me Christmas, way off there."

"Indeed it is," said Mrs. Howard, and her eyes filled with tears, for she had not seen her brother, Tom's beloved Uncle Bob, for several years and always at Christmas time she missed him most.

Left alone, Tom drew a great arm-chair up before the open fireplace and began to plan the spending of his uncle's generous present.

The heat made him drowsy and his head swayed a little as his eyes rested first on the stamp and then traveled to the glowing embers.

Then a wonderful thing happened. The stamp flew from the letter and a moving film spread itself over the fireplace.

Tom saw his uncle come out from a queer, foreign-looking place with a letter in his hand. From his pocket he drew a stamp—a very pretty stamp, the one Tom had seen upon his letter. It bore a picture of a camel at full trot, striding swiftly across the desert with a native upon its shoulders. This stamp Uncle Bob affixed upon the letter and glanced about for the postman, meanwhile consulting his watch. Presently up came the postman, on a camel's back. Tom's letter was placed among others in a bag slung over the postman's shoulders. The camel was urged forward again, and Uncle Bob watched till it was out of sight.

The hot sun beat down upon the rider's head, dry sand blew into his face, but all that afternoon his camel was speeding along, sometimes passing fields where natives were growing cotton, and at other times traveling through stretches where there was nothing but sand and rocks.

Suddenly the postman saw in the distance a great dark cloud moving toward him across the desert. In a moment he knew it to be an approaching whirlwind of sand, and he at once dismounted. Tom held his breath to watch more closely. The camel was made to lie down and bury its head, and the postman also buried his face against the shaggy side of the camel till the sandstorm had passed over. And all the time the postage stamp was lying safe in the postman's bag.

Up again and on toward Khartoum the postman sped. Here Tom saw the letters in the bag sorted and the camel stamp marked with a postmark to show that it had passed through the Khartoum postoffice. Then Bob's uncle's letter was made up with others into a package and carried through queer streets filled with dusky natives, with here and there the whiter faces of some English people. The package was placed on a railway and passed through a district famous in history. Close by was the River Nile, and at one point the letter passed near the place where the ancient Hebrews once toiled in bondage. At no very great distance, too, were the pyramids and the Red sea. Then it reached a great seaport town on the Mediterranean, and was placed aboard a mail steamer. The steamer touched at Malta, where other letters were taken on board; also at Gibraltar, the great rock which guards the entrance to the Mediterranean; then passing through the stormy bay of Biscay it was landed at Southampton, and a swift mail train hurried it up to London. Here it was again handled by a sorter and then placed on board a ship bound for New York.

Then the film vanished and the fireplace reappeared. Tom sat up, rubbing his eyes. Very carefully he placed the stamp in his album, and many times afterward he told the story of the stamp that bore his Christmas present over the seas, of the strange lands it had visited and the curious sights it had seen in its travels.

A Time to Think of Others.

Try to keep a happy and a merry Christmas. Try to make it a blessed and unforgettable festival of pleasure for more than yourselves. Do some little special kindness, each one of you, unobtrusively in your own immediate neighborhood, and never bother about the "inconvenience," or the "trouble" or the "cold."

Let none of us say we "hate" Christmas. Whatever our memories, bitter or sweet, they do not belong to the festival, but only to ourselves. Suppose, therefore, we lose sight of ourselves—our precious selves—just for once in our lives, and consider others a little? If we do this we shall find it easy to be merry, easy to smile, easy to say a kind word, easy to do a kind action, easy to bring home the holly, and very easy to hang up the mistletoe and wait a kiss from under it to any cross old boy who declines to be as happy, as we would like to make him!—Marie Corelli.

The Best Holiday.

It would be the pity of the world to destroy it, because it would be next to impossible to make another holiday as good as Christmas, wrote Charles Dudley Warner. It is impossible to conceive of any holiday that could take its place, nor indeed would it seem that human wit could invent another so adapted to humanity. The obvious intention of it is to bring together, for a season at least, all men in the exercise of a common charity and a feeling of good will.

I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time, a kind, forgiving, pleasant generous time; a time when men and women seem by one consent to open their hearts freely; and so I say, "God bless Christmas!"—Charles Dickens.

Rise, happy morn, rise holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from slumber

Christmas Bells

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For Hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep.
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

—Longfellow.



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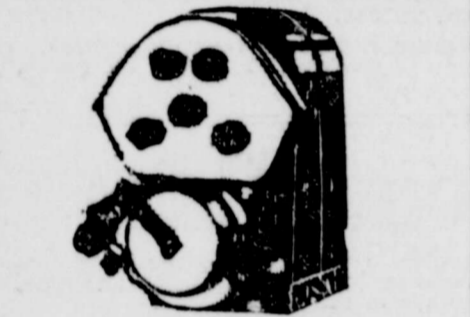
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THE SPIRIT OF GIVING.
When the Three Wise Men rode from the East into the West on that "first, best Christmas night," they bore on their saddle bows three caskets filled with gold and frankincense and myrrh, to be laid at the feet of the manger cradled babe of Bethlehem. Beginning with this old, old journey, the spirit of giving crept into the world's heart. As the Magi came bearing gifts, so do we also; gifts that relieve want, gifts that are sweet and fragrant with friendship, gifts that breathe love, gifts that mean service, gifts inspired still by the star that shone over the City of David nearly two

Gift Reminders

FANS are always welcome gifts and in giving a friend a black, white, blue or pink fan you are sure to match one of her gowns and fill a want.
She is also glad to get a new party bag in which to carry her dancing slippers, or a velvet or brocade one for her opera glass.

Auto Gifts.
Your friend with an automobile will appreciate the gift of a tourists' lunch outfit. These contain half a dozen small white plates, suitable knives, forks and spoons, collapsible drinking cups and various other conveniences for a day's outing in the machine.
These outfits are inclosed in leather or straw cases. To be included in them or given as a separate gift, there are very handy and complete emergency cases furnished with bandages and other first aids to the injured.
Another acceptable gift to the motorist is an individual drinking cup, silver or nickel-plated, inclosed in a leather case.

Utility Gifts.
As it is always permissible for family connections, and even intimate friends, to bestow utility gifts, remember that the home-maker of average means is hoping that her holiday gifts may fill some real need instead of being a lot of useless gew-gaws. She wishes to keep up with the wear and tear of time on her domestic outfit, so will be delighted to receive a dozen or half a dozen napkins or towels, a centercloth or set of lace doilies for the table, a pretty bedspread or down comfort, a warm bathrobe, a silver-plated baking dish or a shirtwaist box.

"Goodies" for Grandma.
Do not forget that elderly and old people are fond of "goodies" just as well as their grandchildren and that they are always glad to receive a box of their favorite candy or conserved fruit. When packing a box to send away arrange the various kinds of "goodies" in layers, dividing each layer with red paper or the white that bears holly and Santa Claus designs, thus preserving the element of mystery till the bottom of the box is reached.
In sending pictures to friends in the country do not send pastoral scenes. Real country people like pictures of the romantic type.

Flowers.
Then, too, there are flowering plants from which to make a selection—cyclamens, whose velvety blooms and oddly mottled foliage make them prime favorites with the one who appreciates something out of the ordinary; ardesias and skimmias, with their bright red berries. The list could be continued, but enough is set forth here to indicate that the one whose inclinations are toward floral offerings will experience no trouble in fulfilling them.

Sewing Requisites.
Every truly feminine woman likes a low, com-

fortable sewing chair of her own for the living room. She may also need a new sewing basket, darning bag or a dainty little work bag filled with sewing requisites. In giving such a sensible woman a gold or silver thimble it is made far more individual if, in addition to her name or initials, there is a brief motto engraved on it. Her own motto if she has one.

Dolls.
In dressing dolls remember that nobody sews the clothes on to stay, nowadays; they must all button and unbutton or alas for your thanks from the child who receives it. Also bear in mind that the slum child's dream of the unattainable is a doll with a silk dress while for the prosperous child you may dress a doll in organdie or any inexpensive material you have on hand, and delight the recipient. Such details as a sash and a bandeau in the hair count for much in effectiveness, and a doll hat is easily made of a bit of hat braid or velvet. A muff and boa, resembling ermine may also be made of white eiderdown flannel, putting on the black spots with pen and ink.

Aprons.
The Christmas apron is usually one that is just a little more elaborate and delightful than the everyday aprons that one would buy or make for oneself. Some of them are fluffy little trifles no larger than a man's kerchief, yet giving that desirable "domestic" touch, when donned, to the most idle of women.
An apron is always an acceptable gift, because one can't have too many of them. They will wear out in being laundered, and one must keep adding to the supply. Besides, the apron gift has the appearance of a "big" gift when in reality the expense involved is very small and the time consumed in making very little.

Crocheted Bean Bags.
One Christmas not so long ago a nice old lady wanted to send a gift to a small nephew, and she was much puzzled about what to select. She could knit and crochet and she had already sent him socks and sacques and wash clothes done up in dainty ribbons. Now he was getting beyond the baby age and she longed to send him a handsome toy. As that was beyond her means she puzzled and puzzled until scarcely a week before Christmas she had an idea.
She crocheted him a pair of little, round bean bags out of shaded mercerized cotton. She made two little crocheted mats, one of shaded green, the other of pink, about three inches in diameter. Between these she slipped the small cheese cloth covered bean bag. Then she joined the two mats around the edge with a crocheted scallop. Two of these in a little Christmas box delighted the 3-year-old boy very much. They were pretty and neither hard enough nor big enough to hurt himself or anything else when his aim was bad.

Importance of Wrapping.
The primary object of a gift is to give pleasure
(Continued on page 7)

Christmas in Wartime

By WILLIAM JEROME

FOR the first time in a generation the coming of Christmas finds most of the great nations of the earth at war with one another. The painful contrast between the angels' song of "peace on earth," and the awful conditions in Europe must strike every observer. The birthday of the "Prince of Peace" will be celebrated this year by so-called Christian nations with cannon and shell, with aeroplanes and submarines, with dreadnoughts all engaged in bloody strife. No wonder men have scornfully said, "Is this the outcome of nearly 2,000 years of Christianity? Is this the result of our boasted civilization?" No wonder men have despaired of humanity and questioned the value of all our pretended progress and supposed improvement.

The feeling is natural, but the criticism is unjust. The trouble is not with Christianity, but with those who claim its name and profess its creed. There has been no failure of religion or civilization, but a woeful failure on the part of the men who claim to possess both. This awful war does not discredit the Golden Rule, but it shows how far we fall short of its practice. No fault can be found with the teachings of Christ. Even those who do not claim to be His disciples admit their excellence and beauty. The only question has been as to their practicality. Can they be worked in this matter-of-fact world inhabited by human beings?
This war seems to answer these questions in the negative. The system is all well enough, says the objector, but it won't work under present conditions.

But this is to admit that the fault lies in the people, not the precepts—in Christians, not in Christ. The facts before us simply prove that Christ's followers have not yet caught up with their leader; that after two thousand years He is still in advance of His disciples. His precepts may seem too high and severe for such times of stress, but it is a true saying that "all progress depends upon an unattainable ideal." Universal peace and international brotherhood may seem but visions and dreams. But they represent the goal of our humanity, and the ideals of the race, for short though we fall of their perfect realization. Christianity, like every other religious system, must be represented and exemplified by men, with all their imperfections and defects. That they may fail to adequately represent their Master's teaching is true, but the fact does not discredit the Master, nor prove the impossibility of our attaining to a higher degree of civilization.

For we are to remember that dark though the picture is, there is a brighter side. The outburst of horror and condemnation from the whole civilized world shows how far we have progressed. As never before, war is seen to be an anachronism, and not only barbarous, but useless. It may to some seem necessary at present, but the ideal civilization has no place for it. The efforts made by the various combatants to excuse and justify their acts prove the power of public opinion, before which even war-lords must bow.

It is universally recognized that war must be justified before the conscience of the civilized world; that it requires explanation and defense. The fact marks an immense advance upon the older days, when kings gave no thought to public sentiment, and cared nothing for the opinion of the world. The condemnation which falls upon the wanton mischief-maker, the royal aggressor and the barbarous soldier, is itself a tribute to Him whose life and teachings are held in supreme reverence by the greatest nations of the earth. It is owing to the spread of His teachings that men's opinions about war itself have changed. The movements for international peace and arbitration, the building of the Temple of Peace, the meeting of The Hague tribunal, are evidences of the change of sentiment regarding war, and a prophecy of the final victory of peace.

We need not, therefore, despair of humanity, or charge the cruelties of war to Christianity, or any other creed. They simply prove that in the "long ascent of man" we have not yet entirely eliminated the brute, nor wholly "let the ape and tiger die." We have outgrown many evils, once regarded as inevitable and necessary as war. The "right divine" of kings to govern wrong; the oppression and enslavement of men; the polygamous home; the personal duel, have yielded to the influences which, emanating chiefly from the life of the Nazarene, shall yet do away with war, the last remaining "relic of barbarism."

Our failure to reach perfection should not blind us to the real progress that has been made. All progress, as has been said, is by a winding stair. While we sometimes seem to go backward, the general trend is onward and upward. It is a mighty impulse which drives the world onward. Eddies in the current may retard the stream, but at last it finds the sea. And the age of faith can catch sight, even amid the confusion of our time, of that

"One far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."
(Continued on page 7)

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**Christmas Plans and Games
For Boys and Girls**

"**J**OHN, John, where are you?" cried Betty, rushing into the room one Saturday morning and catching sight of her brother. "John, we can have a party Christmas week. Mother, just told me that we could."

"Why, that's great! It's fine of mother to let us, isn't it?"

"But, John, she says that we'll have to think up all the games to play, and just attend to everything. And what shall we do?" Here Betty's question ended in a wail.

John's delight was instantly sobered, but he set his wits to work and said, cheerfully: "Never mind, we'll start in right now to plan every single thing. Whom shall we invite?"

"Mother said you could have eight boys and I eight girls."

John giggled: "You sound like an ogress, Betty: how many girls did you eat?"

But Betty was already making out her list, so she didn't bother to answer. Then for a little while everything was very quiet as John and Betty carefully wrote down the names of their guests. "Now, that's ready to talk over with mother," said Betty, with much satisfaction. "But what shall we do first?"

"Play some games to help everybody get acquainted," replied John, quickly, "for I'm sure the fellows won't know all you girls. Let's get out our bean bags and count how many we've got."

"I just know the girls won't want to play bean bag with you boys; you'll be much too rough, and you can throw too well," pouted Betty, anxiously looking after the welfare of her guests.

"I didn't mean to throw them," explained John. "Divide the boys and girls evenly into sides, facing each other, and then choose a captain for each side. Standing next to each captain is a table with six bean bags on it. The object of the game is to pass the bean bags all the way down the line and back again. It is fair to use only one hand, and the side that first has all six bags back on the table, of course, wins the game."

"That can really be very exciting, can't it? For somebody might drop a bag or forget and use two hands."

"Yes. And if it happens, the bag has to be sent back where it came from."

"I know a fine game. I just thought of it! Let's make a whole lot of snowballs out of cotton, and cover them with white crepe paper. And then we can buy a good-sized wreath of holly and hang it from the ceiling or gas fixture to within about four feet of the floor. To make the game more real, we can pile all the snowballs on your red sled, John, and draw it into the room. The object of the game is to see who can throw the balls through the center of the wreath. Each will take turns and stand a certain distance from the wreath. We can have a box of candy for a prize."

"That will be fun!" cried John; "I'll begin to practice now."

"Oh, no fair! Aren't you ashamed, John?" cried Betty. "Besides, you are the host, and won't play any of the games."

"Oh," sighed John, "I forgot. I will have to be polite, won't I? I read about a game that they used to play in Queen Elizabeth's time, and I think it might be good fun to try at our party. One of us can hold a little branch from a Christmas tree, with some lighted candles on it. Then each in turn is blindfolded, whirled about three times, and then he must walk to where he thinks he'll find the branch and try to blow out the candles in two puffs. Sometimes, of course, when the bandage is taken off he'll be in an entirely different part of the room."

"Then," cried Betty, "if we are tired, and want to sit quietly around the fire, we can play the game of Christmas Greens. Have a basketful of twigs of all kinds of evergreens, and to each spray is fastened a number. Each of us writes down the number of the green and what we think it is. The boy or girl who knows the most gets a prize. One of those cut little Christmas trees, standing on a box of candy, would be nice, would it not?"

"And there's another game we can play, but we'll have to make the things. Cut out pictures of all kinds of toys and paste them on cardboard. Then cut each picture into irregular pieces. We can make little stockings of net and put five or six of these sliced toys on each stocking. The boy or girl who first puts them all together gets a prize."

"Now," cried Betty, "what shall we have to eat? Ice cream and cake, of course, or it wouldn't be a party. Then, mother suggested sandwiches and chocolate, or instead of the sandwiches we can have chicken salad. And with candy and nuts and raisins, I think we'll have plenty."

"Then we can decorate the table as much as we please," added John. "We can get all sorts of fine things to make from crepe paper. Oh, I do think it will be the jolliest party!"

The Frozen Santa Claus.
A true Christmas story from the lumber camps is rare indeed, for these places are, as a rule, so

isolated from the outside world that little attention is paid to the holiday. Yet Harry Boehme, the well known "sky pilot" of the West Virginia district, recently told a narrative of an old lumberjack which shows that even among these men, hardened as they may be to the gentler things of life, the Christmas spirit has a tender place in their hearts.

"I was in a Cheat mountain camp last Christmas eve," Mr. Boehme said, "when some one mentioned the name of 'Billie' Burke. There was an instant stillness in the cabin; the boys dropped their cards, and the words 'poor Billie' were on almost every lip. I was somewhat puzzled. 'Who was Billie Burke?' I inquired. For a moment no one answered. One of the boys called on old Sam—'Uncle Sam,' they called him. 'You tell him, Sam; you knew Billie longer than any of us.'

"The boys all drew their chairs near the fire and Sam told the story.

"Yes, I knew Billie from the time he was a wee shaver; me and him used to pelt each other with stones, tree coons and steal whisky together. You know Bill and his pop were in the moonshinin' business before the revenue officers copped it.

"A bad cuss was that young Billie Burke before he was sent to the reform school. But what chances did he have? He knew no better; the whole blooming family there in that one-roomed log house; the old lady digging ginseng in the summer to get enough to buy the winter's supply of snuff and chewing tobacco, and the old man running his still in the ravine, using the corn for whisky that should have made pone cakes for the kiddies.

"While he was at home the last time he met the schoolmarm of the Red Sulphur Spring school and he fell in love, I suppose, though he never said anything to no one but me; he said it to me real earnestly. Any gal would have been proud to have Billie; a straight, strong, clean and good-hearted boy. Why, the President's daughter wouldn't say no to him.

"If you galoots would cut out your poker game at nights and do as Billie would do; read and study by the old lamp and try and get a little learning, why, heaven bless you! you wouldn't be the good-for-nothin' wood hicks you are. I would do it myself but I'm too old. Anyway, Billie was my secretary; he attended to all my business affairs—I was too busy to do that. He kept my time; wrote home for me, and done anything I asked him.

"Sometimes now, when I lay in my bunk at night and hear the wind moaning in the pines, I think I can hear Billie crying, 'Ho there! Ho there, Jerry!' to his team of horses. When will he come back? When this long night is over and the day dawns afresh I'll see him, first of all, coming to meet me; Billie Burke, I'll see him first of all!

"Wish I could die like him! That turned me from my evil ways; and I am going to live on the square like Billie. No more rum, no more cards, no more wimmen; I'm going to live like Billie. I'm on the equare.

"I can see him yet as he left this camp the last day I ever seed him. I done told him to wait for the log train that went at noon; but he couldn't wait. He started over the short-cut trail to Durbin—a six-mile tramp. There was something in the air; I thought it was snow. There seemed a terrible silence over the whole woods when Billie left at dawn. That was the last time I seed him alive. 'Good-by, Uncle Sam!' he shouted from the hill as he waved his hand; 'and a merry Christmas to you; and don't get drunk. Make good resolutions for the New Year. Good-by!'

"Good boy, that Billie! May God bless him!" I muttered.

"He stopped at the Widow Jones' house on his way to Durbin, and she made him drink a cup of hot coffee, which she and the kiddies were having at breakfast. Then he told her about the Christmas he expected to spend at home. He was just bubbling over with joy, and the widow started to cry. At Christmas, she said, thoughts of the ones that are departed are green in one's memory as the holly leaves that grow on the holly tree, and like a circle of holly leaves are they entwined in a wreath of memory.

"Then Billie tried to comfort her, and asked her why she was crying. She said that her kiddies wanted to know about Santa Claus because the Paxson children, who went sledding on the hill, told them what Santa was going to bring them, and they asked their maw when Santa was coming to them. She told them that he wasn't coming; there wasn't going to be any Christmas for them because they were poor.

"That stuck in Billie's craw, and he said he would go to Durbin and get something for 'em,

(Continued on page 7)

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A Merry Christmas

Texas Artificial Limb Company
 203 1/2 San Jacinto Street.



Saving of Santa Claus

By MARY T. VAN DENBURGH

MAMMY and Joe, her husband, had taken care of their "Miss Sallie" and her little boy and girl since Marse George went into the army, and the faithful servants had borne many a burden and found a way out of many a difficulty without letting their beloved mistress know how hard it was for them, for she was sad and troubled, and they tried to spare her as much as possible.

But now, as mammy prepared the table for the evening meal, sighing over the plain food she must set before Miss Sallie, her heart was full of a new worry, which she could not keep to herself.

"Laws, Miss Sallie, I do suttinly dislike ter trubble you, but I don't see nohow what I'se gwine to do 'bout dem chillun."

"Why, mammy, what is the matter? They are usually so good."

"Dey's jes de best chillun de den shines on; dey ain't one mite ob trubble; but 'Christmus is comin', an' dey shualy expect some gif's like dey uster have; and no boxes gwine come from deir aunts an' deir grand'ma dis yeah, an' Marse George he off wid Marse Lee, an' we ain't got no gif's fer dem pore babies. Dey kem in my kitchen, an' dey whispered up de chimney ter Santy Claus what dey wanted; an' Miss Sallie, dey wants right smart ob things, an' we got nuthin', an' how we gwine git 'em wid de country full of Yanks? I study an' study, an' 'pears like I don't see no way out."

"Well, mammy, I will explain to them; they are so thoughtful and considerate I think they will understand; and when this war is over, if my husband comes back—"

"Marse George gwine come back, honey; he come back suah."

"Then we shall be so happy that they will forget the horrors of this dreadful time. I think we can trim the house with greens, and perhaps have a Christmas tree; and there is the white sugar I have saved—you may take that and make some candy for them."

"Jes a hill' candy fer dem chillun dat's had eberything money could buy! But we cyan't do no bettah," and mammy went to call the two innocent little causes of her dilemma to supper.

While she was washing the dishes, a half hour later, she thought how little was required, after all, to make the children happy, and she brightened up considerably. However, like many other conspirators, she overdid the matter, and in her anxiety to have the surprise a complete one, she determined to lead the children to expect nothing at all. So when she was putting them to bed she stopped their chatter about Christmas and Santa Claus with—

"What you-all talkin' 'bout? Hew did you think Santy Claus gwine git t'rough dem Yanks' line? Spec' dey gwine catch him an' kill him, suah," and she took the light and hurried away to escape their questions.

"Oh, brother, how dare they?" came with a sob from one little bed.

"They won't," in tones that tried to be manly, came the answer from the other.

"But mammy said so."
 "Well, mammy was wrong about the butterfly—she didn't know it changed from a caterpillar—so she don't know eberything; and I don't believe even Yankees are so dreadful bad," asserted the little boy.

"But, brother—my gracious, he's asleep!" and poor Ruth tried to shut her eyes up tight and forget her troubles, but she was wide-awake an hour afterwards, in spite of her efforts.

"Oh," she said, suddenly, "I think we ought to, I think it's our duty. Brother, brother, wake up! We have got to go to the Yankee captain and beg him not to hurt Santa Claus."

"Why, sister, how could we get away? Besides, you would be afraid and cry. Where are you going?"

"We can't tell mammy, 'cause she wouldn't let us go, and mamma would worry; but when we get back and tell them we have saved Santa Claus' life, they will be so glad. I think it's not wrong for us to go."

"What are you going to say to the Yankee captain?"

"He is a soldier, like papa, and I'm sure my papa would be good to little girls and boys; but we must save Santa Claus anyway."

The very next day the opportunity they were watching for came. Their mother had a severe headache, and while mammy was busy caring for her, the two children slipped off. It was a long walk to the Yankee camp, but they trudged bravely on.

"How tired papa must be when he marches!"

"Yes. Sometimes they walk all day. Oh, Teddy, there are the tents! I think I am afraid."

"You promised you were not going to cry."

"I'm not. That big soldier is coming over here."

A tall soldier came to the children, now frightened and trembling, but who had no idea of giving up the object of their visit to the camp.

"Well, my hearties, what brings you here?" His cheery voice and the twinkle in his eyes reassured the little ones.

"Please, we want to see the captain," gasped Teddy.

They were led past rows of tents, the other soldiers joking with their guide as they went by, and after a while, they never knew quite how, they found themselves talking with Yankee captain and telling him their story.

"The captain had a cold," said Ruth, in telling about it afterwards. 'He coughed and wiped his eyes, and he said to us:

"You have saved Santa Claus, and all the little children in the world will be grateful to you; but we were not going to kill him. Oh, no, we are not so hard-hearted; we were just going to take him prisoner for a while. Trot along home now. Your soldier friend is going with you to take you safely back."

A couple of weeks later, on the day before Christmas, the tall soldier came to the house again. He was driving, and from his cart he

took a large box. On the cover was written, "Santa Claus is in a great hurry this year, so he left this with the Yankee captain, and asked him to forward it to Ruth and Teddy."

So the children had a grand Christmas, and even the marvelous things that came out of the box did not make them neglect mammy's candy.

"Dey's de won'erfulest chillun!" said mammy. "Whar deir pa gwine say when he gits dat letter what Miss Sallie a-writin' ter him? Spec' he eyes'll open when he reads 'bout dem babies a-runnin' off ter der Yanks. Dat cap'n ain't no pore wite trash, suah's yer bawn."

Long afterward, when the little brother and sister were grown up, and the questions which had caused the war were settled, and the North and the South were at peace and friends again, Ruth and Teddy met their friend, the captain, and had a good laugh, mixed with a few tears, as they recalled their first encounter with him.

EARLY CHRISTMASSES.

The early Roman Christians, says J. A. Symonds, probably kept Christmas with no special ceremonies. Christ was as yet too close to them. He had not become the glorious creature of their fancy, but was partly an historic being, partly confused in their imagination with reminiscences of pagan deities. As the good shepherd, and as Orpheus, we find Him painted in the Catacombs; and those who thought of Him as God loved to dwell upon His risen greatness more than on the idyl of His birth. To them His entry upon earth seemed less a subject of rejoicing than His opening of the heavens. They suffered and looked forward to a future happiness. They would not seem to make this world permanent by sharing its gladness with the heathen. Theirs, in truth, was a religion of hope and patience, not of triumphant recollection or of present joyfulness.

GIFT REMINDERS

(Continued from page 5)

and it has always seemed to me that the lovely wrappings were more than half the joy of Christmas presents. No matter how simple or poor the object—a bit of white tissue paper, a bow of red ribbon, a sprig of holly or mistletoe and it expresses all the wealth of Christmas spirit and good fellowship. So do not neglect the outer coverings even at the last minute.

Good Books, Etc.

Good books may be purchased in a quiet book shop even at the eleventh hour, and magazine subscriptions can be entered until the last minute and are a sure way of giving pleasure from one Christmas till the next.

A new record or set of records for the phonograph or player-piano can be bought easily and quickly at a music store, or how about the score of the latest musical comedy hit for the household of young people?

Exquisite prints, photogravures and etchings, unframed, carefully packed in mailing tubes, make glorified Christmas cards.

CHRISTMAS IN WARTIME

(Continued from page 5)

Here, as everywhere, it is the poets who are our prophets, and often have they sung of the good time coming, the promised and hoped-for reign of righteousness and peace.

The Quaker poet sees the vision:

"Glad prophecy! To this at last
 Shall all things come,
 Forgotten be the bugle's blast
 And battle-music of the drum.
 A little while the world may run
 The crimsoned way with rifle, gun
 And iron-clad, but truth at last shall reign—
 The cradle song of Christ was never sung in vain."

At the opening of every peace conference at Lake Mohawk is always sung E. H. Lear's hymn, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear." The hopes and ideals of these conferences find their expression in the last stanza:

"For lo! the days are hastening on,
 By prophet-bards foretold,
 When, with the ever-encircling years,
 Comes round the age of gold;
 When peace shall over all the earth
 Its final splendors fling,
 And the whole world send back the song
 Which now the angels sing."

THE FROZEN SANTA CLAUS

(Continued from page 6.)

and could still make No. 9 train in the afternoon for home.

"That trail is bad enough in summer, to say nothing about it in winter. One trip a day over that Cheat mountain slope is enough for any man. I don't see how Billie could have been so thoughtless of himself when so thoughtful of others."

"Wal, sir, when he got to Durbin it was high noon. They say it was snowing hard and he was covered with the soft flakes. He never tarried, but as soon as he could get a sack full of dolls, drums, candy, oranges and a sled he started for the hills. It was snowing hard when he came into town, and drifting under a light wind when he turned back. And it got awfully cold—30 degrees below."

"You know the rest; they found him dead and frozen at the foot of the precipice, leaning, smiling, with the sack on his back—no more than a quarter of a mile from the widdler's home. I believe, as the parson read, 'Insomuch as ye have done it unto one of these—'

"The lumberjacks are not much for sentiment," Mr. Boehme concluded. "But let me tell you, when old Sam had finished his story you could see that it had affected every one of them."

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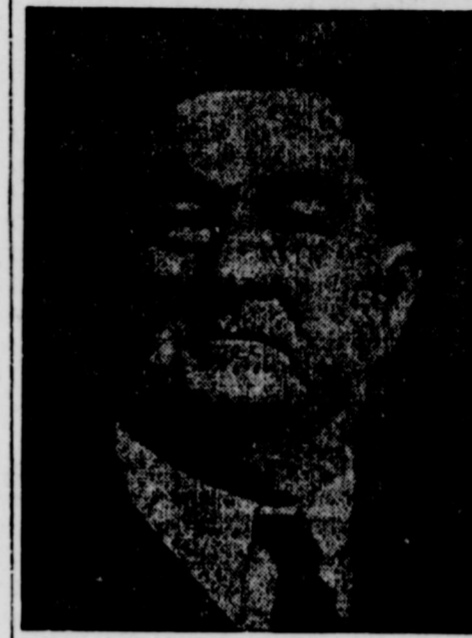
About twelve months ago the writer bought two lots in the Houston Harbor Sales Addition to the City of Houston. This Addition lies near and between the ship channel's turning basin and the new terminal yards of the S. P. Ry. Co. At the time of the purchase there were a few improvements going on in the addition, and our purchase was made mainly on the future plans of the S. P. Ry. Co., regarding the terminal yards and the City of Houston's \$3,500,000 bond issue for the construction of wharfs and warehouses at the ship channel turning basin.

Learning that the two lots bought had advanced in price \$50.00 each, we went out to look over the addition last week and were greatly gratified and surprised at the many improvements we saw. The wharfs are being built rapidly, as well as the warehouses; many new homes had been constructed and streets graded. The Gulf Pipe Line Company, whose refineries adjoin the Houston Harbor Sales Co. Addition, had added thirty-six more large steel tanks to the number already on the ground and were under contract to construct many more. A new brick school house was also going up. As a consequence of this personal investigation of the Houston Harbor Sales Co. property, we came away better satisfied than ever with our purchase of the two lots.

We believe all lots will have a further advance in the near future. Buy one or two before the advance is made, and make your purchase NOW. Write or call.

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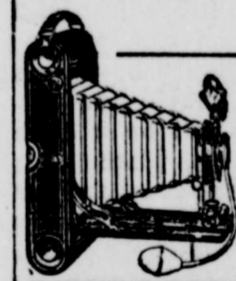
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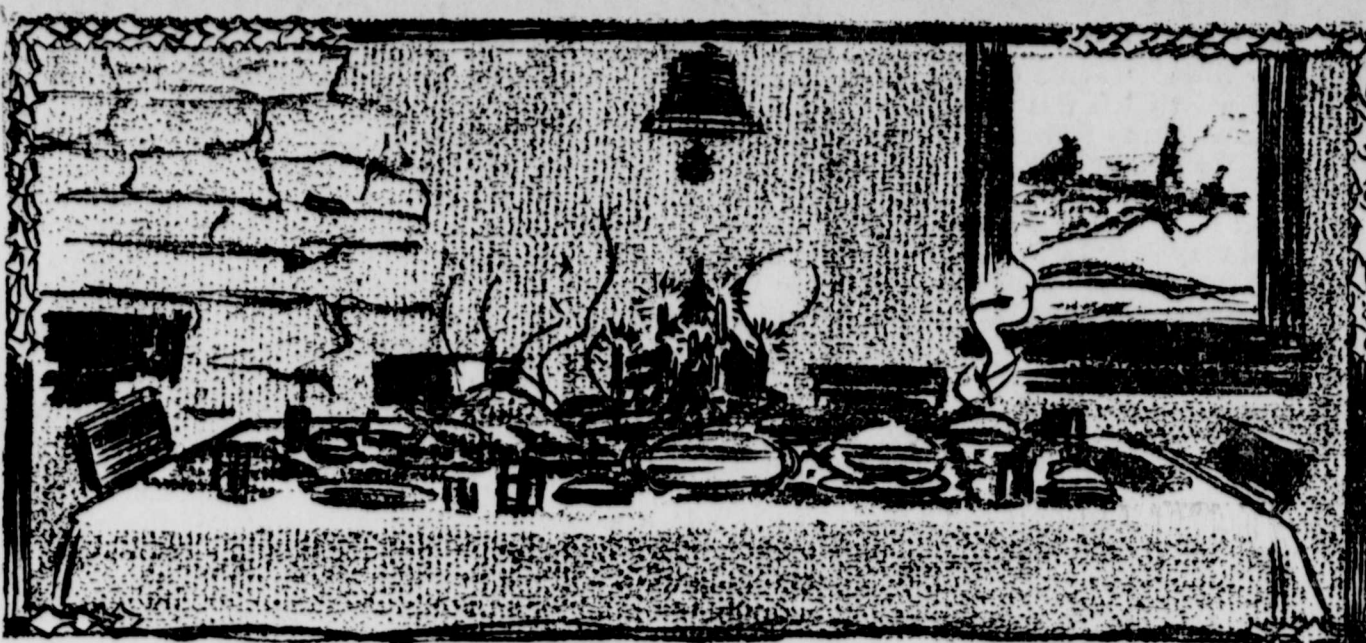
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The Christmas Dinner

FOR THE MOTHER OF THE FAMILY



THREE SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER THAT VARY IN PRICE.

THE last bit of shopping done, the last beribboned package mailed or laid aside for delivery, and how cheerfully the mother of the family turns her attention toward the Christmas goodies!

Not to be hurried or worried at the last minute, she has ordered her plump turkey, has laid in all her groceries, seen to it that the biggest and fattest of table raisins, the finest of walnuts and clearest of figs and dates are in the larder. Mince meat for the pies has been made or bought, the fruit cake has had a weekly bath of a wine glassful of sherry for the last month, the reddest and whitest of Cape Cod cranberries will simmer into jelly the day before the feast, the shortest and crispest of white celery will lie all night against the ice, and there are cooking sherry and brandy, spices and herbs, cookies and Christmas cake, tangerines and lady apples and sweet white grapes.

Little Mary has enjoyed stuffing the golden dates with fat white peanuts, or halves of English walnuts, then rolling each delicious morsel in snowy powdered sugar. Small John has popped corn and tied strings to the barley sugar toys; these for the Christmas tree. To big sister falls the pleasant task of decorating the dining room, the living room and halls, with great bunches and wreaths of holly and mistletoe. Perhaps Mr. College Boy hopes to help.

There are two things that mother-of-the-family must remember. First that certain dishes partake of the very nature of Christmas itself, and are anticipated by every member of the family from Great Big Father to Smallest Boy. Are you American for generations? Then, a turkey, cranberry sauce, celery and mince pie for yours! Did Old England use to see your Christmas joy? A roast goose and apple sauce, plum pudding and a fine cheese in memory of the old days! The Fatherland? A roast pig with crackling, a pair of ducks, Christmas kuchen, gingerbread horses and men! La Belle France? At one end of the table the poule roti, at the other a baked ham; such a salad as recalls other days, petits gateaux, bonbons, cafe noir!

The other thing dear Mother-of-the-Family must remember is that while she respects family tradition in her Christmas menu, some little surprises and innovations will be warmly welcomed.

Ever served mushrooms with the Christmas turkey? Try them this year. Dear me, you'd quite forgotten pickled limes or stuffed mangoes. What a surprise they'll be.

Baked squash will be a change, and so will scalloped onions in place of plain boiled or creamed. And how good and how pretty a chopped green pepper does make a corn pudding! Just a taste all round of creamed sweet-breads will make a delicious entree, too. So glad you looked in the paper for ideas, aren't you, Mother-of-the-Family?

THE DECORATIONS.

Here again, although tradition calls for certain things, a pleasing variation should be made each year. The simplest of all the appropriate decorations for the table is the huge bowl of red-berried holly, or mistletoe, a spray laid on the cloth at each place. Tall red candles at the four corners of the table and bonbons in red and green complete the color scheme. This may be varied by laying a large holly wreath about the edge of a table mirror, placing a many-branched candle stick in the center, the red candles being reflected gayly in the mirror. From the chandelier, twined with greens, may be hung a string of red and green Christmas bells. Don't forget to stick a sprig of holly or mistletoe in the turkey's breast and especially on the plum pudding and pies. The English custom of serving the pudding in flames is easily followed and is very pretty. Patty shells may be bought of the baker or confectioner for 50 cents a dozen. They may be made at home of very short pie crust, shaping them outside your party pans or muffin rings, so they will not sink too much, and baking until crisp and golden brown.

THREE CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

- MENU I.**
Oysters on the half shell.
Stuffed olive. Fried almonds.
Cream of celery soup.
Crackers. Celery.
Creamed sweetbreads in patty shells.
Roast turkey.
Bread and peanut filling.
Giblet sauce. Cranberry jelly.
Mashed potatoes au gratin.
Browned parsnips. Scalloped onions.
Grape fruit salad. Cheese straws.
Plum pudding. Hard sauce.
Nuts and raisins. Fruit.
Cafe noir. Bonbons.
- MENU II.**
Fruit.
Pea puree soup.
Roast guinea hens. Currant jelly.
Mashed potatoes. Baked squash.
Corn pudding with green and red peppers.
Celery. Olives.
Ice cream and fruit cake or layer cake.
Nuts and raisins.
Coffee.
- MENU III.**
Tomato soup.
Chicken pie. Cranberry jelly.
Browned potatoes. Spinach.
Creamed carrots. Mince and pumpkin tarts.
Cheese.
Nuts and raisins. Figs and grapes.
Stuffed dates.
Coffee.

CREAMED SWEETBREADS.

Soak one hour in cold water. Then skin, using a silver knife in cutting, as the acid of the sweetbreads acting on iron or steel destroys their flavor. Add one teaspoonful of salt and parboil fifteen minutes. This may be done the day before. Keep against the ice till ready to prepare. Use a porcelain or granite saucepan. To each pair of sweetbreads chopped fine add half a dozen mushrooms, the latter chopped very fine. Melt one tablespoonful of butter, but do not let it brown. To this add one tablespoonful of flour and mix until smooth. Add one-half pint of cream or rich milk and

stir till it boils. Then add the sweetbreads and mushrooms, salt, white pepper and minced parsley to taste. Serve very hot in heated pastry shells in paper cases or on triangles of toast. Sweetbreads may be prepared in this way without mushrooms.

SCALLOPED ONIONS.

Cut up the onions and boil until tender. Drain off the water and add salt. Make a rich cream sauce and add to it a cupful of grated cheese. Pour over the onions in a baking dish. Cover the top with buttered breadcrumbs and brown in the oven. Do not bake long enough to cook up the cream sauce.

BREAD AND PEANUT STUFFING.

Chop up a large onion. Fry it in butter until golden brown. Strain out the onion. Pour the butter over lightly picked or grated bread crumbs. Chop a few strips of a stale loaf. Add salt, pepper, minced parsley and one cupful of coarsely ground peanuts. This gives a delicious flavor to turkey, duck and chicken.

MASHED POTATOES AU GRATIN.

After mashing the potatoes in the usual way, turn them into a baking dish, sprinkle the top with one cupful of grated cheese, and put in the oven till the cheese melts and becomes golden brown.

SPINACH.

Spinach chopped fine may be served with cream sauce and hard boiled egg, or with minced fried bacon and a boiled dressing, to which is added the fat of the fried bacon. A touch of color adds to the interest of a dish of greens; the egg also supplies the needed food value making spinach a perfect dish.

CHEESE STRAWS.

Mix two ounces of flour, three ounces of grated cheese and a little salt. Moisten with the yolk of an egg and work into a smooth paste. Roll out on a board as for pie crust and cut into small rings or strips. Bake on greased sheets in a hot oven, until light brown, about ten minutes. Serve with the salad course, slipping a bundle of the straws through each ring.

CHRISTMAS COOKIES AND CAKES.

OLD-TIME SUGAR COOKIES.

One pound of sugar, one-half pound butter, mix until it creams, add four eggs, one-quarter of a nutmeg, ground, and enough flour to make a soft dough that can just be rolled. Cut out, then wipe top of them with rose water and sprinkle with crushed sugar on the top. Do this after putting in floured tins. Bake quickly.

DELICIOUS GERMAN NUT CAKES.

Two pounds English walnuts, one pound butter nuts, one-half pound almonds, one pound citron, lemon and orange peel, one-third of each, put this all through a fruit grinder, then add one cupful of crushed cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. Add this to dough made of one-half dozen eggs, three pounds sugar, one tablespoon of baking powder, 5 cents worth of rose water, enough flour to make a drop of dough. Drop on a buttered and floured tin, drops of dough the size of an egg, bake quickly. Be careful not to make dough too stiff.

FOR THE GINGER CAKE MAN.

Mix half a cupful of butter and lard each. Dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a tablespoonful of boiling water, add a cupful of molasses, add to the butter and lard a teaspoonful of cinnamon; mix well, pour over a cup of boiling coffee, and add flour to make a soft dough. Roll out half an inch thick, cut out figures and bake in moderate oven fifteen minutes. They can be decorated with currants and citron and icing.

CHOCOLATE COOKIES.

One-half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one egg, three squares of chocolate, two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half a teaspoonful of salt and four tablespoonfuls of milk. Cream the butter and sugar, add remaining ingredients. Chill, roll and shape. Bake in moderate oven.

NUT WAFERS.

Beat two eggs well and add one cup of brown sugar, add also a cup of any preferred nut meats, chopped fine and two teaspoonfuls of flour. Drop small teaspoonfuls on buttered tins and bake in slow oven until brown.

EGGLESS COOKIES.

One-half a cup of sweet milk, one-third a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in the milk; three-quarters of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted with part of the flour, one-half a cup of sugar, one-third of a cupful of butter; flour to roll thin. Cut with cake cutter and bake in quick oven. Sour milk and soda may be used, or one teaspoonful of baking powder may be substituted for cream of tartar and soda. Drippings may be used instead of butter. Flavor or spice to taste.

PLUM PUDDING.

The climax of the Christmas dinner is the plum pudding, the king of all desserts. In olden times it used to be carried by the cook, around the table, the wine alight around it, sending out delicious odors, and the flame and holly decorations that were its accompaniment were part and parcel of the joyous Yuletide feast. Why not preserve this good old custom on this one day and hold high above our heads the time-honored pudding of our English forefathers, for it was in their kitchens this dish was first concocted? Plum pudding can and should be made two or three weeks before Christmas day, for its flavor is improved by age. However, it may be prepared the day before Christmas, cooked on that morning and if it is not all consumed it will last for many dinners in the days and weeks following Christmas. Keep it airtight, however, wrapped in a thin, dry cloth, placed in a tin box.

The careful housewife prepares her citron, raisins and bread crumbs hours before she mixes her pudding and she always provides the best of cooking wine for it. The following recipe is par excellence for the genuine English plum pudding: One and a quarter pounds of raisins, stoned and chopped, one pound of sugar, one pound of currants, one pound of bread crumbs. Chop one-half a pound of suet fine. Mix all these ingredients well together with one teaspoonful of salt, two large spoonfuls each of powdered cinnamon, nutmeg and mace, one teaspoonful of cloves. Add yolks of eight eggs, one-half pint of milk, one gill of brandy, and one of wine. Grate one lemon into thin peel. Add this and the beaten whites of eggs last. If desired, one-quarter of a pound of candied orange and lemon peel, or candied cherries may be used.

This recipe will do for ten people at the first meal and enough over for two or three extra meals of a family of five.

The pudding mixture should be wrapped in a cloth, any shape desired. Safety pins will hold the cloth securely in place. Allow room for the pudding to swell and cover with boiling water. Some cooks place it without a cloth in a tin with room enough below the lid for it to expand, placed inside of a larger boiler, which is filled with boiling water.

It should cook steadily for three hours. When done, unroll it, place a piece of holly or mistletoe on top and pour brandy around the dish. At the last moment the brandy should be lighted and the pudding then is brought in aflame, for the delight and pleasure of the guests.

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MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

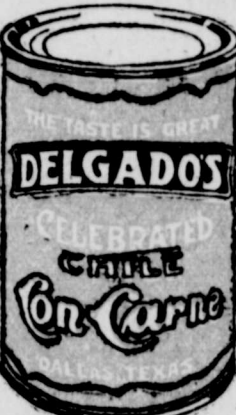
will give you more real coffee enjoyment than any other brand you can buy.

The perfect blending of choicest varieties mellows this coffee, and creates a flavor as delightful as it is refreshing.

Submit **MAXWELL COFFEE** to the severest test. Compare it side by side with any coffee at any price. You'll quickly appreciate **MAXWELL HOUSE** quality.

Cheek-Neal Coffee Co.
Nashville—Houston—Jacksonville

At all good grocers in one and three-pound sealed tins—whole, ground (steel-cut) or pulverized. Insist on **MAXWELL HOUSE**.



Always Look for the Delgado Label

It means a pure, nourishing and delicious dish of **CHILE CON CARNE**. If you want the best and the only **ORIGINAL CHILE CON CARNE** be sure you specify **DELGADO'S** in ordering your groceries today. **THERE IS A DIFFERENCE.**

Prices 10c and 15c. Sold by grocers everywhere.



Eat the Candy that BROWN makes

Made in Texas.

CHRISTMAS and CANDY

Are inseparable, and you will want the best, therefore ask for

Texas Girl Chocolates

"SWEETEST IN STATIONS"

They are different: such delightful surprises and unexpected flavor combinations, the result of years of candy experience. Twelve different assortments, 28 distinct varieties, comprise the Texas Girl line. The most appropriate gift for sister or sweetheart.

OUR GUARANTEE WITH EVERY BOX.

BROWN'S, Dallas



AMERICAN BEAUTY AGAIN VICTORIOUS. In the great baking contest just held at the Texas State Fair, in which there were more contestants than ever before, and in which practically every flour sold in Texas was used, by some one of the contestants, those who used our American Beauty were awarded the following prizes:

1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Salt Rising Bread;
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Yeast Bread.
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Rolls.
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Brown Bread.
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Nut Bread.
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Biscuits.
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Ornamental Cakes.
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Pound Cake.
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Layer Cake.
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Tea Cake.
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Angel Food Cake.
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Silver Cake.
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Coconut Cake.
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Sponge Cake.
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Nut Cake.
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Chocolate Cake.
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Gem Cake.
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Jam Cake.
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Fruit Cake.
1st, 2nd, 3rd prize, Doughnuts.

Stanard-Tilton Milling Co.
DALLAS, TEXAS.

500 AUTO OIL, Please

FOR SALE AT ALL DEALERS.
LONE STAR OIL CO.
D. M. GARVIN, Manager, HOUSTON, TEXAS.

Ask for—KING'S CANDIES

PURE, WHOLESOME—ALWAYS FRESH, DELICIOUS, APPETIZING, SATISFYING.

The Snyder Signal

TWENTY-NINTH YEAR

SNYDER, SCURRY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1915.

NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN

EXPERTS MEETING AT SWEETWATER

State Experts and County Representatives Meet to Discuss the Destruction of Pests

On Friday last, at the call of the State Commissioner of Agriculture, representatives of several counties in West Texas met to discuss the question of the destruction of pests with which the farmer has to contend.

Eight counties were represented. C. R. Buchanan, county judge represented Scurry county and Wm. Pearn, the Chamber of Commerce of Snyder.

The Hon. A. B. Yantis, Mayor of Sweetwater was called to the chair and after several talks on the question under consideration, a committee was appointed by the chair which after deliberating presented the following report which was unanimously adopted by the meeting, and order circulated throughout West Texas.

To Hon. A. B. Yantis, Chairman:

We, your committee, appointed for the purpose of formulating some plan for co-operation in the matter of extermination of certain pests, beg leave to make the following report:

Whereas, It is now thoroughly known, that the rat, raven, rabbit, prairie dog, coyote, ground squirrel, gopher and English Sparrow, are now and have been very serious pests and menace to agriculture and stock raising, in that they are destroying crops and grass to the amount of many thousands of dollars annually, and whereas, unless destroyed, will continue.

Therefore: Be it resolved by this Association of the several county judges and others composing same, that to control these pest it must be done by and through co-operation of the several counties, and to exterminate the same we offer the following resolutions:

1st. Be it resolved: That it is the sense of this body that under the discretionary powers of the several commissioners courts that said courts have the power, to purchase the necessary poison, for the extermination of said pests in their respective counties, and to distribute it among the people free of cost, and we earnestly request that the said courts do so.

2nd. We realize the fact, in order to thoroughly eradicate said pests, that we must have a general co-operation of all the people, and we suggest that a campaign to that end be commenced at once by a thorough organization in each school district in the several counties.

3rd. That we suggest the fight of eradication be put in motion by first stating the different places where the poisoning is to be had and the dates fixed for the beginning of the baiting on the last Monday in January, 1916, to be followed up each day until the following Friday of said week. And the poison to be placed on Saturday of said week, and that each county be requested and urged to poison on the same date.

4th. And we earnestly request the co-operation of following counties: Nolan, Mitchell, Howard, Scurry, Fisher, Shackelford, Throckmorton, Taylor, Stephens, Stonewall, Borden, Garza, Lynn, Dawson, Sterling, Coke, Callahan, Jones, Terry, Gaines, Yoakum, Lubbock, Kent, Haskell, Martin, Midland, Ector, Glasscock, Runnels, Tom Green, Concho, Irion and Eastland.

5th. That we ask the co-operation of business men's organizations, business men, farmers, county and city officials, farmers' organizations and especially county superintendents and school trustees and teachers to give all the aid possible toward organization of the people, and carrying these resolutions into effect.

6th. In view of the fact that it will take some time to procure the poison and distribute it we request that the County Judges and Commissioners take action upon the same at their next meeting.

7th. That we request the State Department of Agriculture to purchase the poison and furnish the same to the counties at cost and mixed, ready for use.

8th. We earnestly request the pec-

MASONIC WATCH NIGHT DEC. 31ST.

Under Auspices of Snyder Chapter 286 Royal Arch Masons To Master Masons.

The following invitations have been sent out by Snyder Chapter Royal Arch Masons.

"You are cordially invited to attend a Masonic Watch Night, Friday Dec. 31, 1915, from eight o'clock p. m. until low twelve, in Masonic Hall, Snyder, Texas.

"Given under the auspices of Snyder Chapter Royal Arch Masons to Master Masons."

"Let the Past Dead Bury its Dead."

"Ours in Masonry to so live and act that the living present shall be rich in hopes and deeds for humanity."

The following program has been arranged and those who attend are assured a pleasant and profitable evening's entertainment. There will also be degree work in the blue lodge.

Hall open to receive visitors, 7:30 p. m.

Blue Lodge open 8:00 p. m.

Blue Lodge close 10:00 p. m.

Social Program:

Welcome Address: R. L. Howell, H. P.

Response to Welcome Address: Colorado Lodge.

The Old Guard: John A. Stavely.

Wisdom Gleaned from experience and observation: A talk to young Masons, J. Z. Noble.

We profit by your experience, E. J. Anderson.

The youngest M. M. Mason, B. D. Black.

Let there be light, E. A. Watson.

"The Old Year Out, The New Year In."

Reception Committee: Joe Strayhorn, H. G. Towle, Bill Ralston, W. S. Adamson, Pete Thrane.

Finance Committee: J. M. Bannister, Joe Stinson, Lester Stinson, R. W. Ramage, Joe Caton.

Committee on State of the Order: R. H. Curnutte, Geo. W. Brown, G. B. Clark, Joe Monroe, H. C. Hayter.

Committee on Necrology: J. W. Warren, G. S. Conroe, C. L. Ezell, Austin Erwin, Hugh Boren.

Funeral of Banie Smith

The funeral of the late Banie Smith, held last Friday was attended by a vast crowd of friends, relatives and acquaintances.

Rev. J. W. Hunt, of Abilene who was a close friend of Banie conducted religious services and the Masonic brotherhood conducted the funeral with honors of the order.

Mr. J. P. Chambless returned Tuesday morning from his trip to Washington City. The party went to New York from the Capitol, hence were gone longer than they had expected.

ple in every school district to organize and get ready for the work at once.

9th. That we tender our thanks to both State and Federal Government for the aid they have extended to the people along this line and earnestly request that they continue their assistance until the extermination of said pests has been accomplished, and that we request the A. & M. College and University of Texas to take part in same.

Respectfully submitted,

W. C. CALVERT, Chairman.

J. H. BULLOCK, County Judge Mitchell County.

M. A. HOPSON, County Judge Fisher Co.

J. A. KING, Co. Judge, Shackelford Co.

C. R. BUCHANAN, County Judge, Scurry County.

S. A. PENNIX, County Judge, Howard County.

W. T. LEWIS, Com. Nolan County.

ED. R. KONE, Dept. Agriculture.

J. W. NEILL, Dept. Agriculture.

H. L. BENTLEY, Dept. Agriculture.

J. M. BOREN, County Judge Garza County.

GEO. W. NEILL, County Judge Terry County.

Mrs. Norine Clark

Wife glad "Trial Separation" is ended. She has returned to her husband after six months separation which they had agreed upon as a remedy to renew their love after many disagreements.



IN FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH TWO STRANGERS ARRESTED HERE

Old Fellowship Exemplified by the Snyder Degree Staff Monday Night.

Last Monday night was a big event in Odd Fellow circles in Snyder.

The Snyder lodge has a well trained and equipped degree team and they are capable of putting the work on in a pretty and impressive manner. Lessons taught in the charges are forcefully impressed on the candidate by actual demonstration and a candidate gets a clear idea of correct, practical living in line with the objects of this splendid fraternal order.

The Odd Fellows Lodge at Rotan some weeks ago invited the Snyder team to go there and exemplify the first and second degrees, but because of the difficulty of getting the full team to go, it was decided that the Rotan lodge bring three candidates to Snyder and have the degrees conferred here.

This was done Monday night in the presence of a large crowd and our team acquitted themselves splendidly.

After the degree work the big crowd devoted an hour to a substantial banquet and social intercourse.

Rotan lodge was represented by E. A. Newton, H. D. Bridges, J. J. Cooper, A. Weems, C. O. Huckaby, W. E. Blount, J. D. Askew, secretary J. I. Kersh, V. G. T. L. Coston, N. G. N. O. Strong, Jnc. F. Nelms, J. T. Smart, J. T. Smith, J. W. Hatton, J. W. Cave.

From Hermleigh lodge: W. B. Thrash, R. E. Adams, B. G. Appleton, D. S. Leverett, J. M. Keffer, E. J. Ely, L. C. Darby.

From Ira Lodge: J. W. Henderson, G. A. Grant, E. E. Woolover, From Sweetwater lodge: George C. Massey.

From Fatilo lodge, No. 536: J. W. Porter.

From Gall lodge: J. H. Reeves, C. E. Reeder, B. F. Chancellor, J. E. Davidson, Wm. Kincaid, C. W. Jolly, L. B. Wooten, N. T. Biffle, W. Hutson.

Santa Claus Was Here.

Last Friday night a tall man with immense feet perambulated the sidewalks in Snyder, stepping unusual strides and when tracked up it was found that he was going to the Christmas goods store.

Q. D. Hall was here Tuesday from his Denn farm.

Suspected of Being Safe Blowers. Taken to Sweetwater.

One night last week the post office safe at Roscoe was blown up by burglars and about \$2,000 in money, watches and jewelry were taken. The robbers got off so easily with their loot that they evidently felt embolden to carry their game further and a few nights later the post-office safe at Sweetwater was blown to pieces and about \$900 in money and stamps were missed next morning.

News of these robberies was sent about the country and officers were on the watch. Last Saturday two men came to Snyder over the R. S. & P., toward whom suspicion was aroused by certain circumstances.

Sheriff Merrell and City Marshal Wolfe had their eyes wide open and their wits active and proceeded to take the strangers in hand. Various and sundry articles, including several dollars in gold coin were found in possession of the men.

They were promptly lodged in the Scurry county jail and Sheriff Yarbrough and Marshal Johnson came over Sunday and took them to Sweetwater.

One of the men said his name is John Meister and the other gave his name as Newt Reeves, but parties who claim to have known him in Eastland county say he is Cin Newton.

While these men were here in jail two strangers called there and asked permission to see the men. Sheriff Merrell thinking they might be pals proceeded to hold them until they could give a satisfactory account of themselves. Later they were permitted to go.

LOCATING FAMILY AT ABILENE. Brother Tucker Will Continue Pastorate of Snyder Church.

Rev. M. T. Tucker has decided to locate his family in Abilene so that his children may have continued advantage of attending Simmons College. He is this week shipping his household goods to that place and Mrs. Tucker and daughter will come from Waco to reside permanently in Abilene. It is understood that Bro. Tucker will continue as pastor of the Baptist church in Snyder.

It is learned that Mr. W. W. Echols of the First National Bank has rented the Baptist parsonage.

SNYDER REPRESENTATIVE AT CAPITAL

Much Publicity Given the Golden West at Washington, New York and Other Points.

Representing the City of Snyder, and the golden West, I left here on December 1st, to join the Texas delegation at Dallas where the party was supplied with a special Cotton Belt train bound for Washington, D. C. - the interest of Texas and the great Southwest, with a faint hope of bringing the National Democratic Convention to the home of Democracy.

Upon arriving at Dallas, I immediately investigated the possibilities of accomplishing the goal. Indications however, were not altogether encouraging, but since the state had donated a \$100,000 fund the required amount of finance to make an appeal to the big "he" politicians, the splendid train soon filled with a representative bunch of Texas boosters, filled with development "pep" and ginger, and a "hike" to the Nation's fountain head commenced Friday morning at 9 o'clock.

"The slow train through Arkansas" reputation was shattered on this trip by the record of this Texas Special, and the distance was shortened by several hours, for that train certainly hit the ball direct to Washington, stopping only at points where requests were made for receptions.

We arrived in Washington Sunday at noon where the Texas party established headquarters at the New Willard Hotel and commenced to line up with Senators, Congressmen and National Democratic Committeemen.

On leaving Dallas, it was known that St. Louis, Chicago and Dallas were the three applicants for the 1916 convention meet. St. Louis then had 22 pledged votes while Dallas had 14 and Chicago 10, with six unpledged votes at large. Texas hoped to gain Chicago, but it developed that these two rival cities were also applicants for the Republican convention, also; yet Monday night, it appeared that Chicago would come to Tex's, but afterward they went to St. Louis with the understanding that Chicago should have the Republican Convention.

Following this action, there was nothing to do but to turn our entire attention to boosting Texas, which was done to a fare-you-well. The result was exceptionally effective, and within an hour after the adjournment of the executive committee friendship prevailed on all sides.

As an explanation, I desire to advise the public that so far as politics is concerned, this trip was not for political purposes, we merely went after the democratic convention for Texas just as we would have gone after any other convention or public gathering. There was no contest except for the place of meeting—St. Louis won and that's all there is to it.

Sizing up the political situation while in Washington, I found President Wilson very popular, and his nomination is predicted in 1916 with out competition. We had the pleasure of meeting the president in his executive mansion, and each of the Texas party held a brief interview with him. I advised him that I represented Mayor Noble of Snyder, who was an ardent admirer of his excellency, took the lead for him in the original fight and was with him in his preparedness plan. The president expressed pleasure and said: "Old Texas is bed-rock, God bless her."

I had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Galt, and was one of three in the party who obtained a pass to hear the president's message.

Following a most delightful time in Washington the Texas party went to New York and took in the sights of a real city. Wall street was paraded and all who were so inclined bucked the cotton market with a fifty dollar limit Thursday and when the report came in it appeared as though they would have a sad story, but after the market rallied they all pulled down \$52.79, then spirits revived and one would have thought

P. S. McDERMOTT DIED LAST TUESDAY

Pioneer Settler of Scurry County Passed Away After a Week of Suffering With Pneumonia

News was received here Tuesday of the death of Mr. P. S. McDermott at his home at Dermott.

He passed away at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning after a week of suffering with pneumonia.

The funeral took place at the Dermott cemetery at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning.

Mr. McDermott was a pioneer settler in that part of Scurry county and had accumulated considerable property there.

He had engaged in farming, raising stock and merchandising.

When the railroad was built through there a town was laid out and named Dermott in honor of the subject of this sketch.

He was a good citizen, generous and kind and was an active advocate of all measures tending to the progress and prosperity of the county.

He had a wide circle of personal friends, who unite in sympathy for the bereft family.

SCHOOL VACATION AND INSTITUTE ON

The Snyder schools will dismiss after today for the Christmas holidays. The county Teachers' Institute will meet Saturday at the Central School building and will be in session for a week. We shall be glad to have the teachers with us. They are cordially invited to inspect all our stores and see the splendid lines of goods carried by our home merchants. We invite them to visit the Signal and see our machinery in operation.

Now let us hope the school children will have lots of fun and be ready to buckle down to business when the New Year comes.

Ira People Pounding Preacher.

Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Tyler were here Monday morning from Ira. Bro. Tyler is pastor of the Methodist church at Ira and he says they are an ideal congregation. Bro. and sister Tyler are well pleased with their field of work. They told the Signal that one day last week the church people and friends stormed their home and gave them a grand old fashion pounding party.

They are filled with gratitude and want to express their thanks through the Signal.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER DARGITZ GETS MARRIED

Mr. B. F. Dargitz and Mrs. L. C. Murphy were married at the Maxwell hotel Monday night by Justice of the Peace Geo. W. Bown.

Mr. Dargitz is a substantial farmer in the Fluvanna Country and is a member of the County Commissioners Court.

The Signal extends congratulations.

they had won a million, while it was only \$2.59, about the price of a meal. Anyway, they bucked the moguls and came out winner.

The delegation returned in the special train reaching Dallas Monday morning, and I caught the west bound T. & P. arriving home Tuesday morning at 1:56 on the Santa Fe with assurance that our people were represented to the best of my ability, and that Snyder was registered on the national map.

Come to Texas and ON TO SNYDER. —J. P. Chambless.

To the Public

In order to correct an impression among our people, I wish to state that Mr. J. P. Chambless made the trip to Washington under the auspices of the City of Snyder and the community, and that those who contributed to this expense did so through the City as a whole and that none of the funds of the Chamber of Commerce were used for this purpose.

J. Z. NOBLE, Mayor

OWL DRUG STORE

Quality

Service

Price

PHARMACY Is the handmaiden of Medicine.

The busy practitioner of to-day turns to his druggist for a proper preparation of his prescriptions.

He knows at this drug store that they have a conscientious regard for his specifications - which will be carried out to the letter.

We are glad to state that any physician in our vicinity will cheerfully leave your prescriptions with us to be filled.

Drugs differ in quality the same as other commodities. We are careful to see that our prescription stock bears the old and celebrated labels of Sharpe & Dohme, Eli Lilly & Company, Parke Davis & Co., the leading Pharmaceuticals manufacturers of this country.

Your Doctor knows this and knows that we are always mindful of our obligation to you and to him alike.

So when you have a prescription to be filled either bring it to The Owl or recommend that it be left there.

Also, we confine our business strictly to Drugs and Druggists Sundries, and for this reason the people are finding out that they can get more prompt service and just the thing they may need in Drugs here.

Our business has been much larger in volume during the past year than at any former time, - for which we are very grateful to our customers and the trading public.

We maintain a free delivery service to any part of town. We deliver mail orders - postpaid.

We are glad to see you at our store at all times. When there is a better drug store or better service to be had in Drugs in Snyder - they will be found at The Owl.

We extend our thanks for the liberal patronage accorded us during the past year, and solicit a continuance of the same.

Very truly yours.

OWL DRUG STORE

By F. V. Clark.

The best protest against the abbreviation "Xmas" is the suggestion that it should be changed to "Smās." Or, to most children, the day is "smās" and "smās," and to the grownups it is "smās."

The First Christmas Tree.

The Christmas tree was introduced into England and thence into America by the Germans," said a dealer in toys. "I am going to sell Christmas trees this year, and recently I have been trying to find out who the man was who first exploited the tree outside of his German motherland. I want to use this information in an advertisement, but I have not completed my researches yet. I have got as far back as the time of Henry VIII. I have copied in my notebook an account of a Christmas tree that was trimmed and set up before that king." The dealer then read aloud the following paragraph, pointing out, as he proceeded, the quaintness and charm of the old spelling:

"Agaynst the XII daye, or the daye of the Epiphanye, at nighte before the banquet in the Hall of Richmond, was a pageant devised like a mountayne glistering by night, as tho' it had bene all of golde and set with stones; on the top of which mountayne was a tree of golde, the branches and bowes frayed with golde, spryngynge on every side over the mountayne with roses and pomegranettes. The wiche mountayne was with vices (screws) brought up towards the kyng; and out of the same came a ladye apperrelled in cloth of golde, and the chyldren of honor called the henchmen, which were fresh disheved, and danced a morice before the Kyng; and that done, re-entered the mountayne; and then it was drawen backe, the wassall or banquet brought in, and so brake up Christmas."

Appropriate Christmas Favors.

No matter what the weather may be, the Christmas favors should carry out the idea of snow and cold weather. One of the daintiest favors for the Christmas dinner table is the snowball made of glistening white and surmounted by a sprig of holly. When these are augmented by the huge ball for the center, which is also made of paper and has a rich red ribbon draped across it and is trimmed with holly, the whole Christmas atmosphere is complete. Another appropriate placement is the funny snow man with his black stovepipe hat and beady eyes. He, too, can be made in a large size and used for the center piece. Then there are green baskets with holly perched jauntily on the handle, polka-dotted and Santa Clauses. There is no lack of ingenuity in gay holiday favors.

Christmas as It Should Be

When Christmas is made an occasion for sending expensive presents of all sorts and to all sorts of people simply as a compliance with the fashion of the hour, the most beautiful of festivals is made cheap and tawdry by gross misuse. The value of the present lies in the sincerity of the feeling which it represents, says Hamilton Wright Mabie, and the expression, not only of regard, but also of respect for the recipient. When persons of moderate means make gifts entirely out of relation to their incomes and their usual way of living there is no real honor either in the sending or in the acceptance of the remembrance. The day which commemorates the birth of a little child in a manger ought to be kept holy by simplicity, sincerity, absence of pretension and the joy of the heart.

MOCK MINCE PIE.

A Tasty and Inexpensive Christmas Goody.

While this compound is rather unusual, it is extremely "tasty" and not expensive. To four quarts of green tomatoes, chopped fine, allow three pounds of brown sugar, the juice of two lemons and their yellow rind, grated; a tablespoonful each of cinnamon, allspice and salt, half a teaspoonful of



FOR THE YULETIDE DINNER.

cloves and a tablespoonful of grated nutmeg. Put into a porcelain lined kettle and simmer gently until reduced one-half in bulk. Now add two pounds and one-half of seeded raisins or part raisins and part currants or chopped prunes and a cupful of boiled cider. Then cook an hour or two longer until

Christmas Eve

The blacklog's flame has died away;
The embers into ashes drift.
Outside the snows are eddying, gray,
And piling fast in many a rift.
White robed is now the cedar tree
Where once the catbird nightly sang,
And from the eaves by two and three
The icicles like arrows hang.

The shadows on the somber wall
Flit, cross and dance amid the gloom,
And streaks of ghostly color fall
In changing hues about the room.
The spiders in the corners dim
Within their webs the closer cling,
And from the mantel's oaken rim
A pair of children's stockings swing.

O'er field and forest, lane and road
Fast and still faster swirl the snows,
And in the barn loft snugly stowed
A drowsy rooster wakes and crows.
The clock strikes twelve, and midnight
wanes;
While winter skies stretch cold and
drear.

Frost flowers blossom on the panes,
The snows float by and disappear.
And then across the rooftree swells,
Borne by the winds that fall and rise,
A sound of many hurrying bells,
A sound that ebbs and peals and dies.
And next adown the chimney creeps
The children's saint in all the lands,
And, true to all the trysts he keeps
White bearded on the hearthstone
stands.

—Ernest McGaffey in Ladies' Home Companion.

A Christmas School.

Some of the very best dolls are made in Sonneburg, Germany, which has an academy of design. This school was established in 1851, and its model room contains many excellent pieces of sculpture and rare old prints. Modeling dolls is no easy task, and it is remarkable what perfect figures the students of this school are able to turn out. Molds are made from the models and from these leaden patterns the heads, arms and legs are turned out, a special machine being used for stamping the hands. The factories, especially the kneading room, are hot and filled with steam, and for this reason the big, brawny Germans who knead the mixture wear as few clothes as possible while at work.

Pay Their Doctor at Christmas.

As regards presents at Christmas, the rule is, in primitive Spain, to send a present to the cura (parish priest) and the doctor. Many Spaniards pay a fixed annual sum to their medical man, and he attends all the family, including servants. His salary is sent to him at Christmas, with the addition of a turkey, a cake or some fine sweetmeats.

A TINY CHRISTMAS TREE.

One Mother Made Her Little Girl Very Happy With Miniature Plant.

A tiny fir tree, not over two and a half feet high, and of symmetrical shape, was chosen for my little girl's doll's Christmas tree, says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion. This was easily planted in a flowerpot and established upon a large table in the living room. Tiny candles were fastened upon the branches, a ten cent bunch of tinsel was sufficient for draping and a further outlay for the small colored glass ornaments added to the gorgeousness.

The main idea is to keep everything on a miniature scale while duplicating for the beloved doll children the gifts that usually fall to the small mother. So it was that tiny dolls were dressed, tiny fancy boxes were filled with tiny candles, others contained wee handkerchiefs embroidered with smallest of initials; here hung a hand mirror, there a nursing bottle, tiny fans, a lovely set of cups for the tea table, a small bird in a gilt cage, a new pet kitty, and so on. Ten cent stores yielded most of the treasures.

On the morning of Christmas my eight-year-old was shown her old dollies, each radiantly dressed, and was told that their tree was ready below stairs. The joy and delight at the sight were charming to behold and the blissful appointment of gifts began. As each arriving playmate rolled in her new dolly "to show what I've got," envy and pride reflected upon the faces of the visitor and visited, only to be dispelled by "there is something on the tree for your dolly."

The First Christmas Tree.

St. Winfred, who was in the eighth century a missionary to the Scandinavians, is said to have set up the first Christmas tree in the home. He tried to show the people that the Druid priests had made them worshippers of trees only and not of a living God, and on Christmas eve he cut down the great oak tree around which they had gathered to offer a human sacrifice. As it fell a young fir tree seemed to appear miraculously beyond it, and Winfred said to the people: "Here is a living tree with no stain of blood upon it that shall be the sign of your new worship. See how it points to the sky. Call it the tree of the Christ Child. Take it up and carry it to the chief tain's hall. You shall go no more into the shadow of the forest to keep your feasts with secret rites. You shall keep them at home, with laughter and songs and rites of love. The thunder oak has fallen, and I think the day is coming when there shall not be a home where the children are not gathered around a green fir tree to rejoice in the birth of Christ."

W. T. BAZE & SON

Dealers In

Wood and Coal of the very best grades

We also have a first-class Blacksmith Shop and carry a full line of material. We want your trade. Thanking you for your past trade and hoping we will be able to satisfy you in the future, we remain, yours most truly,

W. T. Baze & Son

Phone 262 for a trial order

STUDEBAKER

"The Car Ahead"

Forty H. P.	\$950.
Four	Delivered
Fifty H. P.	\$1125.
Six	Delivered

W. C. FULLILOVE, Dealer,
Snyder - Texas

Make a specialty of crating furniture for shipment

F. N. GRAVES

Repair and refinish furniture and repair stoves

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Highest cash price paid for second hand furniture and stoves

C. NATION Building

SNYDER, TEXAS

Telephone 379

XMAS MEATS

We invite the people of Snyder to visit our market during this next week and especially on Christmas eve.

We pride ourselves on the fact that our place of business is one of the most sanitary in West Texas and we try to make our market as appetizing as possible.

We will have our market decorated for the Christmas time and we will have on display some of our choicest cuts also Dressed Turkey, Dressed Pig, Dressed Mutton and Dressed Chicken.

Be sure to visit us during the week and let us supply the meats for your Christmas dinner.

SNYDER MEAT MARKET

Watkins & Glen, Props.

Christmas at Christ's Birthplace

At last I am come to the market place, at one end of which stands the Church of the Nativity, marking the holy, lowly birthplace, says a writer in Army and Navy Life. There is only one entrance from the street, and it is so low that in entering one is forced to bow the head and assume a posture of reverence. When once inside I raise my eyes I feel the lashes wet.

The ceiling is lofty, the walls white, washed and bare, while the ancient dark beams and rafters add to the air of extreme simplicity. There are long rows of marble pillars, once adorned with paintings, that are all but faded now, and of the once glittering mosaics of the clerestory only fragments remain. Coming into the choir and apse, the scene is suddenly changed. There are numerous altars of divers ownership under a constant and jealous guardianship of Latin, Greek and Armenian. Over these various claims there has been much and bitter dissension; blood has been spilled more than once. In fact, as all the world knows, the Crimean war began with a mob riot in the Church of the Nativity—sacrilege of sacrilege!—and here was born the Prince of Peace!

Down the dark and winding stairs, slippery with the drippings of count-



BEND LOW AND KISS THE GROUND FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

less candles, I make my way to that lowly place into which first came the light of the world. The grotto of the Nativity is a cavern beneath the church, long, narrow and low celled, with pendent lamps of precious metal and rare workmanship lighting the gloom. The floor is marble, and wonderful old tapestries, pictures and silk hangings cover the walls. A marble cradle in one corner commemorates the manger, and in a recess on one side a dozen or more hanging lamps are ranged around in a half circle.

Before the altar there all men bend low and kiss the ground for Christ's sake, for it is here a silver star is set to mark the birthplace of him whom his mother called Jesus. The center of the star is glass, and through it one may see the original rocky floor of the stable. To the north of the grotto underneath the floor one may also see the cave in which St. Jerome spent many peaceful years translating the Bible into Latin.

The effect of the whole is impressive, but in an unfamiliar way. I am conscious of a feeling that is almost resentment against the lamps and tapestries and the marble floor. They seem to level to the cheapness of worldly riches a spot that, of all places on earth, should have been allowed to remain tranquilly humble and dimly sacred, true to the character of its holy, transcendent memory.

I close my eyes for a moment, while mind and heart rebel against the present, until it vanishes and the atmosphere of the past, in all its deep and wondrous mystery, returns to envelop my soul. "I am here, in Bethlehem," I whisper to myself, and beyond closed lids I see the Virgin mother with her gentle face as the old masters loved to picture her and a "light that never was on land or sea" in her beautiful mother eyes, while the glory from one low hanging star touches a Baby's hair. The fragrant scent of new hay is in my nostrils, I hear the soft breathing of nearby cattle, and above the murmur of pilgrims' prayers the voice of the Magi is saying, "Lo, we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him."

To Light Yule Log Properly. There are thousands who still firmly believe that to light the Yule log with the charred remains of its predecessor of a year ago means twelve months of good luck for the provident householder and his family. But it has always been considered an evil omen if a squinting person, a barefooted person or, worst of all, a flat footed woman enters the room while the log is burning.

A GOOD TEACHER



A Wish For the Holiday Season

THINE own wish wish I thee in every place. The Christmas joy, the song, the feast, the cheer; Thine be the light of love in every face.

That looks on thee to bless thy coming year.

My own wish wish I thee, what dost thou crave?

All thy dear hopes be thine, what'er they be.

A wish fulfilled may make thee king or slave.

I wish thee wisdom's eyes wherewith to see.

Behold, she stands and waits, the youthful year!

A breeze of morning breathes about her brows;

She holds the storm and sunshine, bliss and fear.

Blossoms and fruit upon the bending boughs.

She brings thee gifts. What blessing wilt thou choose?

Life's crown of good in earth or heaven above?

The one immortal joy thou canst not lose

Is love! Leave all the rest and choose thou love.

—Celia Thaxter.

THE DANGER FREE TREE.

How Electricity Provides the Sparkling Cheer Without Risk of Fire.

Nearly every 26th day of December we read in the morning papers the pathetic stories of Christmas play that ends in tragedy. It is the annual toll of the Christmas tree candle. Every city has dozens of such cases each year. The candle flame sets fire to the tinsel trimming, a curtain blazes up, and the day of festivity ends in sorrow or some member of the family is badly burned.

The little electric tree lights are decorative and pleasing to children, and they are safe and convenient. Tiny lamps, fruits, roses, dogs, birds, snow men and grotesque little figures are all strung together on fine, silk covered wire and may be readily connected to any lamp socket behind the tree. The little lamps sparkle and glow. They are the most effective Christmas tree ornaments ever devised, and there is far more fun for the kiddies, because the lamps can burn as long as they are wanted. They do not have to be watched, and the little lamps can be used year after year. They are suitable for any festivity and add gaiety to every gathering of children.

An Austrian Christmas Delicacy.

The Austrian affects at Christmas time a delicacy known as fruchtbrod, made of raisins, currants, figs and chopped dates. This constitutes a sort of cake, baked hot.

Holiday Greetings

ALTHOUGH we live in Gungy-wamp,

Which isn't on the map, An', though our town hez settled down

To take its winter nap, Our thoughts go out to friends afar, Friends north, south, east an' west, We hope an' pray this Christmas day Will be their happiest.

We live here quiet on the farm, Irene an' ma an' me; We have two pens uv noisy hens An' cats, no less'n three! We raise our garden sass an' sich, Make cider ev'ry fall; Wish we could git a cask uv it Out to you, one an' all.

We ain't no hands fur style an' sich, But we jest wanter say We'll use you white by day or night

Ef you should come our way, Accept this greetin', which is full Uv good ol' Gungy cheer. An' peace, good will an' joy until We see you all next year!

—Joe Conn.

What Others Eat at Christmas

EVERY one is familiar with the viands that go to make up the Christmas dinner of the English speaking races—the turkey, goose, plum pudding and mince pie festivals—but how many of us know what they eat at Christmastide in foreign countries?

The Frenchman's Christmas bill of fare, for instance, is extensive and varied and in many respects quite different from our own. The great Gallic national dishes are truffled turkey and black puddings, of which every Frenchman who can afford such luxuries makes a very hearty meal at Yuletide.

In Russia the Christmas meal consists largely of two dishes—one of wheat porridge served with honey and the other a curious compound of stewed pears, apples, oranges, grapes and cherries, sweetened with honey and served cold.

Italians, too, are fond of rather sweet and indigestible dishes, especially at Christmas. One of their favorite combinations is that of eels, periwinkles and vermicelli, while the inevitable macaroni and spaghetti form, of course, the principal articles of food at all times.

The German Christmas dinner offers as its principal attraction the goose, without which your true German would feel that he had not had a real holiday feast. Germans, like Austrians and Italians, have a very sweet taste, as evidenced by their numerous varieties of cake.

Notwithstanding the tendency in all countries to offer huge dinners at Christmas, it would seem that every



BRINGING IN THE PEACOCK IN OLDEN TIMES.

nation's holiday bill of fare is becoming simpler with the course of time. An interesting comparison may be made of the Christmas dinners formerly served in England and in this country with those of today, albeit the latter are by no means scanty.

The forbears of modern Englishmen must have possessed magnificent appetites. Their hospitality was conducted on a scale that would make the housekeeper of today shudder. The meal with which they commented their Christmas day, a mere appetizer to them, was ample enough to rob the modern gourmet of all zest, for food for several days. The sideboard of the old English mansion groined under its leviathan round of beef, its corpulent pork pie, the Yorkshire ham, the brawn and chine, while on the table itself deviled turkeys' legs, homemade sausages, cutlets and kidneys sent up a mingled and grateful incense from an environment of piles of hot buttered toast, new laid eggs, honey and fruitment.

But this repast, substantial as it was, was trifling as compared with the dinner—the real dinner—that followed not many hours after. The feast was heralded by the boar's head, preceded by servitors who blew resounding flourishes on their trumpets. The boar's head itself was carried, sometimes on a dish of gold or silver, into the banquet hall at the head of a wately procession of guests.

Then came the peacock, which was served even more sumptuously than the boar's head, with its garnishing of osenmary and bays and its tskks ornamented with large apples. This is how they used to prepare the peacock for the feast: When it had been roasted and dressed with a stuffing of sweet herbs and spices and basted with the yolks of eggs it was sewed into its feathers, its beak was gilded, and it was borne to the dining hall by dames of high degree, accompanied by the strains of minstrelsy.

Other features of the old Christmas dinner included geese, capons, pheasants, storks, haunches of venison, washed down with wine goes without saying. Other story might liquid element of nora.—Harper's W

South Side of Public Square

HARDY & CHAMBLESS, Publishers

Entered in the postoffice at Snyder, Texas, as second class mail matter

J. S. HARDY Editor
J. P. CHAMBLESS Bus. Mgr.
OLIN F. HARDY Associate

TELEPHONES
Day 'Phone 88. Night 'Phone 200

any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing, or reputation of any person, firm or corporation, which may appear in the columns of The Snyder Signal, will be gladly corrected if called to the attention of the editor.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.
Obituaries and notices of charitable or church entertainments, where admission is charged, will be charged for at the rate of 2 1/2 cents per line.

Snyder, Texas, December 17, 1915.

A British ship left New York last Saturday with a load of sugar consigned to London merchants. Soon after putting to sea the ship was found to be on fire and hurried back to New York harbor to save the cargo.

Germany and Great Britain both want it understood that they might consider terms of honorable and dignified peace, but each says the proposal must come from the other. Meanwhile they both wish it would hurry up and come.

Our diplomatic relations with Austria have been on a strain. Washington gave Austria a chance to disavow the sinking of an Italian ship with American passengers aboard. Austria is inclined to be a bit uppish and if we have to whip them, we'll just have to do it, but we really had rather not have any trouble.

Banker Gonzales of New York warns the American people to refrain from exacting exorbitant prices for supplies sold to Europe. Men are very apt to take advantage of the necessities of the unfortunate but such greed and avarice is apt to result in the way of estranging good customers.

The name of Henry Ford, the automobile man has been filed at Lincoln, Nebraska, to go on the ticket as Republican candidate for president of the United States. It is not stated whether or not the Mayor of Lincoln endorsed the filing. Just a few days ago he refused to endorse Wilson. The Mayor is a brother of W. J. Bryan.

The Dallas News thinks that the lending of American money to foreign nations will tend to benefit American farmers because most of it will come back here to pay for cotton, wheat, meat and such other things as farmers have to sell. It will also be spent for war supplies and machinery manufactured in this country, thus keeping American industries busy and furnishing employment to all classes of labor at good wages.

The burning of the homes of the workers in munition factories in this country by sympathizers of warring factions of Europe is a worse crime against humanity than is ordinary murder. Such crimes deserve the most severe punishment known to our laws. If such anarchists must go about in the dark with their deadly dynamite, they should strike at the institutions that provide employment, and not burn up men, women and children who are innocently trying to earn an honest but meagre living by their toil.

WITH OUR EXCHANGES

Sell a little cotton and salt down a little cash.—Dallas News.
Sounds real hogghish.

Every suspended sentence is an encouragement and invitation for the commission of another crime. The next legislature should direct its first blow at the much abused and crime inducing suspended sentence law.—Anson Enterprise.

WHI the Enterprise state how many suspended convicts it knows of who have committed crimes since being put under court surveillance?

The Merkel Mail is clamoring for a new T. & P. depot and it has cause to clamor.

The Clarendon News thinks the people ought to study the platforms of all candidates for the United States senate and vote for the one whose ideas best suit them. That's a sane idea but personality will go further than platforms in winning votes.

A man may quietly rejoice over good fortune, but he makes the welkin ring when he is cussing his bad luck.—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

For the latter he abuses the government, the banks and the merchants, but as to the former—he did it all himself.

William P. Hobby's friends like him so well as acting Governor that they propose to nominate him for the permanent position at some later date. With the great affection which the people of East Texas have for him and with the loyalty of his home people, with the friendship of fellow workers, the newspaper men, his candidacy would be one to attract strong attention from the people of the State.—Austin Statesman.

Then you'll know of his guiltiness of things now not dreamed about.

It developed in the trial of the officials of the Hamburg-American steamship line that the huge sum of twenty-seven million dollars had been spent in this country to create a favorable sentiment towards Germany; to destroy ammunition factories in this country that have war contracts, to blow up ships carrying war material and food from this country to the enemies of Germany. The conspiracy was the boldest and most flagrant violation of the laws of this country ever concocted by any set of men. If Americans in Germany had done this with conditions reversed the ring leaders would have been shot.—Baird Star.

And American people would have bowed to dignified justice.

In the election of a president pro-tem of the senate, Texas went back on Senator Clark of Arkansas. Sheppard voted for Senator Pomerene of Ohio and Senator Culberson was absent.—Baird Star.

Of course Culberson was absent.

The man with a backbone has little use for a wishbone.—Bronte Enterprise.

And with a few spareribs and sausages added, he has nothing more to wish for.

Astronomer Taylor stationed at the Cape of Good Hope reports a new comet. It is in the Orion belt and slowly moving northward.

Joe Bailey's announcement that he is against preparedness is the word of law to many of the appointed.—Austin Statesman.

There may be a few who will change their views, but in the main the Texas people are not getting their ideas ready-to-wear.

The Roby Banner says there is much complaint in that town about poor telephone service. If there is a small town anywhere that is free

from it, the fact has not been shown. People who pay their money to a public service concern feel that they are expected to kick about something.

Unless you like a squeeze, do your Christmas shopping early and void the jam.—Ferris-Wheel.

Now since the suggestion the young people at Ferris are apt to wait till Christmas eve to do their shopping.

Germany wants to know why Boy-Ed and von Papen were fired. Isn't the Kaiser the innocent old thing?—Amarillo News.

He was just as cautious as innocent. When he realized that the truth was likely to come out, he said "Oh, let it go at that."

The people of Howard have raised \$154.25 to send the family of John Binion to their people at Snyder, Texas. They have resided in that community the past three years. Mr. and Mrs. Binion are both sick and unable to work.—Waxahachie Light

PLAINS FARMER AND HIS MAIZE CROP

The Slatonite says that farmers on the Plains have been selling maize in head at seven dollars a ton. This maize was shipped to south Texas, where it was threshed, ground into chops and sold at \$1.60 per 100 pounds. The Slaton paper says there was a loss of 400 pounds to the ton in the working and that the cost of threshing grinding and sacking was \$6.00.

The South Texas man had 1609 pounds to sell for \$25.50. Now who is to be censured?

Why could not the Plains farmer have converted his maize into chops and reaped the profit? It is the same old story—Texas has all the while been sending raw material to Eastern states to be manufactured into goods instead of working the stuff up here and getting the profits. The same spirit of parsimony or indifference that keeps Texas people from working up their cotton kept the Plains farmer from getting the very highest profits out of his maize crop.

WOMEN WITHHOLD SANCTION OF PRESIDENT'S MARRIAGE

The Daughters of Confederacy met in annual convention last week in Austin. Toward the close of the session a resolution was introduced to send a message to President Wilson declaring their endorsement of his attitude on the question of preparedness for National defense. Also to congratulate him upon his approaching marriage to Mrs. Gault—a Southern woman. Objection was raised to the congratulatory part of the proposed message.

The ladies said it was undignified for him to get married so soon after the death of the former Mrs. Wilson. The resolution was defeated by a decisive vote.

OWENS WOULD DELAY DEFENSE

Senator Owens of Oklahoma wants the Federal constitution amended in these words:

"No war of aggression shall be waged by the army or navy of the United States except upon a declaration of war by congress, ratified and approved by a majority of votes cast in a majority of the congressional districts of the United States."

It has been thought heretofore that the constitutional requirement, that in case of danger the time required to get Congress together placed us too largely at the mercy of oncoming enemies, but by Senator Owens' plan, a designing squadron could shoot us to pieces before we could hear from all the country precincts.

Hopewell, a town of 25,000 people in Virginia was almost entirely cleaned up by fire last Friday. It was a new town built by a company engaged in manufacturing powder for the belligerent nations of Europe. Other concerns in the Eastern States where supplies are being made for the Allies have recently had destructive explosions. Such frequent occurrences force people to believe that the country is overrun by dynamites.

Secretary Garrison in defending the administration's policy for an army and navy strong enough to protect American rights on Sea and land says "We should use mental force to repel error, moral force to repel evil and physical force to repel wrong."

Secretary Lansing will not trouble himself to explain to Germany why Boy-Ed and von Papen are no longer wanted in this country.

LITTLE SIGNALS

Who ever heard of there being politics in going after a convention? True political methods are used in carrying a point, but what of it?

The cross walk between Blackard's and the Post Office is in a sorry condition.

Holiday vacation begins today.

Pay your poll tax and be ready to vote when "politics" opens up.

The Chamber of Commerce will have a banquet about January 6th. This is a get-together meeting, so kick in.

Note the indication of prosperity in the Christmas edition today of the Snyder Signal.

Considerable new land will have to be put in cultivation next year as there are many farmers who have not obtained places for the coming year and a heavy drift of farm operators are coming to the golden west.

Read the Christmas offerings of the business men of Snyder in today's Signal.

Get your tickets for the Chamber of Commerce banquet.

All West bound trains are crowded with western Texas prospectors, many of whom appear to be prosperous. Come to Texas and ON TO SNYDER.

Germany used Austria as an excuse to over run Belgium and make war on the Allies and she may be now seeking her Austrian excuse to make trouble for the United States.

Senator Heke Smith of Georgia and Lodge of Massachusetts pulled of the first tilt in matters concernign foreign relations. Smith wants an investigation into British interference with American commerce and Lodge wants it carried farther and demand redress as far as possible, for the destruction of American lives in the sinking of ships at Sea.

Secretary of War Garrison in his report to Congress urging appropriations for ample preparedness for naval and military defense, takes up every phase of objection being urged against this National movement and meets all of them with strong and convincing reasoning.

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4.

Ford Peace Party Disagree
The Ford peace party envoyage to Europe to urge peace in that country have split up into two factions.

Two preachers on board drew up a resolution condemning Preident Wilson for his preparedness program and said they wanted every member of the party to sign it. More than a dozen men, including S. S. McClure of New York and Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver refused to sign it.

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4.

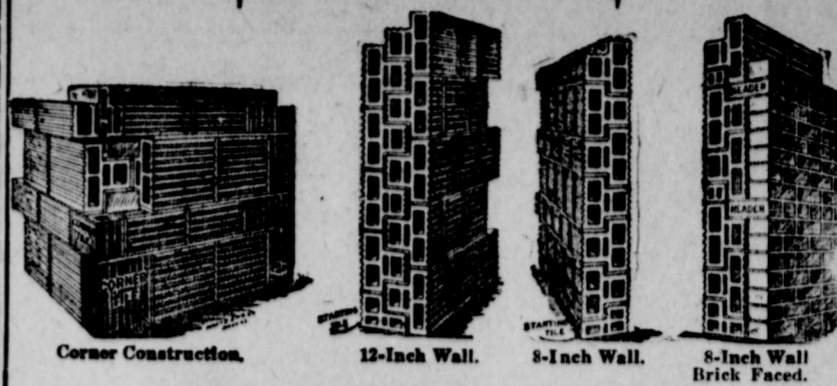
Card of Thanks.
We wish to extend our thanks to our friends, Rev. W. W. Werner and family and also the community for their kind assistance in sickness.
T. J. Wilson and Wife.

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4.

It is supposed to have been Santa Claus coming in with his Christmas things, because a man who could step so far couldn't have walked under the awnings except he were bent over under a heavy load.

Better Construction at Lower Cost

STUDY THESE CUTS



What Interlocking Tile Is

It is a general wall-building material, suitable for use in every character of structure, from the cottage and small store to the mansion and skyscraper.

In it are combined the "cooler in summer, warmer in winter," and lightness of weight features of the hollow wall, with the strength of brick and concrete; in addition, it interlocks in the wall, making the strongest and most rigid wall that can be built. Every unit is a header.

Interlocking Tile is not to be confused with ordinary square tile, which is only designed and intended for partition, and other interior non-load-bearing walls.

WHAT INTERLOCKING TILE DOES FOR ITS USERS
It builds at amazingly low cost (little more than that of good frame) walls that are non-conductive, light in weight, damp proof, comfortable the year around, and more efficient in every way. It increases the buying value of the building dollar.

Write for complete information, Government reports, etc.
FRASER BRICK COMPANY, Sole Manufacturers
DALLAS, TEXAS

PELLAGRA AND HOOK WORM PERMANENTLY CURED

For eight years Dr. W. J. McCrary, a graduate practicing physician, has had the most remarkable success in curing Pellagra and Hook Worm diseases in his practicing territory in Northern Alabama, and now those wonderful Remedies are being offered to sufferers over the entire South. Cures have been effected in the very worst stages of Pellagra and Hook Worm by Dr. McCrary's Remedies, and the cure is permanent—not a temporary relief. Patients bed-ridden and out of mind treated seven and eight years ago for Pellagra were cured in a few weeks, and are in fine health today. Hundreds of testimonials are gladly given by these patients of Dr. McCrary.

TREATMENT FREE OF CHARGE IF WE DO NOT CURE YOU. WE ALSO DIAGNOSE YOUR CASE AND ADVISE YOU FREE. WRITE FOR BOOK AND FULL PARTICULARS TODAY

Dr. W. J. McCrary Pellagra and Hook Worm Remedies, Incorporated.

Box 108, Carbon Hill, Alabama

451t

Turkeys! Turkeys!

We can use all the Turkeys you have, bring them in while the Price is good.

We pay the highest Cash Price.

SNYDER PRODUCE CO.

Snyder, Texas

SHIP YOUR FREIGHT and DO YOUR TRAVELING

VIA



ROSCOE, SNYDER & PACIFIC RY.



CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS—Tickets on sale December 18th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th and Jan. 1st, final limit January 5th, to all points in Texas. One and one-third fare for round trip.

The First State Bank & Trust Co.

SNYDER, TEXAS

Invites you to open an account with them.

Your deposits in a state bank are protected by the depositors guaranty fund. A fund of two million dollars protects your deposits in our bank.

Not a cent has a depositor lost in a state bank since this law went into effect. Come in and let us tell you about this plan. We are glad to answer questions.

P. BRADY, Pres.

C. L. EZELL, Cash.

J. C. STINSON, Asst. Cash.

Christmas Welcome and Bargains at



THE STORE OF Practical Gift Suggestions

More and more do useful, practical holiday remembrances gain in favor with the one who receives and the one who gives. The purely ornamental and "pretty" things around which the spirit of remembrance clings not for long, are gradually losing caste, for these are days of serious thinking with folks who give for true friendship's sake. And so for this year's giving, we have collected great holiday stocks whose most prominent feature can be expressed in one word---usefulness!

The recipient's complete satisfaction is the one thought we had in mind when assembling the gifts, each one of which is distinctively expressive of the individual's desire. The store of practical gift suggestions offers herewith a page of practical Yule-tide hints---only a page and hence only a few. The entire newspaper could not begin to print them all.

Let Your Xmas Gift Show Thoughtful Consideration It will be Appreciated more if it be Something Useful



IDE SHIRTS

Sane gifts have replaced the "gew-gaw" and foolish things. What will be more appropriate than one of these beautiful "Ide Silver Shirts." A new assortment just in, selected especially for the holiday, trade, a shirt that will be a joy to the wearer.

\$1.00 to \$2.50

PRETTY HOUSE SLIPPERS

Attention! Our stock of Women's House Slippers is now complete in styles and sizes, and we advise you to come and pick out the very color and size you want, as really our House Slippers this Christmas are beautiful, and they won't be complete very long. You will be better satisfied if you get the size and style you want, \$1.00 to \$1.50

In Our Infants' and Children's Department We are completely stocked.

with everything to make the little ones comfortable, bath robes, bath towels, bootees, wool hoods and caps, silk caps, crib blankets in pink, blue and white, knitted sacques, warm winter coats, infants' and children's shoes, soft soles and leather, in black and combinations of colors. Hose in black, white and colors.

Linens.

Everything in beautiful table linens and Towels.

60 in all linen damask 60c

72 in Extra Heavy Satin Damask at 75c to \$1.50

Turkish Bath Towels, plain and fancy a beautiful assortment .. 25c to 75c

Turkish Toweling, 15 in, 20 in and 22 in, best grade 15c to 25c

Bath Sets, Two large towels, two guest towels, two bath cloths, one large mat, also two piece sets, at from 40c to \$5.00

Gifts of Neck-wear

A very large assortment of Men's Ties in the choice brocades and stripes, lovely color combinations, four-in-hand floral ends; extra special qualities at .25c, 35c and 50c.

Xmas Gloves, Men's dress gloves at \$1.50 to \$2.00

Wool Shirts in the popular shades tan, brown, gray, etc., every one a bargain, \$1.25 to \$2.50

Sweaters, for service and other sports at 50c to \$3.50

Men's Socks, splendid grade in all colors 50c

Handkerchiefs, in cambric, hemstitched linen and linen with initials 5c to 35c

Xmas Handkerchiefs.

Handkerchiefs for women and children, crepe de chene, linen, mull and shamrock lawn, white or colored, embroidered, many other beautiful handkerchiefs packed in boxes at from 3c to 50c

Leather Hand Bags, a wonderful assortment to choose from, an ideal gift from 25c to \$3.50

Boudoir Caps and Aprons, acceptable by every woman and appreciated too 50c and 75c

Taffeta Petticoats, all colors to match outer garments, \$3.50 to \$6.00

Hosiery For Gifts

Women's Hose, pure silk with lisle tops, double lisle soles, and toes, black white and all wanted colors \$1.00

Women's Silk Hose, novelty effects at \$1.25

Motor Sets, combed yarn in beautiful combination of colors \$2.50

Scarfs, in wool and silk novelty, both comfortable and stylish 50c to \$3.00
Suspenders, packed in Xmas boxes, a very attractive gift 50c

Boys' Wear for Gift Giving

Buy him a Suit, something he will be proud of and really needs. We will give you a special Xmas reduction and show you a fine line to choose from \$3.50 to \$8.00

Gloves, The kind a boy likes to wear
Ties, all styles and colors.

Hats and Caps, a great variety.

Shirts and Blouses, newest patterns.

BLANKETS, PLAIN

BLANKETS, FANCY

COATES MERCANTILE CO.

NORTH SIDE SQUARE

"THE STORE OF QUALITY"

SNYDER, TEXAS



MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS

MERRY by PURCHASING AT



Hunter Mercantile Co.

Christmas and the Holidays are at hand and our store is again headquarters for appropriate and lasting gifts at prices which really represent money saving. The next seven days will be busy ones with this store. Accept our advice and make your choice now before the rush is on.

We Here Offer a Few Appropriate Suggestions.

Blankets.	Fancy Frilled Elastic.	Baby Blankets.	Raincoats.	Underwear.
Furs, Red Fox and Mink.	Ladies' Coat Suits.	Curtain Scrim.	Mackinaws.	Dress Shirts.
Kimonas.	Ladies Coats.	Sheeting.	Ties.	Wool Shirts.
Camisoles.	Silk Hose	Suit Cases.	Sox.	Men's Clothing.
Handkerchiefs in Xmas Boxes.	Linen Toweling.	Unbreakable Dolls.	Handkerchiefs in Xmas Boxes.	Boys' Clothing.
House Slippers.	Towels.	Toboggans.	Mufflers.	Boots.
Hand Bags.	Finest Table Linen.	Over Coats.	Ivory Sox Supporters.	Shoes.
			Hats.	Suspenders.

Hunter Mercantile Co.

PROFESSIONAL

Arthur Yonge Philip Yonge
YONGE & YONGE
 Attorneys-at-Law
 Office North Side Square
 Snyder, Texas.

RICHARD W. WEBB
 Attorney and Counselor
 Thompson Drug Co. Bldg. Snyder,
 Texas

In connection with my law practice I have a thoroughly equipped department for the handling of collections and the making of reports.
 Notary Work Neatly Done.

DR. SED A. HARRIS
 Dentist.
 Office up-stairs in Harris Building
 on north side of square
 Phone 21 SNYDER, TEXAS

N. C. LETCHER
 Dentist
 Office in Williams' Building
 Snyder, Texas

**PROMINENT CITIZEN
 TESTIFIES FOR VITONA**

The following expression, from a prominent Scurry County man, fully explains itself:
 Hermleigh, Tex., Oct. 18, 1915.

Eld. M. M. Melton:
 Dear Sir:
 I write this to let you know that I have been greatly benefitted by the use of VITONA and can recommend it as being all that you claim for it. I am 86 years old and feel better than I have felt for several years.

Respectfully,
 N. M. LESLIE.
 Vitona can be had at the Signal office or address P. O. Box P., Snyder Texas.

And Keep Your Christmas Green

Bring in the trailing forest moss,
 Bring cedar, fir and pine,
 And green festoon and wreath and cross
 Around the windows twine.

Against the whiteness of the wall
 Be living verdure seen,
 Sweet summer memories to recall
 And keep your Christmas green.

It is his dear memorial day
 Who broke earth's frozen sleep
 And who for her hope's gladdening ray
 Forever bright will keep.

He gives all loveliness that grows,
 The strong and graceful trees,
 The winter moss, the fresh Jule rose—
 The dear Lord saves us these.

Who saves us from the piteous wreck
 Of souls adrift in sin,
 So not alone the churches deck,
 But peaceful homes within—

Made peaceful by his constant love,
 Let thoughts of him abide.
 To find us our lost home above
 He homeless lived and died.

We keep the bright home festival
 And, with a childlike cheer,
 His angel ushered birthday call
 The merriest of the year.

Yes, merry Christmas let it be,
 A day to love and give,
 Since every soul's best gift is he
 Who came that we might live.

And all things beautiful are his,
 And his he maketh ours,
 So bring each bud that bursting is,
 All Christmas blooming flowers,

All blossoms that in windows shine,
 With leaves to light unfurled,
 In memory of that Flower Divine
 Whose fragrance fills the world.

Be all old customs honored so
 That good to others mean,
 Bring cross and garland from the snow
 And keep your Christmas green.
 —Lucy Larcom.

Saving For Christmas.
 Any plan that induces almost half the population of a city of 16,000 people to save in small amounts \$175,000 a year is worthy of study. The Oil City Trust company of Oil City, Pa., has a Christmas Saving club, which has grown greatly in recent years. The object in starting the club was to enable people of limited means to set aside small amounts each week to be paid to them, with interest, two weeks before Christmas. Members may begin by paying a cent a week, increasing the amount by a cent each week until the fifty are up. This amounts to \$12.75 per year. A second class calls for a two cent saving the first week, adding the initial amount each succeeding week. This makes a total saving of \$25.50 for the year.—Leslie's.



MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR THE "LITTLE FRIENDS"

THE Norwegian custom of preparing a Christmas dinner for the birds by tying to the top of a pole in the dooryard a large full sheaf of grain is now being followed in many places in America, with variations.

Instead of the sheaf a little tree is dressed with bits of suet and bread. This is set on a broad shelf outside the window, a burlap foundation about it being liberally sprinkled with bird seed, chaff and hay seed. This pretty custom is supplemented in New York by the children of a kindergarten near Central park, who arrange a most bountiful Christmas dinner for the little gray squirrels of that neighborhood. The affair is so pretty that it bears passing on. On the afternoon when school closes for the Christmas vacation the children form in procession and each carries a little basket of nuts, crackers and sugar biscuit, winding their way over the white asphalt into the grove where the feast is to be spread.

No detail is omitted. Even appropriate menus are supplied, and no Orlando ever pinned verses to his Rosalind upon oaks and elms with more enthusiasm than the little people who feel their responsibility for providing a merry Christmas for their squirrel friends.

All about the bases of the trees is spread a generous quantity of nuts of every sort and kind, and no hostess giving a dinner to honored guests could take greater pains to see that everything is daintily and conveniently arranged for their needs.

When the little people trip away it is with the consciousness that Mr. Gray Squirrel and all his kin are in possession of a store of goodies quite sufficient to carry them well through the holiday vacation.

Sing a Song of Christmas.

Sing a song of Christmas,
 Gladdest day of all;
 O'er the hills and valleys
 See the splendor fall.
 Sing of gleaming holly;
 Sing of mistletoe—
 Sing a song of Christmas
 Everywhere you go.

Sing a song of Christmas,
 Holy, happy day,
 Sing of Bethlehem's manger,
 Where the Christ Child lay.
 Sing of love unbounded,
 "Peace, good will to men."
 Sing a song of Christmas
 O'er and o'er again.

Sing a song of Christmas:
 Even on this glad day
 There are griefs and heartaches
 All along the way.
 Hearts that wait the uplift
 Of your note of cheer—
 Sing a song of Christmas,
 Strong and sweet and clear.
 —Edith Virginia Bradt in Ladies' Home Journal.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT



The Singing of Carols.

The custom of singing carols is still maintained in Italy—indeed, on the continent carolling at Christmas is almost universal—and particularly in Rome, where, during the season of Advent, Pifferari may be seen and heard performing their novenas.

These pilgrims, who, by the way, are shepherds from the Calabrian mountains, annually flock to Rome at this season. Their picturesque costume is thus described: "On their heads they wear conical felt hats, adorned with a frayed peacock's feather or a faded band of red cords and tassels. Their bodies are clad in red waistcoats, blue jackets and small clothes of skin or yellowish homespun cloth. Skin sandals are bound to their feet with cords that interlace each other up the leg as far as the knee, and over all is worn a long brown or blue cloak, with a short cape buckled closely round the neck. Sometimes, but rarely, this cloak is of a deep red with a scalloped cape."

MAKE Electric Lights YOUR Christmas Gift

(Something the whole family can enjoy the year round)

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND

Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

LADIES!
 Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS. For twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. **SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE WORTH**

To the Ladies

If you are going to bake that Fruit Cake for Christmas, now is the time to get the ingredients.

We have them all.

We make a specialty of Fresh Vegetables such as Celery, Cranberries, Lettuce, etc., in fact everything for the Christmas table.

To the Men

If you are looking for a good place to load up on Sugar, Flour, Syrup, etc., before the price advances again, this is the place.

To the Children

When you want to buy Fruit, Candy, Nuts and Cakes come to see us.

Order Early Phone 34

Merry Christmas to everybody
Big and Little

DENSON & SMITH

The Christmas Forest

[The region between Jerusalem and Bethlehem was formerly covered with a forest of pines, which has since entirely disappeared.]

THE forest in a whisper spoke,
Vine to flower and pine to oak,
From holy hills Jerusalem
To where, upon its leafy hem,
The humble village clung—
Calm Bethlehem, dark, yet like a gem,
Enwrapped with light, as jewels are,
By trembling radiance of the star.

The trees a coming wonder told
While yet the birds, their songs unsung,
Dreamed of the coming of their young.
But, though of splendor bright
The forest breathed, its boughs were hung
With sable shade; no taper's beam
Cast through that dusk its happy gleam.

The angels sang; the shepherds came;
In the lone manger shone a flame
That burned with supernatural light.
The pine trees whispered through the night.

And, though the Saviour's birth
Changed not their shadowy gloom to white,
They in a patient darkness still
Bowed, sighing, and obeyed his will.

Vanished is that old forest now
And withered wholly, root and bough,
Yet in all Christian realms of earth
Springs a new forest, full of mirth
That lights with radiant cheer
The evergreen's enduring worth,
And to that whispering prophet brings
A glory of the King of kings.

For all our merry Christmas trees
Glow fair with flame and reveries
That cluster round them year by year,
And fir and pine, or far or near,
Live upright, gladly die,
Knowing that they to God are dear,
And bring to man, illuminate,
A torch that leads to heaven's gate.

Even so the measure slow of time,
Like a rhythm closed with rime,
Raises the patient soul on high,
Craves joy to life, even from a sigh,
And in conclusion sweet
Dark grief with gladness can ally.
So shines the forest when we meet
With light and song, Christ's birth to greet.
—George Parsons Lathrop

Good Fellows' Christmas Tree.

The Good Fellows, an organization of men who help to make poor children happy every Christmas, are to plant the municipal Christmas tree in Columbus, Ind. They will erect the tree in Commercial park, which runs across Franklin street from the city hall. Christmas carols will be sung around the tree on Christmas eve by the combined church choirs of the city. The other exercises will be held in the city hall, where the population of the city will receive presents. Baskets of provisions for the needy children of Columbus will be distributed.

Two Yuletide Sentiments

Your kindness to a poor old lonely widow, or to a child without any one left to love him, your posy of flowers taken with your love to some one who is ill, your letter of kindly thought to parents who have just lost their darling daughter, your words of cheerful greeting to a tired serving maid, your honest-hearted attempt to make things easier for mother at home—Christ said he would reckon these as gifts to himself.—Rev. Bernard J. Snell.

Christmas again, with its peace and good will and wonder! How our friends multiply and increase in value as the day of days draws near! How the touch of human hands thrills us and the look in human eyes! To our surprise we are not ashamed to be good, to be kind, to be loving. For this little space out of the long, selfish year we are glad to be ourselves. We give freely of our love; we offer our labor without price, and we speak kindly words that are rarer far than rubies. Once more we take courage and let our hearts have their way, and life laughs and is glad. When Christmas comes the world suddenly grows better, sin less lovely and heaven nearer—and all because a little Boy was born in Bethlehem. Perhaps—who knows—we might carry with us throughout the year the joy of this Christmas living.—Edwin Osgood Grover.

Christmastide.

Christmastide is a time of cold,
Of weather bleak and of winds ablow.
Never a flower, fold on fold
Of grace and beauty, tops the snow
Or breaks the bleak and bitter mold.

And yet 'tis warm, for the chill and gloom
Glow in love and with childhood's glee;
And yet 'tis sweet with the rich perfume
Of sacrifice and charity.
Where are flowers more fair to see?

Christmastide! It is warm and sweet,
A whole world's heart at a baby's feet.
—Wide Awake.



The place to get

needles and repair parts for any make of machine, or a fine machine at a reasonable price.

I sell the Standard and White, two of the finest machines made.

J. D. BOYD
South of Post Office

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Notice to Tax Payers.

I will be at the following places at the time stated below, for the purpose of collecting state and county Hermligh, Dec. 18, 1915.

SPECIAL NOTICE—In ordering poll tax paid by agent, be sure to add 25 cents for Federal Revenue stamp.

W. M. CURRY,
Tax Collector.

**MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP
I GUARANTEE**

P. Benbenek

THE NOTED WESTERN
BOOTMAKER AND REPAIRER
Basement Courthouse.

Practical Christmas Gifts

For

The Man Who Cares

Suggestions for Him

Silk Hose,
Silk Handkerchiefs,
Silk Mufflers,
Wool Shirts,
Dress Shirts,
Over Coats,
Mackinaws,
Traveling Bags,
Fleece lined Underwear,
Wool Union Suits,
Stetson Hats,
Dress Shoes,
Sleeve Bands,
Suspenders,
Gloves,
Hose Supporters,
Trunks.

For your selection of Christmas shopping we have made a careful selection of the most up-to-date patterns, both novelty and staple ever offered in the city. We now have the agency for the famous Florshiem and R. J. R. Shoes, every pair guaranteed.

We have just received a dozen pairs of H. J. Justin Shop made Boots. A new shipment of Over Coats just received and are very reasonably priced. Other Christmas goods are arriving daily. Be sure and see them before making your purchases. Suits cleaned, pressed and repaired. Suits ordered to your measure, a fit absolutely guaranteed.

Suggestions for Him

Caps,
Sweaters,
Jerseys,
Rain Coats,
Stick Pins,
Cuff Links,
Leggins,
Belts,
Buckskin Felt Hats,
Tie Clasps,
H. J. Justin Cowboy Boots,
Slickers,
Jersey Over Shirts,
A nice Line of "Misfits,"
and Standard Brand Suits,
Misfit Pants,
Neckwear in Xmas Boxes,
Cravatette Coats.

C. R. Fellmy

The only Store for Men and Young Men in Snyder

The Store with a Conscience.

OWL DRUG STORE

Drugs

We deliver drugs to any part of the town

TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

On the routes out of SNYDER are requested to telephone us for anything they may need in the Drug line. All orders sent postpaid.

We render you the same prompt, courteous and satisfactory service over the PHONE that you would expect to get at our store if you came in person.

Telephone Us Your Drug Orders. We appreciate your business.

Phone 221

OWL DRUG STORE

See the Display of hand made Fancy work, for Holiday Presents, Friday and Saturday, in Show Window at Smiths' Confectionery.

The Southwestern Telephone people are making good progress at installing their newly equipped exchange up stairs over Strayhern's Sadde Shop on the north side.

HIGH GRADE COAL AT THE ICE PLANT ONLY \$8.00 CASH PER TON.

Miss Tina Pruitt from Dermott has accepted a clerical position in the County Clerk's office.

Try a sack of Belle of Vernon Flour, Townsend, Oldham & Co.

Mr. W. B. Hardin is reported still very seriously sick at his home in West Snyder.

We repair most anything at A. P. Morris' and stand behind the job.

You might just as well see Collector Curry now and get it. You can't vote next year without it.

You can get seed rye at Perkins' Grocery Company.

Late and Popular Fiction at Grayum Drug Co.

Mr. N. P. Cochran who has been farming this year in the Bethel community left Wednesday for his home in East Texas.

Grayum Drug Company handles pure fine Package Candies guaranteed satisfactory.

Cotton is now practically all out and farmers are bringing their maize to market.

Welcome to our store for your gifts. Grayum Drug Co.

W. B. Thrash and R. C. Pattie were here Wednesday from Hermleigh.

A. P. Morris has two and four cap Bachelor Stoves.

The Odd Fellows degree team and other members of Snyder lodge visited the lodge at Dunn Thursday night.

Gift Books at Grayum Drug Co.

Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Rosser have gone to Dallas.

For seed wheat and Rye go to C. S. Perkins Grocery Company.

The safe in W. H. Bishop's drug store at Roscoe was burglarized one night last week and \$2,000 worth of watches and jewelry were taken.

Palm Olive toilet preparations. Just received a full line at Grayum Drug Company.

Kid Blackburn of Coleman county under charge of killing John H. Bryson of Conche county, committed suicide at Valeria last Thursday.

Flash Lights in Holly boxes at Grayum Drug Co.

Dr. J. W. McFarland of Brownwood and J. B. Blaffer of Dallas are introducing an automatic steam washing machine.

LaValliere toilet goods just received at Grayum Drug Co.

Geo. W. Brown returned Saturday from a business trip to Rockport.

We can repair your broken furniture or stoves. A. P. Morris.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bedwell who have been living at Lubbock have moved back to Scurry County.

See the Display of hand made Fancy work, for Holiday Presents, Friday and Saturday, in Show Window at Smiths' Confectionery.

Mr. Henry Wilhelm of Fort Griffin, Texas was the guest last Saturday and Sunday of his son, F. T. Wilhelm of the Townsend-Oldham Company.

Attention Housekeepers
Mattresses made to order. Old mattresses renovated and made new. Feather beds made into folding feather mattresses.

SNYDER MATTRESS FACTORY
Telephone 349

A. W. Howell, of Route 2 was an early caller Wednesday to move up his dates for the Signal and the Star-Telegram.

Monuments
From factory to consumer. Highest grade material and workmanship, at moderate prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address
FRED WALTER,
27p Snyder, Texas

Mrs. J. Arch Farmer, Secretary of the Merchants' Credit Association is embarking in a line of fire insurance

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4.

Special Notice

All parties indebted to us will confer a special favor by settling same or approving your account as we will change book-keepers on Jan. 1, and are anxious to close up our old books. Don't overlook this.

Thompson Drug Company

DR.
PRICE'S
CREAM
Baking Powder
Sixty Years the Standard
NO ALUM

A Fair Proposition
The manufacturers of Meritol Rheumatism Powders have so much confidence in this preparation that they authorize us to sell them to you on a positive guarantee to give you relief in all cases of Rheumatism or refund your money. This is certainly a fair proposition. Let us show them to you. Warren Bros. exclusive Agency. Price \$1.00.

—A pile remedy that is entirely different from anything else, used both externally and internally, acting on the blood as well as the disease, a remedy without a superior. It is Meritol Pile Remedy, made and guaranteed by the American Drug and Press Association. Price \$1.00. Warren Brothers, agents.

Rev. J. H. Ellis was in town Tuesday carrying his right hand in a sling. He explained that he is suffering with a carbuncle on his hand and has had a severe time with it.

LEARN SHORTHAND

It will pay you well. It is an assured means of good employment. It is more than that. It is an invaluable personal accomplishment—a time and labor saver throughout your life.

BENN PITMAN PHONOGRAPHY

is taught in reliable schools everywhere. Let us recommend one to you. Or we will advise you about self-instruction or lessons by mail. Write to

The Phonographic Institute.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Benn Pitman, Founder.
Jerome B. Howard, President.

YOUR LAND TITLES.

THE SCURRY COUNTY ABSTRACT COMPANY.

Will be glad to abstract your land titles and assist in perfecting same. The time to do this is NOW, while the necessary papers may be secured. Charges as low as are consistent with first class work. See us in the Court House Basement.

The Sanitary
BARBER SHOP
Lockhart & King, Props.
HOT AND COLD BATHS
IN CONNECTION
Agents for Acme Steam Laundry, Ft. Worth
North Side Square Next door to Rogers & Castevens

WANTED—You to bring us your subscription to the Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News \$1.00 per year.
OWL DRUG STORE

H. G. Towle

See our line of genuine L. E. Waterman, Geo. S. Parker and Conklin Pens. Self filling fountain pens, \$1.00 up.

H. G. Towle

Mrs. W. C. Vick of the Dermott country was shopping in town Tuesday.

HIGH GRADE COAL AT THE ICE PLANT ONLY \$8.00 CASH PER TON.

Rev. A. B. Roberts and daughter, Miss Sybil of Plainview are visiting Mrs. Maxwell and Mrs. Banks.

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4.

Born, in Snyder, to Mr. and Mrs. Rob. Terry, a boy.

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4.

J. Q. Richardson came in a few days ago from a sojourn of several months in Illinois.

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4.

M. M. Cox, manager of the Telephone Exchange at Ira, was in Snyder Saturday and placed an order with the Signal's job department for office supplies.

Notice.
We will gin two days next week, Wednesday and Thursday, December 22nd and 23rd.
BRICE-BURNETT GIN CO.

Miss Nannie Hillery Harrison, on her return from California stopped by a few days with Snyder friends. Her book "Texas Emblems for You" is finding a ready sale as a Christmas gift at The Owl Drug Store.

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4.

Mr. John A. Stavely was here Monday from Fluvanna.

Notice.
We will gin two days next week, Wednesday and Thursday, December 22nd and 23rd.
BRICE-BURNETT GIN CO.

The Baptist Ladies had a successful bazaar this week at the Smith Confectionery.

Mrs. H. E. Best of Arizona arrived in Snyder Monday to visit her brother, Bill Green.

Rev. O. J. Hull of Abilene filled his regular pastoral appointment last Sunday for the Baptist church at Union.

Christmas Candies at Grayum Drug Company.

The Signal and Dallas News \$1.75.



Opera House THEATRE

WORLD FEATURE WEEK

Commencing Monday, December 20, Big Feature every night.

PROGRAMME

Monday 20—BURR McINTOSH in "Col. Carter of Cartersville" (5 Reels)	Thursday Dec 22—Jose Collins in "THE IMPOSTER" (5 Reels)
Tuesday, Dec. 21—Alice Brady in "THE LURE OF WOMAN" (5 Reels)	Fri. Dec. 24—"Salvation Nell" With BEATRIZ MICHELENA (5 Reels)
Dec. 22—"The Master Hand," Featuring NAT GOODWIN (5 Reels)	Saturday—Christmas Day A Great Feature Entitled "SUNDAY" Matinee and Night

OPERA HOUSE 5c & 10c



The EDISON
Diamond Disc
Phonograph
No Needles to Change
Unbreakable Records

IS THE PRODUCT OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST INVENTOR

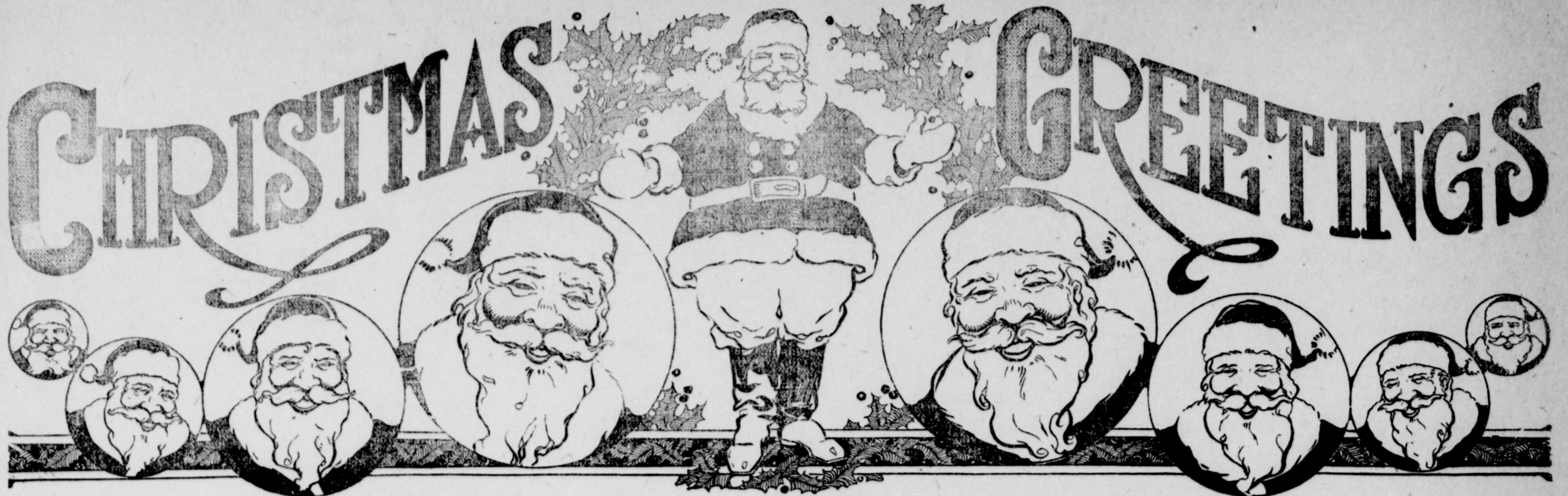
Thirty years ago Thomas A. Edison invented the first sound reproducing instrument. Since then many have adopted his original idea.

But mere mechanical reproduction of sound is not enough for the real music lover. So Mr. Edison, after thirty years, again applied his super knowledge of chemistry and acoustics to the problem.

And now the master inventor has produced an instrument that does more than reproduce sound. It Re Creates the original music without the slightest deviation in quality. He called it "perfect"—the New Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph.

We will be glad to play the New Edison for you. Come in and hear the delightful new Christmas records.

Grayum Drug Co.



A Christmas Miracle

By LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN.

(Copyright, 1915, by American Press Association.)

JOHN SPENCER always knew he was not good enough for Ann Preston, but John Spencer did resent being told so often and officiously by Ann's people that he was not good enough for her. They only augmented his determination to get Ann. And so John just picked up his bride and his lawbooks and carried them off to the west.

The travel across from Virginia, the opening of a law office, the establishing of a new home, even though a very simple one, made money evaporate very rapidly. And, although no legal business had as yet found its way to John's office, he was always busy getting read up or straightened out or settled down. Ann was extremely lonely and homesick. She cried a good part of the time when John wasn't there.

John was making such a fight! But just now they were having house parties back at home, and peaches were ripe. And here the land was as hot and dry as a desert. The dust got in her throat and, worse still, in her eyes. First there came horrible, disfiguring smoked glasses, then a green eye shade, then a darkened room and pain, constant pain, and then there came a specialist. He pronounced it a very serious case of eye trouble and said she might lose her sight entirely. Her eyes were kept bandaged all the time.

For three months she had been in a darkened room. John Spencer read to her, dressed her, fed her and cared for her as if she were a baby. In those three months his hair had turned gray. Never had she spoken to him of the ones back home. But as Christmas time grew nearer and nearer she would ask every day with such a pathetic quaver in her voice, "Any letters, John?"

It was like a sword stab in his heart. He knew she was looking for a Christmas box, and he knew none would come. He knew them all, especially her uncle James, who had intended making her his heiress before she had disgraced the family by "marrying poor white trash," and her two proud, cold, mercenary sisters. Her parents had died when she was very young.

One day when Ann had asked her little quavering question John Spencer ground his teeth and said to himself, "She's got to have that box." The next day he was later than usual getting in from town, and the next day after, although it was more than two weeks before Christmas, an expressman brought a box and set it on the porch. Ann had heard him drive up and set something down and was an excitement when John arrived.

"Why, here's an express package," he shouted out as he stepped upon the porch. Then he brought the box into her room and began prying off the lid. "Mrs. Ann Preston Spencer," he said as the boards creaked off. "And it says from Virginia," he continued.

"Oh, oh!" she cried in delight. "First he took out an envelope and read, 'To Ann with love, from Uncle James. Inside is \$25.'"

"Just what he always gave me at Christmas!" cried Ann. "And wasn't it dear of him?" John did not reply. He was unfolding a flimsy, gaudy, rose colored silk negligee trimmed in coarse, machine stitched lace. "Here is a pink silk evening dress," he said, "and the card says 'From Cousin Harriet.'"

"Oh, how perfectly lovely of her!" exclaimed Ann. "Do let me feel it."

And then there were alleged hand-made and embroidered things marked from Cousin Lucy and Aunt Juliet and some really lovely table linen which had her two sisters' cards on it.

Ann was like a different person, and when the specialist came next time he said there really was some hope for her eyes now.

A neighbor woman, Mrs. Green, took care of her while John was away in town, and when she came in the next morning after the box arrived Ann had her get out all the things. The cards were all pinned on them.

Somehow the handwriting looked strangely familiar to Mrs. Green. John Spencer had written a contract for her when she had sold some land. She turned one of the cards over. On the other side, in big black type, was "John Spencer, Attorney at Law." It didn't take the confidences that Mrs. Spencer was now pouring out to make Mrs. Green understand it all.

Then Mrs. Green went home and had a good cry and sent a special delivery letter to Virginia, such a letter as had probably never found its way into that state before. She tried to picture John Spencer as his friends and neighbors saw him, as they had learned to know him--his strength and courage and tenderness--day by day as he cared for his helpless, stricken wife. She was tactful enough not to mention any knowledge of a family estrangement. He had just done this thoughtful, delicate thing because his wife had sighed for something from home, and he tried to satisfy her every wish and whim. When they heard about it they would be only too glad to make that wish come true, and, of course, they must never let Mr. Spencer know that she had written. He would never forgive her.

And it was two weeks yet till Christmas, and a letter would go to Virginia in five days and if they acted real quickly, which Virginians sometimes did, maybe--

John Spencer had always, been a

CHRISTMAS ROSEBUDS.

Charming Belief of Roumanian Peasants in Coming of the Christ Child.

Every year on Christmas eve, they say, the Christ Child, on his way to Germany, comes through the Roumanian hills to gather rosebuds and to kiss into the hearts of those he cannot carry a love charm which has power to awaken a lasting love in the heart of any one to whom it is presented, provided the gift is made in the open air in solitude before the hour of 10 and ere a word of greeting has been spoken. On the night before Christmas, therefore, the gypsy swains go rosebud hunting, and on Christmas day the chosen maidens who accept lovers' suits wear the buds.

What roses are to holiday Roumania grapes are to gypsy France. Lovers divide a perfect bunch of them; beggars offer grapes to passersby, expecting in return a coin for each one taken. Similarly in Hungary lovers share a dumpling pie. In Italy a Christmas fagot, if it be the last in the bunch, is a token of affection and is saved to light the wedding fire when given by a maiden to her lover. In Spain there are colored lights and fireworks which lovers watch together. And in Somersetshire, England, where the Christmas thorn grows, it was long the custom for young people to gather underneath a thorn tree to hear the buds burst into bloom.

Christmas Is Prophetic

By Rev. Dr. R. S. MACARTHUR

THE Christmas observance, fortunately, is becoming more general each year. Many persons who have no religious interest in the season observe it for its delightful social features. This is itself a genuine gain for all the interests of our common humanity. More and more are the religious denominations of all creeds making a part of Christmas a time of religious worship. This also is a change in a wholesome direction.

In celebrating the birth festival of our Lord we hold up before the world the central thought in its history. Christ's incarnation is the event around which all other events revolve in small or larger circles.

This festival is the most joyous celebration of Christendom. It makes the joy of childhood more joyous, and it lightens the burdens of age and sorrow with its tender memories and its triumphant prophecies.

It is prophetic of the golden age when Christ shall come again, when evil shall be overturned and when the song of a redeemed humanity shall sweep over the universe as the song of celestial choirs echoed over the plains of Bethlehem.

By the gifts which characterize this season we commemorate God's great gift--the unspeakable gift of his Son to a world lost in sin and wandering in darkness. No one can rightly estimate the blessings which flow every year to all classes and conditions of men from the tender memories and gentle charities called forth by the remembrance of the holy child Jesus.

Christmas Bells From Hill to Hill. The time draws near the birth of Christ: The moon is hid; the night is still: The Christmas bells from hill to hill Answer each other in the mist. --Tennyson.

A Christmas Thought

By LUCY LARCOM.

O H, Christmas is coming again, you say, And you long for the things it is bringing, But the costliest gift may not gladden the day Nor help on the merry bells ringing. Some getting is losing, you understand; Some hoarding is far from saving. What you hold in your hand may slip from your hand; There is something better than having. We are richer for what we give, And only by giving we live.

Your last year's presents are scattered and gone, You have almost forgot who gave them, But the loving thoughts you bestow live on As long as you choose to have them. Love, love is your riches, though ever so poor; No money can buy that treasure, Yours always, from robber and rust secure, Your own without stint or measure. It is only love that we can give; It is only by loving we live.

For who is it smiles through the Christmas morn-- The light of the wide creation? A dear little Child in a stable born Whose love is the world's salvation. He was poor on earth, but he gave us all That can make our life worth living, And happy the Christmas day we call That is spent for his sake in giving. He shows us the way to live; Like him, let us love and give.

"Santa has been here!"



very materialistic minded man. That was one thing the Virginia Prestons had against him. But when a sure enough box did come from Virginia by special express on Christmas day, and when that box did contain a pink silk evening dress, quite the loveliest thing he had ever seen, and a real embroidered forget-me-not collar and a rosebud cap such as he had tried to describe to Ann, he just carted off all the first lot of things to a secondhand shop and began reading works on telepathy and mental suggestion and believes to this day that Ann's desire, plus his projected thought, brought that box.

In a few weeks Ann's sight was fully restored, and she was feasting her eyes on the beauties of her gifts. Letters began to go back and forth, and now Christmas boxes go both ways each year across the continent. The one going east has dozens and dozens of luscious western oranges, grown on Spencer's own hundred acre ranch. And now the proud Prestons of Virginia are never prouder than when speaking of "our cousins, Judge and Mrs. Spencer."

Didn't Like the "New" Christmas.

The story is told of Thackeray that he was invited to a party at a country house where the host determined to make the experiment of keeping Christmas in "new style." Toward the conclusion of the feast, in which nothing common to a Christmas dinner figured, it was found that Thackeray had disappeared. He was discovered in a corner of the mansion regaling himself on beef and plum pudding, which he had bribed one of the servants to bring him from the kitchen table.

"Jul" Stamps For Christmas.

For some years there has been a Christmas stamp issued by the Denmark government, the Denmark stamp is issued by the postoffice and with the king's head on it and the one word "Jul," which is Danish for Yule. It is issued each year at Christmas for the season, and every penny from its sale goes to help the fight against tuberculosis in Denmark. It costs a farthing and sells by the millions, having almost doubled its sale each year for the past few years.

USEFUL GIFTS

SUGGESTIONS

EDISON PHONOGRAPHS.
CONKLIN FOUNTAIN PENS.
FINE BOX CANDY.
DRESSER SETS.
MANICURE SETS.
MIRRORS.
TOILET ARTICLES IN SETS.
TOILET WATER.
FANCY BOTTLE PERFUME.
RAZORS.
GILLETTE SAFETY RAZORS.
HARPS.
PIPES.
HAND PAINTED CALENDARS.
FLASH LIGHTS IN HOLLY BOXES.
COLLAR BAGS.
AND OTHERS.

SUGGESTIONS

LATE FICTION
CAMERAS
CAMERA ALBUMS.
LOOSE LEAF RECIPE BOOKS.
INFANT SETS.
MILITARY SETS.
TRAVELING SETS.
NUT PICK SETS.
SERVING TRAYS.
THERMOS BOTTLES.
SCISSOR SETS.
BIBLES.
FANCY BOX STATIONERY.
IVORY PIECES.
GIFT BOOKS.
BOX CIGARS.
AND OTHERS.

AT

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS ETC.

CARDS TOYS SEALS BOOKLETS CALENDAR PADS ARTIFICIAL SNOW RIBBON TISSUE POINSETTAS HOLLEY BOXES HOLLEY PAPER.

Grayum Drug Company

COME IN AND SEE



The Gift Month.

December—the gift month! "Give; it is like God," says an old proverb. Christmas is a happy time because then the best feelings of the heart are elicited and allowed full play. What would otherwise be smothered down as suggestive of sentimentality, as unseemly, as indicative of a too dear dream, may venture forth in the good congeniality of the Christmas season and, quickly attaining unto beautiful gift-fulness, blossom out in good will, gladness, Christ-like kindness, blessing and blessed.

It is well that there should be such a season. We are all kinder than we seem. Life as it comes to us with its imperative pressure of duty demands, its brain racking cares for the immediate future, its pitiful misunderstandings leading unto estrangements, coldness, forgetfulness—life, even as it is and ever must be unto us mortals, creates, as it were, an icy film over what is the kindest and best in all our hearts.

Then comes the Christmas season, with its memories of other years, of better, happier hours, and the hand of a little child brushes away that icy film, and there rise up silently into our busy day those gentler, kinder feelings which, though dormant, were not dead.

At home we are loved best; there, too, we love best. In the genial Christian home, as in no other place on earth, there are full meaning, full appreciation, full enjoyment of the God given gift, Christmas.

Old Yuletide Tales.

There is a legend in Germany that when Eve plucked the fatal apple the leaves of the tree immediately shriveled into needle-points and its bright green turned dark. The nature of the tree changed, and it became an evergreen, in all seasons preaching the story of man's fall through that first act of disobedience. Only on Christmas does it bloom brightly with lights and become beautiful with love gifts. The curse is turned into a blessing by the coming of the Christ Child, and thus we have our Christmas tree.

The visits of St. Nicholas to the homes of the people on Christmas eve as an annual custom grew out of a festival in honor of Hertha, a Norse goddess. At this festival the house was decorated with evergreens, and an altar of stone was set up at the end of the hall where the family assembled. From Hertha's stone we get our word "heartstone." On the stones so set up were heaped fir branches, which were set afire, and through the smoke and flame Hertha was supposed to descend and influence the direction of the flames, from which were predicted the fortunes of those present.

A Skittish Christmas Tree.

The Swedes have a custom at Christmas time of decorating a pet lamb with red ribbons and bells, then loading it with gifts for the family. The lamb is turned loose in the house, and each person attempts to catch it and find his or her gift.

Santa Claus Up to Date.

Every year I am tempted to come out on a homestead and tell the young and self-raising generation the truth about Santa Claus.

I believe it only right that the children should know Santa Claus no longer goes about in a dinky little sleigh, delivering toys down the chimneys. He simply couldn't do it if he tried. That kind of thing was all right when his business was small and he was younger than he is now. In those days he made the toys himself—glued even the little tails of the little toy sheep in place, stuck the little eyes on the tops of their little heads, painted the little bodies as different from the real thing as he could and do it quick, and then, hitching up his six reindeers, delivered the whole batch before sunrise Christmas morning. It is different now.

Santa Claus is old, and all he does is to live on the profits of the business. The business now is run under the name of S. Claus & Co., and the firm has many workers—clerks, drivers and the rest. Some of the employees of this big firm have grown so careless that they miss little boys and girls who live in out of the way places. Old Santa Claus never did such a thing in his life.

If any of our young people are overlooked this year they must not blame Santa Claus. He is just as jolly and good as ever. They'll have to blame it on the new driver that looks after their section of the earth.

Old-fashioned Christmas.

The backlog's flame has died away;
The embers into ashes drift.
Outside the snows are eddying, gray,
And piling fast in many a rift.
White robes is now the cedar tree
Where once the catbird nightly sang,
And from the eaves by two and three
The knots like arrows hang.

The shadows on the somber wall
Flit, cross and dance amid the gloom,
And streaks of ghostly color fall
In changing hues about the room.
The spiders in the corners dim
Within their webs the closer cling,
And from the mantel's oaken rim
A pair of children's stockings swing.

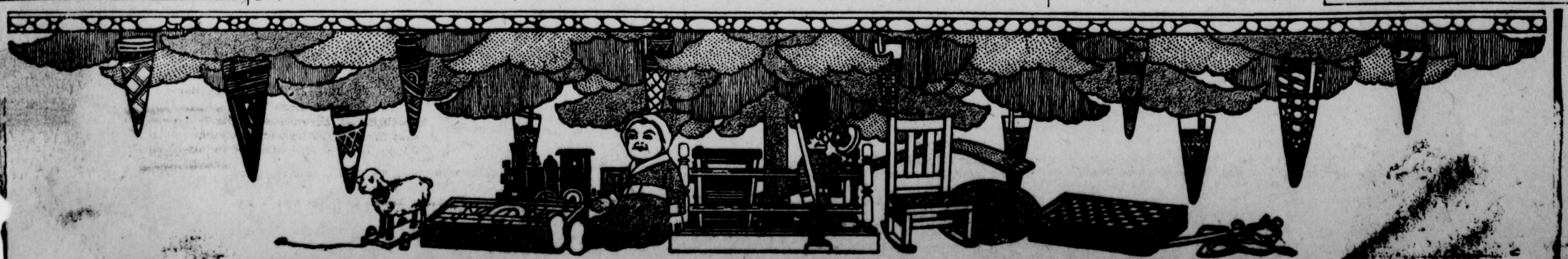
O'er field and forest, lane and road
Fast and still faster swirl the snows,
And in the barn loft snugly stowed
A drowsy rooster wakes and crows.
The clock strikes twelve, and midnight
wanes.

While winter skies stretch cold and
drear,
Frost flowers blossom on the panes,
The snows float by and disappear.

And then across the roof-tree swells,
Borne by the winds that fall and rise,
A sound of many hurrying bells,
A sound that ebbs and peals and dies.
And next adown the chimney creeps
The children's saint in all the lands,
And, true to all the trysts he keeps,
White bearded on the hearthstone stands.
—Ernest McGuffey in Ladies' Home Companion.

The Supreme Gift.

Fear not, my friend, giving more than
your due;
Remember the gift presented to you
in the long ago and try to be true
When Christmas comes.
—William Lytle.





and
Happy New Year

A

lthough it is seven days until Christmas and fourteen days until New Year's we wish to take this method and opportunity of extending to the people of Snyder, Scurry County and adjoining territory our hearty wishes for you, one of the Merriest Christmas' and Happy New Year you have ever had the pleasure of enjoying.

We wish also to thank each and every one of you for your past business and make the announcement that our business will be conducted on that same High Plane that will merit a continuance of your future business.

Again wishing you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, we beg to remain,
Yours to please,

Townsend-Oldham Co.

The Home of "Everything"

Mail Your Orders

Phone Your Orders



:: A Merry Christmas to All the World ::



GIFT SUGGESTIONS

For Ladies

FURS
HOUSE SHOES.
HANDKERCHIEFS.
BOUDOIR CAPS.
HAND BAGS
COLLARS.
SILK HOSE.
LADIES TIES.
BAR PINS.
UMBRELLAS.
FEATHER BOAS
IVORY SET, FOR DRESSER.
TOILET GOODS.
SWEATER COATS.
SKATING CAPS AND SCARF.
SHORT WAISTS
SILK PETTICOATS

For Women, (Con't)

COATS, COAT SUITS AND CLOAKS.
READY-MADE DRESSES.
FANCY HAIR ORNAMENTS.
FANCY TOWELS.
TABLE LINEN
NAPKINS
DRESSER SCARF
BABY SETS.
BATH ROBES.
DOLLS.

For Men and Boys

TIES.
SOCKS.
HANDKERCHIEFS.
MEN'S INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS.
SUSPENDERS.

For Men and Boys, (Con't)

MUFFLERS.
SWEATERS AND JERSEYS.
GARTERS.
SLEEVE HOLDERS.
COLLARS
MACKANAWS
RAIN COATS.
OVERCOATS
HATS, CAPS.
SUIT CASES.
HAND GRIPS.
HIGH ART AND OTHER SUITS.
SHIRTS.
UNDERWEAR.
SHOES, BOOTS.
GLOVES.

Another Christmas Season is upon us, a season so useful and acceptable in view. Our entire attention is directed under the heading of that of deciding what to give, and our display, whether you

We believe

The Big
to close one of
entering the glorious Christmas season
same time MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS

Wishing
Christmas and

CATOR

Remember

Only Seven More Buying Days 'til Christmas

7

Christmas is here and The Big Store is offering to the Gift Givers a line of Christmas Goods that are appropriate. The sensible donor will give something that can be used, and we have bought our Holiday line with that stock of holiday goods is of that class and the recipient will be glad indeed, to get any one of the items enumerated "Suggestious," and you will find that this list of useful presents will overcome that "meanest of mean duties" to Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, etc. The Big Store extends an invitation to you to come in and examine or not.

that when you see them your selection will be easy.

The Store of Caton-Dodson Dry Goods Company is just about the most successful seasons in their existence and we are this season with good will toward every body and our one aim is to give you something that you can use, at the LEAST EXPENDITURES lighter than they usually are.

for every patron and friend of this institution a Merry Happy New Year, we are yours truly.

CATON-DODSON DRY GOODS CO

The Big Store

Our Prices are Based on Last Years Cotton Prices



Once Upon a Time.

My little child comes to my knee
And, tugging, pleads that he may climb
Into my lap to hear me tell
The Christmas tale beloved so well—
A tale my mother told me,
Beginning "Once upon a time."

It is a tale of skies that rang
With angel rhapsodies sublime;
Of that great host, serene and white,
The shepherds saw one wintry night—
And of the glorious stars that sang
An anthem once upon a time.

This story of the hallowed years
Tells of the sacrifice sublime
Of one who prayed alone and wept
While his wearied followers slept—
And how his blood and Mary's tears
Commingled, once upon a time.

And now my darling at my side
And echoes of the distant chime
Bring that sweet story back to me,
Of Bethlehem and Calvary,
And of the gentle Christ who died
For sinners once upon a time.

The mighty deeds that men have told
In ponderous tomes of fluent rime
Like misty shadows fade away,
But this sweet story bides for aye—
And, like the stars that sang of old,
We sing of "Once upon a time."
—Eugene Field.

"Not Until Next Christmas."

It was said the other day by an old southerner in Washington that no home loving Virginian ever would move "until after the next Christmas." The next Christmas comes and goes, but there is still another to come, and the moving is put off and, happily, will be put off until holiday spirit has gone from the south, a spirit that will go when the south goes.

Why Santa Lives.

Was there ever a wider or more loving conspiracy than that which keeps the venerable figure of Santa Claus from slipping away, with all the other old-time myths, into the forsaken wonderland of the past? Of all the personages whose marvelous doings once filled the minds of men he alone survives.

He has outlived all the great gods, and all the impressive and poetic conceptions which once flitted between heaven and earth—these have gone, but Santa Claus remains by virtue of a common understanding that childhood shall not be despoiled of one of its most cherished beliefs, either by the mythologist, with his sun myth theory, or the scientist, with his heartless diatribe against superstition.

There is a good deal more to be said on this subject if this were the place to say it. Even superstition has its uses and sometimes its sound heart of truth. He who does not see in the legend of Santa Claus a beautiful faith on one side and the naive embodiment of a divine fact on the other is not fit to have a place at the Christmas board. For him there should be neither carol nor holly nor mistletoe. They only shall keep the feast to whom all these things are but the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace.—Hamilton Wright Mable.

Christmas Dreams.

Were every Christmas of which we have been present at the celebration painted accordingly to nature, what a gallery of pictures! True that a sameness would pervade them all, but only that kind of sameness that pervades the nocturnal heavens. One clear night always is to common eyes just like another, for what hath any night to show but one moon and same stars—a blue vault, with here a few braided and there a few castellated clouds? Yet no two nights ever bore more than one family resemblance to each other before the studious and instructed eye of him who has long communed with nature and is familiar with every smile and frown on her changeable, but not capricious, countenance. Even so with the annual festivals of the heart. "Thoughts that like spirits trackless come—and go" is a fine line of Charles Lloyd's. But no bird skins, no arrow pierces the air without producing some change in the universe. No coming or going is absolutely trackless, nor irrecoverable by nature's law is any consciousness, however ghostlike, though many a one, even the most blissful, never does return, but seems to be buried among the dead. But they are not dead, but only sleep, though to us who recall them not they are as they had never been, and we, wretched ingrates, let them lie forever in oblivion. How passing sweet when of our own accord they rise to greet us in our solitude!—Christopher North.

Some Quietude Jest.

Little Elsie—Santa Claus doesn't go around in a motorcar, does he, mamma?
Mamma—Why, certainly not! He still drives his reindeer, darling.
Little Elsie—Oh, I'm so glad! Tommy Rankin told me he used a motorcar, and I've been in a terrible state since, 'cause I'm afraid the repair shops wouldn't be open at night.

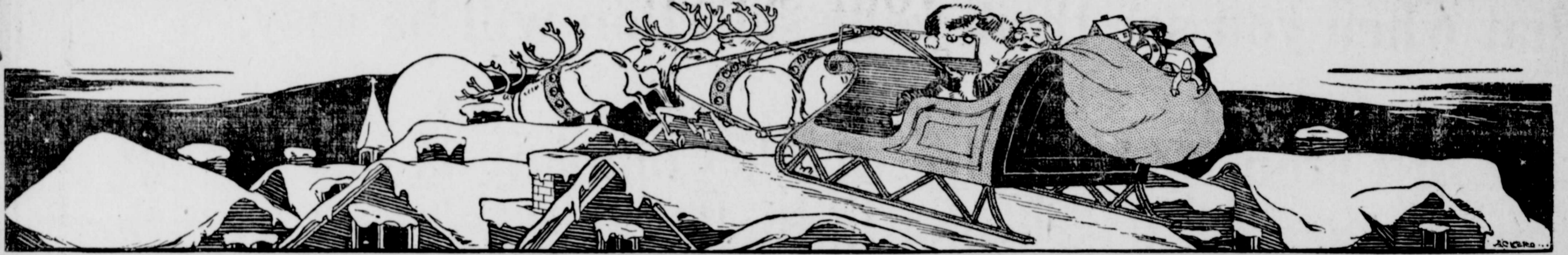
Thirty-seven young ladies of the congregation had in mind thirty-seven pairs of slippers for the curate for Christmas.

But one young lady made known her intention. And when the day arrived the curate received one pair of slippers and thirty-six dressing gowns.

Milly (in horrified whisper)—Mamma, Willie is an infidel!
Mamma—An infidel?
Milly—Yes. He said he don't believe there's any Santa Claus.

"What is the baby crying about?"
"Oh, nothing much. He only wants to eat the Christmas tree."

The Christmas Tree.
The Christmas tree is rooted deep in love; Its verdant branches tower far above; Its fruit are emblems of a fairer clime; Its odors whisper of a happier time. 'Tis planted in all lands to spread and grow; And faith and hope among its treasures glow. Till the green life tree in our midst shall stand And earth once more becomes an Eden land.
—From "Christmas Chimes."



Santa Claus Says

With Every 10c purchase you get free a chance at a \$10.00 Box of Candy.

we have the most magnificent showing of Christmas Goods ever displayed in this City. Come in and look over them.

The prettiest line of Chocolates and Bon Bons ever offered the Young People

Gifts for every member of the family, Young and Old.

ETCHED AND ENGRAVED GLASS
HAMMERED BRASS GOODS.
CHOCOLATE SETS.
TOILET ARTICLES.
PICTURE PANELS.
HOLIDAY STATIONERY.
CHINAWARE.

CHRISTMAS TREE DECORATIONS.
COMB AND BRUSH SETS.
SHAVING SETS.
MUSIC ROLLS.
HAND MIRRORS.
COLEMAN'S FAMOUS ARIO-LITE
LAMPS.

DOLLS.
DOLL BUGGIES.
TOYS, GAMES, ETC.
CIGARS, HOLIDAY BOXES.
HOT AND COLD DRINKS.
AND THOUSANDS OF OTHERS.

Fire Works Fire Works Fire Works

Smiths' Confectionery

Tom Speedwell's Christmas

By Rev. CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS, D. D.

THE last of the little stockings had been packed to its utmost capacity and hung upon the mantel.

Mary surveyed them with a smile of satisfaction and then went into the nursery to take her good night look at little Bob and Elsie.

When she returned there was in her great brown eyes the mysterious light of mother love.

She found her husband sitting near the fireplace and gazing absent-mindedly at the flames.

"Tom," she said, "what do you think Elsie said when Bob asked her this afternoon what she wanted you to give her for Christmas?"

"I don't know. What?"

"She heaved the sweetest little sigh and replied, 'I wish papa would just give me his own self all day long.'"

"What did she mean by that?" he asked with a start.

"You dear old fellow," she answered, pushing his hair back from his forehead with her gentle hand, "you have



YOU NEVER SAW ANY ONE SO HAPPY.

not been yourself of late. Your business has worried you, and we hardly feel as if we see anything of you. Your body is here, but your mind is down at the store."

"You think Elsie has noticed it?"

"I do so."

"Jing! This won't do!"

"You dear old giant, I dreaded to tell you, for I know how hard it is."

"Bless your heart! Don't for heaven's sake let me fall into any habit which will darken those little children's lives as yours," he said, kissing her.

An all day frolic began in the Speedwell home the minute those two little white nightgown figures stole into the room at sunrise.

Tom helped them empty their stockings and open their packages, and when they screamed with delight in their childish trebles he roared in his thunderous bass. He peeled their oranges, cracked their nuts, spun their tops, strapped on their skates, dressed their dollies and shot peas at their tin soldiers for four hours until dinner.

He seemed a little tired and drawn when he carried the turkey, but Mary gave him a look that put new heart into him, and after dinner he commenced again.

You never saw any one so happy as those little Speedwell young ones! They forgot all about their toys and just rolled and tumbled over their dear old daddy like little poodles over a great Newfoundland dog.

And when the day turned to twilight and the twilight faded into dark two tired children crept up into Tom's lap and laid their heads upon his heart.

Bob fell asleep with his eyes fixed upon his father's face, in a sort of mute torpor, and Elsie, patting his bearded cheek, said in tones so much like Mary's that they startled him:

"Papa, do you know which gift I like best of all?"

"Your dolly," he said, trying to appear unconscious.

"You," she answered gravely, and trying heroically, but vainly, to keep awake so as to feast upon his love a little longer, she, too, fell asleep and dropped off upon the sea of Nod.

And there by the fireplace sat Mary, her big brown eyes full of tears.

"Well done, dear heart," she said. "You have won a great victory today. You have given yourself to others and you have reproduced the Christ life again. And now carry them off to their cribs, and after I put them to bed you shall sit down with me and have a good, long worry if you want to."

Christmas Dinner at Bracebridge Hall

THE dinner was served up in the great hall, where the squire always held his Christmas banquet. A blazing, crackling fire of logs had been heaped on to warm the spacious apartment, and the flame went sparkling and wreathing up the wide mouthed chimney.

The great picture of the crusader and his white horse had been profusely decorated with greens for the occasion, and holly and ivy had likewise been wreathed around the helmet and weapons on the opposite wall.

A sideboard was set out just under this chivalric trophy, on which was a display of plate that might have vied (at least in variety) with Belshazzar's parade of the vessels of the temple—"flagons, cans, cups, beakers, goblets, basins and ewers"—the gorgeous utensils of good companionship that had gradually accumulated through many generations of jovial housekeepers. Before these stood the two Yule candles, beaming like two stars of the first magnitude. Other lights were distributed in branches, and the whole array glittered like a firmament of silver.

We were ushered into this banqueting scene with the sound of minstrelsy, the old harper being seated on a stool beside the fireplace and twanging his instrument with a vast deal more power than melody. Never did Christmas board display a more goodly and gracious assemblage of countenances. Those who were not handsome were at least happy, and happiness is a rare improver of your hard favored visage.

The parson said grace, which was not a short, familiar one, such as is commonly addressed to the Deity in these unceremonious days, but a long, courtly, well worded one of the ancient school. There was now a pause, as if something was expected, when suddenly the butler entered the hall with some degree of bustle. He was attended by a servant on each side with a large wax light and bore a silver dish, on which was an enormous pig's head, decorated with rosemary, with a lemon in its mouth, which was placed with great formality at the head of the table.—Washington Irving.

"No Santa Claus!"

If it be true, as some do say, that there's no Santa Claus, What is this spirit on the way That never seems to pause When Christmas chimes are sounding clear?

Upon the frosty night In spreading splendor gifts of cheer In every mortal's night?

What is this sense of glow divine That comes to you and me When watching all that happy line Of children round the tree?

When comes this mantling atmosphere, So full of sweet release That falls upon us once a year And covers us with peace?

No Santa Claus? Oh, men of doubt, Whence comes this sorry claim? Would you so fair a spirit flout For reasons of a name?

Dear Santa Claus is everywhere Where hearts are true and kind, And where there's love of man 'tis there His presence rare we find.

—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

No Perfect Christmas Sermon.

Some one has said that there cannot be found in literature a single Christmas sermon which meets the occasion. Of course there cannot.

The occasion is the new birth of the world. Unless the preacher is competent to say how far the world has grown since its new birth, unless he can comprehend and declare the infinite greatness of that kingdom of God which the Saviour of men promises in the world and unless the same preacher can describe the world as it was, "the people who sat in darkness," he cannot preach the sermon which shall meet "the occasion."—Edward Everett Hale.

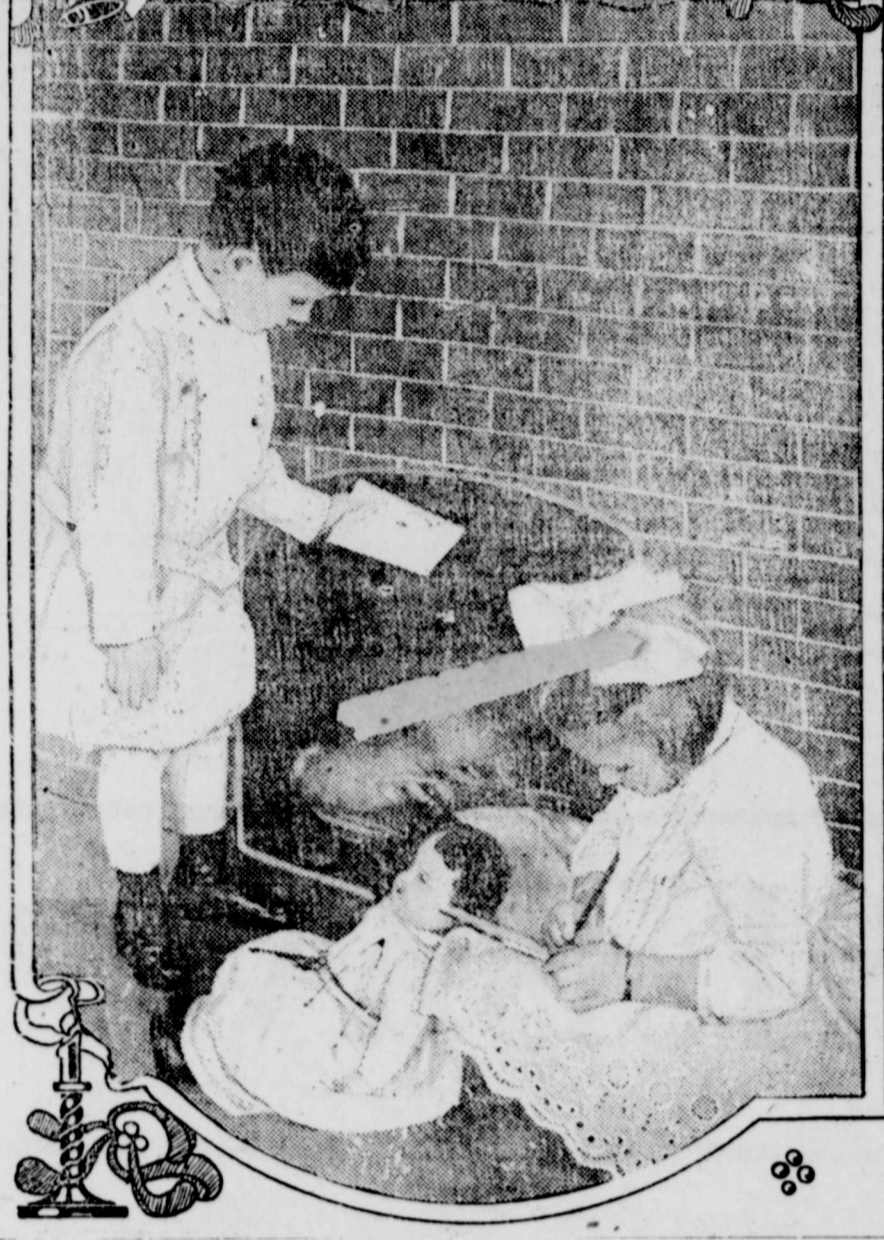
The Christmas "Cenone."

The "Cenone," a Christmas custom of southern Italy, is also observed in Rome. It is an ancient festival of the lower classes and is held on Christmas eve. It is a fast-feast (if it may so be designated) whose object is a reunion of families in a spirit of devotion. It consists of a supper at which macaroni and fish are the principal dishes. No other is served into whose composition either meat, yolks of eggs, milk or butter enters. Because of the "Cenone" the streets are deserted and dull on Christmas eve. After midnight in some sections noisy parades appear.

Mechanical Toys Are Not New.

In all ages of the world's history children have loved toys. History records the fact that figures of animals, such as horses, goats and dogs, were found among the toys made of pottery years before the Christian era. Even the mechanical toy is not a new invention, for in ancient Greece, where moving automata astonished or amused both rich and poor, there was scarcely an Athenian house which did not possess a mechanical toy of some sort.

Telling Santa What They Want



Shoes Instead of Christmas Stockings

ALL over New York the children talk of the coming of Santa Claus for weeks before Dec. 25, but there was a time when he was more frequently referred to as St. Nicholas, the Dutch St. Nicolaas, or San Claas. Mrs. Van Rensselaer says in her "History of New York":

"The stockings that our children hang on Christmas eve were once the shoes that the children of Amsterdam and New Amsterdam set in the chimney corners on the eve of Dec. 6, and the reindeer whose hoofs our children hear represent the horse, descended from Woden's horse Sleipner, upon whose back St. Nicholas still makes his round in Holland. When Catholicism prevailed St. Nicholas was everywhere the children's saint. In Holland, where his personality was modified by memory of Woden, god of the elements and the harvest, he had a peculiar hold on popular affection, which persisted into Protestant times. The children of Holland still believe that he brings the gifts that they always get on the eve of his titular day, Dec. 6."

Safe in Santa's Arms



The Greek Orthodox Christmas

ACCORDING to the Greek and Russian calendar, Christmas comes thirteen days after the day that is generally observed in this country—that is, on Jan. 7. In the colonies of the two races in American cities the day is celebrated by prayer, feasting and much merrymaking.

The Greek Orthodox churches are crowded to the doors, men and women bringing candles, which they place before the shrines.

In the Greek and Russian restaurants and clubs there is feasting, and the restaurants of the better class are decorated with laurel wreaths and pine trees. The poorer places have artificial wreaths of paper.

In the Russian homes in the cities there are Christmas trees with presents for the children, just as there are on Dec. 25 in homes of other nationalities. Scores of children gather in homes to sing Russian hymns and songs.

In the homes of the Greeks also there are Christmas trees for the children. The older folk receive money and gifts on the Greek New Year.

At the Foot of the Magical Tree



Odd Christmas Beliefs

INDIANS say that the best time to catch a deer is on Christmas night at 12 o'clock, when they believe the deer kneels.

Some of the Germans believe that those born on Christmas day have the power of seeing spirits and even commanding them.

A popular saying in Spain for Christmas day is, "The bird of dawn singeth all night long to frighten away all evil things."

In Roumania it is the custom to bless the Danube at Christmas, and a procession consisting of priests and people dressed to represent Biblical characters moves through the streets singing chants, and so to the banks of the river. The ice is broken and a small wooden cross thrown into the water. Any one who can recover the cross is regarded as extremely fortunate and sure of good luck for the remainder of the year.

Christmas celebrations in Mexico begin Dec. 17 and continue until Dec. 24. Each night a festival is held, nine in all, an invitation being sent out to these "posadas." "Posada" means "inn," typifying the way the holy travelers, Joseph and Mary, sought in vain for rest and shelter.

On the Trail

I PEEKED around a bit last night. I thought I'd like to get a sight Of old man Santa Claus at night. I come a-snoakin' down the stair And hid behind the parlor chairs, As still as two small baby bears, With butter on their paws.

I sat, and set, and set, and set, All scrunched up like a Hottentot, And skursely breathed at all, 'Twas awful dark and kind o' weird, And as the hours disappeared I felt myself a-gettin' skeered At noises in the hall.

And nen old Sandy hove in view. He wore a shaggy coat and two Big goggles on his eyes. He wore a pair of motor mitts As fuzzy as a pussy kit's And wool cap like my mother knits For daddykin's surprise.

He whispered once or twice, and nen He cackled like a settin' hen Or like a rooster does. 'He'll never know me now!' said he While fixin' up the Christmas tree. But old man Sandy can't fool me—I knew just who he was! —Carlyle Smith in Denver Republican.

A Christmas Church

GIVE me a snug little church, Dressed for the holidays in greens, wreaths of holly, long hanging garlands of ground pine and laurel, perhaps rather awkwardly, but none the less lovingly, arranged by interested church members, not by a hired florist, and filling the building with the breath of outdoors.

I want some trees on the pulpit and high overhead a blazing star of fire, shining out into the semi-twilight of the building. I want to rise in the starlighted darkness of a properly frosty Christmas morning and in everyday clothes, wearing mittens, if I choose, and my second best hat, walk briskly through quiet streets to the church and join the waiting congregation.

There won't be a crowd. There will be no display. Only a few score of those to whom Christmas means a wonderful reality will be there. And there will be congregational singing, lots of it, and we'll run the gamut of the hymns of the Nativity. We'll read the appropriate Scripture responsively and listen to the Christmas story told once again by the kindly voice of the unpretentious layman. —New York Evening Post.

Turkey Not an Ancient Christmas Dish.

The turkey as a Christmas dish was introduced into England in the sixteenth century and is therefore of less antiquity than the huge sirloin of beef or the mince pie. Mince pies were first shaped like a manger, as were the Yule cakes given out by the bakers to their customers. The plum porridge later developed into the plum pudding, which dates from 1675. At the old Christmas feasts peacocks and cranes formed some of the dishes. Before being roasted the peacock was carefully skinned, and after leaving the oven the bird was reclothed with its old plumage.

Spanish Music at Christmas.

Weird music in the home is a part of the Christmas festivities in Spain. In northern Andalusia the people play the zambomba, a kowwow performed by a hollow reed, which is wetted and rubbed with the finger gives out a low, screeching, monotonous sound. In southern Andalusia the panderina tambourine is the chief instrument.

In the Christmas Shop

SHE was six if she was a day. She had a little fat lack in a little black coat, and her wisps of red hair matched her red tam-o'-shanter. In her firm hand she held a struggling boy about a year younger, and they were getting into the elevator at a big department store and making for the toys.

The Woman Who Saw had a like destination, and when the floor was reached they got out together. Children are not allowed unaccompanied by guardians in most large shops, but such was her air of responsibility, of decorum, that it would have been a bold floor-walker who dared to question her.

Nor evidently was it her first visit. The boy, still held in leash, ran in front and made straight for the space devoted to Santa Claus, his reindeer and his sleigh piled with toys.

There was a background of fir and cedar and a huge Christmas tree, but the pair sat down before the fascinating old fellow in his red robe, his long



THEY SAT DOWN BEFORE THE FASCINATING OLD FELLOW.

white beard, holding his big whip, and from his face the small boy did not turn.

Across the room was a crèche; also a wonderful and beautiful thing—the infant Jesus in the manger, the mother in her blue robes, St. Joseph with his staff, the three kings resplendent.

The children had been perfectly still for fifteen minutes looking at Santa Claus when the little girl whispered to the boy. He squirmed, struggled, but she was too much for him. She dislodged him from his seat, dragged him to the crèche and with motherly Irish plety pressed him on his knees.

Reverently she described the holy group, then would incite devotion from a more human motive. "See the cow, Denny. You mind the cow we used to see last summer at the farm when we went on the fresh air? See the goat, Denny. You mind the goat in our alley? It's his pitcher." But Denny whined and pulled and pulled to be back again to his idol.

The little girl looked up and met the eyes of the Woman Who Saw. Her sigh was that given by every woman since the beginning, for every man for whose soul she holds herself responsible.

"I'm afraid," she said, "Denny likes Santa Claus better than he likes God." —New York Evening Sun.

Healing Virtue in Christmas Coins.

In certain parts of Worcestershire and Staffordshire the idea prevails that a silver coin from the Christmas morning effort is a sovereign remedy for any ill that human flesh is heir to. Accordingly any householder who happens to have an ailing child or other person in his house hires him to the clergyman of the parish on Christmas morning and asks as a favor a sacrament shilling, as the coin is called. The coin given in exchange has to be obtained by collecting a dozen pennies from as many different maidens and then changing the coppers for a silver shilling. For this coin the applicant receives the coveted sacrament shilling, which on being taken home is hung round the ailing one's neck and is popularly supposed to effect a rapid and complete cure of the complaint, no matter what it may be.

Provides For Christmas.

Provide for Christmas eve that it do come To feast thy neighbor good cheer to have some; Good bread and drink, a fire in the hall, Brawn, pudding, souse and good mustard withal; Beef, mutton, pork and shred piee of th' best; Pig, veal, goose, capon and turkey well dressed; Apples and nuts to throw about the hall, That boys and girls may scramble for them all; Sing jolly carols, make the fiddler play— Let scrupulous fanatics keep away. For sometimes is seen an arrant knave Than some who do countsettle most to be gave. —Poor Robin's Almanac, 1866.



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Santa's Friends Are Everywhere, All with Him in Yule Toys Share.



Yuletide Feast It Took Much to Satisfy Our Seventeenth Century Ancestors

GERVASE MARKHAM, who lived and wrote in the seventeenth century, gave an account of what was a proper Christmas dinner in his time. By it the appetites of former days may be judged. He says the first course should consist of "sixteen full dishes—that is, dishes of meat that are of substance and not empty or for show—as thus, for example: First, a shield of brawn, with mustard; second, a boy'd capon; third, a boy'd piece of beef; fourth, a chine of beef, roasted; fifth, a neat's tongue, roasted; sixth, a pig, roasted; seventh, chevets, baked; eighth, a goose, roasted; ninth, a swan, roasted; tenth, a turkey, roasted; the eleventh, a haunch of venison, roasted; the twelfth, a pasty of venison; the thirteenth, a kid with a pudding in the belly; the fourteenth, an olive pie; the fifteenth, a couple of capons; the sixteenth, a custard, or dowsets. Now, to these full dishes may be added salets, frienses, queiqu choses and devised paste, as man, dishes more, which make the full service no less than two and thirty dishes, which is as much as can conveniently stand on one table and in one mass. And after this manner you can proportion both your second and third courses, holding fullness on one-half of the dishes and show in the other, which will be both frugal in the splendour, contentment to the guest and much pleasure and delight to the beholder."

Yuletide wishes FROM Miss Dolly.



In those good old days and for many a year thereafter the eating of vast feasts was accompanied by special revels of the season, and to see that these were conducted with proper ceremony there was appointed at court in England and in many of the greater noble houses as well a "master of the revels." He was a necessary personage indeed, as may be seen from a passage in the "Household Book of the Northumberland Family."
"My lord useth and accustomedly yerly to gyf hym which is ordyned to be the Master of the Revels yerly in my lordis hous in cristmas for the overseyng and orderinge of his lordships Playes, Interludes and Drestinge that is plaied befor his lordship in his hous in the xijth dayes of Cristemas, and they to have in reward for that enus yerly xxxs."—Detroit Free Press.

"Birthdays Instead of Christmas?"
Perish the thought. Birthdays are birthdays and Christmas is Christmas. How, then, substitute the one for the other?
From the holy birth, a birthday to be sure, but one calling for a general and not an individual celebration, gifts have been given. The first were by the wise men, remember.
If one is happy he instinctively desires to give. We cannot explain why, but we know it is so. And though many may be too unhappy or too self-centered there are none so poor that they cannot give, and generously, of that spirit which makes "A Merry Christmas."
If through the year one sees what one believes would be acceptable to his friend, why not buy it, if it can be afforded, and instead of giving it on the birthday keep it for Christmas?
There is real pleasure in all that pertains to the season, even in the shopping. Try to put the spirit of it all into all you buy. That means joining the Epags, so far as useless giving goes, and receiving from the clerks interest and courtesy.
Gifts, large or small; cards or words, money or love—nothing matters but the spirit, the Christmas spirit.

No Santa In Germany.
Santa Claus has no existence in Germany. The gifts are received from Kris Kringle, a corruption of Christ Kindlein, or the infant Christ, "from whom cometh every good and perfect gift." They are placed not upon the tree, but upon the table beneath, to signify that in bestowing upon us his bounties our Saviour has in no way diminished his own glorious beauty. In Germany the Christmas tree is never denuded in the presence of the children. It stands in the main apartment of the establishment from Christmas to New Year's eve and is then privately borne away by the older members of the household.

Christmas Dreams and Christmas Eve

CHRISTMAS DREAMS.

SOME tiny elves one Christmas grew mischievous, it seems, and broke into the storeroom where old Santa keeps his dreams

And gathered up whole armfuls of dreams all bright and sweet
And started forth to peddle them down the village street.

Oh, you would never, never guess how queerly these dreams sold.
Why, nearly all the younger folk bought dreams of being old,
And one wee chap in curls and kilts, a gentle little thing,
Invested in a dream about an awful pirate king.

A maid who thought her pretty name old fashioned and absurd
Bought dreams of names the longest and the queerest ever heard,
And, strange to say, a lad who owned all sorts of costly toys
Bought dreams of selling papers with the raggedest of boys.

And then a dream of summer and a barefoot boy at play
Was bought up very quickly by a gentleman quite gray,
And one old lady, smiling through the grief she tried to hide,
Bought bright and tender visions of a little girl who died.

A ragged little beggar girl, with weary, wistful gaze,
Soon chose a Cinderella dream, with jewels all ablaze.
Well, it wasn't many minutes from the time they came in sight
Before the dreams were all sold out and the elves had taken flight.
—St. Nicholas.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE snow is white
On the roofs tonight,
The moon looks down with
her silvery smile,
And the wind blows free
Through bush and tree
And whistles along for mile on mile.

And, ah, hark there!
On the midnight air
Comes the faintest tinkle of fairy bells.
They are coming near,
They are coming here,
And their sweet sound swelling or joy foretells.

It is Santa Claus,
And he cannot pause,
But down the chimney he quickly slides,
Each stocking fills
Till it almost spills,
Then gayly chuckles and off he glides.

How happy he,
The saint to be,
Of all the girls and all the boys!
He hears his praise
Through the holidays
As they eat their sweets and break their toys.

So still he smiles
And the time beguiles
Concocting schemes our hearts to cheer.
He loves us all,
And great and small
Rejoice that he comes but once a year.
—William Barclay Dunham.



Christmas Cakes English Plum Puddings and Yule Babies and Their Symbolism

THERE seems to be little doubt that porridge (and not pudding was the older and more correct designation of this time honored delicacy. The word pudding was formerly used in the sense of stuffing (or forcemeat). Porridge, on the other hand, was used in the sense of our present day pudding. When Shakespeare speaks of "porridge after meat" he undoubtedly means "pudding after meat." And in Sheppard's "Epi-grams" (published 1651) we read, "No matter for plumb porridge or shred pies." P. H. Ditchfield says: "The plum pudding is not older than the early years of the eighteenth century and appears to be a 'house of Hanover' or 'act of settlement' dish. The pre-revolution or Stuart preparation of plums and other ingredients was a porridge or pottage and not a pudding and was made with very strong broth of shin of beef."

Christmas plum puddings have of late years become the tops of fashion. In the good old days, when the Yule log crackled in the spacious fire grate of the rich and poor and when snow actually fell at Christmas time, people were well content with plain homely plum puddings topped with dancing spittle. But custom has changed with the times, and the present generation (or at any rate a part of it) requires its Christmas puddings enriched with jewelry or gold coins. This innovation commenced about 1855.

But of greater importance is what has been considered the theological reason for being of the plum pudding. The searchers after symbolical interpretations contend that on account of the very richness of its ingredients the plum pudding is emblematic of the costly gifts of the Magi.

About Yule babies, Yule doughs or pop (lollypop) ladies, a custom existed in some parts of giving sweetmeats of a special kind to children at Christmas. These tasty morsels in the shape of a doll—eyes, mouth and all—were made of dough and currants. They were flat cakes about the size of a hand, roughly shaped in the figure of a woman with the hands crossed over the breast, and in the crossed arms was a smaller figure, representing a child, the features being rudely suggested by means of currants. There can be no doubt that this sweetmeat—which was made and given to children only at Christmas—represented the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Holy Child, a practical and pleasing way of bringing home to the mind of the children the central facts and figures of Christmas tide.

Happy Christmas President Grant and His "Tribe" Enjoyed It In the White House

THE Christmas of 1869 found the happy, wide awake family of General Grant settled in the White House. It was just four score years on March 4 since Mrs. Washington was "executive mistress." During their eight years in the White House the Grants were counted an unusually happy home circle.

All their holidays were marked with simplest pleasures and unselfish charities. Mrs. Grant was very systematic in her charities. She made lists and distributed Christmas gifts with wisdom and good sense. There was no end of calls upon them soon after the year, and none went away empty.

In 1870 President Grant's father spent Christmas at the White House. The sons came home from college, and Nellie and her friends made the old house ring with good times. Mrs. Fremont gave them a dancing reception, and the sewing club of which Nellie was the president had a wonderful Christmas entertainment, furnished mostly from the White House.

General Grant, like General Sherman, had a great love for children and their pleasures. One Christmas the matinee was "The adventures and misadventures of Clown and Pantaloon in the wonderful pantomime of 'Jack and the Beanstalk,'" and the White House children were determined to go.

"Now, father, please," urged Nellie Grant, and "Yes, father, you promised us," said Jesse, and General Sherman said, "We'll go, all of us, and take the whole tribe."

And they did—uncles and cousins, several distinguished generals and the president. Officers of church and state were forgotten in the ridiculous pranks of "Jack and the Beanstalk." A great banquet was afterward served in the state dining room by the new steward, Melah. All the distinguished guests joined with the children in games and fun. There were music and promenades through the east room.

The Child Immortal.
On Mary's arm soft slept the child
And dreaming still embraced
The pillow of her snowy breast,
And as he slept he smiled.

He slept and dreamed—he dreamed and smiled—
The centuries come and go,
But still that bit of heaven we know—
The mother and the child.
—Martha Summerfield Shaver.

Yuletide Calprits in "Ye Olden Time"

THE first century of colonial life saw few set times and days for pleasure. The holy days of the English church were as a stench to the Puritan nostrils, and their public celebration was at once rigidly forbidden by the laws of New England.

New holidays were not quickly evolved, and the sober gatherings for matters of church and state for a time took their place. The hatred of "wanton bacchanalian Christmas" spent throughout England, as Cotton said, in "reveling, dicing, carding, masking, mummings, consumed in compatations, in interludes, in excess of wine, in mad mirth" was the natural reaction of intelligent and thoughtful minds against the excesses of a festival which had ceased to be a Christian holiday, but was dominated by a lord of misrule who did not hesitate to invade the churches in time of service in his noisy revels and sports. English churchmen long ago revolted against such Christmas observance.

Of the first pilgrim Christmas we know but little, save that it was spent, as was many a later one, in work.

By 1659 the Puritans had grown to hate Christmas more and more. It was, to use Shakespeare's words, "the bug that feared them all." The very name smacked to them of incense, stole and monkish custom. Any person who observed it as a holiday by forbearing of labor, feasting or any other way was to pay 5 shillings fine, so desirous were they to "beate down every sprout of Episcopacie."

Judge Sewall watched jealously the feeling of the people with regard to Christmas and noted with pleasure on each succeeding year the continuance of common traffic throughout the day. Such entries as this show his attitude: "Dec. 25, 1685. Caris come to town and shops open as usual. Some somewhat observe the day, but are vexed, I believe, that the body of people profane it, and blessed be God no authority yet to compel them to keep it."

When the Church of England established Christmas services in Boston a few years later we find the Judge waging hopeless war against Governor Belcher over it and hear him praising his son for not going "with other boy friends to hear the novel and attractive services. He says, 'I dehorth mine from Christmas keeping and charge them to forbear.'"—Alice Morse Earle.

Yule Log Must Be of Ash.
In Devonshire the Yule log, to be a luck bringer, must consist of a bundle of ash sticks bound around with bands of the same tree, nine in number, no more and no fewer. And every time the fagot cracks in the flames the good host must furnish a fresh bowl of liquor to his guests.

THE LITTLE FELLER STOCKIN'

OH, it's Christmas eve and moonlight
and the Christmas air is chill
And the frosty Christmas holly
and sparkles on the hill.
And the Christmas sleighbells jingle
As the last stray shoppers hurry, taking
home the Christmas things,
And up yonder in the attic there's a little
trundle bed
Where there's Christmas dreams a-dance
in through a sleepy, curly head,
And it's "Merry Christmas!" Mary, once
again for me and you,
With the little feller's stockin' hangin' up
beside the flue.

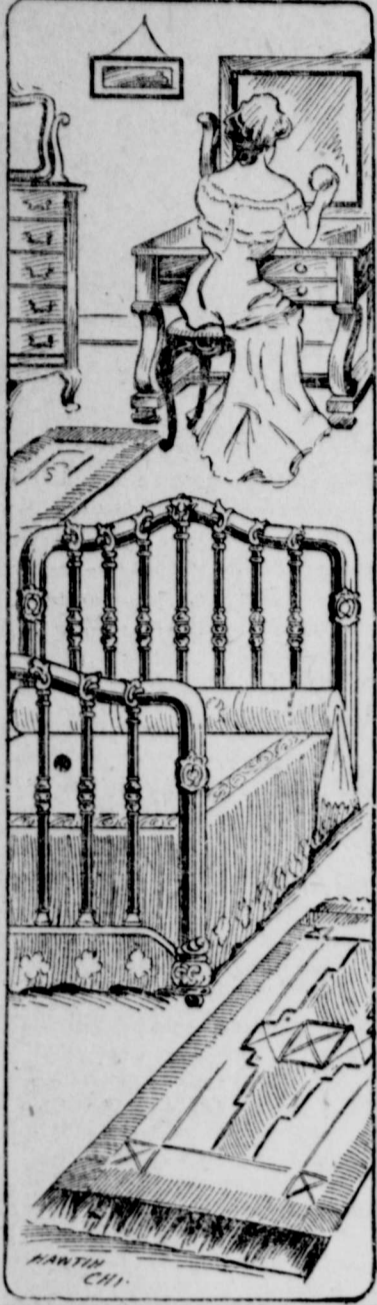
TISN'T silk, that little stockin', an
ain't much fer show,
And the darns are pretty plae
round about the heel and toe,
And its color's kinder faded, and
sorter worn and old,
But it really is surprisin' what a lo
love 'twill hold,
And the little hand that hung it by
chimbly there along
Has a grip upon our heartstrings th
mighty firm and strong,
So, old Santy, don't forget it, thoug
ain't fine and new,
That plain little worsted stockin' has
up beside the flue.

AND the crops may fail and leav
with our plans all gone
smash,
And the mortgage may hang heavy,
the bills use up the cash,
But whenever comes the season, je
long's we've got a dime,
There'll be somethin' in that stocki
won't there, Mary?—every time,
And if in amongst our sunshine there
shower or two of rain,
Why, we'll face it bravely, smilin
we'll try not ter complain
Long as Christmas comes and find
here together, me and you,
With the little feller's stockin' hangin
beside the flue.
—Joe Lincoln in Saturday Evening I

Christmas Was For Adults Then.
Seventy years ago Christmas was adult and a home festival. It reced all its honor, all its joyousness, the ideas of father, mother and ho. It was the golden ring that held all to love and sentiment we associate wit those three almost divine words. Son and daughters might stray to the ver ends of the earth, but Christmas brought them home again—in the body if possible, but if not possible then in the sweetest love and memory. If a child had done well it looked forward to the joy of telling it to father, mother at Christmas; if it had dilt it felt sure of pardon and help Christmas, "Father Christmas" their own father, and by his side the dear, sweet mother, ever ready to persuade and plead for all her dren; glad to welcome, glad to glad to praise; full of sympathy for every joyful and sorrowful condition—
—Amelia E. Barr.

Mistletoe Superstitions.
What superstitions cluster, thick as its berries, round the mistletoe! In old times such were its magic powers that it was worn as an amulet, and potent love potions were brewed from it. It cured wounds, enabled any w held it not only to see ghosts, but compel them to speak. And that magic is not all lost will be proved this Christmas tide in thousands of o homes, where its white berries len sanction to the osculatory homage paid to pretty faces.





Seven Times One

Is the Number of Days Left For You TO MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS SELECTION

Furniture is a gift worth while. We have the handsomest array of furniture ever shown in Snyder and we suggest that you come look over the immense showing before you make your Christmas purchases. Here are a few items that will make good presents.

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Axminster Velvet and Brussels
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Beautiful patterns
Parlor Bed Room and Library Suites

ROCKERS DAVENPORTS IRON and BRASS BEDS

The Worlds Famous Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet

Everything in New and Modern Furniture

R. M. STOKES

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

"plants" for making pretty gifts grow up to Christmas trees? I are "the sea-sons' greetings" sent by salt sons of the seas?

Are Yule logs cut from snow drift-wood by Yuletide washed ashore? And would you stub a mistletoe against a parlor door?

If Eve had tried from holly twigs a party gown to weave Do you suppose that Adam would have called her "Christmas Eve"?

St. Nicholas in autosleigh defies police regulations as to speed contain a Santa clause? —Lippincott's Magazine.

CHRISTMAS DUSK.

Come, little boy, to mother's knee, The Christmas twilight trembles down With rose tints for the wondrous tree And rose glow for the snow clad town, And all in marvelous—but you Most marvelous of all to me, For I may hold you as I do, As Mary held him on her knee.

And he was sweet and he was fair, As are all mothers' little boys; His lips, his smile, his eyes, his hair, To Mary were her chiefest joys, And she would sing to him as I sing while the sun dies in the west; I hear your weary, sleepy sigh As Mary heard his on her breast.

And in the after years, I think, Then he was sipping sorrow's way and held the bitter cup to drink She brooded on the happy day When he ran singing through the room And found a hundred things to do To drive away all chance of gloom— And was a little boy like you.

So drop your toys and let us sing The songs that heart and home have blest, For love is more than anything And life is work and play and rest, And Mary's was the mother heart, A heart of love all fair and fine, That into tender throbs could start For just a little boy like mine.

Across the years I reach to her And touch her white and empty hands, Down all the ages seems to stir A message that she understands; The subtle rapture that I keep Shrouded in the very soul of me, When I may hold you here, asleep, As Mary held him on her knee, —Wilbur D. Nesbit in Harper's Weekly.

Before the birth of Christ the ancient Romans indulged at the midwinter season in a festival from which it is supposed that many of the present day traditions sprang. Presents were given and received. An expression of mutual brotherhood was shown in the custom of the masters and their slaves exchanging places and the former waiting upon the latter.

The City's Christmas Tree.

A woman, they say, thought of the first community Christmas tree. It was erected in Madison square, in New York city. There was something stimulating, something highly infectious, in the idea, for now cities and villages all over America are erecting Christmas trees in their public squares, says the Delineator.

They are wonderful things, these community Christmas trees, not for their beauty alone, but for the spirit they arouse in the towns where they are found. They are the village center for Christmas joy, Christmas services, without sectarian barriers, are held about them. Christmas carols are sung at their bases. None so poor or so world worn or so hurried but he must see, must thrill with friend and stranger alike to this tree for all the world. It brings the child in the manger to every soul in the community.

The Christmas tree is essentially a symbol of the north and of the home. Yet it is inextricably blended in our minds with our faith, which is desert bred.

Most of the great religions of the world were born of some solitary spirit who sought the lonely sand waste and there wrought out that which made the desert of his soul "blossom like the rose." He who gave us the great faith went again and again out into the burning yellow barrens, where the tender, brooding, violet sky awaited him; where all the desert world, so fearful in its unadornment, so overwhelming in its solitude, found focused in him all its pulsing radiance, as though in him were centered the heartbeat of the universe. In the verdureless, sand driven, star hung desert the Babe with his listening ear heard, with his dreaming eyes saw, with his throbbing heart felt, the faith that turned men's faces forever from the clod to the cross.

Why, then, should the fir tree stand in our public square, sign and symbol of that desert birth? Whatever its physical history, why should breathless thousands, hungry of body or of spirit, looking on the great pine tree hung with electric bulbs, backed by skyscrapers, topped by smoke, find in its incoherent beauty the urge set in motion by the desert bred Babe?

One would have said of the home Christmas trees that, after all, it was the gifts that gave them their glamour. There are no gifts on the community Christmas trees, yet thousands and thousands of us look on them with the thrill that belongs to faith alone. One wonders why.

Perhaps this is the reason: The community Christmas tree symbolizes that which the home Christmas tree does not. It symbolizes Christmas for all the world. It means that the dawn of real brotherhood is tinting our horizon. It means, and particularly this Christmas it means, that in spite of poverty and bloodshed in suits of greed and

despair, there are in increasing numbers in the world those who would share with the world all that sacred beauty and hope that are the individual's holy of holies, the most difficult of all one's spiritual riches to share.

It is the symbol of green forest beauty, of the druid's wild faith, of the Teuton's largess and always of giving, giving. Not strange that forever in our minds it should be inseparable from the birthday of him who gave supremely; not strange, but utterly soul satisfying, that finally we have joined our hands and placed the Christmas tree in the market place—symbol that, at last, man may give himself to man.

"God bless us!" said Tiny Tim on Christmas day. "God bless us every one!" Dickens dreamed of a Christmas festival that should belong to all. His Tiny Tim, lame and wistful, might have foreshadowed the joy starved world that now crowds around the market place tree, saying as he said, "God bless us every one!"

Washington's City Christmas.

"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." This sentence, blazing from a brilliantly lighted electric placard raised almost to the dome of the capitol, reflected the predominant sentiment of thousands who assembled at the capitol piazza to celebrate Washington's "community Christmas." A giant Norway spruce, illuminated with glimmering red, white and blue electric bulbs; the Marine band, a huge electric star of the east and a chorus of 1,000 singers, with the capitol itself outlined as the background against the dark curtain of the sky, made a scene of impressive beauty. Tableaux representing the story of the Nativity were presented in the improvised amphitheater. In the audience were many men and women well known throughout the country, including high government officials.



EVERYTHING for EVERYBODY

The Christmas season is here again and there remains only seven more shopping days in which to make your Christmas purchases. We have on display one of the most elaborate lines of Christmas goods that it has been your good fortune to pick from.

Some Suggestions

- Pipes.
- Cigars.
- Fine Box Stationery.
- Bibles and Books.
- Holly Paper and Novelties.
- Jacob's Chocolates in fancy boxes
- Safety Razors
- Toilet Goods.
- Toilet Water and Perfumes.
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- Sheffield Silverware.
- Hammered Brass Goods.
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Moline Implements

Sweet William and Dutchess Planters, and Tango Cultivators

COME TO SEE ME

Joe Strayhorn

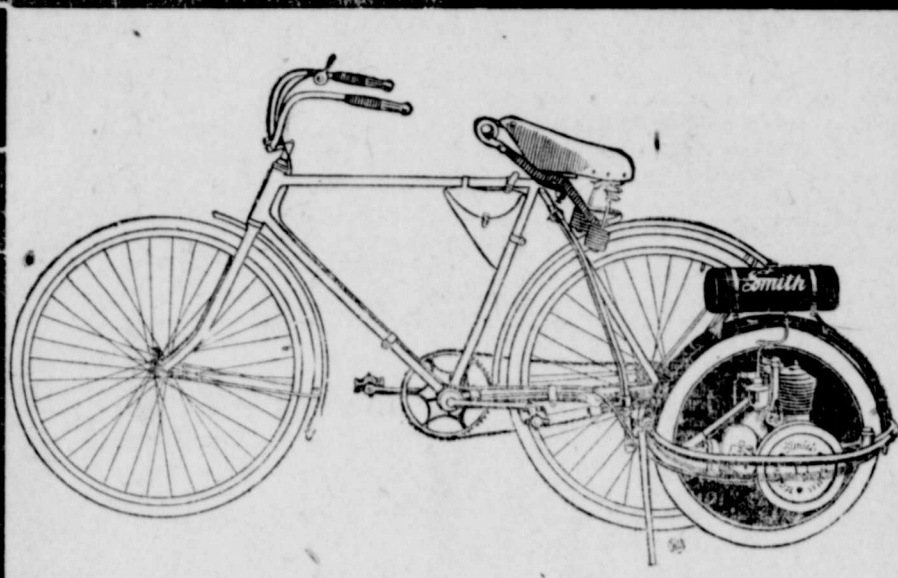
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We can make it. Tanks, Flues, Well Casing,
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GIVE US TRIAL.

WADE'S TIN SHOP



SMITH MOTOR WHEEL, attached to ANY BICYCLE
100 Miles on one gallon of gasoline. J. D. BOYD, Agt.

PROGRAM

Scurry County Teachers' Institute, at
Central School Building, Snyder,
Texas, beginning at 10:00 a. m.
Saturday, December 18th and
closing at 4:00 p. m. Thursday,
December 23rd, 1915.

C. R. Buchanan, County Superintend-
ent.

Mrs. J. W. Leftwich, Conductor Primary
Section, No. 1.

Miss Lizzie Watkins, Conductor, Inter-
mediate Section, No. 2.

A. N. Epps, Conductor High School
Section, No. 3.

SATURDAY, A. M.

10:00, Opening Exercises, Songs and
Invocation.

Address of Welcome, Superintendent,
E. A. Watson.

Responses, J. W. Leftwich, O. L.
Howell, E. A. Bills.

Address, County Superintendent.
Enrollment.

SATURDAY, P. M.

1:30, Address.

2:10, The Teacher's Part in Advanc-
ing Civilization, address, B. D.
Black.

2:40, Recess.

2:50, Importance of English in the
Course of Study, S. L. Rives.
General Discussion.

3:20, Upon Which Should the Great-
er Emphasis be Laid in the
Course of Study, English or
Mathematics? Guy E. Casey, A.
N. Epps, G. K. McClanahan.

MONDAY, A. M.

9:30, Opening Exercises, Roll Call.

9:15, Address.

9:40, Educational Problems Pecul-
iar to Texas, address, E. A. Wat-
son. General Discussion.

10:15, Recess.

10:30, Do Teachers Tell Too Much,
Not Requiring Pupils to Learn
for Themselves? B. F. Thorpe.

10:50, Does Your Ideal Teacher
Talk Much or Little in the
School Room? Mrs. J. W. Left-
wich.

11:00, Is talking too Much a Fault
with Young Teachers? E. A.
Bills.

11:20, Describe Your Ideal of a
School Room in Study Hours.
Miss Willie Slover.

11:40, Describe Your Ideal of a Rec-
itation. Miss Vita Wasson.

1:30, Address.

2:00, Perplexities and Amenities of

a Teacher's Life. Paper, Miss
Nannie Martin.

2:15, To What Extent Should the
Teacher Rely Upon the School
Board for the Enforcement of
Discipline? A. N. Epps.

2:30, Recess.

2:45, Section 1, Spelling, Chapter 1,
Charters, Leader, Miss Fannie
Erwin. (Study entire chapter.)

Section 2, Grammar, Chapter 4,
Charters, Leader, Miss Vita
Wasson. (Study entire chapter.)

Section 3, History, Chapter 10,
Charters, Leader, E. A. Bills,
(Study entire chapter.)

TUESDAY, A. M.

9:00, Opening Exercises, Roll Call.

9:15, Address.

9:45, Ten Reasons Why Pupils
Should Obtain a Practical
Knowledge of Human Anatomy,
Physiology, Hygiene and the Ef-
fects of Narcotics. Paper, Miss
Lora Blount.

10:00, How are You Teaching Agri-
culture in Your School, and with
What Success? Miss Annie Hull,
Mrs. Curry, Miss Annie Will-
iams, M. K. Maples.

10:30, Recess.

10:45, What Requirments do You
Make as to the Tidiness and
Neatness of Your Pupils, and of
the Work They Do? L. C. Was-
son, Miss Jessie Hull, Miss Eula
Campbell.

11:00, What is Executive Ability? Is
lack of this Quality a Source of
Failure? How May Teachers
that Realize their weakness in
this respect Strengthen them-
selves? Address, J. W. Leftwich.

11:20, What is Self Reliance? To
What extent is a lack of this
Quality a Source of Failure?
How may Self-reliance be Cultiv-
ated and Strengthened? Ad-
dress, E. A. Bills.

11:40, What is the Value of the Mo-
to, "Learn to Do by Doing?"
Address, S. L. Rives.

TUESDAY, P. M.

1:30, Address.

2:00, Five Proper Incentives for
Schol Work. Paper, B. G. Ap-
pleton.

2:20, Punctuality. How I Obtain it.
Paper, Miss Mamie Nabours.

2:30, Recess.

2:45, Section 1, Language, Chapter
Wilson. (Study entire chapter.)

Section 2, Geography, Chapter 9,
Charters, Leader, Miss Lizzie
Watkins. (Study entire chapter.)

Section 3, Civics, Chapter 11, Chart-
ers, Leader, J. W. Leftwich.
(Study entire chapter.)

WEDNESDAY, A. M.

9:00, Opening Exercises, Roll Call.

9:15, Address.

9:45, True Education. Address, E. A.
Watson.

10:15, Importance of the Rural
School in our System of Educa-
tion, B. D. Black.

10:30, Recess.

10:45, Value of the Compulsory At-
tendance Law. C. R. Buchanan.

11:00, Causes of Non-Enrollment
and Irregular Attendance. L. C.
Wasson, W. W. Hull.

11:20, How Can the School Bring the
Home and School into Closer
Touch? O. L. Howell, Guy E.
Casey.

WEDNESDAY, P. M.

1:30, Address.

2:00, Can a progressive Teacher
Continue to Grow without read-
ing Professional Books and
Journals? E. A. Bills. General
Discussion.

2:30, Recess.

2:45, Section 1, Reading, Chapter 5,
Charters, Leader Miss Fairrie
Clanton. (Study entire chapter.)

Section 2, Arithmetic, Chapter 12,
Charters, Leader, Ernest Roper.
(Study entire chapter.)

Section 3, Agriculture, Chapter 14,
Charters, Leader, B. F. Thorpe.
(Study entire chapter.)

THURSDAY, A. M.

9:00, Opening Exercises, Roll Call.

9:15, Address.

9:45, In What Qualities Are Most
Teachers Deficient as to Temp-
erment? Address, E. A. Watson.

10:00, In what Respects are Most
Teachers Deficient Socially? Ad-
dress, Miss Lizzie Watkins.

10:15, In what Branches are Most
Teachers Deficient as to Educa-
tion, Address, J. W. Leftwich.

10:30, Recess.

10:45, Advantages and Disadvan-
tages, if any, of Visitors in
School. E. A. Bills.

11:00, Advantages and Disadvan-
tages, if any, of Literary Soci-
eties in School. A. N. Epps.

11:20, It is Charged that the Pub-
lic Schools Fail in Practical Edu-
cation. Is it True? If so, Why?

Black.

THURSDAY, P. M.

1:30, Address.

2:00, The Relation of the Principal
to his Teachers. His Responsi-
bility for the Discipline, Com-
fort and Advancement of Pupils
that are not in his immediate
Room. L. C. Wasson, Miss Lora
Blount, Mrs. Allie Howell.

2:30, Recess.

2:45, Interscholastic League. Organ-
ization in this County. Business
Session.

It is planned to fill the period at
the beginning of each half day ses-
sion with the best professional tal-
ent that can be procured.

One or more evening programs
will be arranged after the institute
begins.

Charter's Teaching the Common
Branches is the text to be used in
the work of the sections. Many of
the teachers are already supplied
with this book. The county superin-
tendent has ordered copies of the
book which will be supplied at cost
to the teachers that are not sup-
plied, and same may be obtained at
his office in a few days.

All teachers who are under con-
tract, either written or verbal, to
teach in the county this scholastic
year are required under penalty of
the law to attend this institute, ex-
cept the Snyder Independent District
teachers, who have the privilege un-
der the law to hold separately. The
county superintendent has no author-
ity to excuse any one.

We extend our thanks to Superin-
tendent Watson and the Snyder
School Board for the privilege of us-
ing Mr. Watson and some of his
ablest teachers on our program,
and we have used this privilege un-
stintingly.

We insist that every teacher of the
county make careful study of the
program, and we expect and demand
thorough preparation by each teach-
er of the particular work to which
he is assigned on the program. Ex-
cuses are usually confessions of car-
lessness or weakness.

The chief purpose of the Institute
is to raise the standard of teaching.
Let's keep this in mind with an al-
truistic love for the profession and
the great work in which we are en-
gaged.

C. R. BUCHANAN,
Exofficio County Supt.

Seymour's Best Flour
As Good as any

We do not claim to
have any special advantage
in buying ability, neither do we

Michigan Salt
Best for Meat

claim to be the biggest mercantile establishment in Snyder or West Texas. We are persuaded you are not so much concerned about our ability to buy goods as you are our willingness to sell them to you at prices that will save you money. We have no specials, we do not believe in making you a special price on one article and then charging you too much on another to make it up; we are trying to sell you good dependable goods at a reasonable margin of profit.

We are thankful for the past year's business and shall continue to try and serve you in a way that will be to your advantage and satisfaction. Below we quote you prices on a few of our many articles and ask you to compare these prices with others and see if we are not in line in price and quality. These goods are not cheap "junk" but good Standard stuff.

5 packages Arbuckle Coffee	\$1.00
4 pound Pail Santoria Blended Coffee	.90
10 pound box Choice Peaches	.85
10 pound box 60-70 Prunes	\$1.00
1 dozen cans No. 2 Tomatoes	.95
1 dozen cans No. 3 Tomatoes	\$1.20
1 dozen cans Salmon	\$1.00
1 dozen cans good Corn	\$1.00
1 Gross Matches	.45

1 dozen cans Kraut	\$1.00
1 dozen cans Hominy	\$1.00
1 dozen cans Festival Table Peaches	\$1.75
100 pounds Irish Potatoes	\$1.85
Large bucket Cottolene	\$1.35
1 pail Dunbars Sorghum	.40
10 pounds A & H Soda	.55
Nice large Pecans	per pound .15

and many other bargains too numerous to list here. Come in to see us. Make our store your headquarters when in town whether you buy or not.

Farmers Union Mercantile Co.

East Side Square

Musical Christmas Tree Holder.
For the Christmas tree a holder which will certainly delight the children was placed on the market several years ago. The holder consists of a nickel plated base, containing a music box. The tree is held firmly by three strong prongs and screws. When wound up the music begins to play, and the Christmas tree slowly revolves. This makes a fine effect. The holder is simply constructed, and the tree can be fastened in it in little time. No matter how large or how small the size of the tree, the prongs can be quickly adjusted to hold it firmly in place. It is very desirable to have the Christmas tree stand firmly.

Strange New Year Celebration.
What probably is the strangest New Year's rite is held in the Cevennes mountains, in southern France. At the last evening mass of the old year the herds and flocks of the peasantry are gathered before the portico of the little stone church high up on the mountain side and are blessed by the priest and sprinkled with holy water by the acolyte, who follows him in order that this the sole wealth of the countryside may increase and prosper during the year to come. The sight at the holy hour is wonderful. As the church bell tolls above them the frightened animals bleat and bellow and try madly to escape. First the oxen are blessed, then the cows, next the sheep and lambs and finally the goats and pigs.—Chicago Tribune

New Year's Day In March.
New Year's day used to fall in March, not in January, and there was a good deal of sense in this, for, even as the world's first year was supposed to have begun in the sprouting of leaf and grass, so each New Year's day was set for the season when Nature began to wake after her winter sleep.

Dec. 31.
Best day of all the year, since I
May see thee pass and know
That if thou dost not leave me high
Thou hast not found me low,
And since, as I behold thee die,
Thou leavest me the right to say
That I tomorrow still may vie
With them that keep the upward way.

Best day of all the year to me,
Since I may stand and gaze
Across the grayish past and see
So many crooked ways
That might have led to misery
Or, haply, ended at disgrace;
Best day since thou dost leave me free
To look the future in the face.

Best day of all days of the year
That was so kind, so good,
Since thou dost leave me still the dear
Old faith in brotherhood;
Best day since I, still striving here,
May view the past with small regret
And, undisturbed by doubts or fear,
Seek paths that are untrod as yet.
—Chicago Record-Herald.



New Year Chimes

By MINNA IRVING

Stop thief!
The old year goes
O'er the drifted snows,
And the gray old year hath brought
me grief.
He hath stolen the bud and the dancing leaf,
And the dear little robin that used to sing
At my window sill in the balmy spring,
And the rapturous kisses my lover gave.
He hath hidden him, too, in a narrow grave,
Deep down from the light of the broad, blue sky,
And so through the rush of my tears
I cry:
"Stop thief!"
As the old year goes
O'er the drifted snows,
For the gray old year hath brought
me grief.

All hail!
The new year comes
With the beat of drums
And clangor of bells in the windy vale.
He bringeth the song of the nightingale,
And, what if his robe is fringed with snow,
The April buds on his bosom blow.
He sendeth a new love unto me
From an ancient country across the sea,
And far to the south we will sail away
Through the purple dusk of a perfume'd May.

All hail!
The new year comes
With the beat of drums
And music of bells in the wintry vale.

Plays on Christmas Eve.

A Christmas custom of ours and the one possessing the greatest antiquity is that of presenting plays the evening of the 24th of December. This was first noticed in the west of England. For several hundred years "St. George and the Dragon" was the most popular. The actors, always children, were fantastically dressed and decorated with ribbons, brightly colored paper and wooden swords. The theme was war and love. There were debate, battle, death and mimicry and a physician ever ready to restore the dead to life. This custom sprang from the ancient crusaders, consequently the feats of chivalry and the romantic extravagance of knight errantry that are preserved to this day in a modified degree.

Masking, which is practiced to some extent among Scotchmen, is derived from the Roman Saturnalia, when people disguised themselves and practiced tricks upon their neighbors. This is now but scantily indulged in, but such of it as exists has been preserved since the fifth or sixth century. The Survey of London mentions a splendid "mummerie" which was performed by the citizens in honor of Prince Richard, son of the Black Prince, in the year 1377.

We do not hear very much nowadays about the lord of misrule or the waltz, but both are remembered. The former had license to do everything he could think of to keep up the jollity during the "twelve days," and the latter referred to wandering minstrels, who serenaded houses and waited until food and wine or, more acceptable, money was bestowed upon them.

Our games on Christmas night of cards, billiards, shuffleboard, musicians, dancing and the tales that are told of knights, ladies, lovers, queens, kings, giants, dwarfs, witches, fairies, goblins and the rest were played and indulged in so long ago that the remotest historian has been unable to ascertain the correct date of their beginning.

Oh, to Have Dwelt in Bethlehem!

Oh, to have dwelt in Bethlehem
When the star of the Lord
Shone bright;
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night;
To have kissed the tender, way worn feet
Of the mother undefiled
And with reverent wonder and deep delight
To have tended the Holy Child!

Hush! Such a glory was not for thee,
But that care may still be thine,
For are there not little ones still to aid
For the sake of the child divine?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now
To thy heart and thy home to take?
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts
You can comfort for Jesus' sake?
—Adelaide Proctor

What the Chimes Say

"Do Good! Do Good!"
They Ring Out at Christmas.

How plainly, the Christmas chimes seem to ring out to all, both rich and poor:

"Ye who would be truly happy, do good, do good! Live not for yourselves, for there is no joy in selfishness. Dispel the grief and want you see everywhere around you. Give freely of what you have and thereby lay up treasures in heaven."

Thus chime the bells, and he who heeds their solemn warning while merrily they ring may have his Christmas blessing if he will.

Happiness! It is a divine gift, and man is godlike, if ever, when he fills some human heart with joy.

What was it but a laudable desire to render all mankind joyful at Christmas which impelled people in the olden time to open their homes and their hearts as well to all alike at Christmas that all might enter and share the Christmas feast? Friend or stranger, it mattered not, the master welcomed all, and all men who would partook of his bounty. No man sat down alone beside his Christmas fire, wrapped in his own selfishness and careless of others' comfort. No; the great Yule log was brought with pomp and much rejoicing from the wildwood, a mighty fire was kindled upon the hearth, and the whole neighborhood gathered around to share the genial warmth, while bright eyes danced with glee as the Christmas boughs cracked merrily in the ruddy blaze. The flush of joy was on every cheek, and every honest heart throbbled with gratitude and homely pleasures. The wassail bowl went round, blithe carols were sung, and merry lads and maidens danced under the mistletoe boughs.

Christmas, which was also called Yuletide, lasted a fortnight, and everybody had leisure to spare until the Christmas revels ended with the masques, the plays and the mad frolics of Twelfth Night. But nowadays how things are changed! Even the week between Christmas and New Year's is full of industry, and few are those who devote all their time to enjoyment. The great heartiness of ancestral halls has disappeared. There are no wide chimney nooks wherein the brownies may lurk in cozy comfort, and heaven only knows where our penates hide—perhaps in the piano box or up in the chandeliers.

The good old custom of hanging the mistletoe from the ceiling at the Christmas festivities is said to have its origin in the idea that since the plant did not have its roots in the ground no part of it should ever be permitted to touch the earth.

Why We Hang Up Stockings.

The custom of hanging up the stocking on Christmas eve arose from an incident in the life of the good St. Nicholas. One day when he was overtaken by a severe storm he took refuge in a convent, and the next day being Christmas he preached a sermon to the nuns which they liked so much that they asked him to come the next year and preach to them again. On his second visit, which was also on a Christmas eve, before going to bed he asked each of the nuns to lend him a stocking, and he filled the stockings with sugar plums.

In the making of mince pies, which form a part of a regular Christmas feast, mutton was the only meat formerly used, as a commemoration of the flocks that were watched on the holy night by the shepherds of Bethlehem. The spices were supposed to be suggestive of the wise men from the east, the land of spices.

Christmas of the Shetland Islands.

A scene less populous but not less striking is old Christmas eve, the 4th of January, when the children and young men of Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands, go a-guzzing. The children disguise themselves in strange dresses, parade the streets and invade the houses and shops begging for offerings. At 1 o'clock the young men, coarsely clad, drag blazing tar barrels through the town, blowing horns and cheering. At 6 o'clock in the morning they put off their grimy clothes and dressed in fantastic costumes go in groups to wish their friends the season's compliments.—Harper's Magazine.

Santa Claus was born ages ago, and he has been so busy ever since that he never has taken the time to study his family tree. American children call him Santa Claus; the little Dutch folk, St. Nicholas; the French, Pere Noel, and the Germans, Prince Ruprecht or Kris Kringle. But they all mean the same thing.

Dixie's Noisy Christmas.

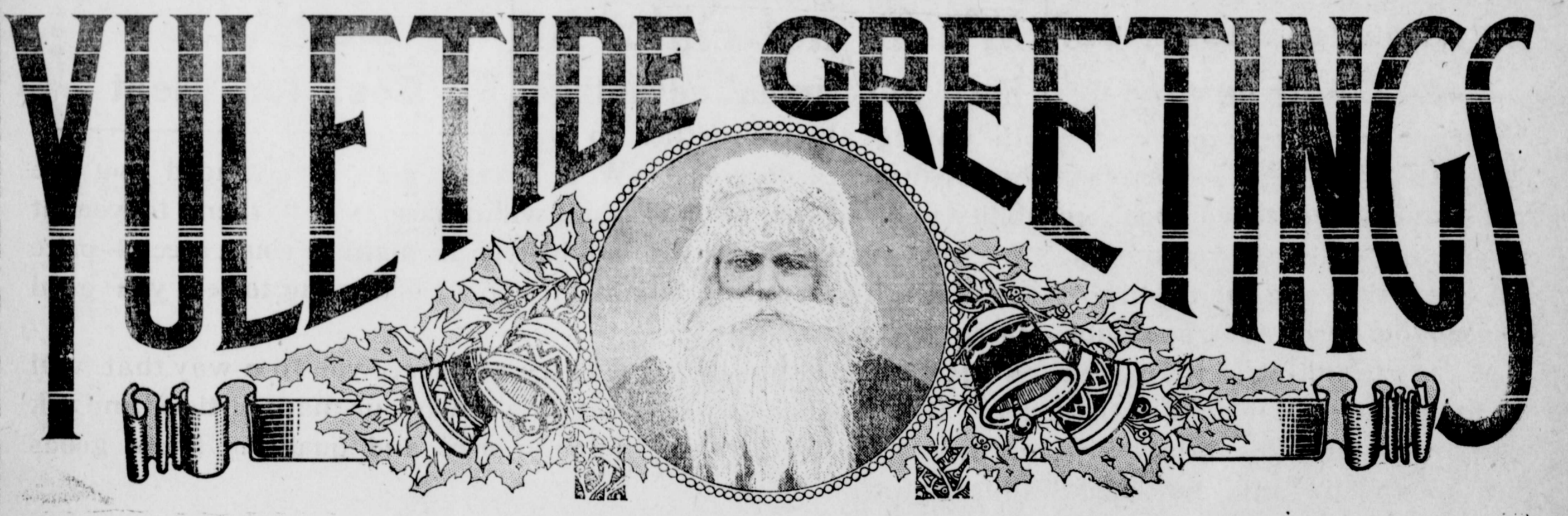
In lower latitudes, where the weather bureau makes ever no pretense at supplying snow, says the New York Sun, the celebration of Christmas takes on a different manifestation. South of Washington Christmas has always been the day of great noise, the day set apart for the clangor of bells, the shrilling of trumpets, above all else the firecracker.

In the social conditions of the south before the revolution the day of noise and crash of gunpowder was the 5th of November, on which day all loyal subjects were adjured to "remember, remember the gunpowder treason and plot." The celebration of this noisy exorcism of Guy Fawkes by the loyal cavalier families of the south established a winter holiday of which noise was the predominant characteristic. After the southern colonies had joined equal hands with the northern in the long war, gunpowder treason was no longer the theme for celebration. But some celebration there must be to provide for the noise which had become a habit in the early winter. In the earlier times Christmas had been a day of sobriety out of doors, of lavish hospitality within.

What more natural, then, than to postpone the racket of gunpowder day until the next holiday in course and to give Christmas an outdoor element which it had never possessed?

Different Sorts of Christmas.

Each stage in our progress from the cradle to the grave has its different Christmas. Old age forgets itself, the ghosts which haunt its memories, and enters into the young creature's happiness with a relish second only to the child's. The grandmother no longer wishes sleds or hoops or gingerbread monkeys for herself, but she looks with love and wonder upon the little beings who respond so radiantly to these objects of domestic manufacture. Between these generations stand the parents, with their own lives of bustle and responsibility and desire, their own games and gewgaws to pursue, but yet with a beginning of the change from living for themselves to living in their young.—Norman Hapgood in Collier's.



On Christmas eve our Market will be profusely decorated with "dressed turkey," "dressed chicken," "dressed young pig" and fancy meats; We invite you to come in and see the market and make your selections for your Christmas dinner. It has been our motto in years past to give you the best to be had in "Fresh Meats" and we will continue to do so. We handle the choicest of "home fed" young meat which insures "delicacy" for your table.

The Palace Market

North Side

John Ketner, Prop.

Telephone 50

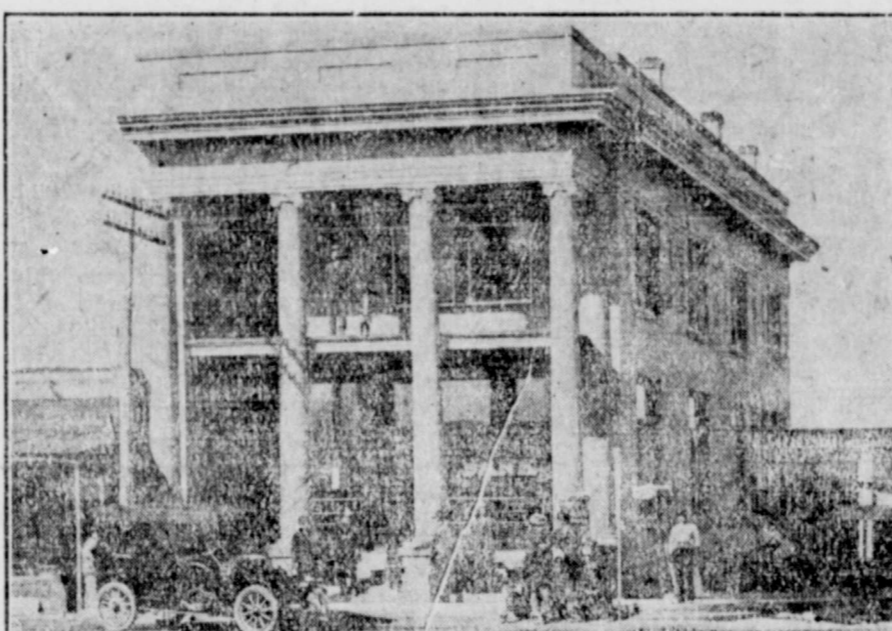


We Prosper with our Customers

Thoroughly realizing this it is our constant aim to do everything we can to the end that the business of our Customers may be profitable and progressive.

Officers

P. Brady, President.
Geo. W. Harris, Vice-Pres.
C. L. Ezell, Cashier.
J. C. Stinson, Ass't Cashier



Directors

H. P. Wellborn P. Brady
I. D. Scoggins Geo. W. Harris
P. M. Bolin C. L. Ezell

Statement

[Condensed]

First State Bank and Trust Company

Commissioner's Call, November 10, 1915

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans	\$164,199.27	Capital	\$50,000.00
Overdrafts	2.85	Surplus	12,500.00
Banking House	15,600.00	Undivided Profits	10,125.83
Other Real Estate	2,550.00	Deposits	161,357.56
Furniture and Fixtures	3,600.00	Bills Payable	30,000.00
Cash and Due from Banks	67,094.06		
Depositors Guaranty Fund	1,334.37		
Bills of Exchange (cotton)	9,602.84		
Total	\$263,983.39	Total	\$263,983.39

FIRST STATE BANK and Trust Company

CHRIST'S POOR AT CHRISTMAS.

One of the sweetest of all the Christmas superstitions is prevalent in parts of Germany. Long ago a poor little clockmaker who loved above all things to go to church received a Christmas gift of a large red apple. He was supremely happy because he had something to give to the dear Christ Child. Hastening to the altar of the church, he placed the precious apple on the marble hands of the Babe in Mary's arms.

Instantly the tiny fingers closed over it and a smile of heavenly joy swept over the chubby face. This happened long, long ago, but the people in the vicinity still give to Christ through his poor at Christmas time, believing that the gift bestowed upon "one of the least of these" is received by the Christ Child himself, and rewarded by the same blessed smile which brought joy and comfort to the little clockmaker.

THE MISTLETOE.

With Christmas cheer the hall is bright,
At friendly feud with winter's cold;
There's many a merry game tonight,
For maids and men, and young and old;
And winter winds for their delight
The holly with its crimson glow,
And paler than the glistering snow
The mistletoe, the mistletoe!
The mistletoe, the mistletoe!
The wren and wren mistletoe!

Chance comes to our festal eve,
Dear crimson breasted holly sprite!
Thee, Robin, too, the hall receives,
Unbidden, whom our hearts invite.
And, perched among the crumpled leaves,
He cocks his head and sings "Hullo!"
The mistletoe, the mistletoe,
Hangs up above, but what's below?
Oh, what's below the mistletoe?
The mistletoe, the mistletoe!

A kindly custom sanctions bliss
That's ta'en beneath the wren's bow,
Who laughs so low? Why, here it is!
Look, Jenny, where I have you now!
Dear holly eyes, sweet lips—a kiss!
Ah, cheeks can mock the holly's glow!
For what's below the mistletoe?
Ah, ha! Why, it is Cupid O!
Ah, ha! Behold the mistletoe!
'Tis Cupid O, 'tis Cupid O!
—Temple Bar.

Santa In the City.

Santa Claus touched the button which summoned his foreman. "Yes, sir," said the foreman, coming in from the shop. "What are you working on?" "Doll flats, sir." Santa Claus turned in his chair and regarded his foreman doubtfully. "Doll flats?" he exclaimed. "You mean doll houses." "No, sir," the foreman answered. "These are for city distribution, where the children don't know anything about houses."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

What They Did To Santa Claus

The children came down with a cheer
Bilbo and bold,
Their curly locks gleaming in auburn and gold.
They ran with delight where the gifts were displayed,
And, oh, such a babble of gladness they made!
They gazed on the tree with its glory of light,
Its tinkles and baubles and ornaments bright,
They emptied their stockings and, dancing with glee,
Brought back the dear child world to mamma and me.

There were dolls with bright faces and books full of song,
Tin trumpets and drums, blocks and bonbons a throng,
And there by the chimney, with arms full of toys,
Stood Santa Claus watching the girls and the boys.

They spied him—they rushed with a volley of cheers;
They pulled off the wig that curled white round his ears;
They poked at his eyes, gave his whiskers a twist,
And laughed at the shape of his chubby, fat fist.

They tore off his coat, rolled him over the floor,
Jumped on his legs, banged his head against the door,
Pulled his nose till it cracked, pinched his cheeks with a vim,
And laughed till the tears made their bright eyes grow dim.

Then he burst with a thud, and again rang their shout,
On, on went the wild, merry frolic and rout,
As they formed in battalions, while each bold brigade
Snowballed with the cotton from which he was made.
—Baltimore Sun.

The Charm of Christmas.

There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. In the depth of winter, when Nature lies despoiled of her charms, wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. Heart enticed to heart, and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms.—Washington Irving.

On Christmas eve in Spain the poor man has his relations around him, over his humble "puchero" (stew); the rich man likewise. In Spain only blood relations eat and drink in the house as invited guests on Christmas eve or Christmas day.

There are many beautiful stories associated with the origin of the first Christmas tree. One legend says that on the holy night all nature, even the animals and the trees, was rejoicing and that the cedars, instead of pointing their branches upward as pointed, slender trees, spread their branches wide to protect the mother and her new born child.

The Sentries' Christmas Dinner

Raymond P. Sanford, a robust and healthy undergraduate of Cornell, lived for scientific purposes on 85 cents a week, his food including buttermilk, lentils, peanuts, raisins, cabbage, peppers, oatmeal and apples. "I thrive on this fare," Mr. Sanford said. "I admit, however, that to stick to it takes will power. I have to govern my sybaritic propensities. I must not imitate the young sentries."

"There was once a Christmas masquerade ball in a European palace, you know, and a squad of young sentries stood guard out in the snow. "Well, as the ball progressed the conduct of a certain guest disguised as a Santa Claus astonished and perplexed everybody. This Santa Claus would dance with the prettiest women for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then, hurrying to the buffet, he would drink a bottle of champagne and eat lobster salad, peas, caviar sandwiches, truffled turkey—everything in sight."

"The host, after several hours of such gluttonous and intemperate conduct on the part of the Santa Claus guest, conferred with his butler and to his amazement learned that the offender had by actual computation devoured forty sandwiches, sixty peas and eight quarts of lobster salad, while he had drunk thirty-one bottles of champagne and ninety glasses of punch. "It seemed incredible! Yet there he was, as vigorous and fresh and sober as ever, now whispering compliments in a pretty matron's ear, now rushing to the buffet for more wine and more lobster."

"Puzzled and vexed, the host took Santa Claus by the arm and led him into a recess. "Show me your invitation card," he said.

"But Santa Claus, alas, had none. "Then unmask!" "Dolefully the spurious guest obeyed. "Why, you're one of the sentries!" "Yes, sir."

"He was indeed one of the sentries—one of the squad of sentries stationed outside in the snow. "These young men had hired a cheap Santa Claus makeup and, donning it one by one, had each enjoyed a brief but delightful share of the Christmas festivities—the dancing and lobster and champagne in the ballroom."—Washington Star.

In Holland—but always on Dec. 6

Instead of the 25th—the little boys and girls put their wooden shoes in front of the hearth instead of hanging up their stockings, and the good old patron of children comes and fills them, and there is general gift giving.

The Cruller Lambs.

Our kitchen's nice round Christmas time! I can't see in the great big pot; It's where the crullers—they can't fume—Ah! what's inside is droll hot! I must stand too near the stove 'Cause "spatters" might get on my dress. My mother thinks that things round there Would burn her little girl, I guess.

An' so I stay real close to her When she puts aprons round her waist And rolls th' rings out on a board, Sometimes she lets me have a "taste." An' then, you see, I'm helpin' too, I help her 'member she mus' make A lot of little cruller lambs— I like that kind of Christmas cake!

The lamb when he goes in th' pot He's yellow, an' he looks all flat, But when they lift him out of it, 'V'y, he's all brown an' round an' fat! I've to wait till he's "cooled off" 'Fore I can have my lamb to eat; An' mother, she puts "wool" on him 'Wif sugar—that's what makes him sweet.

An' after when my father comes, I get a lamb for him to see, My mother laughs at how he does; She says he's "big a child as me," She don't like lambs in bed, I guess, But father says to let me keep It squeezed all tight up in my hands— An' that's th' way I went to sleep! —Marie Louise Tompkins in Harper's Weekly.

Fasting at Christmas.

When Cromwell ruled England he issued an edict against all festivities at Christmas. The festival was altogether abolished, and the display of holly and mistletoe and other emblems of the happy time held to be seditious.

In 1644 the Long parliament commanded that Christmas day should be observed as a strict fast, when all people should think over and deplore the great sin of which they and their forefathers had been guilty in making merry at that season.

This act so provoked the people that on the following natal day the law was violently resisted in many places. Though these scenes were disgraceful, they served their purpose and put an end to an unjust order.

When Charles II. regained the throne the populace once more made Christmas a time of rejoicing.

Christmas Near The North Pole

A JOYFUL Christmas was that spent by Admiral Peary on his last expedition to the arctic, from which he returned with the report of the discovery of the north pole. At Cape York, Greenland, the Roosevelt picked up Eskimos and dogs and by way of Etah and Cape Sheridan made her way to Grant Land where she had to halt in the ice locked waters of the Arctic ocean, only 900 miles from the pole, when Christmas day came. The story of the party's celebration of this Christmas, one of the "farthest north" ever enjoyed by white men, was told interestingly by the explorer when he returned to the United States.

"It was not very cold," wrote Peary, "only minus 23 degrees F. In the morning we greeted each other with the 'Merry Christmas' of civilization. At breakfast we all had letters from home and Christmas presents which had been kept unopened. MacMillan was master of ceremonies and arranged the program of sports. At 2 o'clock there were races on the ice foot. A seventy-five yard course was laid out, and the ship's lanterns, about fifty of them, were arranged in two parallel rows twenty feet apart. These lanterns are similar to a railway brakeman's lantern, only larger. It was a strange sight that illuminated the race course within 7 1/2 degrees of the earth's end.

"The first race was for Eskimo children, the second for Eskimo men, the third for Eskimo matrons with babies in their hoods, the fourth for unencumbered women. There were four entries for the matrons' race, and no one could have guessed from watching them that it was a running race. They came along four abreast, dressed in furs, their eyes rolling, puffing like four excited walrus, their babies in their hoods gazing with wide and half bewildered eyes at the glittering lanterns. There was no question of cruelty to children, as the mothers were not moving fast enough to spill their babies. Then there were races for the



"AT BREAKFAST WE ALL HAD LETTERS FROM HOME."

ship's men and the members of the expedition and a tug-of-war between the men aft and forward. "Nature herself participated in our Christmas celebrations by providing an aura of considerable brilliancy. While the races on the ice foot were in progress the northern sky was filled with streamers and lances of pale white light.

"Between the races and the dinner hour, which was at 4 o'clock, I gave a concert on the piano in my cabin, choosing the merriest music in the rack. Then we separated to dress for dinner. This ceremony consisted of putting on clean flannel shirts and neckties. The doctor was even so ambitious as to don a linen collar.

"Percy, the steward, wore a chef's cap and a large white apron in honor of the occasion, and he laid the table with a fine linen cloth and our best silver. The wall of the mess room was decorated with the American flag. We had muck or meat, an English plum pudding, sponge cake covered with chocolate, and at each plate was a package containing nuts, cake and candies, with a card attached, 'Merry Christmas From Mrs. Peary.'

"After dinner came the dice throwing contests and the wrestling and pulling contests in the fo'castle. The celebration ended with a phonograph concert given by Percy.

"But perhaps the most interesting part of our day was the distribution of prizes to the winners in the various contests. In order to afford a study in Eskimo psychology there was in each case a choice between prizes. Tookoomah, for instance, who won in the women's race, had a choice between three prizes—a box of three cakes of scented soap, a sewing outfit containing a paper of needles, two or three thimbles and several spools of different sized thread and a round cake covered with sugar and candy. The woman did not hesitate. She had one eye perhaps on the sewing outfit, but both hands and the other eye were directed toward the soap. She knew what it was meant for. The meaning of cleanliness had dawned upon her—a sudden ambition to be attractive."—New York Tribune.

In "Christmas Town"

How the Day is Celebrated in Bethlehem, Pa.

"CHRISTMAS TOWN" is in its glory on Christmas. Christmas town is the quaint old village in Pennsylvania which was named Bethlehem 174 years ago by Count Zinzendorf, head and founder of the Moravian faith.

The count arrived in the settlement on Dec. 24, 1741. That evening he took a lighted candle and entered the stable belonging to the single tiny stone dwelling of the place, and then and there, with the smell of the hay about him, he named the town that was to be Bethlehem—"Nicht Jerusalem, sondern Bethlehem" ("not Jerusalem, but Bethlehem").

Every Christmas eve since then has had its "vigil." "Every Moravian home has its Christmas tree, barked by 'putzen.' A putz is a beautiful bit of indoor landscape gardening, with fuzzy white cotton for snow and always a tiny stable of Bethlehem, with a doll Christ in a six inch manger, and doll Joseph, Mary and wise men standing by, while a tinzel star of the east shines with undiminished ray.

Three o'clock on the afternoon of Dec. 24 finds every Moravian family in the great stone church, built in 1806. All the babies are there, hundreds of babies, wide eyed in admiration of the decorations. The vestibule is full of baby carriages. The pulpit and reading desk are concealed by a big picture of the Nativity.

Classical music of the utmost beauty is sung at the love feast service. It is special Moravian music, often sung from manuscript scores over a hundred years old, which when not in use are kept in the great archive vaults of the church. Peals out the great chorus, thanking the infant Jesus for his benefactions.

Then the "diener," or sacristans, men and women, enter the great front doors. The men carry huge trays of steaming cups of coffee, the white capped women delicious Moravian buns, those wonderful buns prepared by three generations of hereditary Moravian bakers. Dinner at 5 o'clock over, the men, women and larger children return at 6 for the "vigil." The church is ablaze with lights, crowded to overflowing. There is a choir of about sixty, married women wearing pink ribbons in their caps, the unmarried girls blue.

There is the famous Moravian trombone choir, with a full string orchestra and the skillful organist at the organ. And the children do their share of the singing. Again each person in the audience, young or old, receives a lighted candle in memory of the one borne by Count Zinzendorf so many years ago. Even the choir members hold tapers as they sing.

The Christ Child.

Oh, the beauty of the Christ Child,
The gentleness, the grace,
The smiling, loving tenderness,
The infantile embrace!
All babyhood he holdeth,
All motherhood he foldeth,
Yet who hath seen his face?

Oh, the nearness of the Christ Child
—When for a sacred space
He nestles in our very homes,
Light of the human race!
We know him and we love him,
No man to us need prove him,
Yet who hath seen his face?
—Mary Mapes Dodge.

HUNTING FOR 5-CLAUS



Hymn For Christmas Morning.

Hark, a burst of heavenly music
From a band of seraphs bright,
Suddenly to earth descending,
In the calm and silent night,
To the shepherds of Judea,
Watching in the early dawn!
Lo, they bear the joyful tidings—
Jesus, Prince of Peace, is born!
Sweet and clear those angel voices,
Echoing through the starry sky,
As they chant the heavenly chorus,
"Glory be to God on high!"
And this joyful Christmas morning
Breaking o'er the world below
Tells again the wondrous story
Shepherds heard so long ago,
Who shall still our tuneful voices,
Who the tide of praise shall stem,
Which the blessed angels taught us
In the fields of Bethlehem?
Hark, we hear again the chorus
Ringing through the starry sky,
And we join the heavenly anthem,
"Glory be to God on high!"
—Mrs. M. N. Mages.

Cupid's Christmas Frolics.

Christmas would be almost as incomplete without its love superstitions as without its holly and plum pudding, and the maid who cannot forecast her matrimonial fortune at least once a year is scarcely worth a lover at all. She ought to know, whether she does or not, that if she wants her husband to be to reveal himself in her dreams she has only to eat the egg of a black hen on Christmas eve and any fears or hesitations she may be troubled with will soon be dispelled when once her head is cozily pillowed. If she wishes to make the spell as potent as possible she will boil the egg hard, remove the yolk and, after she has filled up the cavity with common or table salt, will eat egg, shell, salt and all. If she doesn't dream of her lover then it will certainly not be the hen's fault.

If she is not partial to eggs our curious young lady may peel a St. Thomas' onion, wrap it in a handkerchief and place it under her pillow on Christmas eve, reciting these mystic lines as she does so:

Good St. Thomas, do me right
And see my true love come tonight,
That I may see him in the face
And him in my kind arms embrace.

It is just as natural for a maid to speculate as to the ardor of her swain's affection as to wish to settle the young man's identity, and if she will she may know to a nicety how far his infatuation for her has gone. This is what she must do to gain this desirable knowledge: When she retires to bed she must place three pails of water in her bedroom and attach three holly leaves to her nightdress. Then let her slumber in full assurance that her lover in dream form will present himself and touch one or other of the three pails. And all depends on what particular pail he touches. If it is No. 1 it is a sure sign that his affection is but skin deep; if No. 2, he worships the very ground she treads on, but if he touches the third pail, alas, for her expectations, for he loves her not at all!

But Cupid has no monopoly of Christmas superstitions. Did not Shakespeare himself lend his sanction to the belief that the cock by its crowing on Christmas night keeps all evil influences at a respectful distance?

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare stir abroad.

Because a Little Child Was Born.

Because a little child was born
The earth is filled with peace;
Old wrongs, old sorrows are forgot
In suffering's sweetest sacrifice,
Oh, men that strain for empty gain,
Oh, hearts with hatreds torn,
There is no room for strife today—
A little child is born!
—Teresa Beatrice O'Hara in Ladies' Home Journal.

SANTA'S at WORK



Christ, and His Birthday.

As to his birth, Christ gave no thought to the manner of its celebration by his disciples. They do not appear to have remembered it during his life. Had he ever any knowledge of the adorable stories regarding his crib for us? It is hardly probable. And, behold, that forgotten, neglected birthday has conquered a place of honor! It is celebrated in conditions in which the Saviour might recognize his own purposes. To speak of one aspect only, Jesus loved children as no one has ever loved them. "Let them come to me," he said to the lofty apostles, anxious to guard him from that merry, unruly crowd suspected incapable of edification. No doubt those most serious ancestors of our traditions had occasion that day and often in similar circumstances to believe the Master touched with insanity.

No matter, the intentions of the Son of Man have been largely realized. His birthday has become the day of the children. No earthly day has shed more brightness upon their path. No church festival gives more life to the immeasurable truth of the promise, "I shall be with you to the end of the world." None makes it sweeter to the heart.

Christmas has a charm beyond them all. It was the Christian soul, filled full with Jesus, created this festival. Every generation has given it something of its own. There has been a rivalry of good will. In the Eucharist, according to a doctrine the abuse of which must not make us forget its true and sorrowful profoundness, Christ dies from age to age for our sins and will suffer until the last sinner is saved. In the radiance of Christmas Christ smiles eternally upon the little ones * * * and the grownups who can make themselves children again.—Charles Wagner, Author of "The Simple Life."

The Christmas Season

Not a Day but We Needed to Manifest Its Spirit.

CHRISTMAS proper is not a day. It is really a week about a month. When the manac says December come, then all hearts begin to feel the presence of that midwinter feeling. Each day adds to this feeling.

The Romans perceived that our did not contain all the import of the winter gayety. Their Saturnalia continued seven days. It began as a day celebration and was observed 19; but, as it was soon found that period was a cup too small to the wine of pleasure, it was extended to three days. At last it was by the Emperor Claudian so a in the 26th. In form the festival now been changed back into day shape, but in reality Christmas much larger under our presidents it was under Claudian and Calligula.

It is a great midwinter period may well be looked upon as a type the public happiness or the public fortunes of a given date. In the Christian church it became a single day, because being asked to stand for the birth of Jesus it had to be a formal day rather than a week, but no such limitation could keep it from having adjacent times which partook of its spirit as dawn partakes of day.—Professor David Swing.

The Old Christmas Story



The Story of the Magi.

The story of the Magi, as it is given by the evangelist Matthew, is astonishingly brief and unadorned. He tells us without preface that when Jesus was born in Bethlehem certain foreigners arrived at Jerusalem.

He does not tell us how many they were nor of what race nor of what station of life, although it is fair to infer from the consideration with which they were received at the court of Herod and from the fact that they carried treasure boxes with them that they were persons of distinction.

The most important statement in regard to them is that they were Magicians—that is to say, disciples of Zoroaster and members of the sacred or priestly order of Persia, which was then widely scattered among the oriental nations and included men of exalted rank. They came from the east, a word which to the dwellers in Palestine could hardly have any other meaning than the ancient region of Chaldea, lying beyond the Jordan and the desert.

Their explanation of their journey to Herod was that they had seen an appearance in the heavens (whether on star or many or a comet they did not say) which led them to believe that the King of the Jews had been born, and they had come to do reverence to him. Herod was greatly troubled at hearing this and sent for the chief priests and scribes to inquire where the prophets had foretold that the Messiah should be born.

They answered at once that Bethlehem was the chosen place. Then Herod, having asked the Magi how long it was since they first saw the appearance in the sky, sent them away to Bethlehem, promising that when they had found the young Christ he also would come to do reverence to him.

Having set out on their journey, they saw once more the celestial sign, and its motion was such that it guided them to the place where Jesus was. Coming into the house—for Joseph had now found better shelter than a stable—they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and prostrated themselves before him in worship. Opening their treasure chests, they presented to him gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. Then, being warned in a dream not to go back to Herod, they took another road into their own country.

The conjunction of the planets Jupiter and Saturn is one of the rarest of sidereal events. It occurs only once in 800 years. This conjunction, all astronomers agree, happened no less than three times in the year 747 A. U. C., shortly before the birth of Christ. It may be that we have here, in this "fairly tale of science," a confirmation of this beautiful story of religion; a hint and trace of

The light that led
The holy elders with their gifts of myrrh
—Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke in Harper's Magazine.



MERRY



CHRISTMAS



ANOTHER Glorious Christmas Time is here and we enter into the festive season with good will toward everyman. Our business has far exceeded our most sanguine expectations and we are planning greater and better things for next year.

ALTHOUGH we do not carry the extensive holiday line that ordinarily appeals to Gift Givers, yet from a practical point of view, ours are the gifts that are really worth while. As the son or daughter in a family, wouldn't a ton of coal or a load of wood be a most acceptable gift to father and mother? Or you! Mr. Head-of-the-Family, make the household a present of winter's supply of fuel.

WE HANDLE

The Famous Montevallo,
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COAL!

Good seasoned wood delivered to your home.

Gulf Refining Company's
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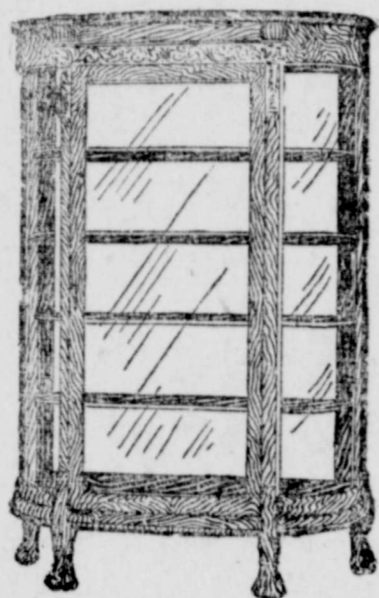
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Only 7 Buying Days

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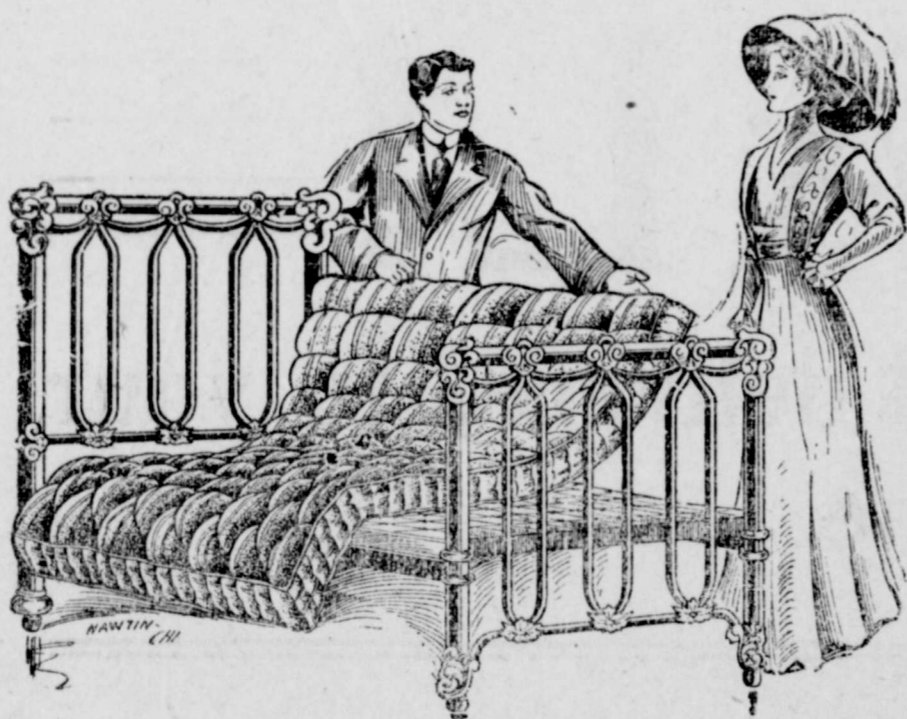
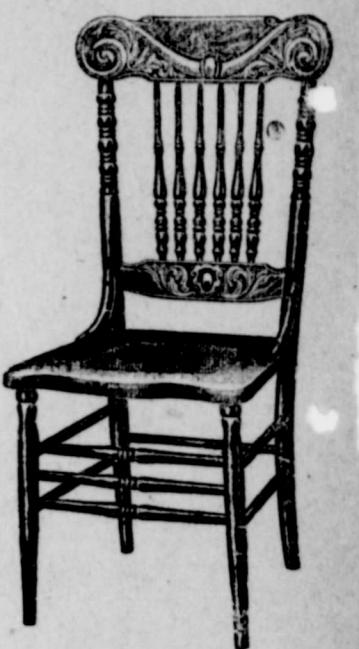
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are among the most appropriate of our big stock of Christmas Gifts. A Globe-Wernicke in the home gives pleasure and satisfaction.

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Treat your dining room to a new set and make the whole family cheerful and happy.

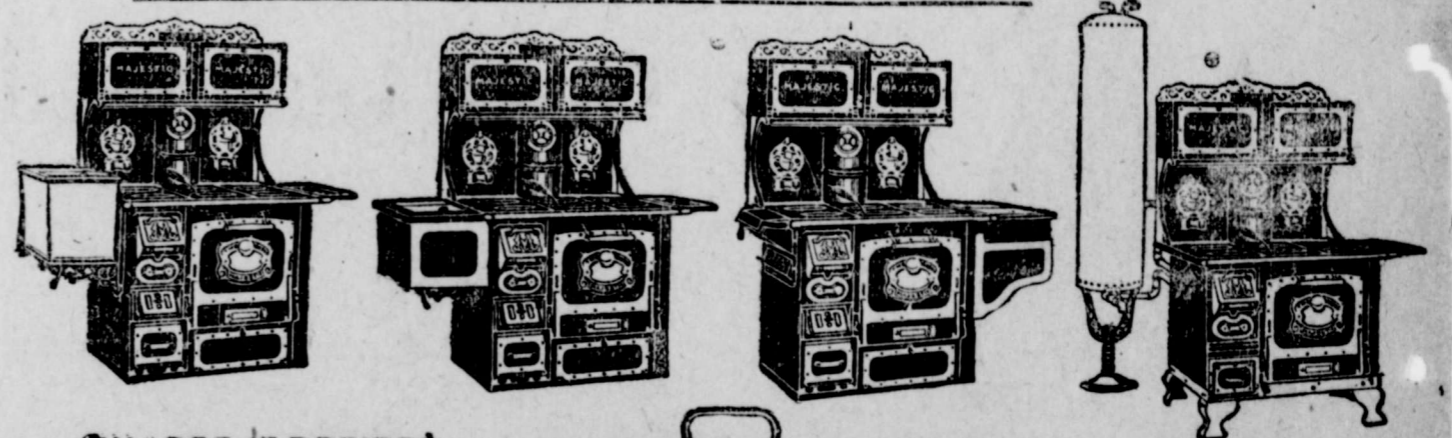


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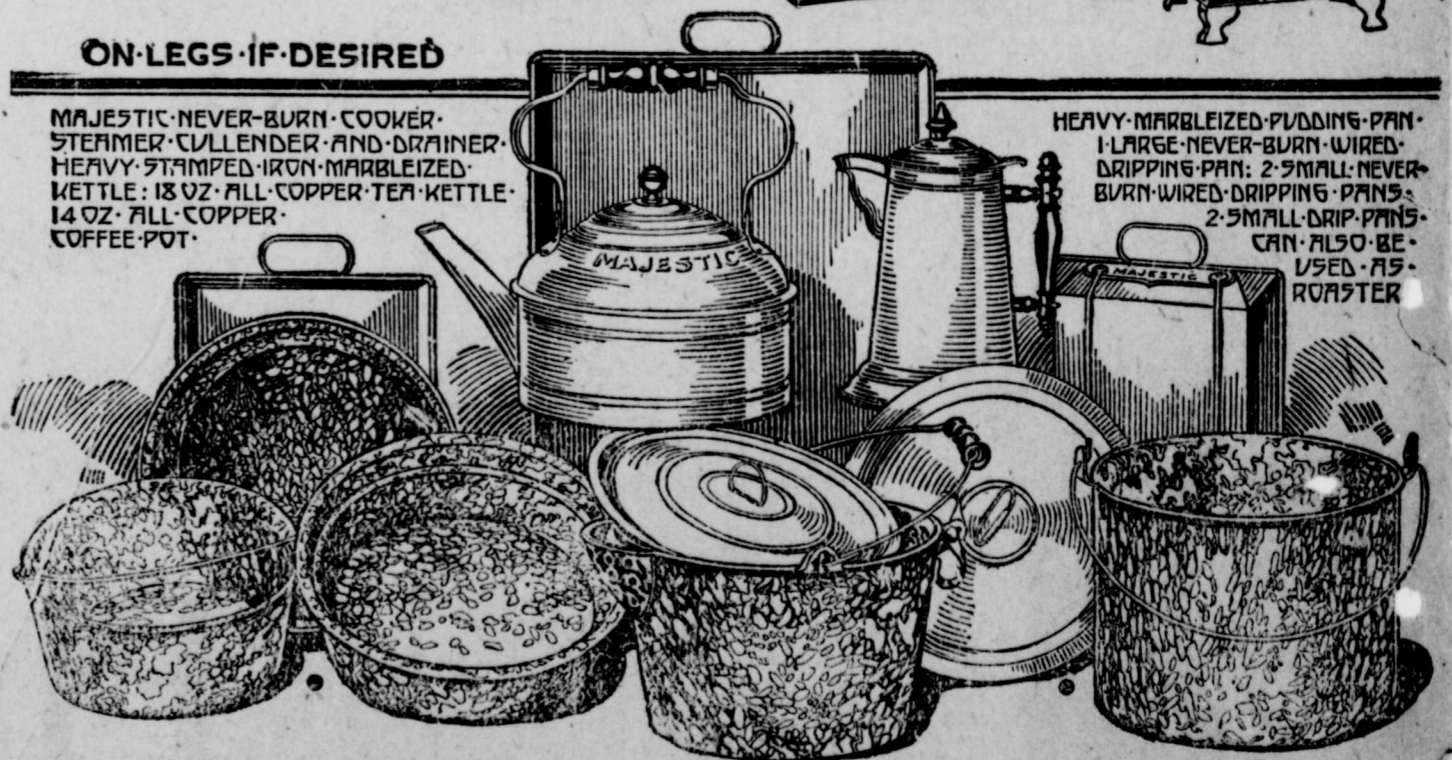
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MAJESTIC NEVER-BURN COOKER-STEAMER-CULLENDER-AND-DRAINER-HEAVY STAMPED IRON-MARBLEIZED KETTLE: 18 OZ. ALL-COPPER-TEA KETTLE: 14 OZ. ALL-COPPER-COFFEE-POT

HEAVY-MARBLEIZED-PUDDING-PAN-1-LARGE-NEVER-BURN-WIRED-DIPPING-PAN-2-SMALL-NEVER-BURN-WIRED-DIPPING-PANS-2-SMALL-DIP-PANS-CAN-ALSO-BE-USED-AS-ROASTER



If you take a pride in making your wife happy the whole year round, the Majestic Range will have to do with bringing pleasure and contentment.

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Southwest Corner Square, Snyder, Texas



MADONNA and the ANGELS-BOUGUEREAU

Ut Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Christmas Processional Hymn

ST. URSULA. C. M. D. F. WESTLAKE.

1. It came up on the mid-night clear, That glorious song of old,
From an-gels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all gracious King;
The world in sol-ema still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing A-men.

2. Still through the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats, O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lonely plains They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds The blessed angels sing.

3. O ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way, With painful steps and slow!

Look now, for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road, And hear the angels sing.

4. For lo, the days are hastening on, By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song, Which now the angels sing. Amen.

E. H. SEARS.



"THERE CAME WISE MEN FROM THE EAST TO JERUSALEM."

Star of Bethlehem By John E. Dolson

(Copyright, 1915, by American Press Association.)

GOOD will unto men and peace to the nations— These were the glad tidings the herald proclaimed When brightly on high, mid the vast constellations, The star over Bethlehem quivered and flamed.

THE wise men who saw it and journeyed with eager And reverent spirit, their presents to bring, it guided until by the manger so meager They knelt by the Child Christ and hailed him as King.

A NIGHT more momentous through all the long story Of earth and its races ne'er stood out in time. The rays of that star shall increase in their glory And the tidings be heard in each nation and clime.

IF we follow that star through life's labyrinth dreary And look toward its light with unflinching faith, Though the ways may seem hard and our feet may grow weary, 'Twill guide us right on through the valley of death.

The "Christmas Grouch"

THE Christmas grouch dies hard, but he begins to breathe feebly. There is scarcely a family but has a Christmas grouch—some one who thinks gifts are foolish and that a great deal of money is wasted at the season now upon us. He hates to see money wasted; he hates to see the Christmas trees cut down; he thinks it is a sin to tell the children the legend about Santa Claus; he scolds about shopping; he is sorry for the postman who carries so many bundles; he says everybody runs into debt at Christmas and that the new year gets started in all wrong on account of the debts; he says the sentiment has all gone out of Christmas on account of its being commercialized and that Christmas trees are a menace to life and that once he knew of a house that caught fire from a Christmas tree; he says it is a sin to spend money for flowers at Christmas.

The Christmas reformer has hundreds of ideas about how Christmas can be improved. He says the Christmas holidays never mean anything to him and he will be glad when they are all over. But Christmas remains Christmas just the same, for all the grouch's protests, and will be the same forever; will laugh at the grouch and his follies in such a wholesome, hearty way that he will grow ashamed and will join in the merrymaking in spite of himself.

PRETTY CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

In some of the small towns on the Riviera a curious custom takes place on Christmas eve, when at the chief church in the town, during the midnight mass, a number of shepherds from the hills make their appearance wearing the picturesque dress of their calling. The chief shepherd carries a lamb in his arms and, advancing to the high altar, gives it to the priest as a Christmas offering from the shepherds and a symbol of the Nativity. In some towns of southern Germany a pretty custom prevails on Christmas eve. A veiled woman walks through the streets after nightfall, carrying a child, chosen for his beauty and goodness to personify the infant Saviour. The cottage windows are left ajar so that the representative of the Christ Child can leave some gift upon the window sill. Every good child thus finds on Christmas morning fruit and sweets, but the bad children only receive a birch rod, typical of well deserved chastisement.

How Not to Give

THE story is told of a woman with a great deal more money than mind and her selection of Santa Claus favors. This daughter of gold is busy twenty-four hours out of the day chasing happiness, though it is said she seldom catches up with it. Her idea of a Christmas gift is something that costs \$5. Never mind what the something is so long as it represents a V.

Several years ago she was particularly rushed at the holiday season, so she gave less thought than usual to the disposal of the Christmas fives. She was passing a bookshop when a limp leather and gold copy of Omar's "Rubaiyat" caught her eyes. Here was an inspiration. She would buy \$5 worth of oriental pessimistic philosophy, expressed in metrical form, for a friend who lived in a hall bedroom and hadn't a second shirt waist to her name.

Upon investigation Omar looked so good she decided to mass her Christmas suggestions and spend the hundred dollars in fives she set aside for gift purposes on Khayyam and his verses. One copy went to a widowed friend of her girlhood who lived on a farm in Maine and attended the little crossroads church twice on Sunday. Omar's verses in praise of wine and lovmaking were well calculated to shock this recipient. Another copy was mailed to a seamstress with three young robin mouths to feed and a net income of \$12 a week. The elevator man in the apartment house where the magnificent giver lived was one of the limp leathers. The remainder of the recipients were more or less appropriately selected.

Picture, if you will, the widow on the farm perusing the wine, women and song philosophy of the orient! Imagine the elevator man in the depths of his cage poring over "a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou!" This year the \$100 would have gone for volumes of "Moonmadness," a sort of Egyptian and Parisian nightmare, had not a safe and sane salesman persuaded the donor to select boxes of writing paper in graduated sizes. This is at least useful, and who knows but another Yuletide will find the woman sending hand picked presents to her small army of the needy!

Ostrich Dinner For Christmas.

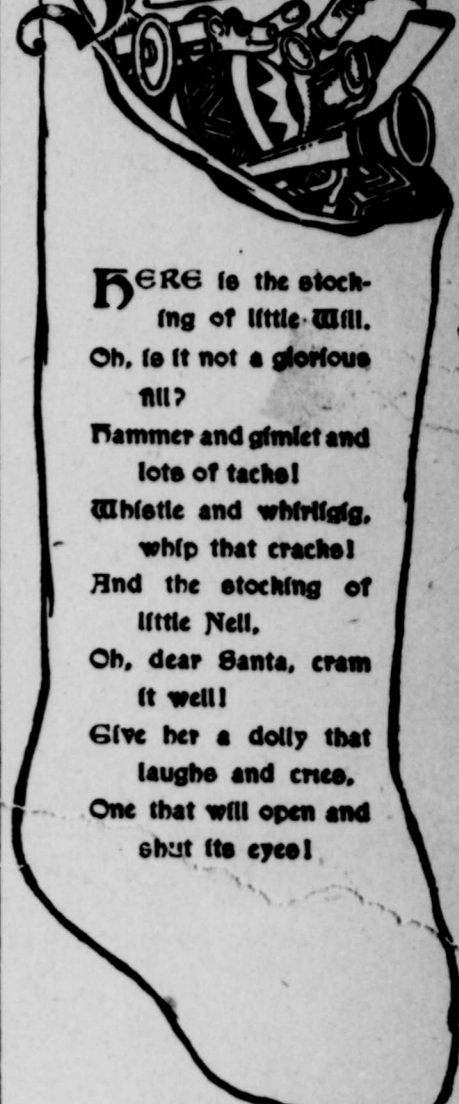
One baby ostrich, five months old and weighing over 100 pounds dressed, was served at a recent Y. M. C. A. Christmas dinner in Los Angeles, and 1,500 persons were served. Each of the babe's drumsticks weighed sixteen pounds. In cooking the bird 165 pounds of dressing were used. This was made up of fifty pounds of chestnuts, thirty pounds of butter, twenty-five pounds of onions, fifty pounds of bread, twenty-five heads of celery and one pound of mixed spices. A special oven six feet square was arranged to roast the bird.

BENEATH THE MISTLETOE



"Vow to me now," Said the innocent lover;
"Vow to me now," Boldly he glanced at the plant just above her— The mistletoe bough.
"Swear that you love And will marry me, dear, While up above Christmas stars shine so clear. Kiss me and vow, Under the bough, Always, forever, you'll cherish me near."
Tender her kiss As gayly she told him Joy of her bliss So close to unfold him Under the spray. Then she sent him away. 'Twas time for the next, so why, why she

The Christmas Stocking



Poor Holiday fare

A delegation of fellow townsmen called on Rufus K. Combs of Midway, Ky., to congratulate him on the receipt of a Carnegie medal. As his friends were taking leave Mr. Combs wished them all a merry Christmas.

"And", he ended, "that you'll have a more bountiful Christmas dinner than fell to the lot of a young friend of mine last year. "He, poor chap, was stopping at a cheap New Year boarding house, and on Christmas day, after he had eaten a turkey neck, a potato and a splinter of sodden mince pie, the landlady said to him as he rose just as the weak coffee was brought on: "Oh, don't leave the table, Mr. Smith."
"I must, madam," said Smith grimly. "It's hard wood, and my teeth are not what they used to be."

"The Virgin's Blessing."

Every Virgin in Spain is illuminated with a taper. In Elja, near Cordova, an image or portrait of the Virgin and the Babe newborn hangs in well light every room in every house. And why? Because the beautiful belief is rooted in those simple minds that on Christmas eve, before the clock strikes 12; the Virgin, bringing blessings in her train, visits every house where she can find an image or portrait of her son. And many a girl kneels down in robes of white before her humble portrait of the Babe and prays and hears a rustling in the room and thinks, "The Virgin comes; she brings me my Christmas eve blessing;" and turns, and, lo, it is her mother, and the Virgin's blessing is the mother's kiss!

CHRISTMAS.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands The chorus of voices, the clapping of hands; Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn, Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born! With glad jubilation Bring hope to the nations! The dark night is ending and dawn has begun; Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun, All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one! Sing the bridal of nations, with chorals of love, Sing out the war vulture and sing in the dove, Till the hearts of the people keep time in accord And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord! Clasp hands of the nations In strong gratulations; The dark night is ending and dawn has begun; Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun, All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one! Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace; East, west, north and south, let the long quarrel cease. Sing of glory to God and of good will to man! Hark, joining in chorus, The heavens bend o'er us! The dark night is ending and dawn has begun; Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun, All

We Help Those Who Try to Help Themselves

C. W. Post Home Farms

We are building up a community of actual home owners and are anxious to interest good, dependable men in our undertaking. We will sell raw land on which we will place improvements and charge against the land. In other words should you buy 160 acres, we will improve the same with a 4 or 5 room dwelling (with water piped into the kitchen), well and windmill, sheds for chickens, hogs and stock, and a silo if wanted. These improvements will cost from \$1500 to \$1700. We will not sell land unless it is to be farmed—no speculation.

One can buy 160 acres 10 to 15 miles from Post City, but near a school, at \$20 to \$22 an acre, plus the improvements mentioned above. We will sell you the land and improvements for a payment of \$2 per acre (\$320) down and \$1.75 an acre (280) per year at the unusually low rate of four per cent interest. Notes on or before. Payments cover both land and improvements.

Farms on the plains will be sold during 1915, to be occupied early in 1916, for \$2.00 an acre down and terms as above. Interest does not start until you go on the land. Next payment Jan 1, 1917.

Also have just classified and put on the market the breaks, or grazing land. These lands will sell from \$6.00 to \$12.00 per acre. \$1.00 per acre cash, 50c per acre per year until paid out at 6 per cent interest. This goes in tracts of 640 acres and up.

Write or Phone
J. S. CASH

Exclusive agent this district Post, Texas

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Joe Strayhorn to W. E. Ditto, northwest part of Section 3 in block 3, H. & G. N. \$2,850.

Jim Green to Trustees of Methodist church, four acres of land out of Section 53, block 3, H. & T. C., \$10.00.

E. G. Maben and wife to Sam Maben, 223 acres out of Section 96, block 3, H. & T. C., \$2230.

T. F. Rodman to C. L. Ezell, east half of Section 144 in block 2, H. & T. C., \$3200.

R. H. Rodman and wife to C. L. Ezell, east half of Section 144, H. & T. C. \$4,000.

R. C. Herm to M. M. Melton, east half of lot 5 in block 46, town of Hermleigh, \$25.00.

G. C. Peters to Dave Peters, lot 4 in block 6, Chambers addition to Snyder, \$70.

W. C. Fullilove and wife to Harpole and Weninger, east half of lot 12 and all of lot 13 in block 6 in Snyder \$8000.

W. F. Glass and wife to D. L. Morrow, lots 2 and 3 in block 36, in the town of Pyron. \$190.

W. F. Glass and wife to D. L. Morrow, lots 1 3 and 14 in block 31, in city of Pyron, \$110.

D. L. Morrow to J. B. Cooper, lots 1, 2, and 3 in block 36 and lots 13 and 14 in block 31 and lot 28 in blk. 31, Pyron, \$200.

W. H. Hathorn and wife to D. L. Morrow, lot 28 in block 31, town of Pyron, \$50.

First National Saving Plan.

The First National Bank has adopted a plan to encourage small savings and induce women and children to start bank accounts.

The bank furnishes a book for depositing any amount from five cents a week up and shows what the deposits will foot up in course of a year. The nickels or dimes that might be foolishly squandered are thus saved up and the result will give pleasure to every depositor at the end of the year.

store, has gone to Snyder where she will make her home with her cousin Mrs. W. W. Echols this winter, and attend school there.

Prof. J. W. Leftwich, returned Monday from Snyder where he has been since Friday as a member of the teachers' examination board, which was in session Friday and Saturday.

Mr. W. W. Echols and wife of Snyder, came in Sunday evening to spend a few hours with relatives, but on arriving found Mrs. Echols' brother, Elbert, had been hurt and she remained with him, Mr. Echols returning the same afternoon.

Kin Blackard brought in two whole dollars for his subscription and that of a friend at Soash, Texas.

We have the goods and prices on Wall Paper. A. P. Morris.

HERMLEIGH ITEMS

From the Enterprise.

Miss Hattie eHrm who has been attending school at the T. C. U., in Fort Worth, returned home with her father Friday, on account of her severe illness. We are glad to have Miss Hattie with us but are very sorry she had to quit school on account of sickness.

Miss Anita Jaeggli came down to her mother's birthday Saturday, but was only able to spend a few hours among her friends, since she had to return that night on the Santa Fe to be back at her duties in the school room at Tahoka.

Miss Jewel Anderson who has been clerking in the Hermleigh Mercantile

We solicit your tailoring business on the merit of our ability to please you

THE
Buckhorn Tailor Shop
Eoff Bros., Props.

THE
Buckhorn Tailor Shop
Eoff Bros., Props.

OVERLAND ITEM.

Armed with a message for the President of the United States, three women have traveled over 5,000 miles by automobile in an effort to further the cause of equal suffrage. A petition signed by half a million women at the San Francisco Exposition was entrusted to their care and on the trip across country enough additional signatures were obtained to swell the total to what is probably the longest list of names

ever secured on a petition of this kind.

The ladies, one from Oregon and two from Rhode Island, after looking over the motor cars offered in San Francisco, bought a Model 82 Overland, believing that they could secure the greatest amount of service from the car, as well as knowing they could receive attention from an unlimited number of Overland dealers enroute.

Miss M. A. Kindberg as driver, Miss Ingeberg Kindstedt as mechanic and Mrs. Sora Bard Field as utility driver and helper.

During the trip the car had an

average of gasoline mileage of sixteen miles per gallon, using one quart of oil in the first 280 miles, and averaging 100 miles to the quart, on the rough stretches. The highest speed attained by the lady driver was fifty-two miles per hour, and then she admitted she was going some.

Through the desert the trip was uneventful, except the fact that water was scarce, and after trying to buy, or even beg water at one particular place, they were refused and finding the radiator barely half full, thought their troubles would commence, but true to the appointments

en route, they undertook the drive without the needed water and drove 156 miles, with the supply half enough, and the motor, which is the highest improved of its type, carried them fine and did not over-heat as was feared.

One blinding snowstorm was encountered from Laramie to Cheyenne, the first of the season. After debating awhile as to whether or not to attempt the drive, they started out and met three other motor parties returning to town. These people advised against the trip, telling them they surely would be lost, but "grit" necessary in a case like that

asserted itself and they went through the storm to the next town, glad of the trip for the novelty, as well as testing their mount to its utmost.

Crossing the desert at one time they were lost and used a compass to set them right and traveled by that for ninety five miles before finding a place to get proper directions.

Mrs. Field, the speaker of the trip, is carrying a message to the President of the United States from the women voters of the West, and in this trip, as well as riding, they have been stopping at all the cities along the way, speaking on the equal

rights of women and have used their car as a platform in several places. The message to the President asks his support for an amendment to the national constitution giving woman the ballot.

Miss Kindberg was asked how she liked her car and said with a snap that she'd like to see any other car do a bit better or half as well.

Pastor R. A. Stewart of the Methodist church has been afflicted for a week or two with tonsillitis and Rev. Wm. Pearn preached for that congregation last Sunday morning and night.

Charley Chaplin's Comic Capers

Clarence and Charley Buy a House

Copyright, 1915, by J. Keeley.



Headquarters for Xmas Goods

Price the lowest

THE ARCADE, R. W. Nelson, Prop.

South Side Square

M. E. Rosser H. M. Boyd
ROSSER & BOYD
 Lawyers
 Office in State Bank Building
 Snyder, Texas.

This is the Season of the Year

When a new buggy, new harness and new saddle will be in demand. Maybe your old harness needs to be overhauled. We can do it the Guaranteed Way.

D. P. STRAYHORN
 Everything in a First-Class Leather Establishment
 NORTH SIDE

Signal and Dallas News, \$1.75.

Married At Pittsburg.
 Mr. J. Nelson Dunn, one of our popular young business men, a member of the Thompson Drug Co., left here last Saturday for Pittsburg, Texas, where he was married on Tuesday of this week to Miss Mamie Dorfman of Pittsburg. They are expected to arrive in Snyder today. Miss Dorfman has hosts of friends in Snyder who esteem her for many excellent virtues of mind and heart. In returning to Snyder in her new relation, she comes among friends who extend to her a most generous welcome.

Mr. J. P. Sims of Ellis county came in Monday morning to look after his farm interests in Scurry county.

Fine Box Candles at Grayum Drug Company. 27

In Cupid's Realm
 A marriage license was issued from the County Clerk's office Wednesday for Mr. Frank Childress and Miss Florence Price, both of the Ira country and on Wednesday a license was issued for Mr. Charles Monroe Ellis of Snyder and Miss Ella Gertrude Thornton of Dallas.

It is learned that Mr. Ellis and his brother, Jim Ellis left Thursday for Dallas and the marriage was expected to take place in Dallas.



Edison Phonographs

for
CHRISTMAS
 \$30.00 and upwards
 This will please all and will be a source of constant pleasure.
 Come in and hear the new machines.

GRAYUM DRUG CO

A. S. Gracey reports that he has a tenant farmer on his place who planted forty acres last spring in cotton. The gashoppers devoured about 3 to 5 acres of it, leaving about 35 to 37 acres, which he cultivated. Twenty-six bales of cotton were gathered from the field. As the crop was cultivated on the shares, Mr. Gracey got half of it, and after the expenses of picking and ginning were paid, he found that he had \$1,066.95 left to his share, besides three bales of seed which he had kept for planting. In other words he got \$27.00 or \$28.00 per acre rent from this land. Can anyone beat this record?—Roscoe Times.

A big shipment of the best, fancy candies, chocolates and bonbons just received at Smith's Confectionery. 17tf

New T. & P. Train Schedule.

Roscoe Times.
 A new schedule over the T. & P. went into effect Sunday, all trains now arriving earlier except No. 5, which remains unchanged. No. 3 (west bound) which formerly arrived at 8:17 p. m. now arrives 52 minutes earlier, or 7:25. No. 4 (east bound) which formerly arrived at 10 a. m. now arrives at 9:50, and No. 6 (east bound) which formerly arrived at 9:05 p. m. now arrives at 8:50. No. 5 (west bound) still arrives at 7:40 a. m. as heretofore.

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4. 27

The banquet for the Odd Fellows last Monday night was spread at the Cozy Cafe and the boys agree that a better arranged affair in that line has never been seen here.

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4. 27

NOTICE.

I am exclusive agent, of Scurry County, for the Post Home Farms and Ranches now being sold in Garza County, and I would like for all LIVE agents to get in touch with me at once. This land is selling very fast and any GOOD LIVE WIRE can make some nice business very easy. We have sold over 200 of these farms and the people are on them. Come up and let us show you what we have. There never was a proposition in Western Texas like this and probably never will be another. We want good people on this land and to do this we must have good agents. For further particulars write or phone,

J. S. CASH,
 Post, Texas

Junior Missionary Auxilliary.
 The Junior Missionary Auxilliary of the Methodist church closed its year's work for 1915 last Sunday. The Juniors have done a splendid work under the leadership of Mrs. C. B. Alexander. A fine report was made for the year and many new members enrolled.

If your child is not a member of the Junior Missionary Auxilliary he is missing a very important part of his education. We invite every child between six and fourteen to become a member of the Junior Division of our Missionary Work. We will insure them something to do Sunday afternoons that will be both pleasant and profitable, as well as developing the spiritual life of the child.

Officers were elected last Sunday as follows:

Eleanor Fullilove, President.
 Dorothy Chambless, 1st V. Pres.
 Willie Fern Curry, 2nd V. Pres.
 Clara May Couch, Cor. Sec.,
 Crawford Fullilove, Rec. Sec.,
 Ellen Prat, Treasurer,
 Eva Strayhorn, Supt. of Study and Publicity.
 Mary Strayhorn, Supt. of Social Service.

The Juniors voted to have their last quarterly mite box opening Wednesday with a pop corn feast in basement of church. This will be the last meeting until after the holidays.
 —Supt. Publicity.

THE VOICE OF NOW!

It is the present, the today, the NOW in which we are interested. Shakespeare wisely says:

"Tomorrow never yet
 On any living mortal rose or set."

It is the printed page which deals most intimately and with the greatest detail in the movements of the present. It is THE VOICE OF NOW proclaiming to the world the things that are happening today. The government of the United States is NOW gravely concerned in certain aspects of the war in Europe and has had thrust on it several serious international problems which are NOW in process of solution. The American farmer is NOW interested in this titanic struggle, for his interests are being affected by it today and will be tomorrow, and he wants to keep in close touch with it NOW.

EVERYBODY is interested in the cotton crop from the time of its planting to the days of its harvesting and marketing. They want to know "the NOW" in all that pertains to the great Southern staple; they want to know "the NOW" of all other agricultural markets, the latest in modern farming, the facts of the warehousing problem, and all else that pertains to the progress of the time in every theater of life.

The tens of thousands of men and women who know the Semi-Weekly Farm News know it is "THE VOICE OF NOW," telling in direct and positive tones of what is going on at home and abroad.

"Now is the time
 Now is the hour."
 THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS
 A. H. Belo & Co., Publishers
 Dallas, Texas

COULD SCARCELY WALK ABOUT

And For Three Summers Mrs. Vincent Was Unable to Attend to Any of Her Housework.

Pleasant Hill, N. C.—"I suffered for three summers," writes Mrs. Walter Vincent, of this town, "and the third and last time, was my worst."

I had dreadful nervous headaches and prostration, and was scarcely able to walk about. Could not do any of my housework.

I also had dreadful pains in my back and sides and when one of those weak, sinking spells would come on me, I would have to give up and lie down, until it wore off.

I was certainly in a dreadful state of health, when I finally decided to try Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I firmly

believe I would have died if I hadn't taken it.

After I began taking Cardui, I was greatly helped, and all three bottles relieved me entirely.

I fattened up, and grew so much stronger in three months, I felt like another person altogether."

Cardui is purely vegetable and gentle-acting. Its ingredients have a mild, tonic effect, on the womanly constitution.

Cardui makes for increased strength, improves the appetite, tones up the nervous system, and helps to make pale, sallow cheeks, fresh and rosy.

Cardui has helped more than a million weak women, during the past 50 years. It will surely do for you, what it has done for them. Try Cardui today.

Write for Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. J-63

CALOMEL SALIVATES AND MAKES YOU SICK

Acts Like Dynamite on a Sluggish Liver and You Lose a Day's Work.

There's no reason why a person should take sickening, salivating calomel when 50 cents buys a large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone—a perfect substitute for calomel.

It is a pleasant, vegetable liquid which will start your liver just as surely as calomel, but it doesn't make you sick and can't salivate.

Children and grown folks can take Dodson's Liver Tone because it is perfectly harmless.

Calomel is a dangerous drug. It is mercury and attacks your bones. Take a dose of nasty calomel today and you will feel weak, sick and nauseated tomorrow. Don't lose a day's work. Take a spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone instead and you will wake up feeling great. No more biliousness, constipation, sluggishness, headache, coated tongue or sour stomach. Your druggist says if you don't find Dodson's Liver Tone acts better than horrible calomel your money is waiting for you (12) SOCIETY PRINTING, MONOGRAM stationery, wedding invitations, club year books and other classes of printing that requires typographical ability. The Signal.

Mrs. J. W. Green and Mrs. H. E. Best were pleasant callers at the Signal office Tuesday. Mrs. Best placed her order for the Signal to go to her in Arizona.

Dr. Smith, Practice limited to the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, and the Scientific Adjustment of Glasses. Office over the Owl Drug Store.

Ample Rains Expected

Cotton is practically all out now and the farmers are beginning to prepare for another crop. Just now a good soaking rain would be appreciated. Wheat is needing rain and there is a large acreage of it in the country.

Weather forecasters have predicted rain for December and Kin Blackard says we'll get it and that next year is going to be another good crop year in West Texas.

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4. 27

E. L. Crowder and T. W. Gabbert were here Monday from Dunn. Mr. Crowder has long been a main pillar of that good community. Mr. Gabbert has recently come there from South Texas and has bought the Will Head farm.

Christmas Candies at Grayum Drug Company.

County Attorney W. W. Weems, who has been sick for several days was able to be down town Monday. We hope to see him well up on his pins in a few days.

Wanted!
AT ONCE!! 100 lbs.
 large, clean, cotton rags. Will pay 3 cents per pound if delivered at Signal Office.

To the Farmers of Scurry and adjoining Counties

If you have any rough Trashy Cotton to gin try THE FARMERS UNION GIN.
 We have Boll Crusher, 2 Cleaners, Screener Feeders, Huller Brest and air cleaners to take bolls and trash out and will gin and wrap your bollies for 70c per hundred.

Farmers Union Gin Co.,
 By J. P. WAITS, Manager

CHURCHES

Announcements of Services at the Various Churches of the City. The pastors are invited to use this column as they see fit.

First Baptist Church
Rev. M. T. Tucker, Pastor.
Preaching morning at 11 o'clock.
Preaching, evening at 7:00.
Teachers and Officers meeting, Sunday at 4 p. m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7:15 p. m.
Choir Practice Friday at 7:15 p. m.
Ladies' Meetings: Circles meet on second and fourth Mondays. Business meeting first Monday at church. Missionary Meeting third Monday.

Methodist Episcopal Church South
R. A. Stewart, Pastor
Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. by the pastor.
Sunday School begins at 9:45 a. m.

Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:15.
Everyone invited to all our services. Strangers cordially invited to attend our service while in the city.

Presbyterian Church
Sunday School at 9:45 a. m.
Rev. J. C. Bigbee, Pastor.
Preaching at 11:00 o'clock in the morning and again at 7:15 in the evening by the pastor, Rev. J. C. Bigbee.
You are invited to worship with us.

First Christian Church
Sunday School at 9:45 a. m.
Communion Service at 11 a. m.
Ladies' Aid meets Monday afternoon at the church.
Prayer Service Wednesday evening.

Grace Episcopal Church
E. Cecil Seamon, Rector.
Services every second Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m.
Sunday School at 10:00 a. m. E. J. Anderson, Superintendent.
Holy Communion at 10 a. m.
Morning Prayer and Sermon at 11:00 o'clock.

Church of Christ
Eld. J. P. Nail, Minister.
Preaching 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m.
Bible Lesson every Sunday at 10 a. m.
Communion every Sunday at the morning service.
Everybody cordially invited to attend these services.
The Praise, Prayer and Bible Reading meeting at the Church of Christ on Scarborough Street meets every Thursday night at 7:30 p. m.
Everybody come.

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE SNYDER NATIONAL BANK:

You are respectfully notified that the annual meeting of the shareholders will be held in the banking rooms of the above institution on the second Tuesday in January, 1916. At this meeting directors for the ensuing year will be elected. It is hoped all stockholders will be present or represented.
O. P. THRANE, Cashier.

Marriage License Record

V. R. Teague and Miss Viola Ellis.
J. Nelsen Dunn and Miss Mamie Dorfman.
W. R. Bostick and Miss Lillian Dyer.
Fred Bowers and Miss Laura Belle Richardson.
B. F. Dargitz and Mrs. L. C. Murphy.
Frank Childress and Miss Florence Price.
Chas. Monroe Ellis and Miss Ella Gertrude Thornton.
T. J. Patrick and Miss Nora Richardson.
W. A. Thompson and Miss Addie Pate.
Tascoe Davis and Annie Burke, (colored.)

For Trade

We have some extra good buggies to trade for young horses and mules. 24tf
Townsend-Oldham & Co.

W. D. Reynolds shipped out a car of cattle Tuesday evening to Fort Worth.

Notice

We will gin two days next week, Wednesday and Thursday, December 22nd and 23rd.
BRICE-BURNETT GIN CO.

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS.

Austin, Tex., Nov. 2, 1915.
W. M. CURRY, Esq.,
Tax Collector
Snyder, Texas.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your letter of Oct. 29th, and you are advised in reply that the Act of Congress of Oct. 22, 1914, imposing a stamp tax of 25c on each power of attorney applies to an order given in accordance with the law of Texas, under which one person authorizes another to pay his poll tax, and it is further held that where one order is signed by more than one person, it must be stamped 25c for each person signing it. Where an order of the character referred to is presented to the Tax Collector without necessary revenue stamps attached and cancelled, the Tax Collector is forbidden to recognize it.

Respectfully,
A. S. WALKER,
Collector.

A Card of Thanks.

To our friends: We desire, through columns of the Signal, to express to you all, our sincere thanks for the many deeds and expressions of kindness and sympathy extended to us at the time of our recent terrible bereavement. May the blessings of our God who knows all hearts and to whom we must all answer in eternity, bless and protect you with His love and Mercy.
Yours in deep sorrow,
MRS. GEO. W. SMITH
and Family.

For Trade

We have some extra good buggies to trade for young horses and mules. 24tf
Townsend-Oldham & Co.

Editor N. L. Ball, of the Rotan Advance was in Snyder Monday night and paid the Signal a fraternal visit.

Shooters of Fireworks in Snyder—

Take Warning: Attention is hereby called to the fact that the shooting of fire works within the corporate limits of the City of Snyder is positively forbidden and any person found guilty of violating this law may be fined in any sum not exceeding \$25. Now that is the law in the case and it will be strictly enforced.
Respectfully,
O. P. WOLFE,
City Marshal

Mr. D. W. Meador left Tuesday for Big Springs where he goes into winter quarters.

Full line climated nursery stock. Pecan trees 15c and up. Send for price list.
CLYDE NURSERY,
29 Clyde, Texas

Mr. Blaffer and Dr. McFarland, the Washing Machine men left Tuesday for Post City.

C. R. Fellmy's big sale which has been going on for the past few weeks is still in progress and great throngs of buyers attend daily. Mr. Fellmy is well pleased with the results and is grateful to the people for their liberal patronage.

Born in Snyder, Dec. 9th., to Mr. and Mrs. John Landers, a 12 pound boy.

We have one 5 hole John Deere Seeder for sale—you had better hurry as we just have the one.
TOWNSEND-OLDHAM & CO.

J. H. Byrd was here Monday from Dunn.

Overland Purchasers
Try a sack of Oriole Flour, the best sold in Snyder at C. S. Perkins Grocery Company. 22tf

Augustine Howell at the Signal is agent or high grade literature. See his notice in the window.

Don't forget Townsend, Oldham & Co. handles Folger's Golden Sun Coffee.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Massey and baby boy are here from Sweetwater to visit the homefolks.

HIGH GRADE COAL AT THE ICE PLANT. ONLY \$8.00 CASH PER TON.

BARRING ACCIDENTS WE ARE BEGINNING TO GET OUR EQUIPMENT IN SUCH SHAPE THAT WE CAN RUN REGULARLY. The Electric Power will be on 23 hours each day, the plant being shut down one hour at noon from 12 to 1 and all day Sunday.
Snyder Ice & Electric Co.

SANTA'S TIRED!



When Jane Fixes the Knickknacks

LIKE to loaf in the kitchen while Jane in her wifely way is puttin' the finish on knickknacks for the dinner on Christmas day. Say, tobbie early 'mornin's when the coffeepot's simmerin' low, An' the roosters is crowin' for daybreak—like nobody else didn't know—An' out through the white curtained window the stars is beginnin' to fade, An' the hills that was hid in darkness is at last bright out on the shades by. Directly a silence settles, so plain it is mighty high seen, An' me an' the past stand together, with scurcely a minit between, Fer I feel unusually tender—in a glad, half sad sort o' way—While Jane is fixin' the knickknacks for the dinner on Christmas day.

A person don't never, I reckon, disremember the old folks at home, No matter how feeble he grows an' no matter jest where he may roam, An' they show pretty clear at such minits, true an' brave as in days gone by, Till I push my chair in the shadders—a-hidin' the mist in my eye. I see the grave face of my father as he reads by the candlestick there, An' I hear some hymn of my mother as she rocks in the hickory chair; Then the freight falls on the ceiling with the rose o' the old time glow As I dream only dreams o' the future 'stid o' dreams o' the long ago. Heigh ho! What a world o' changes from the lad to the man now gray, Watchin' Jane as she fixes knickknacks for the dinner on Christmas day!

Then my thoughts travels on an' onward from mists where the old folks be, An' I wonder if our own children is thinkin' o' Jane an' me: If they heard some organ sendin' the song, "Do They Miss Me at Home?" Through the holy Christmas mornin', through the holy Christmas gloam, If they heard their children shoutin' in pleasure beside their toys, Would they think once more o' the homestead, where they lived when girls an' boys. * * * * * The young has the world before 'em, but fer us it lies behind— A dim, dear land o' memories, where even I keep in mind Wee, faded clothes in the attic, broken toys long laid away, As I watch Jane fixin' knickknacks for the dinner on Christmas day. —Will T. Hale.

ELECTRIC CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Still New Enough to Have Novelty Element Dear to Americans. Electric Christmas gifts still possess that element of novelty dear to the American heart and thus solve the problem of giving Christmas gifts that are "different." Imagine how pleased most men would be to receive an electric shaving cup or electric cigar lighter instead of neckties, socks and handkerchiefs "as usual." A teakettle for grandmother, a samovar for mother's 5 o'clock teas, a chafing dish for the college girl, a disk stove for the bachelor, a flatiron or sewing machine motor for the practical housewife—all these novel and useful gifts will be appreciated by the recipients. It should not be forgotten that these electric Christmas gifts are all useful gifts. Each of these devices is designed to do some one thing better than it can be done any other way, whether it is to percolate coffee, toast bread or furnish the power for running a sewing machine. The presence of an electric percolator on any table adds a touch of something different and something better. The electric tea samovar is rapidly becoming quite the thing for the modern tea table.

"Wassail! Drink!"

The wassail bowl, which is still used in some old European families at Christmas, succeeded the skull of the Norseman's foe as a drinking vessel. In these old wassail bowls, some specimens of which are of brown ware and others of massive silver, were placed the ale, the ginger, the sugar, the nutmeg and the roasted crab apples. Where the old custom still prevails the ale is served speed and sweetened in the wassail bowl, but the apples are omitted.

Still Ering in the Boar's Head.

The ancient Christmas ceremony of bringing in the boar's head is regularly performed on Christmas afternoon in the hall of Queen college, Oxford, England. The head is borne in on a silver dish, shouder high, at the head of a procession formed by the college choir augmented for the occasion singing "The Boar's Head Song."

Christmas Greetings from the LYRIC THEATRE

Our success in the Moving Picture business is attributed to the loyalty of our patrons supplimented by the splendid programs rendered daily. The lady managers of the Lyric therefore take this opportunity of extending thanks for the liberal patronage in the past and will do our best to give you the best possible service in the future. Following advanced announcement is an insight to the good shows coming.

<p>Friday, Dec. 17 "When Hungry Hamlet Fled" 2 reels Thanouser.</p> <p>"Faithful to the Finish" Comic.</p> <p>Saturday, Dec. 18 "Shorty Inherits a Harem" 2 reels Broncho</p> <p>Mutual Weekly Mutual.</p> <p>Monday, Dec. 20 "Over Secret Wires" 2 reels K. B.</p> <p>"The Little Hero" Cub.</p> <p>Tuesday, Dec. 21 "The Miracle" Thanouser.</p> <p>"The Broken Window" American</p> <p>"Green Apples" Beauty</p>	<p>Wednesday, Dec. 22 "The Jilt" 2 reels American</p> <p>"Providence and The Twins" Majestic.</p> <p>Thursday, Dec. 23 "The Knight of The Trails" 2 reels K. B.</p> <p>"The Little Cupids" Majestic.</p> <p>Friday, Dec. 24 "The Woman, The Lion and The Man" Two Reel Centaur.</p> <p>"His Lordship's Dilemma" Gaumont All Star.</p> <p>Christmas Day, Dec. 25 "Rascal's Wolfish Way" 2 reels Keystone.</p> <p>"The Root of Evil" Majestic.</p>
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We sell everything you want in building.

Brick	Oak Lumber	Lumber
Lime	2 x 4; 2 x 6;	Shingles
Cement	2 x 8 and	Windows all
Plaster Paris	3 x 4	sizes
Acme Plaster	Telephone	Doors all kinds
Corrugated iron	Poles 16, 18,	Screen doors
Painted and	and 20 ft. long	and wire
Galvanized	We want	Lincoln paints
Post, all kinds	your bus-	and varnishes
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Hog wire	Prices	stains
Field fence	right and	Colors in oil
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Smooth wire	service.	Stop-a-leak
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Builder's hardware, locks, butts, strap hinges, stub gate hinges, screen fittings, valley tin, tin shingles, ridge roll, cresting, finials, barn door hinges and track.

YULETIDE GREETINGS



Christmas Bells

By MINNA IRVING.

(Copyright, 1915, by American Press Association.)

WHEN all the world is white with snow
Ten million tongues repeat
The tidings of the birth of Christ
In accents clear and sweet.
They fling the message to and fro
O'er frosty hills and dells
Till every earthly ear has heard
The music of the bells.

THEY are the echoes of a voice
Still ringing through the night
From blossom bearing lands of sun
To lands of frozen white,
First heard on old Judea's plain,
Where flocks and shepherds lay,
By time and distance multiplied
To welcome Christmas day.

FOR then a shepherd boy awoke
And rubbed his sleepy eyes
And saw a star of wondrous light
Above him in the skies
And, pointing to its glory, cried:
"All hail the Christmas morn!
Behold the star of Bethlehem,
The Prince of Peace is born!"

Light Up on Christmas Eve.

Some residents of Boston received the following announcement daily printed in old English a few days before a recent Christmas:

"To All Whom It May Concern—Greeting: We again bespeak your good will and assistance in adding to the cheer of Christmas eve by placing lighted candles in the windows of your houses between 6 and 10 at night, to the end that the hearts of passersby may be gladdened and that the day of good will and glad tidings may be fittingly commemorated."

The response was more general than was expected. Scarcely a house of those to whom the appeal was addressed but had its candles arranged long before the hour appointed and promptly at 6 o'clock lighted up in a flare of Christmas light. The effect of good Christmas cheer and of welcome to the coming festival was charming. The custom will be observed hereafter.

"My Christmas Decision"

From Battle Creek, Mich., a Christmas message was sent to the nation—a message that may mean Christmas cheer for the starving tenement dwellers, the street walf, the jobless man, the social outcast, for everybody who is lonely, neglected or friendless.

With Rev. George E. Barnes as sponsor a movement was started to "make this Christmas Christmas for everybody."

The following, called "My Christmas Decision," was sent broadcast:

"Every Christmas season makes your friendship and mine more precious and our love more tender.

"This year the thought of that love has been bringing to me a new consciousness of the needs of the whole world of Christmas cheer and love.

"Desolate homes, stricken countries and imperiled lives abroad; slackened industry and impending suffering at home—all are calling. I want you to know that my Christmas gift to you will be quite simple, but warmed with the fire of a new love, for I am going to give an extra gift to the needs of all those whom I deeply love.

"My joy in this new service will be greater if you join me in its spirit, that our Christmas celebration may be kept simple, filled with good will, winged with sacrifice and devoted to peace."

Christmas Clearing House

THE ferry houses and the railway stations of New York are transformed into human clearing houses the week before Christmas, for through them pass two steadily growing streams of human exchange, men, women and children going home for the holidays and men, women and children coming into town for the same purpose.

"Merry Christmas!" and "Oh, mother, dear!" rise to the lips of the home comers, and "Merry Christmas!" and "Goodby, old chap: off to see the old folks!" echo from the equally smiling lips of those bound up state and elsewhere beyond the noise and rattle of the throbbing town.

"Where are you going for Christmas?" asks the listless club loungeur of his dinner neighbor.

"Down Van Alstyne's way. The missis is going to open their country place."

"Good! Guess I'll get a bid myself. Bright woman, Mrs. Van."

And so Mrs. Van Alstyne fills her country place till the old year is rung out. There are bridge day and night, carols in the servants' quarters, a Christmas dinner cooked by an expert French chef, outdoor sports, dancing, luxury, ease and merry Christmas, the merriest that gold can buy.

And over the ferries and up the state a more quiet stream flows, girls who work and men who are winning fame, all going home to make the old folks glad.—Anna Steese Richardson.

The Christmas Pudding

HALLOO! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth.

A smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress' next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered, flushed, but smiling proudly, with the pudding like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quarter of ignited brandy and bedight with Christmas holly.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one, and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done, and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.—From "Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens.

A Botanical Error

A Christmas Poem

By GOODLOE THOMAS.

(Copyright, 1915, by American Press Association.)

PEGGY wore a sprig of mistletoe,
Wore it Christmas eve. Of course you know
What the consequences were
Wearing that—and in her hair.

PEGGY'S not to blame for doing so.
How could she know it was mistletoe—
Just a sprig of green she found
Lying carelessly around?

SOME said Peggy wasn't very slow
At a party wearing mistletoe
And a light in her blue eyes
Not exactly shocked surprise.

PEGGY'S not the least to blame,
although
'Twas remarked, concerning mistletoe,
Her mistake seemed odd. You see,
Peg excels in botany!

Christmas Money.

The demand for Christmas money at the New York subtreasury grows each year. On a recent Christmas about \$250,000 a day in new coin, both gold and silver, was provided to meet the demand, which kept up until Christmas day. This Christmas money comes direct from the mint each year at this time. Thousands of residents of New York who never see the subtreasury at any other time pour down on the dingy old Wall street building and clamor for bright new gold and silver. The big department stores also demand new money, both to please their customers and to facilitate change.

Idea For Christmas Decoration.
In the dining room that has to have a screen to conceal the kitchen there may be a very simple and effective addition made to the Christmas decorations by pinning holly to it, covering the original surface completely. Lace curtains may also be effectually used in this way to make lovely bits of color in the room.

Charming Christmas Eve Custom

A delightful custom in many homes is the reading aloud of Christmas literature on Christmas eve.

After the stockings are hung and the children are ready to be tucked snug in their beds the whole family gathers in front of the fire, while each one, large or small, contributes something toward the invocation of the Christmas spirit.

Among the choice selections that have been found especially appropriate for this hour, when hearts are tender and receptive, are Dickens' "Christmas Carol," bits from Herrick, Walter Scott and George Withers, Reginald Heber's "Star of the East," Luther's beautiful carol "All Praise to the Eternal Lord," Alfred Domett's Christmas hymn, Phillips Brooks' exquisite "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem!" or any of the Christmas gems written by Mrs. Sangster, Margaret Deland, Louisa M. Alcott, and other American and English writers.

Last in the reading comes the simple Testament story of the Nativity, and just then as the children are ready to scamper off to bed the recitation in concert of that wonderful, ever new Christmas poem "Twas the Night Before Christmas," their exit being appropriately timed to its conclusion:

Merry Christmas to all,
And to all a good night!

"Hush, Santa, you'll wake Mamma!"



No New Way of Keeping Christmas.
I have among my friends some who have tried new ways of keeping Christmas, says an English writer. They have not been a success. When folk have done a thing in one way for some hundreds of years it is not easy to invent a better way of doing it. Of course it has been done sometimes. We have the steam engine, the electric telegraph, and so on, but with regard to keeping Christmas day no one seems likely to invent anything new that will be as good as the old. Roses and lilies will not do instead of holly and mistletoe, and there is no satisfactory substitute for beef, turkey, plum pudding and mince pies.

Good Fellows' Christmas Tree.
The Good Fellows, an organization of men who help to make poor children happy every Christmas, are behind the municipal Christmas tree idea in Columbus, Ind. They will erect a big tree in Commercial park, which is just across Franklin street from the city hall. Christmas carols will be sung around the tree on Christmas eve by the combined church choirs of the city. The other exercises will be held in the city hall, where the poor children of the city will receive presents. Baskets of provisions for the needy adults of Columbus will be distributed also.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

What is the Christmas spirit? Aye, there's the rub. Shall we find our answer in books—in folios, quartos, octavos or duodecimos?

No. For certain wisdom does not lie in these, but only problems set down for the proving.

Shall we find our answer in palaces, in mansions, in manor houses, in halls, 'alls, castles or moated granges? No. For proven wisdom is a stranger here and nothing is heard but vague echoes of a distant life.

So let us go for our answer to the source of all knowledge, the source of all power, the source of all might, majesty, dominion and honor—the people, the open mouthed people, the everybody-wait-till-the-horse-gets-up people, the red knuckled, rubber wearing people, the straight-forward, simple hearted people.

And where do we find the people in the greatest number? In the street.

Then in the street will we spear around for our answer. On a corner the people congregate and from the center issues a toot.

"Just the thing for Christmas!" cries a voice, and the horn toots again while the people continue to congregate. We insinuate ourselves into the center of the crowd and there behold a joyful faced peddler with a tray before him full of small cardboard boxes. He toinks the horn again, and we are tickled to find that it is strapped around his waist with the muzzle pointing due ahead.

"Ha-ha-ha!" he cries as he gleefully toinks the horn. "That is to wake the dead." He blushes (though still smiling) at the utter absurdity of the horn, and the messenger boys show-er him with blissful and appreciative grins. The peddler picks up one of the boxes, removes the cover and shakes out a smaller box, whereupon he laughs uproariously.

He toinks the horn. And from the smaller box he takes another box.

He toinks the horn. And from the other box he takes a different box.

He toinks the horn. And from the different box he takes a little box.

He toinks the horn. And from the little box he takes a bit of a box.

He toinks the horn. And from the bit of a box he takes a tiny box.

He toinks the horn. And from the tiny box he takes a wee tidy box.

He toinks the horn. And still triumphantly toinking the horn and surrounded by an impenetrable circle of open mouths (including this student's mouth he takes two little carved dolls from the wee tidy box and reiterates that this here is the very thing for Christmas.

Whereat we reflect. Is the Christmas spirit connected with ebony twins in a nest of cardboard boxes?—New York Evening Sun.

A Christmas Song

Oh, Christmas is a jolly time,
When forests hang with snow,
And other forests bend with toys,
And lovely Yule logs glow!

And Christmas is a solemn time,
Because, beneath the Star,
The first great Christmas gift was given
To all men, near and far.

But not alone at Christmas time
Come holiday and cheer,
For one who loves a little child
Hath Christmas all the year.
—Florence Evelyn Pratt.

Big Christmas Family Party.
When Sir Sydney Waterlow was lord mayor of London, in 1873, he decided to give a Christmas dinner at the Mansion House. Only near relatives were invited, yet covers were laid for no fewer than 186. The total was made up of Sir Sydney's father, four sons, four daughters, four brothers, six sisters, seventeen nephews, twenty-two nieces, twenty-nine cousins and one grandson. Lady Waterlow contributed her stepmother, four brothers and three sisters, twelve nephews and twelve nieces, and forty-one cousins, while a quota of other relations by marriage brought the total to the number named.

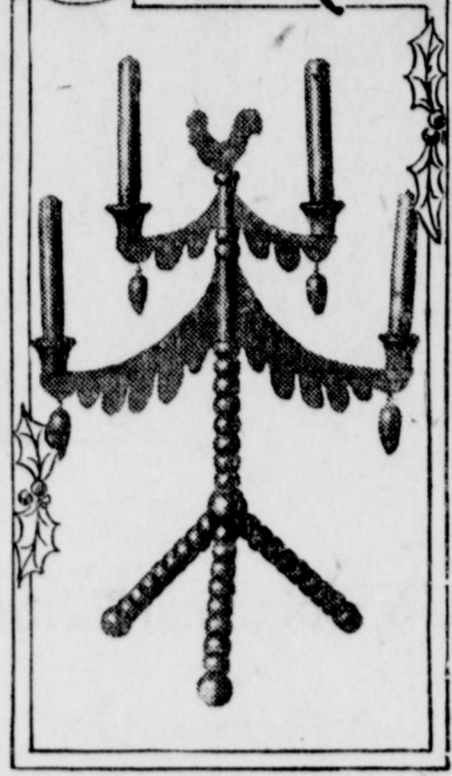
An Old Christmas Carol.
And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice again
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Then let us all rejoice again
On Christmas day in the morning.

ONE KIND CHRISTMAS TREE



In Sweden wooden candleabra like the one in the picture are frequently used instead of Christmas trees for the display of gifts.

MERRY

CHRISt's coming inaugurated among men a new era of good will, and as a consequence thrones are tottering, chains are loosening, prison doors are opening and practical Christian beneficence is flooding the world with sunshine and fills it with songs of gladness.—Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson.

HERE is that "glad tidings," that gospel of "great joy" of which the angel spake to the wondering shepherds—this announcement of God's love for man and man's worship to God. And these "glad tidings" are for "all people," so the angel said. There is not a single soul to whom the tidings of Christmas come that is not assured of the love of the almighty and infinite Father.

REFORM ye, then—so sounds the voice of the Eternal Spirit, the power back of evolution—reform ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand! So we may gird ourselves to every task of reform with new hope and fresh enthusiasm and ring our Christmas bells again.—Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton.

IT may be that in every gift with which at this blessed Christmas tide we gladden our children's hearts we are the Magi again offering treasure to the Holy Child. We may make it so. But richer gifts than these will be required. Our endurance shall be our gift to him who gave himself. Is there toll for us, that we may honor him? Is there self denial? Are there holy consecration and humble service, that shall make the world at last a spotless sacrifice to him who purchased it?

SO we keep Christmas because of its good tidings of great joy. The season of its occurrence is our ripest time. The north wind and the snow in that wind have made us what we are. It drove us to the hearth, to the sacred fires of the inner circle, to the building of the keystone in the arch of our civilization, the home of the Christian man.—Rev. Dr. S. P. Cadman.

TODAY all institutions are beginning to imitate the wise men from the east, who brought to the Divine Child their gold and aromatic spices, their frankincense and treasure. Christ's estimate of the value of childhood has conquered the world. His thought of childhood is the very heart and genius of Christian civilization.—Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hills.

MORNING, noon and night, for breakfast, dinner and supper, the first thing on awaking and the last thing on going to sleep, every hour of every day of every week of every month of the year we want the spirit of Christmas, for it is the spirit of administration, of giving, of service, of doing for others.—Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark.

AND did you ever think what a peculiarly blessed sound in the ears of those watching shepherds of the valley of Bethlehem was the announcement of the angels, "Christ has come?" Ever since the gate of paradise was shut against our first parents his advent had been looked forward to as the hope of a lost world.

STILL there is call for strenuous endeavor and constant fight against evils without and within, as though God would remind us that this is not our rest, that the true holiday (holy day, as it is used to be written) is above at his right hand.—Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson.

YULETIDE CANDLES

By MARIAN V. DORSEY

EVERY year the little green bayberry candles are sent as luck bringing gifts to an even greater extent than during the past few holiday seasons. The reason for this is that the people who received them the past year or two—and who did not?—thought that they really did seem to bring them good fortune; hence this increasingly rapid growth of the candle's popularity as a substitute for the conventional Christmas card or as constituting in itself an unpretentious little gift symbolizing every good wish.

But, while a great many people both send and receive bayberry candles as gifts, there are but few who know whence they come or why the luck superstition is inseparable from them.

The candles, or "dips," as they were first called, are the product of a revived industry started a few years ago in the old Massachusetts towns of Deerfield and Hingham and in the kitchens of the Cape Cod people, all of them using the old pewter or tin molds that have descended in the families from colonial times. Old southern villages have not as yet realized the opportunity offered its women in this revived industry, although the bayberry candles were made by the early settlers in all the coast colonies where the berries grew, never being found inland.

As to the origin of the good luck idea, we seek it in vain among colonial chronicles as applied to the candle itself. Yet from times far earlier the bay tree and the laurel were considered sacred to good fortune, and it is



LIGHTING THE BAYBERRY CANDLE.

from this immemorial belief that we must trace the present day faith in the virtues of the bayberry candle.

The bay is a species of laurel, and as poets and victors were crowned with the laurel or the bay, wishing them long life and happiness, so is the same wish conveyed in the bestowal of a candle made of the waxen berries borne by the sacred tree.

Bayberry dips are also made as well as the molded candles. These dips are smaller and less even in shape and show us how candles were made by repeatedly dipping the wicks in the melted wax of the bayberries and drying each layer till the dip was of proper size. That was before molds were introduced, early in the eighteenth century.

To accompany a bayberry candle one should send in the little box in which it is daintily wrapped a card on which is printed, in red and green lettering, the legend:

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.
A bayberry candle burnt to the socket
Brings luck to the house,
Food to the larder,
And gold to the pocket.

When these cards are not to be found the luck rhyme may be written on the back of one's visiting card and wrapped with a candle, but in that case it must not be forgotten that the inclosure of writing necessitates extra postage.

Their color, a soft olive green, blends beautifully with other Christmas decorations, and they burn with a steady flame, emitting a delightfully pungent fragrance, and they are consumed evenly all around without making unsightly gutters or ridges of wax down the sides as ordinary candles do.

From New England comes the tradition that if lovers separated by distance each lights a bayberry candle in honor of the other at the same hour the aroma or incense arising from the burning wick will drift in the direction of the absent one; hence the candles make a strong appeal to young people of romantic temperament.

A candle must be presented to you, not bought by yourself, in order to insure good luck, and you must not light your own; that must be done for you by some other person, not necessarily the donor.

Christmas eve is the time for burning, either at dinner or later, and to follow out the old idea of the laurels and the bays to the victor a candle should surely be bestowed on the relative or friend who has recently achieved some success or won a distinction.—Philadelphia Press.

Not only in costly gifts or rich rare food lies Christmas joy or blessing. It lies—no one can tell another where it lies. The finding must be for one's self alone. I can only say to all little children, to all grownup children, to all who are looking back as well as to those who are looking forward, to them I can say with Tiny Tim, "God bless you each this happy Christmas time," and if you would be very sure to get its meaning best make a real Christmas for somebody who might not have it but for you.—Kate Langley Bosher.

Christmas In The Farmhouse

When as a child you read stories of Christmas celebrations where the houses were decorated with holly and mistletoe and the people had such jolly times putting them up, didn't you look around your own house and wonder how that would look if trimmed with those same greens? And didn't you long to smell their spicy fragrance and to have a hand in putting them up where you thought they would look the best? And didn't you long to feel that peculiar Christmas spirit that is in the very air in cities and villages for more than a week before Christmas day itself? And then did you just settle back and say to yourself: "Well, it's no use."

"As long as I live on a farm Christmas must be just the same as it always has been—an exchange of gifts and afterward an unusually big dinner."

I want to tell you that you are mistaken—that you can have just those very same things, even to bringing in the old time Yule log, if you are so fortunate as to have an open fireplace in the farmhouse.

City people pay from 35 cents to \$1 for a small house Christmas tree, and every one who can afford it buys a tree every year for his children. How often do farmers' children have trees? And why not? Because the parents say, "We haven't gifts enough to make a pretty tree." Many people never put a gift on—simply make it a tree of beauty for the children. Strings of popcorn, wishbones and corns gilded, gold stars—anything bright and shiny hung on a tree delights a child—a bag of popcorn with a few candles in it tastes five times as good if it has only once hung on a tree. Even if the gift must be underwear, shoes and things actually needed to wear, have them come as surprises and in as "Christmas" looking packages as possible. It is well to keep the Christmas spirit in the home.

It seems a pity for us country people, surrounded by these beautiful things deemed luxuries by our city friends, to make no use whatever of them and to let our lives become so commonplace. Christmas is not solely a day for gift giving and receiving and eating. It is a day for doing everything in your power to add to the joy of the children—a day to remember the feeble and lonely old people—a day to think of the strangers and the poor. If you haven't money to spend for gifts for them you can give some of yourself and of your own home Christmas cheer. There are homes that it is an inspiration to enter, because of the Christmas spirit they breathe forth. I trust the farm homes will not be lacking in Christmas beauty or Christmas cheer—that all of them will truly "keep Christmas."—Bertha G. Markham in Country Gentleman.

When the dawn creeps up from the darkly slumbering ocean Christmas morn and speeds brightly around the world, circling it with a golden girdle of light, myriads of bells in many lands awake and from steeple to steeple ring out the glad tidings that "the Messiah is king."—Eloise Boorback in Craftsman.

A Happy Tree.
"Oh, look at me!"
Sang the Christmas tree—
"A jolly young evergreen—
"I'm dressed up here
For a show, that's clear,
And I'm anxious to be seen,
To grow in a wood
Is very good—
Of air you've a trifle more—
But I cannot compare
To a block on the parlor floor!
You may stand in the cold
Till a century old,
Not a blossom to speak of comes,
But here in an hour
I'm all in flower
With mittens and dolls and drums,
I know so well—
And daren't to tell—
So much that I'm like to burst;
There's a mystery hung
Or a secret swung
On each branch from last to first.
How I'd love to shout
All my feelings out!
But I daren't even cough;
And just the half
Of a great big laugh
Would shake all my candles off.
So I have to hide
All the fun inside
Till I'm full as I can be.
Whatever folks say,
I'm king of the day!"
Sung the jolly Christmas tree.
—Youth's Companion.



A Christmas Acrostic

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to us all, my dears! God bless us! God bless us every one, said Tiny Tim the last of all. CHARLES DICKENS.

MEN cannot live isolated; we are all bound together. No higher man can separate himself from the lowest. CARLYLE.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning. Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain and, spite of old sorrow and older sinning, take heart of the day and begin again. SUSAN COOLIDGE.

ROUGH going, ardent and sincere earnestness—there is no substitute for them. CHARLES DICKENS.

REALIZE that doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

YET to have gently dreamt precludes low ends. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

CHRIStMAS time I have always thought of as a good time—a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time. CHARLES DICKENS.

HEAP on more wood, the wind is chill, but, let it whistle as it will, we'll keep our Christmas merry still! SIR WALTER SCOTT.

REJOICE, O young man, in thy youth and let thy heart cheer thee. THE BIBLE.

I SAID it in the meadow path; I say it on the mountain stairs—the best things any mortal hath are those which every mortal shares. LUCY LARCOM.

SO the first glance told me there was no duty patent in the world like darning to be good and true myself, leaving the show of things to the lord of show. ROBERT BROWNING.

THEN arose a joyous clamor from the wildfowl on the mere, and a voice within cried: "Listen! Christmas carols even here!" CHARLES KINGSLEY.

MAY the fair goddess, Fortune, fall deep in love with thee! Prosperity be thy page! SHAKESPEARE.

A GAIN at Christmas did we weave the holly round the Christmas hearth. The silent snow possessed the earth and calmly fell on Christmas eve. TENNYSON.

SO ever keep hope, for this is strength, and he who possesseth it can worry through typhoid. RUDYARD KIPLING.

Electricity In Toyland

It is only recently that electricity began to play a conspicuous part in the Christmas holiday. Of all the electric toys the little trolley car is one of the best. It gets its power from the lighting circuit and will run on its circular track quite well, as well as its big cousin runs in the city streets. Toy motors and generators to run toy machinery are especially interesting to boys. For girls modern doll houses are illuminated with tiny electric lamps.

This year Santa Claus will have in his pack a new toy for little girls, a miniature electric range. It is a complete practical range that cooks and bakes perfectly, the very thing for which little girls have longed with all their hearts. It is a safe plaything for children, and when using it they not only occupy themselves happily, but they actually learn to cook. There is a complete set of utensils furnished free, with a cookbook for children written so simply that they can understand it without difficulty. This small range is fifteen inches high, with six burners and a practical little oven.

"Yule Doughs" and Mince Pies.
The Yule doughs (little cakes), mince pies and plum porridge (now plum pudding), were old especial Christmas dishes. The first, also called Yule babies, had their origin in Rome, where images of the child Jesus and the Virgin Mary were sold by the bakers on Christmas eve. The following account of the English mince pie, as recorded by an old traveler, will doubtless be interesting to housewives of the present day: "Then every family against Christmas made a famous minced pie, called Christmas pie; it is a most learned mixture of meats, tongues, chicken, eggs, sugar, raisins, lemon, orange peel and various kinds of spicery. They also made a sort of soup with plums, which is not at all inferior to the pie, which is in their language called plum porridge." Her-rick, in his account of the ceremonies of Christmas eve, writes:

Come guarde this night the Christmas-
pye.
That the thief, though ne'er sle,
With his flesh hooks don't come nie
To take it

From him who all alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his care,
And a dole of nightly fears
To watch it.

When the New Year Arrives

AT certain periods of the year there are certain diseases that sweep the country. In the spring influenza afflicts mankind; in the summer, rose fever, and in the early autumn the hay feverites snuffle and mangle the English language. But with the beginning of the year an epidemic of a disease of the most virulent sort spreads over the civilized world, causing ninety-nine out of a hundred of its inhabitants to raise their right hands involuntarily and swear by all that's holy they will hold fast to the straight and narrow path forever and forever.

The symptoms of the disease are always the same. It is better and more generally known than the common cold; it is more regular in its appearance, and more persons suffer from it than from any other affliction, yet physicians and bacteriologists have never found a remedy or isolated its germ. This microbe, once taken into the system, can never be eliminated. The same victims suffer from it year after year, and each year end hundreds of thousands of new sufferers join the ranks.

The disease first makes its appearance in December. A victim beams beatifically around a poker table and announces, "Well, boys, I swear off on the 1st."

Jan. 1 arrives. Simultaneously several hundred million persons rise, yawn and glance at the calendar. Involuntarily the muscles of the right arm contract, elevating that member toward the ceiling. In a state of temporary stupor the victim voices good intentions. Some of the more serious cases even rush off to a notary public to record these thoughts in black and white and pay said notary \$5. The stupor is attended by either a lapse of memory or a distorted mentality. In the first case the victim has entirely forgotten his attack of the year before; in the second he says, as he has



THIS YEAR IT WILL BE DIFFERENT!

said almost every year of his life: "Oh, this year it will be different. I'm not going to bust 'em this time." This is the crisis of the disease; now comes the slow recovery.

So many persons suffer in this country from the disease that it might almost be called a national question. Its seriousness lies in the effect upon some of the largest industries of the country. Manufacturers of expensive feminine apparel, cigar stores, hundreds of other institutions that give our country its envied reputation of being progressive and enterprising, a land of big business and mammoth industries, are hit and hit hard. The fact that in most cases the recovery is exceedingly rapid is the only redeeming feature. Few of the resolution makers have been known to remain in dreamland later than noon of Jan. 1.

Perhaps, one reason, officials of the affected industries have made no effort to have the government take measures to prevent the spread of this New Year's disease to the younger generation, and to try to effect its cure in the case of present victims is that with recovery comes an increased addiction to the articles in question. This is another generally recognized symptom and is a secondary and psychological effect rather than a primary and physical.

In from five minutes to one week, statistics show, the disease usually runs its course. The victim becomes himself again. He draws himself to his full height, voices the thought, "Aw, what's the use?" and resumes his normal mode of life with renewed ardor. If he's a smoker he smokes more often for a few days; then gradually habits become normal until the next attack gives a new impetus. This is shown by the consumption of cigars. During the first few days of January fewer are smoked than at any time during the entire year. The consumption gradually increases as patients recover and reaches its maximum Jan. 8, after which is a gradual falling off to normal.—Albany Knickerbocker-Press.

Pope's Welcome to New Year.
It is the universal custom among the Jesuits to hold New Year's eve services in their churches and chapels throughout the world. At the Gesù church, in Rome, the pope always attends the service in person. The service consists of "The Miserere" and the benediction.

Christmas Greetings

Christmas Time is Candy Time

To remember one's friends with appropriate gifts is the chief joy of Christmas.

Gifts selected for quality instead of quantity—prompted by affection, not by policy—are the gifts that bring the greatest pleasure on Christmas morning.

Quality is the one essential of Christmas candies, for at no other season of the year are candies examined with such critical tastes. It is not a question of how much but how good.

Our candy is a quality gift that will fulfill your every wish for a "Merry Christmas." It is made, packed and sealed under ideal conditions so that it is pure, clean and delicious—good to the very last piece.

Grayum Drug Company

The *Rexall* Store

WANTED—To buy a small curly dog. Leave word at Signal office. George Webb. 27

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms, will take either transient or local people. J. W. Templeton.

SMALL BUSINESS room for rent. Inquire at Smith's Confectionery. 19tf

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Between Snyder and Union church, pair red, pair green and pair cream window shades, had been used. Finder will please leave them at Signal office. 27p

FOR SERVICE—Two registered Jersey Bulls at my barn. Phone 290. E. E. Brunley, owner. 19

For Sale or Trade

We have some extra good second hand Buggies that we will sell at a bargain or trade for young horses and mules. 27tf

TOWNSEND-OLDHAM & CO.

We can fit any old cooker or heater with grates. A. P. Moris.

Altrurian Club Meeting

The Altrurian Club met in regular session at the home of Mrs. Fritz R. Smith on Colonial Hill, Wednesday, December 8th. Fourteen members responded to roll call.

Mrs. Higgins read an instructive paper on Caesar and Cleopatra.

Mrs. Barnes treated us to two beautiful piano solos.

The lesson was directed by Mrs. C. R. Buchanan. After which Mrs. Smith conducted the Parliamentary Drill.

Mrs. Fifield, of New Mexico who was formerly a member of our Club was a guest.

The hostess served delicious refreshments.

We adjourned to meet at the library on the 22nd.

—Reporter.

For Sale or Trade

We have some extra good second hand Buggies that we will sell at a bargain or trade for young horses and mules. 27tf

TOWNSEND-OLDHAM & CO.

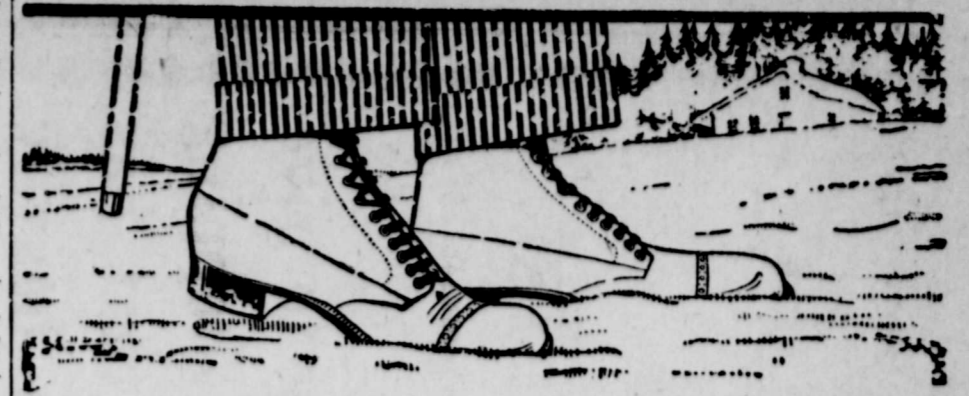
See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4. 27

Trico. Townsend, Oldham & Co., handles it.

Powdered and leaf Sugar at Townsend, Oldham & Co.

DR. AVARY, Veterinarian

Phone 376
Calls Answered day or night within fifty miles.
Snyder, Texas



We have heard the Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe called the "dry foot shoe." It's a good name but it only tells part of the story.

Look at the

Dr. A. Reed Cushion
TRADE MARK Shoe

shown above, and you'll see one of the new models that's up to the last minute in style and appearance.

Our stock includes all the smartest styles of the season, every size and shape, a remarkable assortment of fine footwear.



J. P. Smith Shoe Company, Makers

Townsend-Oldham & Co.

"Everything" and Buttons

B307

Classified Advertisements

'PHONE 88 RATES ONE CENT PER WORD FOR EACH INSERTION. NO AD TAKEN FOR LESS THAN 25 CENTS.

FOR SALE OR TRADE

WORTH THE MONEY—160 acres 100 acres in cultivation, two room house, well and wind mill, 60 acres good grass, mixed with sandy land, nine miles Snyder. \$1.00 school land; Price \$11.00 bonus, one third cash, balance 1 and 2 years at 8 per cent interest. A half section improved sandy land, well located at \$15.00 acre, patented. Several cheap farms. J. B. Pickle, Snyder, Texas. 25.

MULES FOR SALE—Broke and un-broke. W. W. Nelson, Jr., Snyder, Texas. 27

PIGS FOR SALE—See Dr. E. J. King, telephone 79. 25tf

FOR SALE—Splendid horse and surrey or would trade for car in good condition. Address Route 2, box 72 Snyder. 24tf

PIGS FOR SALE—Com Ezell, Ennis community. 26tf

WORK MULES and horses for sale, Cash or credit. W. A. Doak, Snyder, Texas. Route 4. 27p

PIGS FOR SALE.—Apply to R. W. Webb, Snyder, Texas.

Mercantile business, store house and dwelling house for sale. Value \$8,000. Clear of debt. Want good small farm, team, tools and feed clear of debt. For full particulars address Box 162, Loving, Texas. 30p.

FOR SALE—Single Comb Black Minorca Cockerels. Good as the best, price \$1.00 if bought at once. M. L. Hill, Ira, Texas.

THOROUGHbred DUROC GILT pigs for sale. W. R. Bell.

TO TRADE—FOR STOCK FARM. 5 sections 14 miles N. E. Fort Stockton, owned and with 11 sections more under lease; divided into three pastures; two dwelling houses, windmill, corral, stock pens and barn; large surface tank; troughs and other improvements. Stocked with high grade Percheron mares and stallions. \$1.50 due the State at 3 per cent. \$5.00 per acre bonus, throwing in the leases and \$9,000 for the stock. Total \$25,000.00. Baker, Grayum & Anderson, Snyder, Texas. 28

RED PIGS—2 months old \$3.50 and \$4.00 delivered. Mrs. Emmett Johnson. Phone 280, 3 longs. 11

MERCANTILE BUSINESS, store house and dwelling house for sale. Value \$8,000. Clear of debt. Want good small farm, team, tools and feed clear of debt. For full particulars address Box 162, Loving, Texas. 30p

FOUND—Between Arah and Snyder, four window shades. Owner can get same by calling on Elmer Bibbee, describing property and paying 25c for this notice. 27

BOURBON RED TURKEYS—Kentucky thoroughbred. Toms \$4.50 each while they last. Mrs. Emmett Johnson, phone 280, 3 longs. 11.

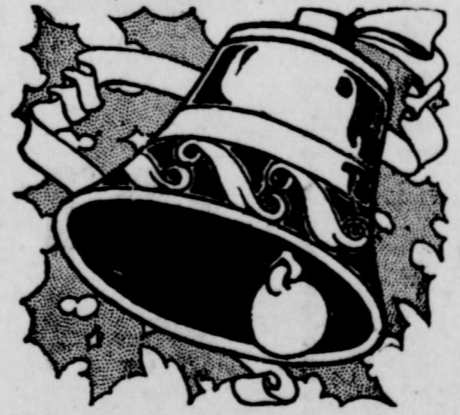
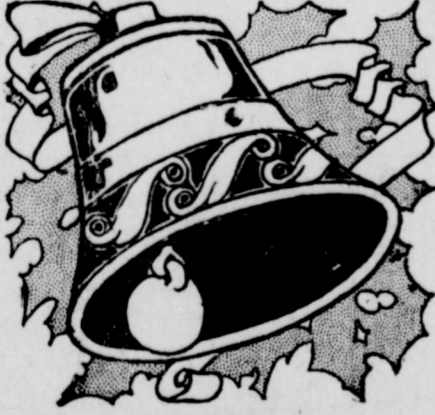
WANTED

MILK WANTED—Delivered at Smith's Confectionery.

WANTED—to buy some extra good Jersey Milch Cows. Apply Signal office. 25tf

HAIR SWITCHES made from combings, A1 crocheting and plain sewing done. Work Guaranteed. 3 blocks south of R. S. & P. depot, east of railroad track. Mrs. E. K. Smith and Daughter, Snyder, Texas 27p

WANTED—To trade or sell good business lots Portales, N. M. for Scurry County Property or sell on good terms. What have you? Might consider good car first payment. W. Care Signal. 27



Appreciating

The liberal patronage of the public in the past, we are pleased to take this opportunity of extending thanks and best wishes to the many customers and friends who were instrumental in helping us to make 1915 our most successful year in Snyder. Assuring you the best possible service in the future, we are, Yours truly,

THE IDEAL TAILORS

Basement First State Bank Building

FLUVANNA

Mrs. J. A. Tate visited in Snyder Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

School will dismiss Friday for the holidays.

Presiding Elder Griswold held quarterly conference here Saturday and preached Saturday night and Sunday at 11.

Mr. Best of Blackwell moved in Tuesday and will locate on Mr. Rea's place east of town.

Mr. Lee Lane left Monday for Weatherford for a few days visit.

Mr. B. F. Dargitz, one of our most substantial citizens and County Commissioner surprised his many friends Tuesday when he returned from Snyder with a wife. He was married on Monday in Snyder to Mrs. John Murphy, one of our old time and highly respected citizens who left here some two or three years ago. Their many friends extend to them best wishes for success and happiness through life.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Ball left last week for Williamson county. They will spend the holidays.

Mr. D. M. Roberts and family expect to leave Wednesday for Handley, Texas to spend Xmas.

Mr. J. O. Spears left Tuesday for Eliva, N. M. where they will make their future home.

Wagons were over from Gail Monday after the heating apparatus for their new school building.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Dane made a business trip to Post Monday.

Miss Willie Slover visited her parents at Tahoka Sunday.

J. R. White shipped one load of fat cattle to the Fort Worth Market Tuesday.

Mr. F. M. Long was in town from his ranch in Mitchell county Monday. He reports everything in fine condition.

R. N. and J. Miller returned from Caddo Mills when they had been called to the sick bed of one of their sisters. We are glad to report her improving when they left.

Cotton is just about all gathered here now and it is thought by some that this week's ginning will wind up the 1915 crop.

Fluvanna Church Debt Paid: Special interest was felt in the ser-

vices at the Presbyterian church, of Fluvanna last Sunday, when the last note against the church was burned. On account of the drought and the consequent hard times for the last few years, this church has been carrying some indebtedness against the church building. This has now been paid and as a result, the congregation is rejoicing over its success.

The pastor explained that the debt could have been paid long ago, but on account of hard times some of the members could not have had any part in it; hence the payment was deferred until such time as would be convenient to all the members. Such a time, the pastor said, had come; and the work of raising this balance has been well done. Bro. Dave Jones told how easy it was to raise the full amount with accrued interest, amounted to \$723.50. Mr. Jones said that, not only did every member subscribe cheerfully and liberally, but that they paid the money.

Bro. J. A. Staveley spoke on the importance of a church, as well as any other institution or person, meeting its obligations promptly and in a business like way.

Then the pastor, while making appropriate remarks, applied a match to the note while the people silently but eagerly looked on. As the crumpled black form dropped to the floor, the people arose and sang "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow." Thus ended the coronial part of the service, leaving the whole plant without one penny of indebtedness against it.

A WOMAN'S BACK

The Advice of This Snyder Woman is of Certain Value

Many a woman's back has many aches and pains. Oftimes 'tis the kidney's fault. That's why Doan's Kidney Pills are so effective.

Many Snyder women know this. Read what one has to say about it: Mrs. M. E. Gosnell, Snyder, says: "I had occasion to use a kidney medicine about three years ago and as I had heard so much about Doan's Kidney Pills, I got them. I took them for lameness in my back and irregular action of my kidneys and they helped me. I think they are a good, reliable medicine and advise anyone to get a box at the Thompson Drug Co., if troubled in that way."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Gosnell had. Foster-McJuburn Co., Props. Buffalo, N. Y.

LOUIS LIPSHITZ
Wholesale buyer of PECANS
also
buy and sell pecan BAGS
Waco, Texas.

Sale Starts Saturday
Dec. 18th.
 Sale Closes Jan. 1st.

BIG SALE

Sale Starts Saturday
Dec. 18th.
 Sale Closes Jan. 1st.

In order to show our appreciation to our customers that have so generously traded with us in the past, we are going to give each and every one a CHRISTMAS GIFT in a way that it will be useful to you and a help tous. Through the Christmas shopping week we are going to have our goods marked low, which will enable us to put on one of the greatest sensational sales that has ever been produced in Snyder. This is going to be one of the biggest and most exciting sales of the fall. We are heavily stocked with goods, entirely too many goods, they must be sold as we never carry goods over until the next year. In order to sell these goods we realize that it must be done now. We are slashing our goods so deep that once a look you will make your purchase. You, each and everyone, must take advantage of these cut prices and get what you are going to need NOW. Come early each day for the house will be thronged with eager buyers, to take advantage of the slashed prices.

Only 12 Days of Slaughtered Prices December 18th to January 1st



BLANKETS

Big stacks of heavy blankets go in this Sale.

- 75c and \$1.00 Blankets 65c
- \$1.00 and \$1.25 Blankets 85c
- \$2.00 and \$2.25 Blankets \$1.29
- \$2.50 and \$3.00 Blankets \$1.89
- \$3.50 Blankets \$2.95

BOYS' SUITS

We still have a heavy stock of Boys' Suits. All this Season's goods. They must go also.

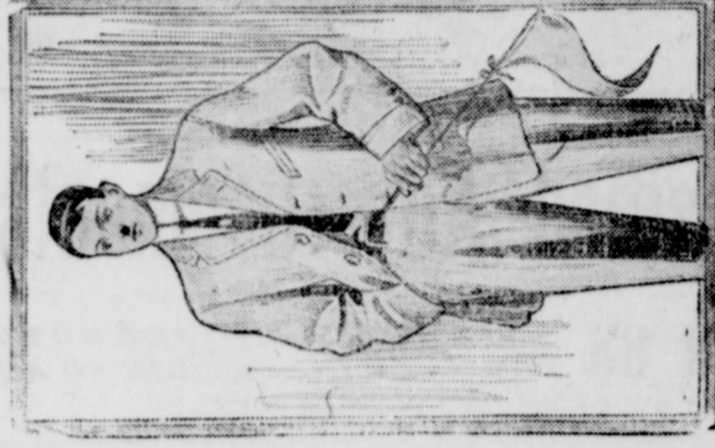
- Boys' \$10.00 Suits \$7.75
- Boys' \$8.00 Suits \$6.50
- Boys' \$6.50 Suits \$5.45
- Boys' \$6.00 Suits \$4.95
- Boys' \$5.50 Suits \$4.75
- Boys' \$5.00 Suits \$4.25
- Boys' \$4.00 Suits \$3.40
- Boys' \$3.50 Suits \$2.95
- Boys' \$2.00 Suits \$2.05

- All Children's \$2.50 Shoes \$1.95
- All Children's \$2.25 Shoes \$1.85
- All Children's \$2.00 Shoes \$1.60
- All Children's \$1.75 Shoes \$1.45
- All Children's \$1.50 Shoes \$1.25
- All Children's \$1.25 Shoes \$1.10
- All Children's \$1.00 Shoes 80c
- All Children's 75c Shoes 60c

MEN'S AND BOYS' SHOES

Any style of Men's and Boys' Shoes you can call for, we have them at prices that will surprise you. Extra heavy stocked. They must go.

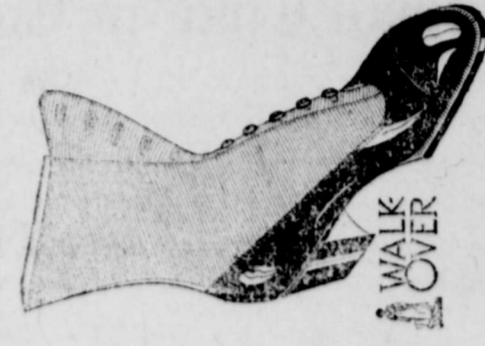
- All Men's \$5.00 Shoes \$4.45
- All Men's \$4.50 Shoes \$4.25
- All Men's \$4.00 Shoes \$3.45
- All Men's \$3.50 Shoes \$2.95
- All Men's \$3.00 Shoes \$2.55
- All Men's \$2.50 Shoes \$2.25
- All Boys' \$2.50 Shoes \$1.95



MEN'S SUITS

Heavily Stocked on Men's Suits. They must be closed out in this sale. Anyone wanting to buy a suit must come and look this line over.

- Men's \$25.00 Suits \$15.50
- Men's \$20.00 Suits \$14.00



LADIES SHOES

All of our Ladies Shoes are not gone yet. We have kept this department stocked heavy all the fall. We still have over 1000 Ladies Shoes that are going during this Sale.

Already our shrewd buying has enabled us to sell shoes all the Fall lower than any other house—but this is the last run for the goal. We are still ahead with the prices. Get our prices, then come and get our Goods.
 All Ladies' \$5.00 Shoes \$4.15
 All Ladies' \$4.00 Shoes \$3.35
 All Ladies' \$3.00 Shoes \$2.95

WUA SUITS

We have had fine business in this department and in order to make a clean sweep of all the rest of these goods we are going to slash the price to the lowest. All of our Suits and Cloaks are of the Newest Styles and Colors.

\$40.00	Coat Suits	\$22.50
\$30.00	Coat Suits	\$18.50
\$25.00	Coat Suits	\$15.25
\$20.00	Coat Suits	\$13.45
\$18.50	Coat Suits	\$12.45
\$15.00	Coat Suits	\$11.95
\$12.50	Coat Suits	\$7.95

CLOAKS

\$25.00	Cloaks	\$19.95
\$20.00	Cloaks	\$16.50
\$15.00	Cloaks	\$12.50
\$10.00	Cloaks	\$7.95
\$8.00	Cloaks	\$6.75
\$6.00	Cloaks	\$5.25
\$5.00	Cloaks	\$4.25

A WORD TO YOU

Space will not permit us to quote the many thousand bargains that we are going to have. We have marked everything in Plain Figures, so you will know just what the price is. We want to extend a hearty invitation to one and all to visit this sale. Everything in the house will be sold at reduced prices. If you fail to attend, you make a mistake.

CHILDREN'S SHOES
Over 500 pairs of Children's Shoes must go in 12 days, the price moves them, all good, this Season's Shoes.



SANTA-CLAUS LAND

Our entire Up-stairs Department is filled with Toys for the Young

It is a treat to the young and old to see this department. Make our store your headquarters and buy your Xmas toys with your other goods.

This department is especially for the young, we have the goods marked low and extend all a hearty welcome to bring the children and let them make themselves at home.

Men's \$13.50 Suits \$11.25
Men's \$12.50 Suits \$9.00
Men's \$10.00 Suits \$8.25
All Ladies' \$2.00 Shoes \$1.65
All Ladies' \$1.50 Shoes \$1.25

Bargains for 12 Days ONLY

This is only a warning to come early, make your selections of goods first as they will go fast.
Look for the big sign bearing

BIG SALE

Push your way through the crowd and take advantage of this money saving event.

This Store will be Closed all Day Xmas

Now is the time to do your Christmas shopping, a dollar saved is a dollar made. Read our prices carefully and make your way to the leading store of the City. Look for the big red sign bearing the words, "BIG SALE,"

Don't be Misled by Imitation Sales

J. H. SEARS & CO.

25 Clerks wanted to wait on the trade. Apply at once.

12 Days ONLY

Letters To Santa Claus

Snyder, Tex., Dec. 12, 1915

Dear Mr. Editor:
Next to Santa Claus and my papa I think you are the best man in the world to let the little children tell old Santa Claus what we want in the Signal.

I am a little girl seven years old. I am in the second grade and have always made the highest average in my room. I go to Sunday School and you may ask Mrs. Casstevens if I don't nearly always know my lessons. I help my mama do the housework. I hope you won't think I want too much. But O, how I do want a locket and a ring and a set of dishes, a table for my dolls to eat out of.

I don't guess you could possibly bring chairs for them.

Goodbye,
MAURINE CUNNINGHAM

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Dear Santa Claus:

Please bring me a gun that will shoot a stopper and a little broom and some apples and candy.

MARTIN EASTMAN,
Snyder, Texas.

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 11, 1915

Dear Santa Claus:
Sister and I want two dolls and two doll beds. Sister wants a doll that says Mamma Darling and has bob hair. I want a black short hair doll that goes to sleep, and are baby dolls and some fruits and nuts.

From
JANIE AND INA DAVIS

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 10, 1915.

Dear Santa Claus:
I want you to bring me a whole lot of toys. Bring me a nice little toy map and a nice little flag and a toy sleazy doll and a toy knife in my stocking.

Then on the Christmas tree bring me a toy machine to sew with, one that will hemstitch. Then bring me a toy fork and a toy spoon and a toy spoon holder and set of spoons and a toy salt shaker and a pepper sifter and a pretty doll that is sucking a pacifier and a toy school house and please bring me a box of chocolate candy. That's all. Thank you. I will see you Christmas.

Your friend,
DORRIS BUCHANAN

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Dear Santa:

I am a little girl seven years old. I live five miles west of town. I have tried very hard to be good, so if it isn't asking too much of you please bring me a big baby doll, a little iron, some nuts, candy and fruits and anything else you want to bring me.

Be sure and come early.
Your little girl,
ENRA MAYE GARNER

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 16, 1915

Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little boy three and one-half years of age and I want you to bring me a horn, drum and a little rocking chair.

Please don't forget my little baby brother for he is an awfully good boy.

With lots of love from us both,
GEO. WILFORD BROWN

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 15

Dear Santa Claus:
I wish you would bring me a train, an automobile and a doll, some candy and pecans.

Your little friend,
WAYNE WILSFORD.

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 17

Dear old Santa Claus:
I want a pop gun, also an automatic, some kind of a book, a horn, a ring and rain coat. I have a rain hat. That is all. Be sure and come.

Respectfully,
CHARLES COOPER, JR.

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 17

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a cow-boy suit, a tool set, a gun and caps and I'll be satisfied.

Yours truly,
A. D. DODSON, JR.

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 17

Dear Santa Claws:
I want you to bring me a doll and some clows for it. And a doll trunk. I want some money too. And some fire crackers and roman candles.

Your little girl,
ELLEN BUICE JOHNSON

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 12, 1915

Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little boy 3 years old. I am trying to be good. Will you please bring me a little wagon and two little horses and two little mules and wagon and a ball and a kuple doll with a gun and some candy, nuts and other nice things.

Your little friend,
TOMMIE TAURENCE RILEY
Don't forget grandma and grandpa.

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 12, 1915

Dear Santa Claus:
I am seven years old. Will you please bring me a mule and wagon, a ball and goat and some sparklers and I also want some horses and fireworks and don't forget the little orphan children and my dear old grandma in Mexico.

ANON ROSS RILEY

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 12, 1915

Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little boy one year old. I want a rubber ball, a kittie cat and a rubber doll.

Your little friend,
PORTER RENISON RILEY

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 12, 1915

Dear Santa Claus:
Don't forget to bring me some doll dresses for my big doll, a ring and a Kewpie doll, a pretty shell box and don't forget mama, papa and brother and sister and all so Ben.

Your little friend,
MARGUERET RILEY

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 13, 1915

Dear Santa Claus:
I want a little baby doll. I want a big doll and a doll buggy. I will be glad to get anything you leave me. I want some oranges, apples and nuts. Well, I must close. Bring papa and mamma something nice.

FAYE LEMONS

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 13, 1915

Dear Santa Claus:
How are you by now? What are you going to bring me? I want a doll and a dresser, a table and a set of China dishes. A set of chairs and a kitchen cabinet. I want a tub and board. I want a little trunk. I want a big doll head with brown eyes and brown hair. I want a story book. I want the book to be about Santa Claus. I want a little doll bed. I want a little pair of doll slippers and stockings. To dear Santa Claus.

IRENE CORDILL

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 20, 1915

Dear Santa:
I want a little wagon and a doll that can cry and a doll bed for baby to sleep on and my brother wants a littil rocking horse, a orange and a apple and some candy and every kind of nuts.

From
WILLIE TURNER
To Santa

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 20, 1915

Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little girl ten years old and I am in the fourth grade and I want to tell you what I want you to bring me Christmas. Will you be so kind to bring me a big baby doll and a doll bed and a little red doll chair to sit down and nurse my doll.

Yours truly,
MATTIE BUSBY

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 20, 1915

Dear Santa Claus:
I will tell you what I want you to bring me. I want a machine and a big baby doll and a doll trunk and a work box and candy, apples, bananas and all kinds of fruit.

Yours truly,
GERTIE CORDILL

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 12, 1915

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a tricycle, horn, top, candy and nuts. And bring my little brother Robert an automobile, horn and little dog, candy and nuts.

Your little friend,
HUBERT CURRY

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Tex., Dec. 12, 1915

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a doll, kitchen cabinet, a book, nuts, candy and fruit.

Your little friend,
WILLIE FERN CURRY

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 15, 1915.

Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little girl four years old. I have tried to be a smart little girl and have minded mamma and papa and will you be so good to come to see me Xmas. Bring me a little broom to sweep the house with, a chair, a doll, a band ring, all kinds of fruits, nuts, candies and please don't forget my little cousins, Weldon and Alton Gibson as they haven't any mother to write to Santa Claus for them. This is all I ask for. Ever so much obliged to you.

DAHLIA BUSBY,
Route 1, Box 50.

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas.

Dear Santa:
Please bring me some erector toys so I can build things. I want a foot ball too and anything else you think would be nice for a little boy.

Your little friend,
PRESTON MORGAN.

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas.

Dear old Santa Claus:
I want you to bring me an air gun, a box of tinkle toys, some books, and lots of fire works; also bring "Chinco" a tricycle, ball, automobile, and lots of other things.

Your friend,
FRITZ R. SMITH, JR.

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a banjo, please bring me a drum, please bring me a tool set, please bring me a telephone, please bring me a bicycle, pump and a bicycle tool box, please bring me a Erector toy box.

NELSON EZELL

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a drum, please bring me a tool set, please bring me a telephone, please bring me a bicycle, pump and a bicycle tool box, please bring me a Erector toy box.

NELSON EZELL

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 14, 1915

Dear Santa Claus:
I want you to be sure and come to see us again this Xmas.

I am four years old and still love my dollies so much and would be so proud, if you would bring me a pretty doll, little dishes, a little table or anything you have for a little girl and please bring me some candy, apples, oranges and pecans.

Your little friend,
GENEVA CURRY

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 14, 1915

Dear Santa Claus:
I will write and tell you a few things I would be glad for you to bring me Xmas. I am nine years old and go to school at Snyder. Would be so glad if you would bring me a story book to read, a ball mit, a pretty tie, or just anything you have nice for a boy. And please bring me some fire crackers, sparklers, apples, oranges, bananas and lots of candy because (Rollo, my little Shetland) loves candy so well. Be sure to bring Geneva some pretties too, and we will go to bed early. Will thank you so many times for all you bring us.

Your little friend,
NOBLE CURRY

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Camp Springs, Tex., Dec. 11, 1915

Dear Santa:
Hello, how are you by now. I have not wrote you a letter since last Christmas. Please send me a drum, a fiddle, a little picture show, and a box of sparklers. I am seven years old and I live in a three room white house trimmed in brown. Just a little southwest of the store. I will be pleased with anything you leave me.

Bye, bye, from
CECIL WORLEY

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Camp Springs, Texas, Dec. 13, '15

Dear Santa:
Will you please bring two yards of white ribbon and six handkerchiefs and a good story book on the orphan home. Bring me some candy, apples, bananas and some nuts.

I will be pleased with anything that you leave me. I weigh 79 3-4 pounds and am five feet 2 inches tall and am eleven years old.

Bye, bye, from
FLOY WORLEY.

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Camp Springs, Tex., Dec. 11, 1915

Dear Santa:
How are you now. Will you please send me a box of sparklers, and lots of candy and oranges, apples and nuts and please don't forget my little brother. His name is C. D. He is eight months old. Bring him some candy and apples too. You might bring him something that you think would be nice. I am five years old. I will take anything that you bring me and be pleased.

Bye, bye, from
BURNICE WORLEY.

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Camp Springs, Tex., Dec. 11, 1915

Dear Santa Claus:
How are you. Please bring me a nana, an apple and a little dellie and some tandy and a little doll bed to put my doll on. I am free years old.

Bye, bye(from
EVELYN WORLEY

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

Snyder, Texas, Dec. 14, 1915

Dear Santa Claus:
I am writing you this letter to tell you what I want for Christmas.

I want a big baby doll and buggy, story books, indian suit, a study desk and a bracelet and ring. I will be proud of anything you bring. I am 9 years old. I go to school and study six books. I take music and expression. My name is always on the honor roll.

Your little friend,
THELMA WENNINGER.

GET 'EM AT THE ARCADE.

The Air-O-Lite Lamps will give you a good cheap Light at Smith's Confectionery.

SHARON

There was a large crowd out to hear Brother Lamberth's farewell sermon.

Mrs. Ogietree and Miss Diva Mingram of Durham visited their sister Mrs. Charlie Ikard Sunday.

Mr. Tom Jones is sick at this writing.

Dr. C. W. Merrill and wife, also Mr and Mrs. Will Thompson left last Friday for New Mexico.

Mr. Carnes and family spent Sunday with J. W. Henderson and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Bishop gave the young people a singing Sunday night which was enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Grant have moved to Ira.

Our school is progressing nicely.

Mr. Tubby Crunk and family of Dunn spent Sunday with Mr. Geo. Lewis and family.

BRIGHT EYES

What a Town Farmer Made.

Mr. R. L. Burditt has proved that a man can live in town and make a success at farming.

There are persons who contended that a town farmer is apt to come out at harvest time with a net less but Mr. Burditt has the figures to show that such is not necessarily the case.

He has cultivated his 58 acre field two miles south of town this past year, living in town and going to and from his work. He had his crop well diversified and has made good on all his plantings.

From this 58 acres his sales of stuff show as follows:

Bundle Cane	\$ 92.35
Cotton Seed	224.22
Milo Maize	24.00
Corn	90.00
Cotton (18 bales)	1,098.70

Total \$1,529.27
An average of \$26.36 an acre.

For Trade
We have some extra good buggies to trade for young horses and mules. 24tf

Townsend-Oldham & Co.

CROWDER

Brother Tyler and wife came up Saturday and he filled his regular ap appointment here. Brother Tyler was sent here as the pastor of the church another year. We bid him God Speed.

A large crowd attended singing Sunday evening. We were glad to have Bethel and Union people with us and all others that attended.

Mr. McCormick and family visited Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Hays family Sunday.

Mr. Tom Cozby and wife have moved into their new home west of Crowder.

Mr. J. A. Stringer and wife were called to the bedside of their sick sister in Erath county.

Mr. C. S. Busby has purchased a new wagon.

Mr. Marsh Martia and son, Mr. Nesbet Benson, Mr. Jess Thomas, Mr. Zara Benson and wife all left last Sunday for Erath.

All the Crowder people are expecting Santa Claus and they are going to have a tree at Crowder Christmas eve night.

Mr. Howard and Homer Kuhn left Tuesday for Springtown in Parker county.

TOP KNOT

For Trade

We have some extra good buggies to trade for young horses and mules. 24tf

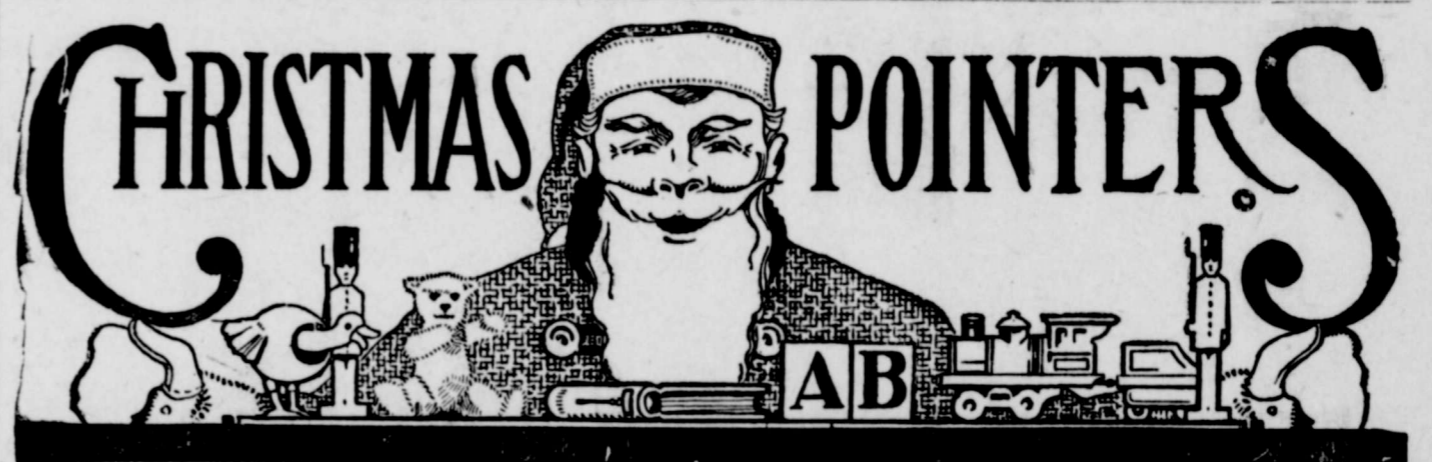
Townsend-Oldham & Co.

Married at Burnett, Texas

Mr. Joe Wolfe, of Snyder and Miss Alta J. Glimp, daughter of W. J. Glimp, a prominent citizen of Burnett county were married last Sunday at Burnett, Texas and arrived in Snyder Monday morning where they are receiving congratulations of their friends.

Mr. Wolfe has always resided in Snyder and his numerous friends wish for him and his bride a career of happiness and prosperity.

Gift Books at Grayum Drug Co.



Only A Few Days Until CHRISTMAS

We have many suitable gifts to make every member of the family happy. Useful articles are most appreciated because they last longer and always recall pleasant memories.

- Chinaware
- Glassware
- Manicue Sets
- Fine Box Candies
- Box Stationery
- Dolls
- Wall Paper
- Perfumery
- Toilet Water
- Toilet Goods
- Shaving Sets
- Jewelry
- Novelties
- Wall Paper

WARREN Brothers DRUG STORE

A Friend of Santa Claus

By BERENICE JACKMAN



FOR weeks and weeks before Christmas Tommy Lee had been talking about what he expected to find in his stocking; he had written a letter to Santa Claus and given it to his mother to post, and then he flattened his freckled nose against the shop windows choosing the presents he wanted.

"And a pair of roller skates," he said one day to Ben Walker. Tommy was only seven, while Ben was seventeen years old.

"Huh!" sneered Ben. "Santa Claus don't come to poor kids." And he went away.

"Mother," said Tommy, with a quiver in his voice. "Ben says Santa Claus don't come to poor folks' houses."

Mrs. Lee smiled sorrowfully. "I am



"PLEASE," SAID TOMMY BREATHLESSLY, "ARE YOU SANTA CLAUS?"

sure he will put something in my boy's stocking," she said.

"I suppose he wouldn't bring a pair of roller skates," remarked Tommy, "or some nice warm gloves and shoes for you, mother?"

"I am afraid not, dear. You see, there are so many to remember."

Tommy said nothing for a time. If his father had been alive— He choked back a sob and slipped into the dark little bedroom. In the bottom drawer of the bureau he found a pair of his father's big woolen socks.

"I'll be back soon, mother," called Tommy, and he scooted out.

Five minutes afterward Tommy Lee was trudging up the broad avenue.

A sleigh glided up in front of a beautiful white marble mansion, and out of it hobbled an old man in a fur coat.

He wore a furry cap pulled over his white curly hair, and his whiskers were white and fluffy, and Tommy was sure that he had found Santa Claus.

Tommy Lee hopped after the furry coated old man, and when a tall footman opened the door Tommy went inside, and no one saw him until the little old gentleman snapped on the electric lights in his library.

"Please," said Tommy breathlessly, "are you Santa Claus?"

"Bless me! What a question! Perhaps I am. But how did you come in?"

Tommy Lee told him, and he even explained why he had brought his father's big woolen socks.

"One is for mother, and the other is for me, please, Mr. Santa Claus. I did wish for roller skates at first, but mother needs shoes and gloves and a little rest. Do you have any rest in your pack, sir?"

Santa Claus nodded his head. "Heaps of it," he promised. "Where is your father, my lad?"

"He is dead," said Tommy tearfully. "He was shot by a burglar who was stealing from a rich man's house. My father was a brave policeman."

"Shot—by a burglar?" Santa Claus looked very thoughtful, just as though Tommy's father had been killed in his beautiful house, which happened to be the case. "Well, young man, suppose we call for my sleigh and we will go to the shops."

Tommy Lee never forgot that wonderful ride. After the sleigh was full of beautiful bundles they dashed up to Tommy's house and started Mrs. Lee by bringing in dozens of paper packages. One of them held a fine pair of roller skates.

And while the friend of Santa Claus talked to Mrs. Lee and promised her work in his own house Tommy fell fast asleep with his cheek upon his father's woolen socks. And when he awoke it was Christmas morning.

The Snow Baby

by EDGAR MACLANE

THE Judds lived in a little cottage at the very end of the town. Mr. Judd was a carpenter, and when he had plenty of work there were light and cheer and warmth in the home. But after he had fallen from a ladder and broken his leg hard times came to the family in the cottage, and the two little boys, Richard and Robin, whispered together that surely Santa Claus would not find them this year. In former years he had been good to the two little boys, but this year things would be different.

On Christmas eve, after the little boys had gone to bed, Mr. Judd whispered to his wife that Santa Claus might leave some nuts and candies for Richard and Robin and that he himself had whittled them two boats that were handsomer than those in the shops, and Mrs. Judd had boiled some molasses and made a big panful of walnut taffy from the store of black walnuts in the attic.

Just at that moment Mr. Judd saw a piece of paper pinned to Robin's stocking. It was written in the little lad's big round handwriting.

"What is that?" he asked, going to the mantelpiece.

"Robin's letter to Santa Claus. I haven't read it yet. What does it say?" asked Mrs. Judd as she cut the taffy into nice squares and prepared to wrap it in the waxed paper.

Mr. Judd read the paper, and his eyes twinkled. "He asks Santa Claus to bring him a little sister. He doesn't want anything else. He says he can be happy playing with her all the year around."

"The dear child!" sighed Mrs. Judd. "What is that?" they both spoke together, for from the porch outside they heard a funny little sound that sounded strangely like a baby's cry.

"It sounds like a baby," said Mr. Judd, going to the door and turning the knob quickly.

"It can't be," said Mrs. Judd, following him.

When Mr. Judd opened the door the snowstorm tried to enter the warm room. The carpenter peered out into the whiteness and then down and lifted something that was huddled against the door.

"It's a basket and there's a baby inside!" he cried as he closed the door and set the basket and its contents on the table.

Sure enough, in a nest of warm clean blankets was a six months old baby girl; blue eyed, golden haired, dimpled. Her clothes were coarse but clean, and pinned to her white frock was a note saying that the baby's mother was dead and that her father was going to a far country and made a present of her to the kindest people in the town he knew.

And there was some money in the envelope, all that the poor father could spare. It was very little.

"Shall we keep her?" asked Mr. Judd, for they were quite poor and his illness had brought many heavy bills to pay.

"She came to us," whispered Mrs. Judd as she hugged the baby they had found in the snow. "We can spare enough for her. And the boys will be so happy to have her!"

"That settles it," said Mr. Judd, and he went up into the attic after the little cradle in which Richard and Robin used to sleep.

When Christmas morning dawned Richard and Robin crept out of bed and tiptoed into the sitting room. They always did this on Christmas morning so as not to awaken their parents.

It was barely daylight.

They could see their stockings hanging from the mantelpiece, and out of the tops were sticking two red painted sailboats just alike.

Besides the boats there were warm red mittens, knitted by loving fingers, and there were delicious walnut taffy wrapped in waxed paper and some red apples.

And just as they reached the red apples the little boys looked down and saw the old cradle with the snow baby's bright and blue eyes staring up at them.

How the cottage rang with their cries of joy! How they hugged the new baby sister, whom they thought Santa Claus had left at their door! But we all know that sometimes when Santa Claus is very busy he has to ask grownup folks to help him distribute the good things at Christmas tide since he cannot get around to all the homes of all the good children in one evening without tiring his reindeer too much.

"Hurrah!" cried Richard and Robin, running to awaken their parents.

"Merry Christmas, father and mother! Come out and see the beautiful baby sister Santa Claus has brought us. Why, this is the best Christmas we ever had!"

Ethel's Lesson

By CLARISSA MACKIE



IT was the day before Christmas, and the big department store was crowded with people hurrying to buy gifts at the very last minute.

Ethel Mason and her Uncle Peter rolled up to the store in a beautiful motor-car, for the Masons were very rich and lived in a marble house up near the park.

Uncle Peter had promised Ethel a gold watch for a Christmas present, and now they had come to buy it; but, first, they were going up to the toy department so that Ethel might see all the wonderful playthings.

Up in the toy department little Addie Simpson ran to and from bundle counter to busy clerks every time one of them called "Forty-three."

Addie's number was "Forty-three," and every one called her by that name.



"IF I LOSE MY JOB THERE WILL BE NO ONE TO TAKE CARE OF GRANDMOTHER."

ber. I don't think many of them knew her real name.

"Hurry along there, Forty-three," said the clerk. "What's the matter with you tonight?"

Ethel watched Addie go to the bundle counter and come running back with the parcels, and Ethel laughed.

"What are you laughing at, Ethel?" asked Uncle Peter.

Ethel told him. "She jumps like a jack-in-the-box, Uncle Peter."

But Uncle Peter did not laugh. "She is very tired," he said gravely. "Perhaps she wishes that she was going to have a Christmas tree in the morning and have a nice dinner afterward."

"Perhaps she is, Uncle Peter," said Ethel, pointing, for she did not like to be reminded of poor people.

"Shall we find out?" he asked, and he walked right up to the bundle counter and asked Forty-three where she lived and what was her real name.

Addie looked frightened. "I haven't done anything wrong," she said pitifully. "If I lose my job there will be no one to take care of grandmother."

"Don't worry, Addie," smiled Uncle Peter. "We're just going to call on grandmother; that's all."

So tall Uncle Peter and the little girl in the fur coat who was just Addie's age left the toy department and entered the motor-car and were soon whirling through the east side streets.

They found grandmother almost helpless with crippled hands and feet, but even rheumatism could not prevent her from making the room clean and neat. But there were no signs of Christmas.

"Addie will be half dead with weariness after this Christmas rush," sighed grandmother.

"And how about Addie's Christmas?" asked Uncle Peter.

Grandmother shook her silvery head. "We are thankful if we can keep warm for Christmas," she sighed. "I wanted to get something, but I could not."

"Do you mind if we help?" asked Uncle Peter.

"Bless your kind hearts, I shall be delighted!" And grandmother smiled so beautifully that Ethel could not help but think that Addie Simpson was rich in just having such a grandmother.

Uncle Peter and Addie had such a busy hour after that. The big auto took in the queerest load—a small Christmas tree and a box of ornaments—a big basket of good things, a chicken and oranges and nuts and raisins and candy and vegetables, and back to the big department store where they bought comfortable clothing for grandmother and Addie and some books and toys and a big doll, and back to the tenement.

"Now for your gold watch, my dear," said Uncle Peter as they went out.

"Please, Uncle Peter, I don't want the watch," said Ethel soberly. "Take the money for Addie Simpson."

CAPTAIN JIMMY'S CHRISTMAS

By FRANCES YALE

CAPTAIN Jimmy Smith lived in a funny little house down on the beach. Once it had been the cabin of his old schooner, Skimmer; now it was the only home Captain Jimmy and his cat Vixen had.

In the summer time he sold fish and clams and lobsters to the summer cottagers, but in the winter he had hard work to keep the little cabin warm and find food for himself and Vixen.

It was the day before Christmas, and the beach was rough with ice.

"Snow!" said Captain Jimmy, as he left his little house and went up toward his teeth. His pipe was between his teeth, but he was not smoking—he was out of tobacco.

He smiled sadly because he knew that he would have a lonely Christmas. He had no wife or children, and he was very much alone. The poor are often forgotten.

By the time Captain Jimmy had bought some flour and salt pork and a little coffee it was dark and snowing fast. So when he heard the sound of children crying he stopped in surprise.

"Hullo!" shouted Captain Jimmy, and the crying stopped at once. In another minute he almost tumbled over two little children who were running along the beach path.

"Heave ho!" called Captain Jimmy, and he put out a long arm and gathered the little ones close to him. "What are you doing here?" he shouted, for the wind was screaming now.

They tried to explain, but Captain Jimmy couldn't understand a word they said, they cried so much, and at last, half dragging, half carrying them, he hurried them into the warm little cabin where he lived.

When the kerosene lamp was lighted the two children stopped crying and smiled at Captain Jimmy.

"Are you Thanta Claus?" one lisped, and the other little girl, who looked exactly like her, giggled and clung to Captain Jimmy's big hand.

"I love oo, Misther Thanta Claus," she whispered.

"Bless your sweet hearts," cried Captain Jimmy, his eyes full of tears, "I guess I'll have to be Santa Claus tonight! I can never get you home tonight in this howling blizzard!"

The two little girls smiled brightly and took off their red cloaks and knitted caps and leggings and rubbers.

"We're lost," said one of the twins, and she told a long story of how they had gone to walk with nurse, who had suddenly run away and left them in the woods. "We hollered, but she wouldn't come back," said Linnie sadly. "My mamma scolded her this afternoon."

"What are your names? Where do you live?" asked Captain Jimmy as he pushed them up to the table before two great bowls of bread and milk.

"Brown? Goodness me, I never heard of any Browns over to the Point! You'll have to stay here till morning."

"Will Thanta Claus come here?" asked Linnie.

"He's got to," said Captain Jimmy. "By and by after the twins had said their prayers and were sound asleep on Captain Jimmy's bed while Vixen purred at their feet, Captain Jimmy walked the floor and whistled a tune.

"I reckon that Santa Claus could never get down my little stove pipe!" he chuckled, "so I'll just have to fill those two little stockings myself!"

Sometime afterward a number of people hurried through the snow and peered into Captain Jimmy's window. What did they see? Why, just Captain Jimmy, with his empty pipe between his teeth, holding two little stockings in his hands.

Suddenly he began to take things off the mantelpiece and put them into the stockings. They were things that Captain Jimmy loved—they were all that he had—bits of coral and pretty shells from far countries, some odd wooden toys he had played with when he was a child and two red apples.

Just as he was hanging the stockings on the edge of the shelf the door burst open and some people rushed in and began to hug him and question him, and they all talked at once. They proved to be the father and mother and uncles and aunts of the lost twins, and they were so grateful to Captain Jimmy for his kindness to the twins that they insisted on taking him home with them to spend Christmas.

And Vixen, the cat, went along too, and the stockings which Captain Jimmy had filled.

Mr. Brown engaged Captain Jimmy to be captain of his yacht, and Captain Jimmy smoked his pipe and said it was his happiest Christmas.

Polly's Christmas Stocking

By BERTHA M. MASTERS



POLLY DANE sat up in bed and blinked her sleepy eyes. The nursery was very quiet, except for the snapping of the coals in the grate. The fire made a soft glow of red light on the ceiling, and the figures on the Mother Goose wall paper seemed alive.

It was Christmas eve, and it seemed to Polly that she had been asleep for hours, yet the big clock in the lower hall was only booming eleven times.

"I wonder if Santa Claus will find Lucinda's stocking?" thought Polly. "I'll raps by and by I'll go and see if he has been there."

Polly closed her eyes and thought about Lucinda Ames, who was cook's little girl. Lucinda was as black as night, but she was just Polly's age, and Polly liked her.

Lucinda told most of her secrets to Polly. That was how Polly knew that



"SANTA CLAUS HAS BEEN!" CHUCKLED POLLY.

Lucinda wanted a little "white folks" dollie instead of the cunning black babies that people gave her.

Polly went to sleep and woke up with a start. She was sure that she had been wide awake all the time, yet from the mantelpiece there hung a fat, bulging stocking.

"Santa Claus has been!" chuckled Polly, and she slipped out of bed and pattered across the floor.

What a lovely, knobby, mysterious looking thing her stocking was!

Polly felt of the toe.

There was money—real money! And peeping at her from the top of the stocking was the sweetest little baby doll you could imagine.

"Oh, dear, I do hope that Santa Claus has brought Lucinda one just like it!" sighed Polly. "I believe I'll see!"

Barfooted, with her little white gown trailing on the red carpet, Polly pattered silently along the hall until she reached the door that led into the wing where the servants slept.

The first door was Maggie's and the second door led into the room where Susan, the cook, slept with her little girl Lucinda.

From the knob of this door hung a big white stocking and, like Polly's, it was bulging with knobby things. But alas! From the top of Lucinda's stocking there peeped a black baby doll.

It was black—instead of white. How poor Lucinda would cry!

Polly's heart beat very fast as she gently took the black baby out of Lucinda's stocking and tucking it under her arm, she ran back to the nursery.

She had to climb on a chair to reach her own white baby doll, but soon she had taken it out of her stocking and put the cunning black baby in its place.

"I never had a black doll, and they are so dear and cunning," Polly told herself while she hugged her own precious baby to her breast.

She hugged the baby doll all the way back to Lucinda's door and she kissed it fondly as she tucked it in the top of Lucinda's stocking.

When she passed the door of her mother's room she did not see four eyes watching her.

And the most beautiful surprise of all came after breakfast!

Polly's father found two especially nice presents for Polly and Lucinda, who was crazy with delight over her white baby doll.

Santa Claus certainly does do funny things! On the Christmas tree were a white baby doll for unselfish Polly and a dear little black one for Lucinda!

AROUND THE HOLLY TREE

by CLARISSA MACKIE

IT was the day before Christmas, and it had been snowing all the morning.

The Marsden children sat around the living room fire and sang Christmas carols and talked about the millions of people who were sending gifts to loved ones, just as the wise men brought gifts to the Christ Child under the Christmas stars.

Suddenly they noticed that Clarie was very thoughtful.

"What is the matter, Sis?" asked Gordon, the oldest boy.

"I am thinking of our dear woods people and how the snow has covered their food so that they may starve to death while we are having a happy Christmas," said Clarie.

Gordon whistled in dismay. "Oh, I never thought of them!" he said.

"I don't want my gray squirrels to starve to death!" said Paul.

"And Mr. Rabbit and his family," added Mabel.

"Or the snowbirds. I saw a whole flock yesterday!" cried Gordon eagerly.

"Or my own dickey bird!" lisped Baby Nan, pointing a fat finger at the canary's cage in the window.

They all laughed and kissed little Nan.

"And what about you, Cousin Marion?" they asked of the little girl who was visiting them.

"I'm thinking about Mr. Rabbit, too," said Marion. "I was thinking it would be nice if Santa Claus remembered him."

Gordon got up and danced a horn-pipe. "Let's have a Christmas tree for the woods people!" he shouted.

What a racket there was as they all rushed into the hall after caps and cloaks and overshoes!

Clarie and Gordon disappeared in the kitchen and were gone a long time. When they came back they carried a little basket.

Baby Nan was taken to her mother's room, and the merry youngsters ran shouting across the snowy garden to the path which led to the woods.

How quiet the woods were when they were in the shadow of the pines and hemlocks!

Suddenly some twigs crackled, and a beautiful deer bounded lightly away and disappeared among the trees.

"He was hungry," said Gordon. "See how he has eaten the twigs from the hemlocks."

All over the snow were the footprints of little animals—rabbits, squirrels, even the trail of a fox which Gordon and Paul pointed out.

And threading in and out like a pattern of lacework were the dainty footprints of birds.

"Poor little woods people!" sighed Clarie. "I'm afraid the snow has covered all the seeds and pine cones."

"Where shall we have the Christmas tree?" asked Mabel, jumping up and down with delight.

"Here!" cried Marion, pointing to a small holly tree. "See, it is already trimmed with red berries!"

"Just the thing," said Gordon, opening his basket. "Now, youngsters, step up and help yourselves to goodies to put on the Christmas tree."

"Here are nuts for the squirrels, bits of suet for the blue jays and the snow birds, some lettuce and carrots for Mr. Rabbit and his family, some canary seed to scatter on this cloth and apples for everybody."

What a wonderful Christmas tree that was! Everybody helped to trim it, and when the lettuce and carrots had been tied on to the lowest branches so that the rabbit family could reach them the young Marsdens all drew away and hid behind a clump of hemlocks.

Bright eyes must have been watching the holly tree, for very soon the guests began to arrive

WHAT A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS TREE THAT WAS!

birds and crackling of nuts and crunching of carrots and crisp lettuce! Don't you think their little hearts sent up thanks to the loving Father, who had reminded the Marsden children not to forget his little woods people?

And as the children raced across the snow toward home they sang Christmas carols until they were overheard by a great sleigh load of people coming from the railroad station.

"Merry Christmas!" they called. "Merry Christmas!" And the sleigh stopped and took them all in, for they were all going to spend Christmas at the Marsdens. There were Marlon's father and mother, and there were aunts and uncles and grandparents. "Merry Christmas!" they all said to each other, for they were happy.

And I'm sure if you could have understood all the twittering and chattering around the holly tree in the woods you might have learned that the woods people were saying "Merry Christmas!" too.



RESOLVE first, He never fight less line fought.

Resolve two, He never agin sas Teacher less she Gits on My nerves dretfully. He try being Pashent in School.

Resolve three, He never eat anuther bite after ime full. Enuff is enuff for Any Ole persin.

Resolve foar, He try to live so as to be elected Some Day as kaptin of Our football team. Its a Honorable Job, and I want to be honorable most all ways.

Resolve five, He never, never tell stories. The old Bad Man has got it in fer fellers what Ftb to their Maws and Paws.

Resolve six, He not make ugly faces ner laugh at gurls Any More. They kant help being Gurls. Natcher made em what they are, and Boys should feel sorry fer em.

I gess this is enuff for This year. So Ie ring off and shut up my Resolve book till next year.

A NEW YEAR'S APPEAL.

Prisoners For Debt Used Day to Tell of Their Unfortunate Condition.

The newspapers of a century ago afford ample evidence of the cruelty and futility of one of the laws of the day—namely, the punishment of debt by imprisonment, says Alice Morse Earle. It was an utterly hopeless task for any imprisoned for debt ever to expect to be released save by pardoning, and the sufferings of such prisoners was extreme, as they had no charity funds to draw upon to mitigate the woes and misery, the filth and horror of their surroundings. These unhappy men often chose the opening of the new year—a time of glad some hope to the world in general—to appeal for aid in their utter forlornness, and in the newspapers at the close of the year appeals for help printed through the pity of the publisher of the news sheet, and in early January sometimes humble thanks for gifts from generous citizens. Here is an advertisement from the New York Gazette, January, 1751:

Thrice happy, whose tender Care
Relieves the poor Distrest.

When Troubles compass them around
The Lord shall give them Rest.

We, the poor Prisoners confined in the Gaol of the City of New York, do take this publick Opportunity of returning our most humble and hearty Thanks to our generous but unknown Benefactors for relieving us this severe Season when we were almost perished with Cold and Hunger, by sending two Quarters of Beef, one Cord of Wood, Twelve Shillings in Money and three dozen of Loaves of Bread, which was fairly and justly distributed between us. And that God Almighty may give them Health and Happiness in the present Life and Eternal Happiness in the next are the sincere wishes and Desires of THE POOR UNFORTUNATE PRISONERS.

Tomato Salad.

Skin six small tomatoes, cut a slice from stem end of each and remove soft inside. Sprinkle inside with salt, invert and let stand one-half hour.



DECORATIVE AND TASTY.

Mash one-half cream cheese and add six chopped pimolas, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one-fourth teaspoonful of dry mustard and enough French dressing to moisten. Fill tomatoes with mixture. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

French Nougat For Christmas.

A homemade French nougat has a very professional look if you but follow the rule carefully. Put one-half pound confectioner's (not powdered) sugar in a saucapan, place on range and stir constantly until melted; then add one-fourth pound of Jordan almonds, blanched and finely chopped. As mixture spreads fold toward center, using a broad bladed knife, keeping mixture constantly in motion. Divide in four parts, and as soon as cool enough to handle shape in long rolls, about one-third inch in diameter, keeping well in motion until almost cold. When cold snap in pieces one and one-half inches long. This is accomplished by holding roll at point to be snapped over the sharp edge of a broad bladed knife and snapping. Melt confectioner's dipping chocolate in a small saucapan placed in a larger saucapan containing boiling water and beat with a fork two minutes. Dip pieces separately in chocolate.

CHRISTMAS HYMNS

THE earliest Christmas hymn was undoubtedly the "Gloria In Excelsis," which was probably one of the hymns which the Christians were singing in church at Christmas in Nicomedia, when Diocletian, the emperor, ordered the church to be closed and the whole congregation, young and old, burned to death.

It is strange that while we know that Christmas and the Epiphany were celebrated by the singing of hymns, no ancient carols have come down to us.

There is an old carol dating from the fifteenth century which has the "Gloria In Excelsis" for a refrain. It begins:

A babe was born all of a maid
To bring salvation unto us.
No more are we to sing afraid
Vent creator spiritus.

One of the best carols of the Elizabethan period is that by Robert Southwell, a Jesuit priest who was sent to convert England, but who was seized by her Protestant Majesty Elizabeth and imprisoned in the tower for three years, and then, after suffering the torture of the rack, was executed Feb. 2, 1594. It begins:

Behold, a simple, tender babe
In freezing winter night;
In homely manger trembling lies,
Alas, a piteous sight!

During the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell the observance of Christmas was forbidden, and yet there is a Christmas carol from the Puritan pen of George Wither, who was enriched and promoted by Cromwell and thrown into prison by Charles. It begins:

As on the night before this happy morn
A blessed angel unto shepherd told.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth of Lincoln has given us the hymn beginning "Sing, oh sing, this blessed morn!" James Montgomery, who was considered one of England's most eminent poets by no less an authority than Lord Byron, is the author of the carol beginning "Angels from the realms of glory." Montgomery was born of Moravian parents and dedicated to the ministry, but he took up newspaper work instead and became eminent in general literature as well as in poetry.

Paul Gerhardt, to whom we are indebted for the Easter hymn, "Jesus Lives," has also given us a spirited Christmas carol beginning "All my heart this night rejoices."

In the midst of the warlike strife between King Charles and his parliament in the year 1629 John Milton found both leisure and repose to write his hymn, "On the Morning of the Nativity," in which there are evidently references to the disturbed condition of things at that time—for example:

No war or battle sound
Was heard the world around.

THE OLD CHRISTMAS HYMNS.

It is good to think of the old time Christmas hymns again as the Day approaches; good to get out worn hymn books, the prettiest for the piano rack, with tunes as well as words, and play and sing them over, just as we should re-read, if pleasure and duty join hands, the story of Scrooge and Marley's Ghost.

It is even good to recall the titles more or less familiar to all of us, according to our bringing up. There are "Hail to the Lord's Anointed," "As with gladness men of old did the guiding star behold," "Angels from the realms of glory," and "Hark, what mean those holy voices," each reiterating in rhythmical melody the story of the ancient chroniclers.

In the little church where the baring star poised a bit unsteadily over the white head of the beloved pastor, "Oh, come, all ye faithful," ushered in the day, and no matter how fast sped the minutes, how near the approach of the dinner hour, or how expectantly youngsters thought of unripened stockings, if the early morning service invited them there was always plenty of time for "Joy to the world, the Lord is come," "When marshaled on the mighty plain," "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," "Hark, the herald angels sing," "It came upon the midnight clear," and that best loved of all, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night."

For the Christmas Supper.
Nut Brown Bread Sandwiches.—Peanuts, black walnuts, almonds and pecans may be put through a meat chopper, mixed; a little salt added and spread on thin, buttered slices of brown bread. Chopped or minced peanuts may be used if preferred.

Alligator Pear Salad.—Peel the pear, quarter and core it, and if large divide each quarter into fourths. Place on a bed made of hearts of lettuce and serve with either mayonnaise or French dressing.

Ellis-Teague

On December 10th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Brown, at 7:15 p. m. Miss Viola Ellis of Snyder and Mr. Roy Teague of McDonald, New Mexico were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

About 6:30 p. m. the young couple came in and started Geo. H. Brown on a trip to find a minister and Mr. Chas. Ellis. After making several inquiries they finally located Brother John H. Booth of Kansas City, Mo. at the Manhattan Hotel.

Immediately after the arrival at the house of the important parson the ceremony was performed in a most beautiful and impressive manner, after which Brother Booth had to be rushed back to the First Christian Church, at which place he was due to lecture at 7:30 p. m.

The guests were invited out to the dining room to partake of a very informal wedding supper.

Those present at the supper were: Mr. and Mrs. Roy Teague, Mrs. G. W. Brown, Miss Gladys Brown and Mr. Chas. Ellis.

Miss Viola has spent the greater portion of her life in Snyder and has a host of friends who love her and wish for her all the joys of life.

CHRISTMAS FLOWERS

Orders filled on short notice for all occasions. Telephone 15.

Ira Couple Married

Mr. Frank Childress, a prominent young farmer of the Ira Country and Miss Florence Price, a popular and accomplished young lady of the same place came to Snyder Wednesday, accompanied by young friends and were happily married by Rev. A. J. Leach.

Calendars, holly boxes, holly paper etc of the highest grade at Grayum Drug Company.

You can get Crusto Lard at Townsend, Oldham & Co.

3 cans Salmon, 25c at Townsend-Oldham & Co.

Methodist Christmas Tree

The Methodist Sunday School will have a Christmas Tree at the church Friday night, December 24th. The public generally is invited to come and participate in the festivities.

Those having presents they wish placed upon the tree will please send them to the church between 10 a. m. and not later than 5 p. m. Friday the 24th, or call Smith's Confectionery, No. 54 and the committee will send for them.

The doors will be open at 6:30 p. m., program starts promptly at 7:00 o'clock. Everybody invited.

CHRISTMAS FLOWERS

Orders filled on short notice for all occasions. Telephone 15.

15,000 ACRES farming land sold in 1-4 blocks up. Situated from 2 to 20 miles from Lamesa, Dawson county. \$6.25 to \$20.00 per acre. \$1.00 cash and 50 cents a year. Write for list. J. D. Cunningham. 32

THE CRADLE ROLL

Born in Snyder, Dec. 13 to Mr. and Mrs. Bob Terry, a boy.

Born, December 14 to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Callis, Route 2, a girl.

Born in Snyder, December 15 to Mr. and Mrs. Zack Hull, a boy.

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4. 27

W. O. W. Elects Officers

Valentine Camp, No. 544, Woodmen of the World elected officers last Monday night as follows:
Hardy M. Boyd, Con. Com.
Harvey Shuler, A. L.
Earl Brown, Banker,
C. W. Hutcherson, Clerk,
Otto Hedges, Escort,
Robert Wren, Watchman,
Ray Huckabee, Sentry,
E. A. McMath, Manager.

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4. 27

The Signal and Dallas News \$1.75.

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4. 27

The Advertised Article

is one in which the merchant himself has implicit faith—else he would not advertise it. You are safe in patronizing the merchants whose ads appear in this paper because their goods are up-to-date and never shopworn.

SWEETWATER LAD VICTIM OF CONFIDENCE MEN

A country youth came to Snyder Wednesday night from Sweetwater. He said he had never been about the world much and Snyder and Sweetwater are the biggest towns he had ever seen. He wanted to visit relatives on the Plains and sold his horse Wednesday at Sweetwater and bought a ticket over the Santa Fe for his visit. Coming over from Sweetwater he says he met a stranger who was quite friendly with him. The new found friend persuaded him to stop off with him in Snyder and that they were to continue their trip. It is said that the two and another party had a room together at a rooming house and when the boy got up Thursday morning all his money (\$27) was gone. He reported his loss and very soon Uncle Pack Wolfe had the two room mates in the sweat box and one of them produced the lad's money which he had hid in his sock.

The boy said he would hereafter be more careful about taking up with new friends.

For Sale or Trade

We have some extra good second hand Buggies that we will sell at a bargain or trade for young horses and mules. 27tf

TOWNSEND-OLDHAM & CO.

RESOLUTION

To the Officers and Members of Snyder Rebekah Lodge No. 26:

Whereas, the Almighty Father has seen fit in his infinite wisdom, to place on our beloved Sister, A. J. Grantham, P. N. G. the double loss of husband and home, it is eminently fitting that we express our sympathy to our sister and her children, therefore

Be it resolved, first: That we mourn the loss of our Sister's but know that our Father in Heaven doeth all things for the best and we cherish a hope that we may meet in the Great Beyond where there will be no parting.

Second: That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the family, one be spread upon the minutes of this lodge and one be furnished the Snyder Signal.

Mrs. Willie S. Farmer,
Mrs. Irla Morgan,
Mrs. Ida B. Stokes.

HOLLY WREATHS

Poinsettias and Ca'nations for Christmas. Telephone 15.

Mrs. I. N. Gray Dead

Mrs. I. N. Gray, aged about 70 years died last Friday at her home near Durham in Borden County. She was the mother of Messrs. Bob and Eugene Gray, prominent stockmen of Borden County.

She had resided in this section of Texas for ten or twelve years and had many friends in Scurry and Borden counties.

All kinds of pickles, sweet, sour and dill at Townsend-Oldham & Co.

J. W. Templeton says he wants it distinctly understood that while he is not making a fight against anyone, he is supporting his old friend Charlie Morris for governor in the coming campaign. Mr. Templeton and Mr. Morris are old time pals.

Binding twine, 10 cents a pound, J. W. TEMPLETON.

George Massey, of Sweetwater is the guest of his father J. W. Massey and family. He is in the service of the Texas & Pacific and is off on a holiday vacation and will visit other points later.

HOLLY WREATHS

Poinsettias and Ca'nations for Christmas. Telephone 15.

In the large advertisement of the Grayum Drug Company in the last clause where toys are mentioned it should read "tags" as this firm does not handle toys.

A good organ at a bargain, at 5 tf A. P. MORRIS.

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4. 27

Buy your Christmas goods from rayum Drug Co.

M. M. Adams, the sign man has returned from an extensive auto tour in South Texas.

Christmas Candies at Grayum Drug Company.

Do you want \$63.75

Pay to the Order of you

\$63.75

Our Bank

Next Christmas?

PUT ONLY 5 CENTS IN OUR BANK AND INCREASE IT 5 CENTS EACH WEEK; YOU'LL HAVE \$63.75 NEXT XMAS

IT COSTS NOTHING TO JOIN OUR CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB. IT IS THE EASY WAY TO HAVE MONEY NEXT CHRISTMAS.

JOIN THE CLUB YOURSELF. TAKE OUT A MEMBERSHIP FOR EACH ONE OF YOUR CHILDREN AND TEACH THEM TO SAVE.

IN 50 WEEKS;

1-CENT CLUB PAYS \$ 12.75
2-CENT CLUB PAYS 25.50
5-CENT CLUB PAYS 63.75
10-CENT CLUB PAYS 127.50

YOU CAN DEPOSIT 25 OR 50 CENTS, OR \$1.00 OR MORE EACH WEEK.

COME IN—WE WILL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT. COME IN AND GET A CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB BOOK FREE.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
(SNYDER, TEXAS.)

New York to San Francisco

While in New York through the courtesy of J. E. Farnsworth, the writer accepted with pleasure, the opportunity of talking from the New York headquarters, 15 Dey street, to Mr. Beck, at San Francisco, California, over the Southwestern Telegraph and Telephone Company's lines. The articulation was equal to local connection communication.

For Sale or Trade

We have some extra good second hand Buggies that we will sell at a bargain or trade for young horses and mules. 27tf

TOWNSEND-OLDHAM & CO.

CHRISTMAS FLOWERS

Orders filled on short notice for all occasions. Telephone 15.

Exquisite toilet articles are suitable Christmas gifts. We have the best line. Grayum Drug Co. 27

HOLLY WREATHS

Poinsettias and Ca'nations for Christmas. Telephone 15.

Mr. G. J. Wagner and wife of Wichita Falls are guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Cunningham.

Notice to Farmers

The Farmers' Union Gin company will gin up to Friday night, December 24th and will notify through this paper next week as to the number of days we will gin the last week of this year. 27

Farmers' Union Gin Co

J. F. Crowder of Dunn had his date moved up a full notch and then some.

Notice—Farmers

The Fuller Gin will run next Tuesday and Thursday, December 21st and 23rd. 27

H. L. WREN, Mgr.

J. W. Gladson called in to see the Signal Thursday and moved his date up a notch.

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4. 27

Tom Faught was here Thursday from Wastella and will read the Signal hereafter.

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4. 27

January Term County Court

County Court convenes Monday, January 10th and the following jurors are summoned to appear Tuesday January 11th.

Ike Boren,
Ray McFarland,
R. W. Boyd,
W. T. Sumruld,
J. T. Biggs,
J. G. Lockhart,
W. E. Head,
Bill Ralston,
Joe Ramsey,
Haywood Patterson,
Gay McGlaun,
A. J. McDermott.

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4. 27

TO TRADE—FOR STOCK FARM.

5 sections 14 miles N. E. Fort Stockton, owned and with 11 sections more under lease; divided into three pastures; two dwelling houses, windmill, corral, stock pens and barn; large surface tank; troughs and other improvements. Stocked with high grade Percheron mares and stallions. \$1.50 due the State at 3 per cent. \$5.00 per acre bonus, throwing in the leases and \$9,000 for the stock. Total \$25,000.00. Baker, Grayum & Anderson, Snyder, Texas. 28

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4. 27

Expression and Music Recitals

The primary pupils of Mrs. Hutcherson and Mrs. Barnes will appear in recital at the Central School building Monday evening, 7:30 o'clock and Tuesday evening at the same place and hour the advanced pupils will appear in recital. Invitation is extended the public to be present.

See R. M. Stokes big Christmas Ad. on page 30 in Section 4. 27

Yoemen Elect Officers

Snyder Homestead, No. 4711 Brotherhood of American Yoemen elected officers last Tuesday night as follows:

J. N. McDonald, Foreman,
T. S. Humphries, M. of C.,
F. T. Wilhelm, Correspondent,
J. W. Kerr, M. of A.
Mrs. N. A. Fowler, Chaplain,
Virginia Newman, Overseer,
Joe Beck, Watchman,
W. A. Warren, Sentinel,
Mrs. Sallie Gideon, Lady Rowena,
Mrs. J. N. McDonald, Lady Rebekah.

Mr. R. G. Peck, late of Amarillo, has come to Snyder to work with the Santa Fe office force.

Spencer Smith of the Fluvanna First State Bank was here Wednesday night in his brand new, big six Buick Car and ordered ten tickets for the Chamber of Commerce Banquet to be given in Snyder, January 6th.