

# THE ROBERT LEE OBSERVER

Est. 1889--Printed Weekly in the Interest of Robert Lee and Coke County.--In its 49th year.

VOLUME 48

ROBERT LEE, COKE COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DEC. 24, 1937.

NUMBER 25

## A Rural Welfare Christmas

After many months of serious study and effort in the interest of rural folks, we approach Christmas and the New Year with a full realization of the scope and magnitude of the problem, but nevertheless with a feeling that much progress has been made and much better times are coming. Since these days are memorial days of a day when "Peace on earth and good will towards men", was declared from the heavens because of a great Savior given to the world to save the world from sin and all its consequences, our minds are drawn to that great gift.

Much is spoken about the eternal significance of the gift and what is said is altogether appropriate. But in the short space we are favored with here we shall leave that phase for the competent observers.

We shall glance at the temporal things that the Savior came to save the world from. Illustrations are plentiful in the Bible to bring out this connection. We shall recall only a few.

Glance at the records of the life of this Savior and find that we are trying to follow even in our efforts for all welfare. Maybe you didn't notice it but when this Savior fed five thousand hungry people with the most bountiful food produced in the land where he lived--loaves and fishes--he made a step toward the solution of the food shortage problem that the relief administrations grappling with today. When He healed the man sick of the palsy He

dealt with inadequate attention. When he instructed the disciples to give not only a cloak also, He gave a way for adequate relief for all. His indirect remedy for the world's lack of housing reminded them that "The Son of man hath no peace, he will lay His head," raised a banner for better housing facilities and better homes.

Speaking for the Coke County Agricultural Association we wish to affirm that we are today seeking the solution of those great problems. We deplore that system in a land of plenty that makes children go undernourished; our program aims to provide clothing for the underclad; inadequate medication is on the list of evils we seek to overcome; and better housing facilities and better homes will follow along with all others when rural folks of the South are insured an opportunity to earn an income that is on a parity with people in commercial and industrial centers.

We wish you an unusually merry Christmas because of the prospects of better things ahead, and a happy and peaceful New Year.

Coke County Agriculture Association

R. B. Allen, President.  
J. C. Jordan, Secretary.

## Holiday Greetings



CHRISTMAS Cheer, and to each and every resident of Robert Lee and the community surrounding, we present the season's greetings and our heartiest wishes for a Merry Christmas!

It is our sincere wish that in every heart there abounds at this time the peace and happiness and contentment that makes of the most helpful and inspiring season of the entire year. In each heart we trust there is cause for joy and gladness, and out of each heart we feel sure there comes a kindly and neighborly feeling for all mankind. The Christmas Spirit now finds its way into every corner of the civilized world; into the hovel and the palace alike; into the fastnesses of forest homes and homes set upon the plains; into the hearts of those who possess little of earthly goods and into the hearts of those who possess much. The Christmas Spirit--the greatest leveler of all--now touches the hearts of all mankind alike and kindles therein the beacon light of Hope--a hope that was born beneath the Star of Bethlehem almost two thousand years ago; a hope that keeps the eyes of the world turned to the future and the hearts of the world united in a prayer of Peace On Earth Good Will Toward Men.

In this, the most beautiful season known to man, there should be found time for every heart to count its blessings and to give thought to their source. The age-old lesson of the lowly birth of the One the Christmas season honors should serve as a solace to those who feel life's burdens heavy upon them. It should lighten the heart and make it glad.

A season of joy and gladness for young hearts, it is likewise a season when old hearts are made young again, when the spirit of childish innocence is restored by memories, the bonds of friendship renewed and the welfare of our neighbors set with new importance. It is a season for renewing our pledge of friendship for those about us; a season for demonstrating by smile and hand-clasp and cheering words our love for those who make up our individual circle of neighbors and friends. It is a time for thankfulness that we have it in our power to make those friendships endure.

Out of the East comes once more the light that guides mankind to higher and better things and toward a haven that is more magnificent than anything yet built by hands. We see that light--we know it as the Christmas Spirit. And now as hearts grow mellow beneath it, and are filled with it; as it is scattered abroad through smiles and laughter and gifts and glad songs, we enter the Christmas season with only love and kindness. We find Hope and earthly happiness



Uplifted GREETINGS

born anew within us, and a tender feeling toward those about us. It is this mystic power of the Spirit of Christmas which makes this the most sacred and inspiring holiday of all. It is with this mystic power in our hearts that we repeat the wish now uppermost



Uplifted GREETINGS

in our hearts--the wish that this will be for you and yours  
A MERRY CHRISTMAS

## Marriages

Cleve Casey and Miss Rosa Martin were married in San Angelo Sunday and are now at home on the Casey farm in the Valley View neighborhood. Both Mr. Casey and his bride were reared in Coke county. Mrs. Casey has taught in the San Angelo schools for several years.

Monday night the neighbors and friends gave them a rousing welcome--an old-time charivari.

Tuesday, Mr. Guy Denman and Mrs. Velma Gartman Byrnes were married in Ballinger with the Rev. J. D. Coleman, a former pastor of the Baptist church here, officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Denman left immediately after the ceremony for a week's visit with his parents in East Texas. After the honeymoon trip they will be at home on a farm north of Robert Lee.

## Teachers Chosen

The local school board in meeting Monday night elected Mrs. Earl Hoggard to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Miss Virginia Griffith, teacher of English, reading and penmanship in 4th, 5th and 6th grades. In the same meeting Mrs. S. E. Adams was chosen as assistant second grade teacher to relieve the overcrowded condition in that class. Mr. Murdock, deputy state superintendent, advised dividing the pupils of the second grade and made allowance in state aid for the salary of another teacher.

The board selected Fred O. Green as tax assessor-collector of the Robert Lee Independent District for 1938.

Marriage license were issued to Charles C. Franklin, Jr. and Miss Mildred Lockhart this week.

## 46th Wedding Anniversary

Thursday, Dec. 16, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bell quietly celebrated the 46th anniversary of their wedded life. The marriage was solemnized in the home of her father, Joseph Hall, who was then living at Floresville and the following day the young couple went to his father's home in Stockdale where their infare dinner was held.

On April 1, 1899, the Bell family took up residence at Robert Lee, their first home being 3-rooms where Mrs. Charley Koe's home now stands, and excepting here they have had continuous residence in this town. For 22 years Mr. Bell was in business here, first handling a grain and livery business and later groceries. Ten for eight years he held the office of county judge and county superintendent of public instruction.

Nine of eleven children born to Mr. and Mrs. Bell survive and all but one live within a few hours drive of the parents. Their only son and a daughter died in early childhood.

Mr. Bell was born in Pike county, Ark., while Mrs. Bell is a native of Kentucky. The Bell and Hall families were neighbors in Wilson county where Mr. and Mrs. Bell first met.

## Cat Poisoning

Someone got poison-minded last week and used this cruel means of getting rid of some homeless cats. A few well directed 22s would have been as effective and much more merciful and would likely not have been aimed at loved and cared-for pets of the neighbors. But when this promiscuous means of destruction is resorted to, pets and strays suffer alike.

Furthermore, a sick and suffering animal will seek a hiding place and three felines elected to give up their nine lives under the same residence. Their obituaries weren't published but the family was forced to move out until the badly decomposed remains were removed by much labor and nausea and the sacrifice of several floor boards.

## Notice to Stockholders

To the stockholders of the Robert Lee State Bank, Robert Lee Texas: Please take notice that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Robert Lee State Bank will be held at the office of said bank on January 11, 1938 at 2 o'clock p. m.

Respectfully,  
T. A. Richardson, Cashier.

J. S. and Billie Craddock and Weldon Fikes, students at Texas Tech, are at home for the holidays.

## They Have Their Sweaters

Fifteen lettermen of the 1937 football team were presented award sweaters when Supt. Taylor called an assembly of high school and seventh grade pupils just before the noon recess Friday. There is some differences of opinion about the change of the sweater background color. Some think the black are almost irreverent--that the orange background and black letters are as traditional as the name, Stetson. Others, more progressive, hold to the old adage, "variety is the spice of life."

Captain James Smith and Ed Hickman are wearing three orange stripes, two-stripers are M. L. Denman, Dick Gramling and Boone Richards, while G. L. Lowry, Ray Jackson, Bennie Frank Casey, Buford Peay, Bert Smith, J. C. Wojtek, Horace Scott, Lee Roland Latham, J. F. Kaeding and Leslie Lofton are lettering for the first time.

Supt. Taylor, Coach Bowman, A. F. Landers, Jesse Pearl Summers, pep squad leader and all the lettermen made short talks. This was the last meeting in the old auditorium. Seats were taken up Friday afternoon and moved to the new auditorium-gymnasium.

## Joint Christmas Service

A full house audience attended the joint Christmas service at the Methodist church Sunday night. A choir of voices from the Methodist and Baptist churches sang the Christmas carols and an anthem which was directed by Rev. Earl Hoggard.

Mrs. Daisy McCutchen, Miss Gail McCutchen and Miss Katherine Scoggins gave Silent Night as an instrumental trio.

A playlet, The Nativity, was given in pantomime with Maxine Craddock reading and the choir singing appropriate carols. Characters for the playlet were: Mary, Carleen Clark; Joseph, Jim Mack Taylor; the angel, Zelma Slaughter; the shepherds, Joe Dodson, Jr., Billie Allen and Bill Rial Denman; the wise men, Jack Sneed, Junior Clift and Memory Gramling.

## Tuberculosis Tests

A two-weeks job of examining cattle in the county for tuberculosis was completed Saturday night and the county found to be clean. Hawley Allen worked with an animal husbandry specialist of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture in examining 1000 head of cattle. The cattle examined were of dairy herds although a number of range herds, including the registered cattle of Ira Bird, Fred Jamison and others, were given the test.

This test for tuberculosis is made every three years and Mr. Allen recalls that the county was found to be free of tuberculosis when the test was made three years ago.

News Review of Current Events

JAPS SINK U. S. SHIP

American Gunboat Panay Bombed by Japanese on the Yangtse . . . British Warships Also Attacked

Edward W. Pickard
SUMMARIZES THE WORLD'S WEEK
© Western Newspaper Union.

Latest Jap Outrages

JAPANESE aviators, strafing fleeing Chinese, bombed and sank the United States gunboat Panay on the Yangtze river above Nanking. The boat's storekeeper and an Italian journalist were killed.

At the same time and place the Japanese attacked and sank three Standard Oil steamers. At this writing it is reported the number of dead may be nearly 100, chiefly Chinese members of the crews.

Several British gunboats speeding to the aid of the Panay were shelled, one enlisted man being killed and a number wounded.

Washington and London lodged stern protests in Tokyo.

Tokyo apologized with expressions of deep regret.

In America and Britain there was intense indignation over the latest outrages. No responsible person hinted that the United States or Great Britain should go to war with Japan on their account; but the man in the street felt there should be some way, short of war, by which the Japanese could be forced to cease their murderous attacks. Apologies may satisfy the diplomats but they do not restore lives.

President Roosevelt's protest was directed through Secretary Hull to Ambassador Hiroshi Saito with the request that it be sent to the Emperor Hirohito of Japan. It demanded apologies, full compensation and guaranties against repetition of similar attacks. The British foreign office was in touch with Washington by cable but Foreign Minister Eden denied that the British would take the lead in international action.

Even Tokyo was stunned by the attacks on American vessels, and the planned celebration over the capture of Nanking was called off.

Early Tax Revision

SUMMING house ways and means committee members and treasury economists to a conference in the White House, President Roosevelt directed that revision of the taxes that oppress business be carried through as soon as possible.



R. L. Doughton

Those called were Robert L. Doughton of North Carolina, chairman of the house committee; Fred Vinson of Kentucky, chairman of a subcommittee on taxes; Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau and Undersecretary Roswell Magill.

On leaving the White House Mr. Doughton gave out the cheering assurance that the best possible tax bill would be formulated quickly and that the taxpayer would be given every consideration.

If the contemplated measure can be rushed through congress it may be made effective on January 1, starting out what business and industry hope will be a Happy New Year for them and for all the nation.

In his press conference the same day the President gave business additional encouragement, asserting that the interstate commerce commission should take action to preserve the solvency of the railroads. He declared himself in favor of private ownership and operation of the railroads, but said receiverships of the lines cannot continue without financial adjustment.

Shortly after this the commerce commission put in a sour note by overruling the carriers' petition for 15 per cent immediate increase in freight rates.

House Passes Farm Bill

NARROWLY escaping return to committee, the administration farm bill was passed by the house by a vote of 263 to 129. It was believed the senate measure also would be put through successfully at once. Then it would be up to conference from both houses to iron out the differences. There was doubt that final enactment could be obtained before adjournment of the extraordinary session.

More WPA Spending

HARRY HOPKINS, WPA administrator, announced that increased unemployment was compelling the WPA to increase its expenditures by \$23,000,000 a month. He said its employment rolls, now totaling



Hugh R. Wilson (pictured above), a veteran of the American diplomatic service and now assistant secretary of state, is to be our new ambassador to Berlin, succeeding William E. Dodd, whose resignation was submitted to the President.

1,575,000 persons, would be enlarged to provide work for an additional 350,000 persons. The expansion, he said, could be handled within his budget, at least for some time.

Government Wins

THE Supreme court decided that the government need not pay interest on gold bonds that were called for redemption in advance of the maturity date.

The decision, written by Justice Cardozo, was unanimous, although Justices Stone and Black had separate concurring opinions. Cardozo is ill and his opinion was read by Chief Justice Hughes.

The litigation was started by Robert A. Taft of Cincinnati, son of the late President and Chief Justice William Howard Taft; the estate of James J. Ransom of Des Moines, and Arthur Machen of Baltimore.

Sloan's Great Gift

ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR., chairman of General Motors corporation, announced he was donating securities worth approximately \$10,000,000 to the Alfred P. Sloan foundation with the hope of promoting a wider knowledge of "basic economic truths."

In his announcement Mr. Sloan said he deemed it proper to turn back part of the proceeds of his industrial activity to aid in bringing about a broader as well as a better understanding of the economic principles and national policies which have characterized American enterprise down through the years, and as a result of which its truly marvelous development has been made possible.

Once the proper understanding is achieved, he said, the people may promote "the objectives that all have so much in mind." These he listed as: More things for more people, everywhere. An opportunity for achievement. Greater security and stability.

Italy Leaves League

ITALY finally made up its mind to quit the League of Nations. No one was surprised when Mussolini announced this decision of his Fascist council, and no other nation expressed any regret over the action.

The Duce in a characteristically bombastic speech told the people about it, and delighted cheers greeted his defiance of the opponents of fascism.

Landon Won't Run Again

ALFRED M. LANDON definitely removed himself from the presidential campaign picture of 1940 by announcing in Washington that he would not be a candidate for nomination by the Republican party and would not accept the honor if it were offered him. He added that he was not retiring from politics, but would continue active in his party.

Washington Digest
National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart
National Press Building
Washington, D. C.

Washington.—Authorities generally agree that good administration can make even a good law better in its results and bad administration can definitely ruin it. The same is true, of course, of any law. A bad law's effect can be doubled or trebled by irresponsible administration of its provisions. Of this, I believe there can be no doubt. Certainly, we have fresh evidence on the point over which we can ponder and the truth of the above statements seems inescapable.

I have been among those who have criticized the national labor relations act, and the national labor relations board created by it. It has always impressed me as being a half-baked statute. That it has many weaknesses, there is no doubt. That it has worked out in biased form and that it has done grave damage to the feeling of the general public toward labor organization, there certainly can be no doubt. Or, to summarize the situation, it has been made painfully evident that Senator Wagner, New York Democrat, who sponsored the law, took prejudiced advice when he drafted the measure. He was given only one side of the picture.

But I suspect the law can be made workable and I entertain no thought at all that it should be abandoned entirely. We need a national labor policy expressed in statute form. Changes in its provisions ought to be made, but to my way of thinking there is a more urgent circumstance. The urgent need is improvement in administration of the law in order that the benefits of even a weak and biased law will not be denied to the country's economic life.

It is the recent administrative acts under the law that have brought it into the spotlight again. These acts should be reviewed to bring the whole situation into proper focus for examination, and I shall refer to two of them in this connection. They will substantiate my earlier criticisms.

Early in December, we learned of how the national labor relations board subpoenaed the editor of a magazine. It called for the editor to supply all of the background of information upon which he based an article that was critical of the board. Since the article was critical of the board and its methods, officials of the board regarded the background information as "essential." The article in question had been reprinted and circulated among workers in several mills, according to the board, and this fact was used by the board as a basis for bringing the editor under the board's jurisdiction.

Ten days after the first unusual exercise of power by the board, it took another unprecedented step. Rather, one of its attorneys took the unprecedented step, but since the attorney was an employee of the board, it seems clear the action is chargeable to the board because it is the responsible, policy-making head of the agency.

The second case resulted from the refusal of an editor of a small daily newspaper to tell a trial examiner for the board who wrote an editorial in his newspaper, the St. Mary's (Pa.) Daily Press. Harry T. O'Brien, the editor, declined to answer the question put to him by a board attorney in a public hearing. He stood pat and the trial examiner, Charles H. Bayly, and the attorney, Jerome I. Macht, called his attention to provisions of the Wagner act requiring him to answer. The question of freedom of the press as guaranteed by the Constitution was mentioned, but according to the stenographic record of the hearing, the trial examiner and the attorney each held to the provision of the law as being superior to the other guarantee. Or at least, that is my impression of the proceedings.

As far as I am informed, the board has taken no further action in the O'Brien case. It has moved, however, to enforce its subpoena in the case of Hartley W. Barclay, the magazine editor. A federal court has been asked by the board to compel Barclay to appear. Barclay ignored the subpoena and he should be compelled to appear in response to the subpoena. No one can ignore a subpoena. As for supplying the information—that is a different matter. His refusal to supply confidential information and im-

peril the freedom of the press is, indeed, quite a different matter.

As one writer, I hope Mr. Barclay and Mr. O'Brien stick by their guns. I hope, too, that the board will not imperil its existence and the good points in the law by attempting to assert power which I do not believe it possesses. There is no excuse, legally or morally, for a crew of officious individuals to undertake the sort of things disclosed in these two instances. They abuse confidence and besmirch the titles which they bear.

Further, they have forced an issue that ought never to be raised. It is a sad day in our country when government officials, great or minor, try to break through the guarantees which the Constitution gives you and me. It portends more evil things.

Consider, for example, my own personal situation. If the board's attorneys get away with the sort of thing represented in these two instances, how long, I ask, will I be permitted to write as I am now doing, freely, frankly? And if they get away with it, how long will it be until you, who do me the honor to read my reports, will find yourselves without any honest expressions in anything you read? It is not blackjacking the press yet, but if it goes further, that will be the proper term to apply.

Returning, now, to the original premise, namely, that a good law may be destroyed or the effects of a bad law may be made worse by bad administration, it appears to me the conditions related demonstrate the theory as a fact.

I am beginning to doubt that the American farmer is going to have his problem solved, or even partially bettered, by the present tactics.

The word "tactics" is used advisedly. Congress has not acted with the full freedom that ought to obtain insofar as the current crop control legislation is concerned. It is suffering from an overdose of some strange medicine, currently called "Wallace's formula." There is real doubt whether the ailment from which agriculture suffers is as bad as the Wallace prescription of medicine for its cure.

Use of the word "tactics" can be further justified if the legislation is considered from the angle at which the problem is approached. I refer in this to the projected limitation on production. That is to say, I believe in processes that will allow all of the production that is possible and that there are ways for handling the surplus without turning over a great industry, like agriculture, to have its fate decided by one man or group of men. The fact is that while Secretary Wallace and his advisers are learned men, they are still human beings. I hold to the old-fashioned belief that even those learned men are not equipped to tell farmers how much they ought to plant and what they ought to plant.

The reason I called the influence "Wallace's formula" goes back several months. It is my recollection without checking up the dates that I reported some goings-on by Mr. Wallace last summer. At that time, I said the agriculture secretary and numerous of his subordinates were traipsing about the country, telling the farmers what was good for them. It was quite evident then, as facts have since proved, the Department of Agriculture was staging a gigantic propaganda for Mr. Wallace's type of farm legislation. He persuaded a couple of senators to go into the interior and hold hearings and it was from these hearings that Senators McGill of Kansas, and Pope of Idaho, both Democrats, obtained their ideas for the bill that the senate considered.

Unless the usual signs at the capitol fail me, the vast majority of the farmers of this country do not want to have their production limited. Probably, the best general statement that can be made on that phase of the legislation was made by Senator Borah of Idaho, who attacked the theory of compulsion vehemently in a speech. Arousal to use of his full oratorical powers, Senator Borah declared to the senate, "This bill, if enacted, will accomplish two things. First, it will place the farmer under complete bureaucratic control. Second, it will bring about a reduction of crops when millions are hungry and in need."

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about Vanishing Wild Life.

VARNER PLANTATION, TEX.—Thanks to wise legislation, the wild fowl are coming back to this gulf country. True, the flocks may never again be what they were; yet, with continued conservation, there'll again be gunning for one and all.

But when I think back on the ducks I saw down here 10 years ago—countless hosts—I'm reminded of what Charley Russell, the cowboy artist, said to the lady tourist who asked him whether the old-time r s exaggerated when they described the size of the vanished buffalo herds. "Wellum," said Charley, "I didn't get up to this Montana country until after the buffaloes started thinning out. But I remember once I was night-herding when the fall drift got between me and camp and I sat by and watched 'em pass. Not having anything else to do, I started counting 'em. Including calves, I counted up to 3,009,625,294, and right then was when I got discouraged and quit. Because I happened to look over the ridge and here came the main drove."



Irvin S. Cobb

Becoming a Head Man. LET an unshorn dandruff fancier claim he's divine and, if nobody else agrees with his diagnosis, the police will jug him as a common nuisance and the jail warden will forcibly trim his whiskers for him or anyhow have them searched up if enough folks, who've tried all the old religions and are looking for a new one, decide he is the genuine article, then pretty soon we have a multitude testifying to the omnipotence of their idol.

Let another man think he is a reincarnation of Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, and if few or none feel the same way about it, he's headed for the insane asylum. But if a majority, which is a large body of persons entirely surrounded by delusions, agrees with him that he is what he says he is he becomes a dictator.

Grandma's Togs.

WE LAUGH at our grandmothers who believed that, for a lady to be properly dressed, she should have a little something on anyway.

Maybe those mid-Victorian ladies sort of overdid the thing—bodies that made them look like hoppers to the dromedary—but tight they hobbled like slaves from a chain gang, corsets laced until breathing was almost an art, boned collars so high seemed to be peeping over a fence. Still, wearing five or starched petticoats, the little old an was safe from Jack the Pimp unless he borrowed some steamer's pliers.

And later when, for a season, blessed simplicity ruled the styles, her figure expressed the queenly grace that comes from long, chaste lines. Probably the dears never figured it out. Just the natural cunning of their sex told them 'twas the flowing robes which gave majesty and dignity to kings on the throne and judges on the bench and prelates at the altar—and shapely women-folk.

Reading Dickens.

I'VE been reading Dickens again. This means again and again. I take "Pickwick Papers" once a year just as some folks take hay fever. Only I enjoy my attack.

Dickens may have done caricatures, but he had human models to go by. He drew grotesques, but his grotesques had less highly-colored duplicates in real life. And readers recognized them and treasured them as symbols of authentic types. The list is almost endless—Sam Weller, Sairy Gamp, Daniel Quilp, Uriah Heep, Mrs. Nickleby, Mr. Micawber, Mr. Pecksniff—oh, a dozen more.

What writer since Dickens has been able to perpetuate one-tenth so many characters? There is Tarkenton, and his Alice Adams; there was Mark Twain with his Huck Finn and Colonel Mulberry Sellers. There lately has been Sinclair Lewis with two picturesque creations, to wit: Babbitt—and Sinclair Lewis.

IRVIN S. COBB

# UNDER PRESSURE

By George Agnew Chamberlain

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WNU Service

## CHAPTER IX -10-

Helm Blackadder was already closeted with the ambassador who opened the interview by handing over a resume, written in his own hand, of the situation to date.

"There you are, Mr. Blackadder, and I don't mind saying Miss Sewell's escapade has managed to put the United States government, as represented by my unfortunate self, in a nasty hole. You asked us for assistance; I now return the compliment by calling upon you to help me out."

"How?" asked Blackadder. "That's the very question I was going to put to you," he said. "You have all the facts. What do you suggest?"

"Find me a car and a man who knows the way to La Barranca. Once I get in there I'll guarantee to bring the girl out."

"On what grounds do you intend to base your action?"

"She's a minor and authority has been delegated to me by her legal guardian," said Blackadder as though he were reciting a lesson.

"You're sure she's under age?" interpolated the ambassador anxiously.

"You probably know the laws of the state of New York better than I do. A girl becomes of age at eighteen for certain purposes and at twenty-one for others. I'm willing to risk an assumption."

"Good enough," said the ambassador with a nod. "I can't offer you an embassy car, but I'll have the town searched at once for a good one owned by somebody well acquainted with the roads and the location of the hacienda. When could you start?"

"At dawn tomorrow," said Blackadder. "I'd go tonight but I doubt I'd gain much time and it won't do me any harm to get some sleep."

"He named his hotel and left the passy at the exact moment Arnaldo, half across the city, was being shown into the private study of minister of war."

"Adan, my friend!" exclaimed Arnaldo, holding out both hands.

"Arnaldo dodged the embrace but grinned, showing a gleam of white teeth. "How much is it going to cost me?" he asked. "From the welcome I'll bet it runs into thousands."

"You've guessed it," said the minister, "but the wrong way round. Thousands for you."

"I can't believe it! Spread the map."

"I'll do it and I will. It's a matter of \$50,000. You might get her into signing for 30, 20, or 10, your tongue and looks you'll get her to do it for nothing. You manage it the balance of the day, and no questions asked."

"Adan turned his head in a peculiar gesture of alertness. "Who's the girl? What's her name?"

"She's a young American, Miss Joyce Sewell."

"Arnaldo threw out his hands and rose. "You're too late—too late by a lot of hours."

"Why? What do you know about it?"

"She went to La Barranca a couple of days ago. How long would it take Dorado to cook her goose? Figure it out for yourself."

"Dorado!" gasped the minister, stifling a laugh. "Apparently you haven't read this morning's papers." He thrust forward the same newspaper clipping he had shown the ambassador. "Cast your eye over that."

"Arnaldo read the single paragraph, his expression changing at almost every line. When he reached the end he burst into a roar of laughter. "Pepe, of all people! Pepe!"

"You think it's funny?" said the minister.

"Funny? It's so funny I'm going to have sore ribs for the rest of my life." He folded the clipping and put it in his wallet. "And Margarida Fonseca told me the girl had gone to plead with him—to throw herself on his mercy!"

"Margarida Fonseca!" cried the minister, suddenly going tense and leaning forward.

"Sure, and what of it?"

The minister sank back. "The plot gets thicker," he said. "and when I say plot I mean plot. But I begin to see the light and by it the finger of Onelia. The time has come for you to declare your-

self. Which are you for—him or me?"

"You," said Adan promptly. "Now tell me what it's all about."

After ten minutes' talk the minister picked up a signed slip of paper and read its contents aloud:

"As minister of war and with the consent of my government I guarantee the payment of an amount not to exceed \$50,000 in case the senorita Joyce Sewell, daughter and heir of Cutler Sewell, signs a quitclaim to the property known as La Barranca and leaves the republic of Mexico within two weeks of the date hereof." He passed it to Arnaldo and asked with pardonable pride, "You notice the simple wording? Whoever brings in the quitclaim together with this order gets the money."

"Provided the girl has left Mexico."

"Yes, yes; of course. We don't care to have the job of expelling her, but once she's across the border we'll undertake to see she doesn't come back. What about it, Adan? Doesn't it look like easy money?"

"On the face of it," said Arnaldo slowly, "it does—too easy. Where's the catch?"

"For a man like you and with your resources," said the minister, "there's no catch whatever. There can't be. What's your answer? Will you take it on or not?"

Adan stood staring at the paper in his hand without seeing it. "I'll go," he declared finally.

They shook hands and he started out but before he reached the door the telephone rang with such insistency he paused. A moment later the minister was holding up his hand, ordering him to wait. The conversation began with "Yes, Excellency," and ended with the same phrase. He relinquished the apparatus and sat back.

"Well, Adan, you have a rival. The ambassador is sending his own emissary, a compatriot with the strange name of Blackadder."

"Good," said Adan. "Blackadder—it sounds like a snake. Then that let's me out."

"On the contrary; it doubles the importance of your mission. My thinking of you was a stroke of genius, because the more gringos get mixed in this business the worse it is for us. Besides, I feel the ambassador's choice hasn't a chance of success."

"By the way," Arnaldo said suddenly, "what do I get out of it?"

"I told you!" gasped the minister. "Isn't fifty thousand enough?"

"That's for the girl," said Arnaldo coolly. "If I lick Onelia, save your neck, attend to Dorado and keep a couple of countries out of war it's going to cost you fifty thousand more. Is it agreed?"

"I suppose so," said the minister after a long pause. "Do you want me to put it in writing?"

"Why should you?" asked Arnaldo with a thin gleam of shining teeth. "Once I've heard it you and I know your word is as good as your bond—once I've heard it."

He departed.

Arnaldo knew when to rush to a job and when to take it easy. He

got away around seven in the morning, curled up in the back seat and disposed himself for slumber. Juanito, his daredevil driver, knew little of speed under 60 miles an hour, consequently Adan's nap ended violently a little after eight o'clock.

For a moment he thought it was an earthquake, then realized it was merely the difference between the road before and after Toluca. He climbed into the front seat and presently was dangling from the overhead struts as Joyce had done.

As they rounded a low butte the white blot of La Barranca burst into view, yet neither of them saw it. Instinctively Juanito slowed even before Adan could tap his wrist. Directly before them, possibly a little over halfway to the distant hacienda, a troop of horsemen was swirling in contracting circles around a slowly moving car.

"Back up," ordered Arnaldo, "and hide her. Stick her nose against the hill."

Juanito obeyed. A moment later they were climbing the mound which was crowned by a growth of three kinds of cacti, one of them a towering and many-branched sample of the giant torch variety. The horsemen, having brought the car to a halt, had gathered in a group ahead of it. Now a thick-set man stepped out of its tonneau and walked directly toward them.

Scarcely had he left the car than his driver raced it backward into a Y turn, reversed his gears and presently was shooting at top speed across the plain with his recent employer in a direct line between him and the bandits.

"For once a coward saves his master's life," murmured Arnaldo. "I don't get it," said Juanito.

"The man you see down yonder is a gringo named Blackadder. Dorado and his men would have filled him full of holes if his louse of a driver hadn't created a diversion."

"Dorado!" breathed Juanito in an awed whisper.

Blackadder was scarcely conscious of his driver's treachery, so absorbed was his attention by the gaping muzzles of two double-action forty-fives and the man who held them. Experience in many tough spots of the world, notably mining camps and the diamond fields of Lencoes, had taught him a gun at the level of the hip invariably means business. Besides, Dorado's pear-shaped face presented such a vivid incarnation of brutality as to arouse doubt as to whether the sixshooters might not in the long run turn out to be angels of mercy.

Instinctively Helm raised both hands and kept them high. Without appearing to move a muscle Dorado sent a searing bullet between the spread fingers of one of them.

"Put 'em down," he ordered in guttural English, then murmured instructions to two of his followers.

They dismounted, frisked Blackadder for arms, seized him by feet and wrists, swung him into the saddle of one of their horses and trussed his ankles beneath its barrel so tightly he winced at the pain. He started to protest in Spanish but caught his tongue in time. Both men mounted the remaining riderless horse and the cavalcade was off. Dorado rode at its head at a mile-eating hand gallop and the rest followed, closely bunched around the prisoner.

The barranca was narrowing steadily. Three abandoned drifts gaped in the walls of the chasm, two on the southern, one on the northern side, and along the stream for a distance of a hundred yards men could be seen busily sloshing wooden bateas for placer gold. With a muttered order Dorado dismounted and passed into the recesses of the largest of the cave-like openings. In a moment every rider had unsaddled and the freed horses were driven helter-skelter upstream into a cliff-locked corral.

The nearest man to Blackadder drew his sheath knife and slashed the taut thong connecting his ankles. Either by accident or on purpose the knife severed the girth and gashed the pony's hide as well. The horse leaped in air, hurling rider and saddle to the ground. There was a roar of laughter. Finding himself unable to rise Blackadder started to crawl on hands and knees to the brook, intending to bathe his lacerated and half-paralyzed legs in the cooling water.

At each splash of the icy water his

fury rose, restoring his courage and determination to more than their normal level. Leaning far over he extracted passport and wallet from his breast pocket and managed to thrust them under a flat stone. Presently Dorado called to him—not loudly, but the funnel of the drift acted like a megaphone.

"Come here, cabron."

Blackadder found he could barely walk. He approached, entered and at a gesture from Dorado sank on a truss of hay with his back against the wall. Instantly his long training as a miner set his senses alert. He deduced the fact that there must be a shaft, small or large, somewhere in the rear of the cave. Blackadder's nostrils informed him such was the case, not by reason of any odor but because of an indescribable thinness in the air. Dorado straddled a camp stool.

"You spik Castellano?" he asked. "No," lied Blackadder. "What is your name?"

"Henry Gilfalcon."

"Henrique, hein? You gringo—Americano?"

"No, I'm British," said Blackadder, but instantly regretted the falsehood, for at the sudden hardening of Dorado's luminous eyes he realized it had not gone over.

"I think perhaps you lie," said Dorado softly. "When I know you lie I send a finger to the American ambassador—one finger each week. How much money you got?"

"I did lie," said Blackadder, "and I'm sorry. I'm an American, but all my money—everything I had in the world—was in my dispatch case in that car."

"No money, eh? Perhaps pretty soon somebody want to buy you for 25,000 pesos. Better write letter while you have enough fingers. You write letter any time you like; I read it. You say send money to General Dorado, Mexico City."

"I see," said Blackadder, frowning thoughtfully.

Something was stirring in his brain—a seed, an acorn that developed in a flash to the size of a full-grown oak. Roughly it could be framed in a single question. Why not substitute La Barranca for the ransom of 25,000 pesos and thus kill four birds with one stone?

In spite of exhaustion he could not sleep, tortured by the aching of his swollen ankles, but toward dawn fell into a doze. It proved a misfortune, since by the time he was roused Dorado and his riders had already departed on their daily foray, but the guards remained. The day proved unlucky for Dorado as well. At nightfall, wadded along within a blue cloud of blasphemy, he was carried in on an improvised litter and laid on his cot; the bullet that had pierced his thigh had killed his horse.

CHAPTER X

Arnaldo had stayed crouched beside the trunk of the cactus much longer than ordinary caution required, thinking and thinking hard. A full hour elapsed before he led the way back to the car and ordered Juanito to proceed.

Juanito never missed a chance to make speed and as the trail frequently forked this way and that, dodging the mudholes of the recent rainy season, he was forced to come to some quick decisions. Such a choice now presented itself. The fork to the left was undoubtedly the main road but the wheel marks to the right seemed fresher. He chose the former, yielding instinctively to the pull of memory, for he had driven this way once before. Recollection told him there would be a short bridge, relic of more prosperous times. But there was no bridge; it had been carried away in the last floods. He jammed down both feet, reached for the emergency brake and brought the car to a halt on the very lip of an arroyo fully 12 feet deep and twice as wide.

"Numskull!" growled Arnaldo. "Jump, imbecil!"

Slowly the car was nosing down and but for the emergency brake would have glided forward and then rushed. Arnaldo on one side and Juanito on the other scrambled up the bank just in time to cross a steadily widening fissure. The push of their feet was the last straw; a great block of earth gave way with a dull rumble. The car made a nose dive, bounced and fell on its back, its four wheels in air.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"I See," Said Blackadder, Frowning Thoughtfully.

## CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

### DRAFTING

DRAFTING, first 3 lessons, \$1 per lesson, other lessons 50c each. Beginning or advanced students. Individual work. Minimum equipment cost. Extension Institute, 1018 16th Ave. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

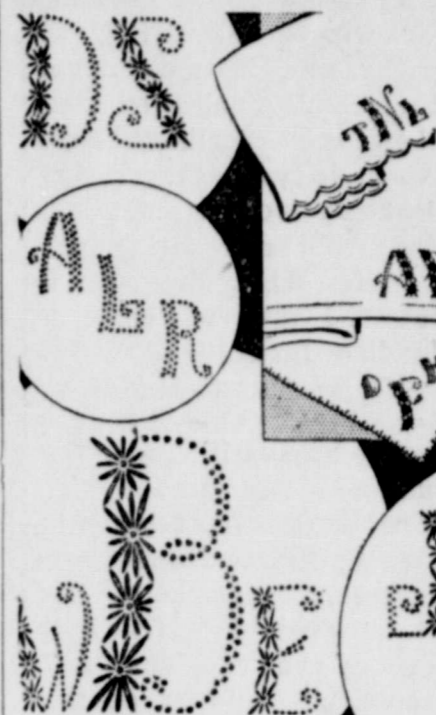
### MISCELLANEOUS

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#### Initials on Linens Stamp You as Chic

It's smart to "be personal" when marking linens, for towels, pillow slips, sheets and even personal "dainties" make known your ownership when embroidered with your very own initials. These are quickly worked in single stitch



and French knots, either in a combination of colors or the same color throughout. Pattern 1553 contains a transfer pattern of an alphabet 2 3/4 inches high, two 1 1/4 inches high and one 3/4 inch high; information for placing initials and monograms; illustrations of all stitches used.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

#### We Misjudge

Believe me, every man has his secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—Longfellow.

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Romance hasn't a chance when big ugly pores spoil skin-texture. Men love the soft smoothness of a fresh young complexion. Denton's Facial Magnesia does miracles for unsightly skin. Ugly pores disappear, skin becomes firm and smooth.

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EDITORIALS

A Mule Farmers's Soliloquy

Most of our readers have probably heard "A Mule Famer's Soliloquy." But it is so applicable to the problems of the times that it is presented again. Read it and laugh. . . and ponder!

Over the hill trailed a man behind a mule drawing a Dixie plow. The clodhopper was "broadcasting." Said the man to the mule:

Bill, you are a mule, the son of a jackass, and I am a man made in the image of God. Yet, here we work, hitched up together year in and year out. Often I wonder if you work for me or if I work for you. Verily, I think this is a partnership between a mule and a fool, for surely I work as hard as you, if not harder. Plowing or cultivating, we cover the same distance--but you do it on four legs and I on two. I therefore, mathematically speaking, do twice as much work per legs as you do.

"Soon we'll be preparing for a corn crop. When the crop is harvested, I give one-third to the landlord for being so kind as to let me use this small speck of God's universe. One-third goes to you the balance is mine. You consume all of your portion, with the exception of a few cobs, while I divide my one-third among seven children, a dozen hens, two ducks and a banker. If we both need shoes you get 'em. Bill, you're getting the best of me, and I ask of you, 'Is it for a mule the son of a jackass, to swindle a man, 'reation of the Lord, out of his substance'? And, come

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are authorized to announce the following Candidates for the office next above their names, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary, July 23, 1938.

All Announcements Strictly Cash

COKE COUNTY, TEXAS

For County & District Clerk,

WILLIS SMITH  
(re-election)

For County Treasurer,

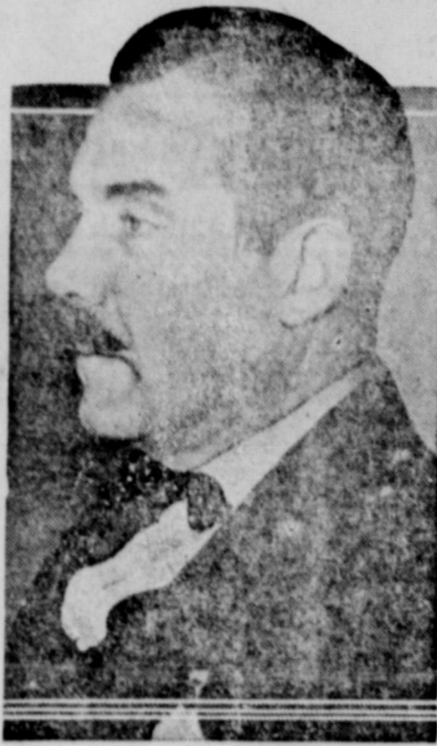
Mrs. B. M. GRAMLING  
MYRTLE L. HURLEY

to think of it, you merely help plow and cultivate the ground, while I alone must cut and shock and husk the corn while you look over the pasture fence and hee-haw at me.

"All fall and most of the winter the whole family, from Granny to Baby, work from morning to night to help raise money to pay taxes and buy you a new set of harness and pay the interest on the mortgage on you. And, by the way, what do you care about the mortgage? Not a damn! You onery cuss, I even have to have to do the worrying about the mortgage on your tough, ungrateful hide!

"About the only time I am your better is on election day,

'Everyman's Fair,' Says Whalen



NEW YORK, (Special).—Grover Whalen, President of the Fair Corporation, announces that official support and foreign participation in the New York World's Fair of 1939 are reaching new "highs", and that here is an already obvious opportunity for every state to display advantageously its accomplishments and future possibilities and to join in making it one hundred percent "Everyman's Fair."

for I can vote and you can't. And after election I realize that I was fully as great a jackass as your papa. Verily, I am prone to wonder if politics were made for men or jackasses--or to make jackasses out of men.

"And that ain't all, Bill. When you're dead, that's supposed to be the end of you. But me? The parson tells me that when I die I gotta go to hell forever. That is, Bill, if I don't do just as he says. And most of what he says keeps me from getting any kick out of life.

"Tell me, Willyum, considering these things, how can you keep a straight face and look so dumb and solemn?"

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We are now in our new location with H. D. Fish Grocery next door to Lander's Variety Shop.

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SEVEN ROAST,	lb.	15c
SEVEN STEAK,	lb.	16c
LOIN or T-BONE STEAK	lb.	20c
PORK SAUSAGE,	lb.	20c

Farley's Market

The Robert Lee Observer

Entered the postoffice at Robert Lee, Coke County, Texas, as second class mail matter, under an act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

FELIX W. PUETT and ROBERT L. HALL  
Editors and Publishers  
MRS. W. W. PUETT, Owner

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\$500  
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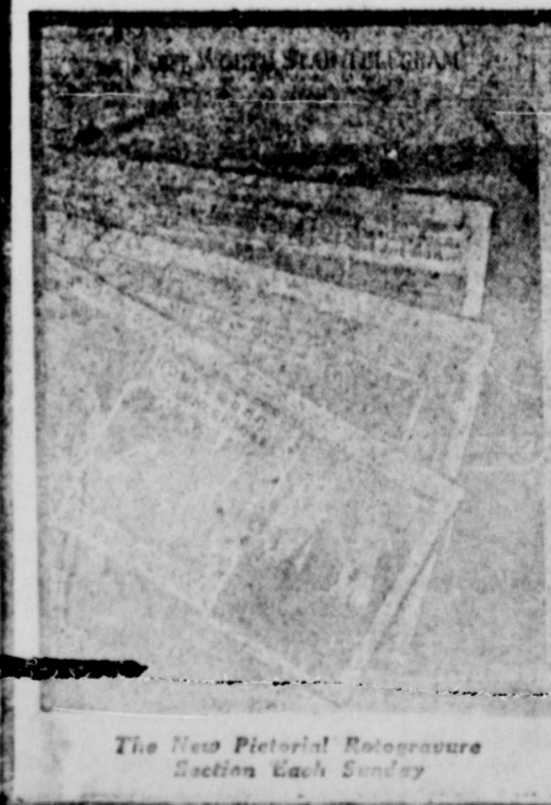
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### Newspapers and Drunken Driving Problem

"Newspapers mold public opinion faster than any other agency and should be enlisted in a campaign to end drunken driving," says W. A. Gabrielson, Honolulu police chief, in a paper read at the recent National Safety Congress.

It is reliably estimated that drunken driving has at least doubled since the repeal of prohibition. Today it is one of the principal causes of motor accidents. Surveys carried on in various states indicate that liquor is a factor in 10 to 20 percent of all accidents involving a fatality or a major injury. In the words of the Chief of the California State Highway Commission, the drunken driving evil continues to grow unabated. . . . "Intoxicating liquor is playing too great a part in the present mounting death toll. . . ."

The "alcohol-mixed-with-gasoline" problem must be attacked from a number of angles. In many communities police and prosecuting authorities are more or less indifferent to it, and are too prone to let the use of a little "juice" reduce a little drunken driver's charge. While proven methods for establishing whether or not a person is really intoxicated are known, they have not been widely adopted with the result that many men go to court without conviction. . . . First of all, perhaps a large part of the public tacitly condones drunken driving by rarely demanding rigorous and effective laws and methods to punish it.

Lawyers can perform a public service by emphasizing the evil, showing how all are potential victims of a drunken motorist, and by carrying on a campaign for better local law enforcement. A drunk at the wheel kills thousands of Americans each year--injuries to thousands must be avoided.





A  
Bright  
Merry  
Christmas

A  
Happy  
New  
Year!

Brightness and Cheer throughout the year! This Your Electric Servant wishes for you, uttering a wish that can come true! These are our gifts to your home and community. Well-lighted homes create a holiday spirit the year 'round; good light brings comfort and eyesight protection; and electric power supplies safe refrigeration, easy cooking and all the many services that are yours at the touch of a switch. Just as each Christmas finds West Texas—the Land of Opportunity—enjoying an advanced standard of living, so it finds Electric Servants contributing more to the happiness and comfort of the quarter-million people in the 161 communities served by this company. And every Christmas finds the unit cost of this service diminishing. To make 1938 a happier year, use more Electric Service at today's low rates.

## West Texas Utilities Company

### CITY CAFE

John Bilbo, owner

The place to eat, drink and be merry. Eat and drink and we'll be merry - the best noise we hear is the ring of the cash register. That makes it possible for us to give you real service. So's your old man.

Robert Lee, Texas

### LONG DISTANCE LEND ENCHANTMENT TO YOUR Holiday Greetings.

This is the time of year to renew your friendships . . . and to bring the family together again. Make your holiday plans by telephone.

But if you cannot all be together, telephone your greetings to the absent ones - the sound of your voice will bring joy to them.

Night Rates will be in effect from 7 A. M. Christmas Eve, 'til 4:30 Monday morning.

SAN ANGELO TELEPHONE COMPANY

### The Observer One Day Early This Week

The Observer made no attempt to print a Christmas special this week--just coming out a little early so as we can close Christmas Day.

### Will Rogers Picks A Story For This Spot

By WILL ROGERS

ONE school teacher was pretty hard-boiled with the kids. That's the reason why I think maybe this story ain't true. Teachers aint hard-boiled any more, are they?

But when George was late for school the third time, and he hadn't any excuse, the teacher sent him home.



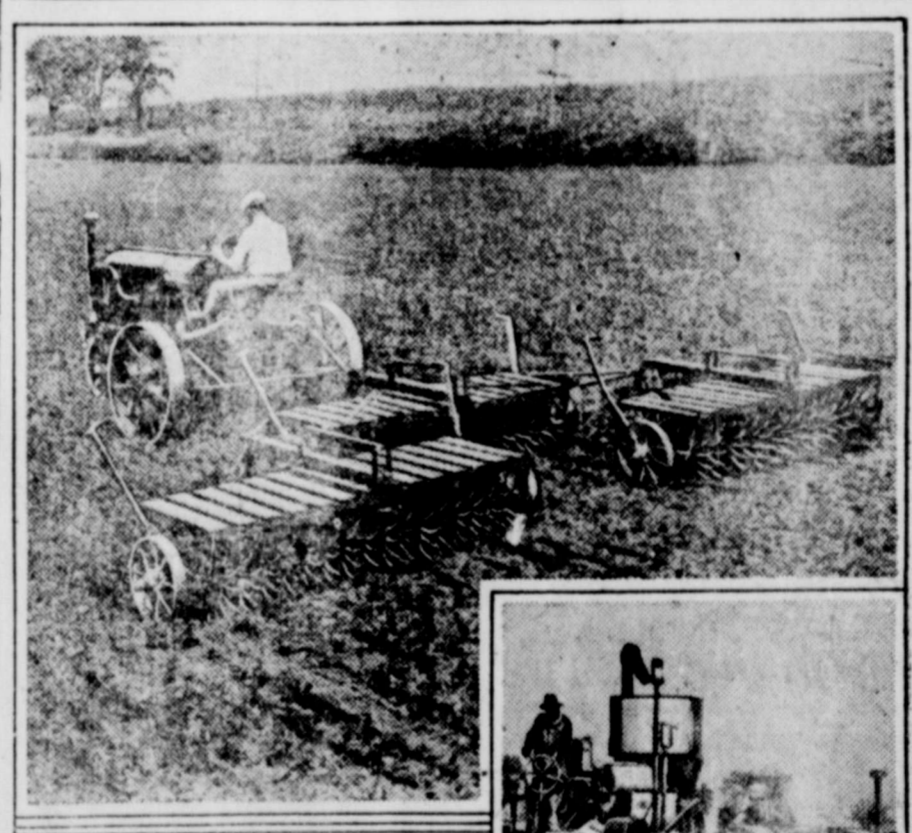
"Remember to tell your mother that you must have a written excuse. And don't forget to tell her that it mustn't happen again. She must give me the cause for you being late, and whatever the cause is, it mustn't happen again."

So George came back in a couple of hours with an excuse. It read:

"I have a new pair of twins. It won't happen again, and I hope you'll let George keep 'em going to school."

American News Features, Inc.

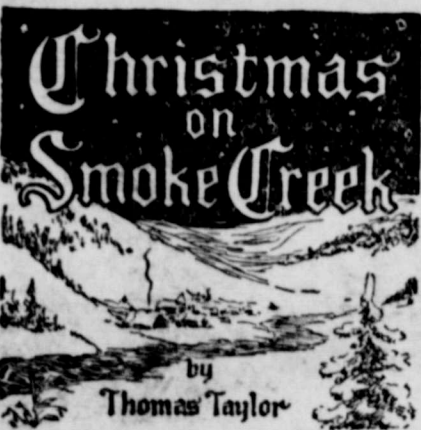
### He's An Industrial Worker!



YOU would naturally think of the man operating the tractor as a farmer. And he is a farmer, but he's also an increasingly important figure in the industrial world, not only as a consumer but as a producer. He's engaged in hosing up a field of soy beans which later, after passing through various factory processes, you'll be using in the form of paint and varnish, soap, linoleum and scores of other products. Consumers Information points out that 91 million pounds of soy bean oil, a comparatively new crop for American farmers, was produced in one recent year. Of this amount, 2 1/2 million pounds went into the soap kettles, 3 million into linoleum and 13 million into paint and varnish.

This brand new market for American farmers, who are now growing a large number of industrial as well as food products, has been developed, like many others, through the vast research programs undertaken by American industry, whose laboratories have sold millions to the national government and also thousands of jobs for industrial workers.

# WHEN SANTA COMES



THERE was not to be any Christmas tree at the little church at the head of Smoke Creek that year; and of the several families who lived there, not more than half were expecting Santa Claus. The dark days had left the dismal little valley or hollow even more gloomy than it had been in better years, when the mines across the ridge in the next hollow gave some employment to the heads of the families of Smoke Creek.

Jim Knox, who lived at the very head of the stream, was perhaps the most unhappy of all in the little "settlement." His wife and only child, a son of seven, had died, and his nearest neighbor was Joe Hathway, a bitter enemy with whom he had had many difficulties. So that lonely night of Christmas eve as Jim sat before the open wood fire, with the light of blazing hickory logs his only company, he was not without fear for his own safety—he knew Joe Hathway had threatened his life.

As he sat dreaming his eyes hap-

pened to rest upon his rifle standing in the corner of the log room. "That gun or Joe Hathway's will some day tell the tale," he said to himself. He meant that one day, like so many others down the lonesome stream, either he or Joe would go—and using a common mountain expression, "with his boots on." He did not care—life had come to mean but little for him.

While Jim was thus dreaming, Joe Hathway sat in another log cabin but a few yards down the stream. By chance Joe's attention was called to a book on a shelf. The school teacher had given it to his daughter who had died from the epidemic on the creek. The title appealed to him—"The Christmas Carol." He took the book and began to read. Page after page and chapter after chapter, he read on. It was the first book Joe had ever read. It filled him with new visions and new ways of thinking. He read on till midnight and had been so impressed that he decided to read a chapter from the Bible before going to bed. By mere accident the chapter was one on the birth at Bethlehem. Its teaching overpowered him—he had found the more abundant life.

On Christmas morning when Jim Knox went out to the spring for a pail of water he noticed something like a card tacked on Joe Hathway's door. He saw no smoke from the chimney. Taking in the water, cautiously he approached Joe's cabin door, and read the note which said:

"Dear Jim: You will find me gone. I was reading some last night

in 'The Christmas Carol' and in the Bible. I read that verse that told of peace and good will to man. Said to myself, 'My family is all gone—the last was Mary. She left the book to get me on the right track. There's nothing in this hol-



He Noticed Something Like a Card Tacked on Hathway's Door.

low for me any more. Maybe I can find work by New Year's over on Cedar Creek? You and I never could get along. So to make things better for us both hereafter I am leaving at daybreak. And Jim as I say 'Good-bye,' I also wish to say, 'Peace on earth good will to men.'"

And as another result of "The Christmas Carol" two mountaineers were better men, and though they had no Christmas cards or presents, and no holiday programs, the pines on the hillsides seemed a bit greener and the music of the streams seemed sweeter.

© Western Newspaper Union.



TOM MADSEN sat beside the fireplace and gazed moodily at the blazing logs, as the sparks spiraled upward. Outside flakes of snow beat against the window pane to the chime of the church bells ringing peace and good will to all the earth.

"Peace," Tom muttered. "Was there such a thing on earth? Not for him, anyway." He had staked everything on his boy. Been both father and mother to him—given him the advantage of the best schools, with a law partnership waiting for him in his own office; and what did he get? "Sorry to disappoint you, Dad, but I don't seem to be cut out for law. Sally and I want to find happiness in our own way. I mean to buy the old Wormley farm and Sally and I will

be married there, in our own home, Dad, on Christmas eve."

Young Tom had choked a bit as he saw the look on his father's face—"I'm sorry, Dad; I do appreciate all you've done for me, but the hand writes and moves on, and it's all settled. Be a good sport, Dad, and come to our wedding and give us your blessing." But he had turned on his boy. "Never!" he cried. "See my son married to a cheap dancer; a common"—Young Tom's face was white. "Stop, Dad,



"I'm Sorry, Dad; I Do Appreciate All You've Done for Me."

or I might have been your son's father"—and he had rushed out of the house.

That had been three long months ago. An eternity for him. He had

been too hasty; had been governed by his prejudices. One couldn't measure the present generation by the one of his day. Tom, Jr., was no fool; he should have trusted him to do the right thing; what right had he to interfere; to say how any life should be lived?

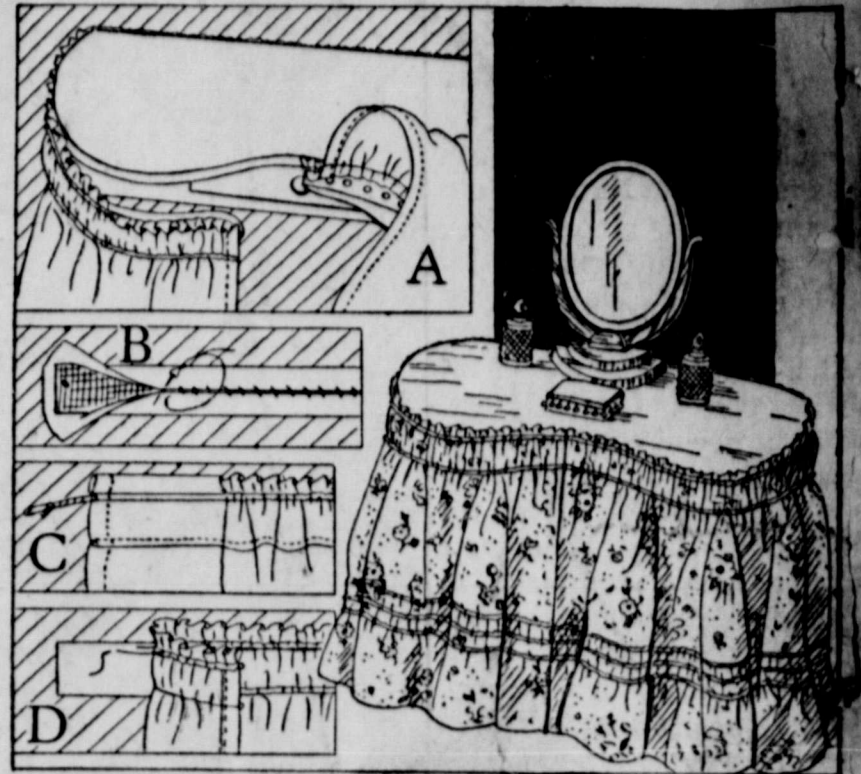
Suddenly he wanted to have a share in the joyfulness. He reached for his hat, but remembered it was too late for shopping, but there was his check book. What if Tom refused his tardy offering? The eager look died. There was a loud ringing of the door bell and the sound of rushing feet—the door was flung open. There was Tom, looking just like he used to when he came to him for comfort. "Dad, we just have to have you. Sally sent me to bring you. It's Christmas." Tom, Sr., held out his arms. "We won't disappoint Sally, son."

© Western Newspaper Union.

**Christmas of Old Described**  
The Illinois State Journal thus describes Christmas day 80 years ago in Springfield, Ill., in Lincoln's day, "Christmas was a delightful day, just mild and just cold enough for fun, and the juvenile portion of the town made the most of it. Such a popping of firecrackers and explosion of gunpowder at every turn and corner was a caution to timid ladies and scary horses."

# HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



A Dressing Table Skirt With Corded Shirrings

THIS dressing table skirt has a curved front and hinged arms on which to mount the skirt so that it can be opened to permit access to the drawer. To mount the skirt it must first be sewed to a band of covered buckram. Cut the buckram in a strip 2 1/2 inches wide. Cover it with a straight piece of material as shown here at B.

Make the heading at the top of the skirt just the depth of the thickness of the table edge so that it will cover the edge of the table when the arms are closed. Use 1/4-inch cable cord for the shirring. This is sewed to a safety pin and run through tucks stitched in the material as shown here at C.

The top of the ruffle is also shirred with cords. When the shirrings are all finished, sew the top of the skirt to the covered buckram strip as shown at D and then thumb tack it in place as at A.

Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' new book, SEWING. Forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions for making

slipcovers and dressing tables; restoring and upholstering chairs, couches; making curtains for every type of room and purpose. Making lampshades, rugs, ottomans and other useful articles for the home. Readers wishing a copy should send name and address, enclosing 25 cents, to Mrs. Spears, 210 South Desplines St., Chicago, Illinois.

## Ask Me Anything

A General

1. How many back teeth has a United States citizen?
2. What does "m sec" stand for?
3. How does a twelve-year-old dog correspond to age in a human being?
4. What is wind?
5. Who was the Greek philosopher who lived 2,600 years ago?
6. What is the name of a blank certificate?

## HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS



**Salt and Pepper Shaker.**—A large shaker containing six parts salt to one part pepper and kept on the stove will save steps when seasoning cooking foods.

**Watch Your Step.**—Painting the bottom step of the cellar stairs white makes it more conspicuous and often helps to prevent accidents.

**Preventing Rust in Oven.**—After using the oven, leave the oven door wide open, to allow it to cool down thoroughly. This allows all moisture to escape and prevents rust.

**Home-Made Flower Holder.**—If you cannot buy a flower-holding frog (the stand with holes pierced in it to steady flowers in a vase) to fit an oblong vase, a block of paraffin will serve the purpose very well. Holes may be made with a heated ice pick or some other round instrument.

**Lining a Coat.**—When lining a coat, put the coat on inside out. Have the lining all ready stitched up, and slip it over the coat. It will fall into position naturally. Pin it in place, and finish in the usual way.

1. Two names of Grover Cleveland's wives were married to the President.
2. Non sequitur.
3. A dog twelve years old as a man.
4. Air nastiness in motion.
5. Diogenes.
6. It checks the count, and the guarantee of paying.



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