

The Robert Lee Observer

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VOLUME 51

ROBERT LEE, COKE COUNTY TEXAS

FRIDAY, Jan. 17 1941

NUMBER 29

Meeting Of The Robert Lee State Bank Stockholders

Robert Lee State Bank had a meeting Tuesday all officers and directors were re-elected.

A good report for 1940 was made and \$3,400 was added to undivided profits.

\$175,000 deposit was quite an increase over 1939. Loans reduced showing a healthy condition.

The bank is in better condition than ever before.

A Pleasant Visitor

Wylie Byrd was in our office Thursday and set his subscription up. He is said to be the earliest settler present in the county settling here in '79 at the age of 9 years and has been here continuously. He was married to Miss Eva Nunn of Bronte 50 years ago.

Mr. Byrd has been in the cattle business all this time with the exception of six years he was in the sheep business when they hurried them on open range and wool sold for 4c to 6c per pound and mutton for \$1 a head.

Folks may talk of these good old times back in the early days but he says for his part he would take the present.

Keep your eyes open for announcements about the Lion's Club Donation Auction.

Save time and money by eating at Ratliff's.

Motorists pay 38 per cent of all tax revenue in the 48 states.

NOTICE

The Christadelphian will have all day services at Friendship schoolhouse Sunday, Jan. 19th. Time 10:30 a. m. and 2:00 p. m.

Read Cumble's special add in this issue.

Rev. and Mrs. G. T. Hester and Mrs. Freeman Clark attended the Central Zone meeting of the W.S.C.S. in Sonora Tuesday.

Coke County Singing Convention

The Coke County Singing Convention will meet at the Robert Lee Methodist church next Sunday afternoon at one o'clock for a half day of good gospel singing. Every community is invited to attend this singing and bring along a quartet, duet, trio or solo. We have brand new 1941 Stamps convention books and you will hear plenty of new songs. Sam L. Williams, president.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hallmark went to San Angelo to visit with their niece, Mrs. DeShazo.

Mrs. J. W. Turney, who has been here for the past two weeks recuperating from the effects of a broken hip, left Saturday afternoon for Abilene to spend the winter.

Audrey Wayne Cason and his father went to Abilene Tuesday where Wayne expects to enlist in the Navy.

New Use for Husbands

Many peculiarities are found among animals, reptiles, and insects, although few are witnessed except by persons interested in nature study. When spiders bite each other's legs off new legs grow back. The black widow spider eats her mate and makes herself a widow. A snake recently ate another one, but the victim didn't die, as was witnessed by a group of Texans, according to the Fredericksburg Standard.

Emil Petsch, Pete Weber and Harold Puhl came upon a coach whip and another snake fighting viciously. One snake measured five feet in length and the other about three feet. The large snake finally started swallowing the other. The smaller snake was eaten head first, but when two-thirds of it had been consumed, the men used rocks to kill the larger snake. They thought they had also killed the smaller one, but were amazed when the three-tooter crawled all the way into the large snake, turned around and emerged head first, unharmed.



Gov. W. Lee O'Daniel to begin his second term under what looks like adverse circumstances, the world conditions under going changes that none have ever seen before. His first term was spoiled by political and business issue subject to much debate. The wheel of fortune in spinning and no one knows where she will stop. We have elected men to represent our governmental affairs, may they rule wisely.

When you think of coffee think of Ratliff. He keeps the quality up.

Observer Readers

Among those renewing their subscriptions to the Observer for the past week were:

C. S. Brown, B. W. Bilbo, J. B. Robertson, H. G. Smith, D. L. Vestal, Charlie Thompson.

A dog in Liberty County, Texas, has an unusual family. In addition to her several puppies, she is suckling a small raccoon. The young coon gets as much attention from the dog as does her puppies, according to the state game warden.

Dr. Griffith has sold his farm north of town to W. A. Allison of Silver. Mr. Allison is already improving place.

Only 68 cents out of the average dollar spent for gasoline actually goes for gasoline, the remainder being taxes.

Buffalo meat will be served at the inauguration of the Governor in Austin.

The highways are strewn with remains of rabbits, squirrels and our feathered friends, all killed by automobiles. With no inconvenience, this destruction of wild life can be avoided. Honk your horn and drive slowly. The killing of wildlife has reached alarming proportions.

Pay your water bill by 10th of each month or have your service discontinued. City Commission.

NOTICE

Beginning Dec. 1st I will buy furs and dead wool at the Robert Lee Gin Co. Fred McDonald Jr. adv.

Rainfall For 1940

Our telephone manager Marvin Barns handed in this report.

January	.43
February	2.01
March	.70
April	1.80
May	1.72
June	5.47
July	.16
August	3.57
September	.65
October	1.33
November	2.57
December	.66
Total	21.07

Mrs. Wojtek Improving

Mrs. Victor Wojtek who has been in the Shannon Hospital for several days was operated on Monday and at this time is doing nicely.

NOTICE

I will be in Robert Lee Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17 and 18, at the City Drug Store for arrangements of Dr. Turney's accounts.

Mrs. F. K. Turney.

Appointed

W. D. Holcombe of San Angelo, Dan Campbell, and C. L. Green, Winters, were named for 6-year terms to expire January 1947 on the U. C. R. A. Board.

FOR SALE

Maize and Corn.

Mrs. J. B. B. Overall

W. S. C. S

Sixteen members of the society met in the home of Mrs. Freeman Clark Jan 14 for the regular program meeting. The general subject was Investing Our Heritage. Mrs. Gardner led the program assisted by Mmes. Jim Clift, Chism Brown, W. H. Bell, Fred Green, J. S. Craddock, Freeman Clark.

Mrs. Lee Roberts and Mr. and Mrs. W. P. McDorman and daughter, Ruth, made a business trip to Brownwood Monday.

Dr. J. K. Griffith has bought what is known as the old Craddock place at Sanco from the McDorman heirs. The tract contains 207 acres.

J. B. Robertson traded a load of wood for his first year's subscription to the local paper, The Rustler, in 1901. He adds another year this week.

A cow hand on the Oscar Brown ranch was badly injured Monday when he left the horse to avoid a wire fence. He fell on both hands, breaking them just above the wrist. He was rushed to a hospital.

Ten billion dollars in state gasoline taxes and registration fees were paid by motorists of the United States in the decade ended with 1940, more than double what they paid in the previous decade.

ALAMO THEATRE

"THE BEST IN SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT"

ROBERT LEE TEXAS

Friday and Saturday Jan. 17 -18

Chester Morris - Jane Wyatt - Charles Bickford IN

"GIRLS FROM GODS COUNTRY"

Also Three Stooges Comedy

Sunday 2 P. M. Matinee and Monday Jan. 19 -20

Ann Miller - Lucille Ball - Richards Carlson, IN

"TOO MANY GIRLS"

Also Comedy and News

Wednesday only Money Nite Jan. 22.

William Holden - Bonita Granville IN

"THOSE WERE THE DAYS"

Also Cartoon

TEXAS THEATRE BRONTE, TEXAS

Friday and Saturday Jan. 17-18

Clark Gable - Claudette Colbert - Spencer Tracy IN

"BOOM TOWN"

Comedy and News

Tuesday Only Money Nite Jan. 21

"DREAMING OUT LOUD"

With Frances Langford - Chester Morris

Also Disney Cartoon

PLANT FOR BEAUTY AND BOUNTY

Take advantage of good season in ground

Fruit Trees . . . Everybody needs them.

PEACHES, PLUMS, BERRIES, ETC.

Ornamentals . . . Provide a wealth of beauty

ROSES FLOWERING SHRUBS
EVERGREENS SHADE TREES

Now is the time to plant.

Write For FREE CATALOGUE of information and descriptions, gathered from sixty - six years experience.

RAMSEY'S AUSTIN NURSERY

Established 1875

AUSTIN, TEXAS

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

By Edward C. Wayne

President Calls for Armaments Drive With Increased Aid for Democracies; Irish Investigate Bombings of Dublin; New Congress Tackles Vital Problems

(EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper.)
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

CONGRESS:

State of the Nation

Calling upon all U. S. citizens to "make the sacrifices that the emergency—as serious as war itself—demands," President Roosevelt in his personally delivered message to the new Seventy-seventh congress pledged full defense and help for those "... people who are keeping war away from our hemisphere."

He pointed out that he believed the United States to be facing an unprecedented foreign peril and he asked for a "swift and driving increase" in armament production. Both the United States and the "democracies" would reap the benefits of such increased production, according to the President.

"I also ask this congress," said the President, "for authority and for funds sufficient to manufacture additional munitions and war supplies of many kinds, to be turned over to those nations which are now in actual war with aggressor nations." While he did not actually list the nations to which such aid would go it is generally believed that he meant Britain, China and Greece.

President Roosevelt then proceeded to make clear that he did not consider such aid an "act of war even if a dictator should unilaterally



Here is retiring Vice President John N. Garner, as he rapped his gavel calling to order the 77th congress. He will wield the gavel until the new Vice President, Henry Wallace, becomes the senate's presiding officer after his inauguration, January 20.

proclaim it so to be." He stated further that "When the dictators are ready to make war upon us they will not wait for an act of war on our part. They did not wait for Norway or Belgium or the Netherlands to commit an act of war."

He also said that the American people would never "acquiesce in a peace dictated by aggressors and sponsored by appeasers."

NEW BROOM:

Gets Sweeping Material

The "old broom," namely the Seventy-sixth congress of the United States, 366 days old, having closed down, its successor found itself with a lot of "sweeping" to be done, and the evidence was plain that it was scheduled to be a stormy and epochal session.

Swearing in of new and re-elected congressmen accomplished, the senate and house hoppers, emptied of all unfinished business, rapidly began filling with the new, and it was plain that the bills would come under three general classes.

There would be bills aimed to test the strength of President Roosevelt's administration, most of them in the form of curbs upon his powers; there would be administration-inspired bills seeking wider aid to Britain and broader powers to rush forward the lagging American national defense; there would be something done about labor, unemployment and relief, what one might call the social relations field.

Rapidly, as the session rushed into its full stride, various figures of importance raised their voices in one or another of these outstanding issues, some expectedly, others to the considerable surprise of their constituents and the general public.

Back of it all the various polls, especially the Gallup Poll, which Ickes sought to stifle, kept sounding public opinion on moot questions. Eighty per cent of Americans wanted national defense industry speeded up; 54 per cent wanted all aid to England, even if it put the country into war; and so on.

IRELAND:

On War's Brink

Aerial war reports were featured by a small but continued bombing of neutral Ireland, and George Bernard Shaw rushed an interview over the cables saying that either Britain or Hitler would get Ireland into the war somehow before long.

Hitler, said Shaw, wants Ireland in on the Axis side, to give him a possible landing site for aerial invaders. England wants Ireland actively in on the British side to give her good naval bases and a better defense against submarine activities in the eastern Atlantic.

Investigation of the bombs that dropped at first seemed to indicate that the Germans were attempting to line the Irish coast with magnetic mines and that some of them had inadvertently landed inshore.

This, however, was not borne out, for later bombs were not of the marine type, and then came a full daylight raider, with no excuse for missing, and popped one or two right into the streets of Dublin.

Examination of the bombs showed them to be of German manufacture. The Axis, both Rome and Berlin, immediately leaped into print claiming that the bombs had been taken from downed planes by the British, who had been calmly bombing her neighbor, trying to get the Irish mad enough to declare war on Germany.

GREEKS:

Still on Move

Despite the rumbling thunder of Germans about to swoop through Bulgaria toward Salonika, the Greek armies, facing worst blizzards in Albanian history, continued to move forward, but more slowly in the face of stiffening Fascist resistance.

Chief gains were made on the southwestern front, but gains were reported in all sectors. Interesting were the dispatches telling of how Italians were taking to skis with disastrous results, and how Italian mechanized forces were bogging down.

Picture editors in this country continued to get dozens of photos of Italians surrendering, one of the captions even saying that when a cameraman happened not to be present at one "surrender scene," the Fascist troops obligingly posed for the picture when one finally showed up.

"Tirana by Christmas" did not materialize, and the Italian stiffer resistance did—but there was continued evidence that if the Greeks were to be beaten back and Italy kept in the war, German planes and German troops would have it to do.

Hitler's statement, made when he was "mad" with Italy before her entrance into the war on the eve of the fall of France, that it would take 10 to 15 divisions to keep Italy going if she did come in, seemed to have been conservative.

Estimates of German troops already available for an invasion of Greece through the Bulgarian door had risen to half a million, or four times the maximum of Hitler's estimate.

'Listening Post'



NEW YORK.—John G. Paine (standing), general manager of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, is shown with Dave Stamper, well-known composer, at one of the machines used to record all radio broadcasts so that any infringement of ASCAP copyrights may be detected. In the midst of a bitter fight with radio broadcasters over royalty payments ASCAP officials are taking no chances on missing tunes on the air.

Quiet, Please!



WASHINGTON, D. C.—Counterpart of the "Don't tell war secrets" placards so widely used in England is this new poster which has made its appearance throughout the United States war department. The war department poster uses cartoons to bring home its "Button up your lip" message.

SOLDIERS:

Spoil for Fight

The old saying "spoiling for a fight" was borne out in the fall of Bardia, Libyan port, besieged for several days by the British forces in northern Africa.

The British blitz mowed down Italians and rushed them back from the Egyptian border into their own territory, almost to Tobruk, with the result that an estimated 20,000 Italians were surrounded and cut off at Bardia.

General Wavell, wishing to conserve lives of his soldiers, decided to put on a siege, to "take things easy" and bomb and shell the Fascists into surrender.

But his command included fresh, vigorous Australian troops (much like Americans in makeup, physique and morale), and they howled for a chance to charge in.

Finally Wavell surrendered to desire of his own men for attack, and "let 'em go." They smashed through the Italian defenses, captured 5,000 prisoners the first day, and within three days had captured the town.

Capable authorities estimate now that Graziani's forces have been cut about one-third, and that British probably outnumber their enemy now on the Egyptian front.

HOPKINS:

Hops to Europe

Announcement that President Roosevelt was sending Harry Hopkins at once to Britain as his "personal representative," caused considerable speculation as to the reason for delay in naming an ambassador to fill the shoes of the recalcitrant Kennedy.

Washington observers were inclined to the view that Hopkins' hop to London meant that a "career man" would finally be sent, probably one at a considerable distance, who could not leave right away.

Eyes turned to Norman Armour at Buenos Aires as a possibility. He is a career man—he is far away—it would take him time to get ready to go.

That seemed all the basis for the report, as the White House was silent. The former commerce secretary, however, was a fact, not a rumor.

LAG:

Leads the News

Usually it takes something more than a lag to make a headline. But the continually lagging national defense program continued to lead the news pages.

Mark Watson wrote that an aluminum shortage was menacing plane production right at a vital stage. And this story came out just after the public had been informed that there was plenty of this important material.

Watson said his information was being flatly denied by defense commission men, yet revealed that production men were finding the shortages of aluminum alloy castings, forgings and "extrusions" (shapes which are pressed cold) were giving them more headaches than any one thing.

There are two bottlenecks, says Watson,—one of them the fact that several new aluminum plants will not be in full production until mid-1942, and one of the main ones not until June, 1941; and the other bottleneck is the dependence of the country mainly on Guiana and Brazil for supplies of bauxite, the raw material from which huge electric plants make aluminum ingots.

Washington Digest

Secretary of Agriculture Is Experienced Farmer



Progressive Farming Methods Won Him Medals; War Causes 'Class Feeling' to Decline in England.

By BAUKHAGE

National Farm and Home Hour Commentator.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)
WASHINGTON. — Rough-hewn seems to be the word I'm after.

I sat in the office of the secretary of agriculture, a big empty-looking room, and thought of a new axe biting into a log. Chips were flying. Then, there was the cut, clean and fresh. Then another. And another. Not smooth, machine edge, such as a new saw makes with the regular lines the teeth leave across the surface. But a good straight job, the mark of each blow, surely placed, across the grain, clear through.

That's what I was thinking about as I talked with Claude Wickard, the big round-faced, homely fellow, a little awkward behind the mahogany desk but not awkward, I felt sure, standing up in a farm wagon, reins in his hands, confident and solid, his feet apart as the wheels bumped over the field.

Not so much at home but sure of what he was after behind the desk, the way he was that night when he called the meeting in the little Indiana schoolhouse, a kerosene lamp that hadn't been cleaned for a long time sputtering beside him, 14 or 20 farmers sitting in front of him as he organized the first Farm Bureau meeting in his community—the first one he ever attended, too.

COMES TO WASHINGTON

That scene, as he described it, stuck in my mind because it seemed to be the turning point in his career, or perhaps the first milestone on the road that at last took him reluctantly away from the acres that had been in the Wickard family since the 1840s and brought him



CLAUDE WICKARD
Rough-hewn is the word.

down to Washington—into the government where he has been trying to put into practice the ideas he thought would be good for other farmers and other acres from Maine to California.

Claude Wickard first came to the capital in 1933 to become assistant and later chief of the corn-hog section of the Triple-A. He was made secretary of the department of agriculture last August when Secretary Wallace resigned to run for vice president. But his heart is still back in Carrol county, Indiana, where his 71-year-old father and two men are running his farm.

Corn and hogs were on Secretary Wickard's mind when I talked to him the other day, and it was corn and hogs that brought him to Washington in the beginning by way of Des Moines, Iowa, but it really goes back further than that. The schoolhouse meeting, I spoke of, was the milestone, but the day he told his father he was going to college was really the beginning. In those days—and it isn't so long ago because Wickard is only 47—a lot of farmers thought that all a boy would get in college was a lot of darn-fool ideas. Only one of the Wickard's neighbors had been to college, but Purdue university was only 30 miles away and the idea percolated. Young Claude went and when he was graduated (agricultural course, of course) in 1915 he was ready to take over the farm. Twelve years later the Prairie Farmer named him as a Master Farmer of Indiana. That was the only thing he boasted about in the half-hour conversation I had with him.

WINS STATE MEDALS

Soil building brought him state medals later for success in increasing crop-yields and hog production. It also got him a request from the State Farm Bureau organization to get busy and organize a unit in his community. There wasn't any farm organization in his county then. He was supposed to go to the county seat and learn how to do it but he was too busy with his chores to get away so he just called a meeting in the schoolhouse and told his neighbors what he thought ought to be done.

"I guess I sort of overstated what we could do," he said to me as he repeated the anecdote, "some of the fellows asked me afterward where all the reforms I talked about went to." He smiled that wide smile of his. Some of these ideas worked out. And the Master Farmer, in 1932, was chosen by the three rural counties that were his district to go to the state senate. The next year he was chosen Indiana delegate to the National Corn Hog conference at Des Moines. All this time the farm was his chief preoccupation, was then as it still is, his only source of income besides his salary, OFFERED POSITION

The conference had hardly started when A. G. Black, whose room was on the same floor of the hotel as Wickard's, buttonholed him. Black was then head of the Corn Hog section of the Triple A. He wanted an assistant and he wanted Wickard for the job and wanted him right away.

It seemed a pretty important offer, but it also seemed impossible. You can't lock up a farm like a city flat and walk off with the key in your pocket. But Black was persistent and after a mental and physical struggle, the Master Farmer mastered the situation, and with many a backward look set off for Washington.

He managed to keep in pretty close touch with Carrol County while he was Corn Hog boss, but now it's harder because a secretary of agriculture is kept very busy.

And right now Secretary Wickard wants to see more hogs—all over the country—than there are. He's worried about the pig crop report we've heard so much about lately and the last word he had to say to me, while a secretary was pulling his sleeve for his next appointment, was on this subject:

"People don't understand what I'm after," he said as I rose to go, "when I say the farmers ought to hold back some of their breed sows and gilts now because pork is going to be higher later on. I had quite a time with three cabinet ladies. (He chuckled.) They thought all I was worrying about was the price of pork chops. What we want to do is to try to take the peaks and valleys out of farm prices and if the farmers save some of their hogs for breeding now, they'll get more money for them later and it will tend to keep the price level stabilized."

That's Wickard all over—the practical farmer who has learned to think.

ENGLISH FARMERS WORK UNDER FIRE

"I farm in Wiltshire myself," said Anthony Hurd, a British farmer, telling about conditions in England while the bombs were dropping. "500 acres, and we average 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. In the 14 years I've been farming there has never been an easier harvest."

Farming has been revolutionized in England. In the first place, like it or not, class feeling separated England into groups. The farmers (not the "gentry" were a proud folk, but still not of the "upper classes") have taken a new role in English life. They were given a big job, the outworking of that job is going to help kill the class system. Listen to my Wiltshire friend again:

"We were asked particularly to get another 2,000,000 acres under the plow in the United Kingdom and convert that amount of permanent grassland into crops of wheat, oats, barley, potatoes and so on, which yield much more food per acre. That has been done. We have produced a big extra tonnage of cereals, particularly oats and barley—possibly as much as 1,000,000 tons extra—more potatoes than usual, and more roots and fodder crops for dairy cows and other live stock."



Hawk in the Wind

BY HELEN TOPPING MILLER

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

Marian slid along meekly. "I'm a lot of trouble," she said in a voice which would have amazed her mother, so humble was it.

"No trouble," Wills whipped the steering-wheel about. "This is a bad place to turn. Flag for me, Joe," he shouted.

"O. K. Cut deep," Joe semaphored his arms.

The car came about. Wills got out again to look at the tire.

"Standing up all right," he announced. "You'll make it." Marian's throat cramped. But she fought its quivering, got the words out.

"Would you drive it down for me? The tire might go down again and I'm not much good at the pump."

"Of course," he resumed the wheel again, while Joe followed with the truck. "You shouldn't be driving on lonely mountain roads alone, you know," he said, as they bumped over a wooden bridge.

"No one would hurt me," she declared. "Everybody for miles around knows me—knows mother. And mother hasn't any enemies."

"She has one, obviously," Wills said. "The fellow who kindled a fire in the oil house at the mill yesterday wasn't celebrating the Fourth of July. He was getting even."

Marian looked thoughtful. "Perhaps that wasn't mother's enemy." "That might be true," he drove the little car carefully around a slippery hair-pin turn. "But even without enemies there are dangers. This morning, for instance, suppose you had had to walk back to the highway? Suppose the truck had not been on the ridge?"

"I knew the truck was on the ridge," Marian was truthful. "That's why I came. Does this catechism and fatherly admonition have to go on indefinitely? We could talk about other things. I'm fairly intelligent. I know all the tenses and that you shouldn't say 'ain't'." "I'd better take another look at that tire," Wills stopped on a wide bit of road, waved the truck past. It roared down grade, flinging mud cheerfully.

Marian sat, looking straight ahead, her cameo profile a trifle grim, her chin squared.

"There's nothing the matter with the tire," she said. "I wanted to talk to you."

He looked at her quickly, searchingly. She was so near—and so dear! Even with her chin set at a resolute angle, even with her eyes cool and distant and her lashes evasive. He made an impulsive move, then drew back as her aloof manner did not change.

"I'm listening," he said quietly. She twisted her fingers together, but kept her eyes straight ahead—on the thickets where the jays quarreled and the frozen slopes where icicles made a diamond passermerie on every rock and twig.

"I don't like fighting," she began with a little difficulty. "We seem to clash. And it's rather silly, don't you think?"

"Very silly. Especially when—" "Especially when we could arrange things sensibly. I—this isn't easy for me to say. But—I thought if I talked to you—alone—if I appealed to you—"

He stiffened a little. Only the day before Lucy Fields had used those same words. "I've appealed to you!" For a moment eagerness, tenderness had rushed through his blood like flame. He had looked at Marian and seen only her young sweetness, the golden curve of her throat where kisses were born to lie, the yielding curve of her lips. But now the pride in him, that verged so close to a high, fine fury, the terrible, blind, masculine pride, that through a thousand centuries has gone flaunting banners and waving swords and trampling small tender things underfoot, had him again.

He could not see the pulse that quivered where a gold shadow lay upon her throat, he did not see the uncertainty of her fingers and her eyelids quivering. He saw only her profile, set against him, the chin that was like David Morgan's. He was blind and savage with hurt and frozen with disappointment. He was a very stupid young man.

He drew back and swung the car

wide on a curve, not looking at her.

"I think I know what you're going to say. I've heard it all, already. I only have one answer. I'm not leaving town. I'm not leaving the mill. I'm not going to be driven out—nor wheeled out. I'm in this to stay. So—it's too bad you went to so much trouble to let the air out of that tire!"

She turned, as though she had been struck, but he did not see. Her face was as white and stiff as his own. Her voice snicked like steel on ice.

"You're a very famous egotist, aren't you?" she said, brutally. "You couldn't possibly think beyond yourself for a moment. It wouldn't occur to you that I might not want to talk about the mill. That I might be thinking—of myself a little. I won't say it now. I won't let you gloat over the kind of a fool that I was. I see—how hopeless it is!" She choked a little, then recovered her control, gave a savage drag at the brake, turned the key.

Wills said, "Marian! Good God!" But she was not listening. Her eyes were black and blazing. She reached across his knees as the car lurched to a stop, and opened the door.

"Get out, will you?" she said hoarsely. "I can't stand any more." He said "Marian!" again, in a husky, stricken voice, but she was like a woman on fire.

"Get out! I hate you! Get out!" She snatched at the wheel, whirled away with frosty mud flying, almost before he was on the ground. Down the winding road she swung past the truck, grazing a hemlock tree, careening on two wheels.

"You'd better wait for him," she shouted at the startled Joe. "He isn't riding with me."

Down the mountain she tore blindly, shame and a white, torturing pain burning her. Once she laughed and the laugh was bitter.

So—he was in love with her, was he? She was a song sung to a gypsy tambourine.

Cheap—cheap—to have surrendered even a little! She hated him! She hated him!

As for Branford Wills, he sat morosely in the jolting truck and hated himself for a blundering fool.

Now—with his crass stupidity he had ruined what life with its ruthless distinctions had not made intolerable before.

At the mill gate the truck halted. "Something's busted again," announced Joe grimly.

Somehow, the spur track had been undermined. A car, heavily loaded with pulp, had gone off the rails, swung sidewise, and turned over, tearing up a hundred yards of track.

"This here," declared Joe, "is gittin' so it ain't even funny!"

CHAPTER XII

Virgie took a letter that Lucy handed her, unfolded the single sheet of cheap gray paper, read it through twice. The envelope was marked "Personal." The handwriting was angular and labored, the script of one who expresses himself in writing only at rare intervals.

"Did you take a look at this?" she asked.

"No, Mrs. Morgan. It was marked personal—I opened the envelope but I didn't look at the letter."

"It's from Wallace Withers. He wants to come to my house tonight to talk business, so he says."

Lucy brightened. "Then he has decided to sell that Bennett spruce. He'll try to get three prices out of you, Mrs. Morgan."

"He's sure to try something. I've known Wallace all my life—the old scorpion. The last time he came to see me he tried to talk me into marrying him because he said I didn't know enough to run this mill."

"But—you couldn't! Why, Mrs. Morgan, his poor first wife never did come to town. I don't suppose she ever had more than one decent dress in her whole married life."

"I didn't marry him, did I? I may be getting soft in a few spots, but not in that one. Lucy, you listen. I want you to come out to that conference. If Withers has any idea of selling that spruce I want a record of it. He'll try to work some kind of racket. You can make

notes of everything. He says he wants to talk business—well, when I talk business my secretary is present. I'll have Marian there, too. I'd like to have young Wills—where is he?"

"He went up in the woods with the truck."

"Well, I'm glad somebody went besides me. Marian thinks I look like an old fool trailing around in the mud, climbing over timber and wading creeks, a fat old woman like me. Anyway, it's a poor executive who can't get somebody to do the dirty work."

"You're not a poor executive, Mrs. Morgan. Nobody else could have pulled the mill through—"

"I know. You've told me. I reckon I'd better not have Wills out. You can handle anything that needs to be done. I'll send the car after you."

Wills would probably refuse to come to the house, anyway, because of Marian. Marian's attitude was still an enigma to her mother. Marian had always been a bright gift that Virgie was grateful for, but a gift that left her bewildered and a little uncertain and abashed. She found herself constantly contriving to please Marian or to avoid her displeasure, and this was all wrong, of course. Nonsense, being bossed around by ninety-odd pounds of black-eyed girl, but that was the foolishness of mothers. And moth-



She snatched at the wheel, whirled away with frosty mud flying.

ers loved it. They put up a spirited fight against the dainty tyranny, the disturbing sense of inferiority, the whims and humors forced upon them by their young.

When they did fight they came off bad seconds, usually, and were pitifully patient about that.

Lucy, on the other side of the desk, was swallowing nervously and the red was coming up into her cheeks and throat.

"Mrs. Morgan," she began, in a little rush. "If you think it would be wise, Mr. Daniels might come to the conference tonight?"

"What for?" Virgie asked, bluntly. "Wallace Withers is an old scoundrel, I know that—but I don't need a chemist to find out how acid he is."

"You spoke about Mr. Wills—" Lucy bridled slightly.

"Wills has got that spruce to cut, if I buy it. But I may not buy it. I'd like to let old Withers talk himself blue in the gills and then just blandly tell him we don't need his timber—the worst about that is, we do need it."

"We can run another month on what we have in," Lucy was ready with her little book, "and then we could begin thinning on the Bobcat Run stuff."

"I don't want to cut on Bobcat. Not for another year if I can help it. Call up Bryson, Lucy, and ask him if he has any of that cider left that hasn't got too darned explosive. There might be a way to limber up old Withers. Most every man has a loose joint somewhere."

"I don't believe Mr. Withers has any. He's made like one of these dry land turtles—all shell and claws and mouth and no soft spot."

"You're real bright at times, Lucy," Virgie applauded. "Just don't forget to be bright—that's all. It's that fifteen-minute interval when a woman forgets that God puts brains inside her head as well as eyelashes on the side of it that ruins a lot of 'em."

"I won't forget." She will thought, Virgie thought, wearily, as she crossed the yard to back her old car out of the shed. That cool-headed young chap from Missouri would give Lucy two languishing looks and reduce her instantly to the compliant softness of a vanilla custard. But the Lord, so Virgie decided, looked after the soft women. It was the tough ones who could take it who had a hard time. The soft ones lay back and whim-

pered and swiftly somebody else jumped up, with a gallant flourish to carry their load and help them over the steep places.

"But an old battle-ax like me can change her own tires or get herself out of holes. Nobody bothers!"

The sun was dropping behind the black rampart of the mountains as Virgie drove homeward.

The eastern slopes sank into purple shadows, the valleys were lost in a citron-colored mist. But beyond the aloof crests, cold-looking and forbidding now as the mountains are in winter, a saffron line of light burned across the sky. Virgie admired the brilliance briefly, considered the fact that the Almighty seemed to take a lot of trouble to make every act of nature splendid and beautiful. Trees could have been dirty brown or gray, but they weren't. Even stripped of their leaves they were interesting and graceful.

And rocks were softened and made lovely by lichen and waterfall, ferns and the mystery of shadows. Storms, too, were beautiful. The piling anger of the clouds, the fiery skeleton bones of lightning, the silver marching of the rain. And fire—though it had the color of terror, had glory. There was the pink and purple of laurel and rhododendron in the spring, the white candelabra of dogwood set in the forests in spring, the flame of azalea.

Only in making man had the fine brush and chisel of the Creator slipped. Men were a sorry piece of work, so Virgie thought. Dreary to look at, most of them, full of silly hates and greedinesses, schemes to defeat and destroy each other, all to no profit.

Wars and politics, angers and absurdities, these men had made; going on their scrambling way, adding little to the beauty and serenity of the world. The black scald, bristling with broken, burned trunks and charred stumps—men had done that. Mank Pressly had a still up there somewhere, and his fire had got away from him, burned up the still and six kegs of raw whisky before it tore down the ridge to ruin four or five hundred acres of fair timber. And with it had gone thousands of Virgie's little seedling trees.

Surveying this blackened, months-old ruin, Virgie thought of Tom. The man Cragg lived on, and Tom stubbornly refused to be released from the jail. He was a fanatic old fool, he had gone a little mad as lonely old men sometimes do. And here was Wallace Withers scheming to cheat her and she was alone, with no one to go to for the steady courage that comes with approval.

Fires were burning in the house, for a wonder, and Marian was curled in a big chair under her father's portrait. Marian stayed alone too much lately, was too still.

"Wallace Withers is coming here tonight to sell me some timber," Virgie said at dinner. "I want you to go and get Lucy—then both of you stay around. I don't trust that old man and I want somebody to hear every word that he says."

"Why doesn't he come to the office if he wants to talk business? Why does he come to the house?" Marian asked.

Virgie was a little bothered to find an answer for this. It was incredible, of course, that Wallace might still be harboring some mad idea that his proposal would again be listened to.

"I don't know," she said. "He wrote me a letter. I'm telling you what he said. He's come here before."

"That's just it. Mother"—Marian sat up a little straighter and looked a trifle grim—"doesn't it ever occur to you that you are supposed to be a wealthy widow?"

Virgie buttered a biscuit, her mouth dragged into a dry grin.

"If anything like that did occur to me, all I'd have to do is go down to the bank and have a heart-to-heart talk with some facts and figures. That's about the most awakening thing I know of. What is all this? Have you seen a peacock-blue roadster you can't live without?"

"I'm not talking about myself. I'm talking about Wallace Withers. He hasn't any wife. He isn't an old man—not terribly old—"

"Oh—that!" Virgie was scornful. "He got ideas—weeks ago. He did ask me to marry him. I guess he knows by now that I'm not interested."

"And you refused him?" Marian asked sharply.

"Did you want him for a step-father? I didn't think you'd like going over there to live in that moldy old house with no lights and no well."

"Heavens, no! But, Mother"—Marian's voice rose almost to a wail—"you never mentioned it! You never told me! If anything like that happened to me I'd tell you—"

"Would you? I seem to remember a Renfro boy, one time—"

"Oh, that awful infant! As though I would consider a boy like that!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS



To get all the juice out of a lemon, warm it before squeezing.

Onion or fish odors can be removed from the hands by rubbing them with dry mustard or salt and then rinsing them in clear water.

Grease can be removed from an iron by rubbing corn meal over it.

Cider jelly is an excellent accompaniment for turkey. Or mold it in ring shape, fill the center with chilled diced fruit and surround it with salad dressing. Serve as first course salad.

Clever Cutout Boxes For Indoor Flowers



CUTOUTS like this are a happy idea to be used for plants you grow indoors. You can add interest to the flowers you keep in the house and to the attractiveness of your rooms as well if you use boxes in clever designs like these. Bits of plywood are cut out with jig or coping saw, painted and nailed together to make the boxes.

Pattern Z9207, 15c, brings the kitten, pup and hen and rooster motifs together with the needed directions. Send order to:

AUNT MARTHA
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Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No.
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FREE Stamped, addressed envelope brings liberal FREE SAMPLES.
GARFIELD HEADACHE POWDER
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Simple Greatness

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.—Emerson.

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WNU-L 3-41

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Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

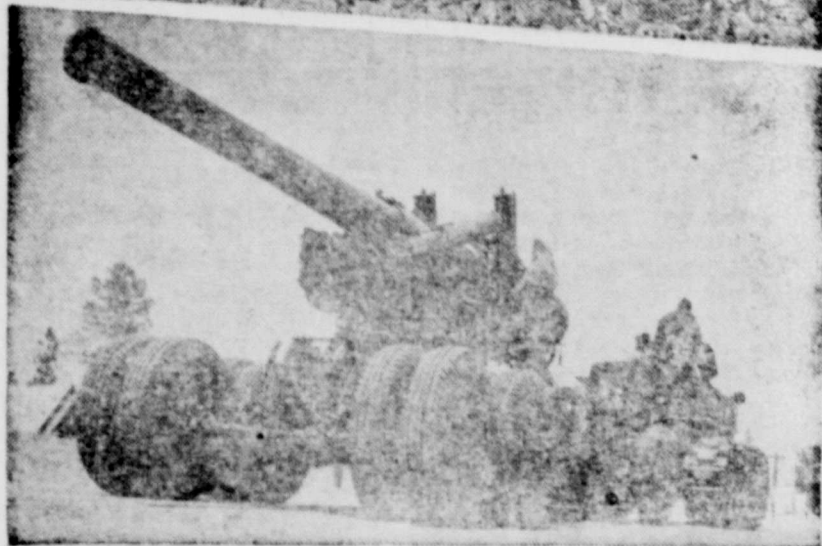
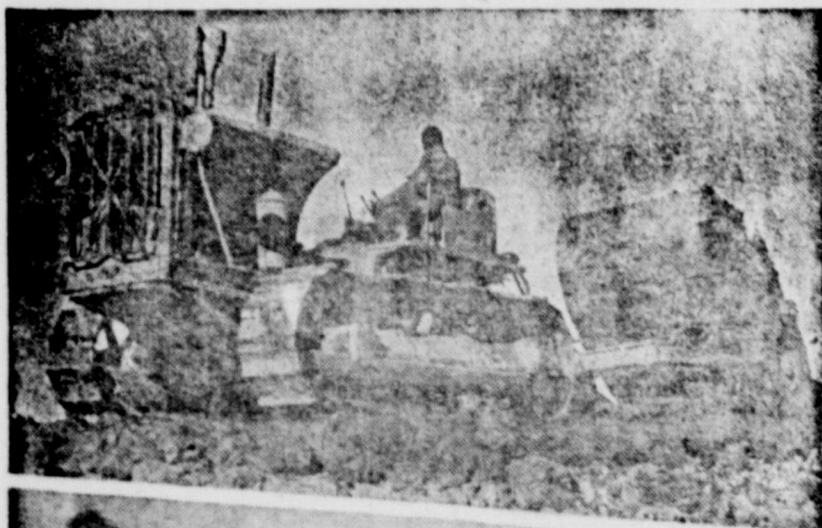
The Robert Lee Observer

S. R. YOUNG
Editor and Publisher

Entered the postoffice at Robert Lee, Coke County, Texas,
as second class mail matter, under an act of Congress
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Machines Protect America



Machines play the leading role in modern defense. Shown above are machines for soil defense and national defense. The cannon is one of a number of U. S. guns capable of long-range destruction. The earth-moving equipment at top is of a type used by many farmers in building dams and reservoirs. In 1939 farmers moved more than 11 million cubic yards of earth in performing this conservation practice, equivalent to the volume of material going into Columbia river's huge Grand Coulee dam.

Church Notes

METHODIST

Church School 10:00
Preaching Service 11:00
Epworth League 4:00
Preaching Service 7:30
W. S. C. S.--Monday 3:00

BAPTIST

Sunday School 10:00
Preaching Service 11:00
B. T. U. 6:30
Preaching Service 7:15
W. M. S., Monday 3:00
Officers-Teachers Meeting, Tuesday 7:00

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Regular Services 9-30
Preaching on First Sunday of each month.

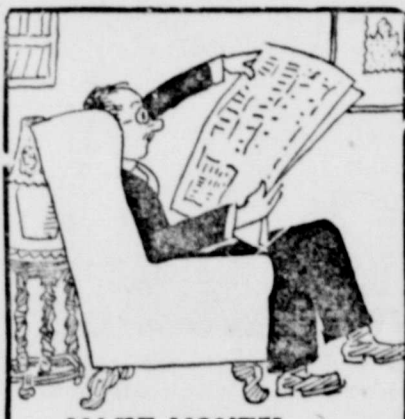
CHURCH OF CHRIST

Young Folks Bible Study 10:00
Services each Sunday 11:00
Preaching 2nd and 4th Sundays

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My pasture is posted by law. Any one caught tresspassing will be prosecuted to full extent of the law.

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THEY WOULD READ YOUR AD TOO, IF IT APPEARED HERE



THERE'S REJOICING AT THE JOYCES!

In spite of the big reduction in electric rates in recent years, many folks say their bills have not been reduced. In many homes that is true because today people are using bigger lamp bulbs, they have radios, refrigerators, washing machines, and in many cases ranges and water heaters they didn't used to have. Their bills are about what they've always been, but today they get from twice to three or four times as much Electric Service for their money. For example, in 1928, \$5 bought about 20 kilowatt-hours but today it buys 100 kilowatt-hours, or five times as much for your money.



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 Airplane factories need thousands of trained men. One Dallas factory alone wants twelve thousand men. Enter now for six weeks training and placement at a good salary. Reasonable down payment, balance out of salary. Write a card for particulars.
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TO MAKE THOSE BUSINESS CALLS
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See the New 2-IN-1 PERFECTION OIL RANGE



Yes, it's really a dual-use range. The oven burners slide out for easy lighting, and can be lifted out and used (with folding stove frame supplied at small additional cost) as a separate 2-burner stove for canning, laundry, dairy, etc. Easy terms. Liberal allowance for your old stove.

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25 or 50 Gallons of GAS?

The balance of this Month and through February. **WITH EVERY -USED CAR-** Sold that brings us in \$300.00 or more above the **TRADE IN,** We will give **FREE 50 GALLONS** of Gasoline.

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Employment is here again for every young man and women who graduates from our school of accounting and secretarial training. For more than two months we have not been able to meet the demand for Byrne trained office help either for government or private business. Get from three to four months of our intensive training and let us place you in a good position. Get your business training in an outstanding school with a reputation established with big business where the better salaries and most rapid promotion may be had. Write a card requesting full particulars. **Byrne College & School of Commerce, Dallas, Tex.**

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Will Rogers Picks A Story For This Spot

By **WILL ROGERS**
THERE was a fellow from my country, but in Oklahoma, that good time. When it came time to go to New York and had a pretty pack up to go home, he remembered that he had forgot all about buying a present for his wife. So he went into the pet store that was right around the corner from his hotel, and he began looking at things. He had been buying himself a lot of stuff in a speakeasy, so he wasn't sure just what all the things in the store were. Things was going around and around quite a little.



But he saw a real bright-colored parrot setting on a perch, and it attracted his attention. It kinda furnished him a center of gravity, and he felt good. He walked up to the parrot and looked it over as well as he could. Then he says, "I reckon this one will do. How much is it? Anyhow, wrap it up for me."
 The parrot had been looking at him, and I guess the bird thought the customer was acting thick. So the parrot says, "What's the matter with you?"
 Then the guy from Oklahoma took off his hat and backed away. "Excuse me," he says, "I kinda thought you was a bird."
 American News Features, Inc.

DOES FORD PAY GOOD WAGES?

HERE ARE SOME FACTS about Ford Labor. During the year ended November 30th, 1940, the Ford Payroll throughout the United States averaged 113,628 hourly wage earners, not including office employes, students, or executives. They were paid \$185,105,639.12. On this basis, the average annual wage was \$1,629.05.

According to the latest available government figures, the annual average wage of all workers in employment covered by old age insurance law was \$841.00.

If the 45,000,000 workers of this country received the same average wage as Ford employes, they would have had additional wages of more than \$35,000,000,000, thus increasing the national income about 50%. Think what such an increase would mean to the workers of this country and to the American farmer, whose prices are based on the national income.

Wage scales in the Ford Rouge plants are divided into three classifications:

- Unskilled . . .**
 Minimum hiring wage . 75c per hour
- Semi-skilled . . .**
 Minimum hiring wage . 80c per hour
- Skilled . . .**
 Minimum hiring wage . 90c per hour
 Higher wages are in consideration of ability and years of service.

Minimum wage scales for unskilled labor at the Rouge plant are the highest in the industry. Top wages for skilled labor compare favorably with, or are higher than, wages in other automobile plants.

Now some facts on Ford labor conditions: Not only are sanitation and other health conditions the best in the industry, but Ford also leads in safety devices for the protection of employes. Proof of this is found in the following com-

parison of compensation insurance costs: The national average rate in automotive manufacturing plants as computed by the National Association of Underwriters is in excess of \$1.50 premium on each \$100 payroll. The Ford cost of workmen's compensation is less than 50c.

This indicates that the chance of injury in a Ford plant is much less than in the average automobile plant.

The Ford Motor Company has no age limit for labor, and in fact deliberately attempts to keep older workers working. The average age of Ford workers at the Rouge and nearby plants is 38.7.

A recent check-up shows that nearly one-half the workers at these Ford plants were 40 or over, falling into these age groups:

25,819	between 40 and 50
14,731	between 50 and 60
3,377	between 60 and 70
417	between 70 and 80
12	between 80 and 90

In addition to the so-called regular employes, the Ford Motor Company has hired, and now has on the payroll, at the same regular hourly wage, thousands of workers who are blind, crippled or otherwise incapacitated for normal productive work. They are not selected for their ability to build cars or to maintain the plant. They are on the payroll because of Henry Ford's belief that the responsibility of a large company to labor goes beyond the point at which the unfortunate worker can no longer produce profitably.

The above are facts. They are open to anyone who really wants to deal in facts. Anyone who wants to get a job . . . buy a car . . . or place a national defense contract on the basis of fair labor treatment must place Ford at the top of his eligible list.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

The sorrows I had in my youth, How vain they seem now that they're past! It makes me uneasy to think I never have feelings that last.

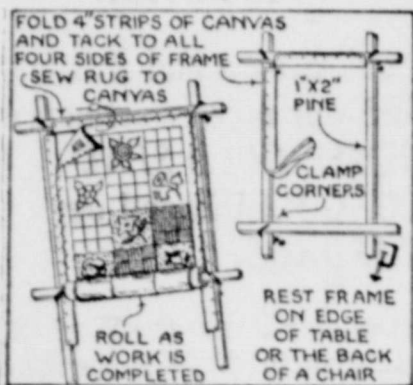


WNU Service.

Making a Frame For Rug Hooking

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

TWO of the nicest hook rugs I have were made without a frame. Many rug makers like to work this way so that they may turn the work as they do different parts of the design. Then, too, whenever rug hookers meet there is sure to be an exchange of treasured bits of colored fabrics. In



no time at all a rug making group is meeting and it is difficult to carry a frame when one goes visiting. It is often difficult to find space to put a frame away in a small house or apartment, too.

You can see by this that I rather favor working without a frame though I know perfectly well that it is more efficient to work with one. Almost all professionals have frames that rest on a permanent base. I have sketched here the type of frame that most amateurs use. You can buy the corner clamps at the hardware store and put the frame together quickly. It may be the size of your rug or smaller. If it is smaller, just part of the rug is stretched on the frame at one time.

SEWING Book 5 tells you exactly how to prepare the burlap for a hooked rug like the one in this sketch and gives much other valuable information on rug hooking. There is still another hooked rug design in Book 6; also a braided and a crocheted rug. Send order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Drawer 10
Bedford Hills New York
Enclose 20c for Books 5 and 6.
Name
Address

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Do you like them? If not, get a bottle of Lea's Hair Preparation. It is guaranteed to make your gray hairs a color so close to the natural color; the color they were before turning gray, or the color of your hair that has not turned gray that you or your friends can't tell the difference or your money refunded. It doesn't make any difference what color your hair is and it is so simple to use—just massage a few drops upon the scalp for a few days per directions like thousands are doing.

Your druggist has Lea's Hair Preparation, or can secure a bottle for you, or a regular dollar bottle of Lea's Hair Preparation will be sent you, postage paid by us, upon receipt of one dollar cash, P. O. money order or stamps. (Sent COD 12c extra).

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Box 2055 Tampa, Fla.

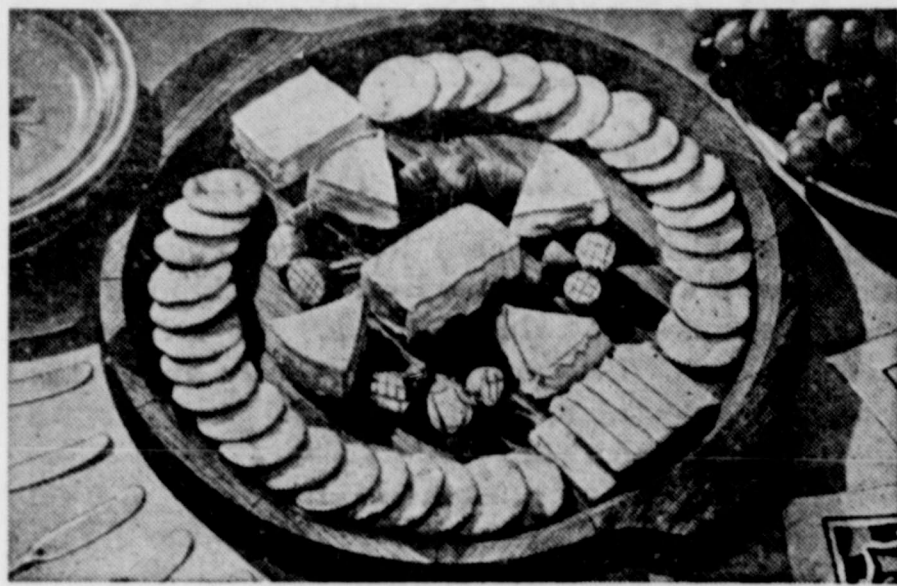
Passing Splendors

The splendors that belong unto the fame of earth are but a wind, that in the same direction lasts not long.—Dante.

Help to Relieve Distress of
FEMALE PERIODIC COMPLAINTS
Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help relieve monthly pain, headaches, backache and ALSO calm irritable nerves due to monthly functional disturbances. Pinkham's Compound is simply marvelous to help build up resistance against distress of "difficult days." Famous for over 60 years! Hundreds of thousands of girls and women report remarkable benefits. WORTH TRYING!

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Household News
By Eleanor Howe



COLD-WEATHER HOSPITALITY
(See Recipes Below)

What if the radio weatherman foes predict a drop to 10 degrees below zero! That is no reason to put all hospitality in cold storage, too. Not if our grandmothers could have gotten together even when they had to drive the horses through the snow and stay the whole day!

And so, no matter how blustery the weather, clubs will still have their afternoon meetings, there will be cheerful teas in church parlors, and friends will drop in informally to spend the evening. If it is warm inside and there is fragrant, inviting food in the ofing, the sharpness of the wind won't matter.

You will want to have a few new recipes at your fingers' ends to make such cold weather hospitality easy. If you are feeding the club, using the bridge table method, you might serve beef creole in individual rice rings, a plate of celery hearts, carrot sticks and stuffed olives, together with hot rolls of your own making. Let the dessert course be coffee and an eggnog pie—a creamy yellow chiffon pie with a thin coverlet of whipped cream and a dusting of nutmeg over the top.

If you're planning a tea, remember that hot Russian tea is super-fine with cinnamon doughnuts, split and toasted. For informal evening affairs at your own fireside, hot coffee cake with currant jelly and coffee will be enough to serve. If you have a wooden cheese board or a handsome plate, show it off with a collection of cheese and crackers and a bowl of assorted fruit like that shown in the picture above.

Russian Tea.
(Makes 14 servings)

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 3-inch stick cinnamon
- ¾ cup orange juice (3 oranges)
- 6 tablespoons lemon juice (2 lemons)
- 1 12-ounce can pineapple juice (1½ cups)
- 1½ quarts water
- 1 cup strong tea infusion
- 1 lemon (for garnishing)

Boil 1 cup of the water, with sugar and stick cinnamon for 5 minutes. Add juice of oranges, lemons, and pineapple juice. Boil orange and lemon rinds in ½ quart of the water for 3 minutes. Strain and combine with the fruit juice mixture. Add the remaining 1 quart of water. Set aside. Just before serving, heat the fruit juice mixture and combine with the tea infusion. To make the infusion, pour one cup of rapidly boiling water over 4 level teaspoons of tea. Let steep 3 minutes, then stir briefly and strain. Serve the tea hot in tall glasses or cups (¾ cup to a serving) and garnish each with a slice of lemon.



Eggnog Pie.

- 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
- ¼ cup cold water
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup milk
- ¾ teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ½ cup whipping cream

Let gelatin soak in cold water for 5 minutes. Beat egg yolks until light; stir in ½ cup of sugar and

salt. Gradually add milk and cook over boiling water until it is the consistency of custard, about 5 minutes. Stir constantly during cooking. Add softened gelatin to custard mixture, stirring until it is completely dissolved, then add nutmeg and vanilla. Chill the filling until it is partially congealed. Beat egg whites until frothy. Add ½ cup of sugar gradually, beating until the meringue stands in stiff peaks and will not flow when the bowl is partially inverted. Fold meringue into partially congealed custard mixture, pour into a baked 9-inch pie shell and chill in the refrigerator for 2 hours or longer. When ready to serve, spread a thin layer of whipped cream over the top and sprinkle with additional nutmeg.

Strusel Coffee Cake.
(1 9-inch cake)

- 1½ cups general purpose flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup sugar
- ¼ cup shortening
- 1 egg
- ½ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once before measuring. Then sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together. Cut in shortening with two knives or a pastry blender (or rub it in with the fingers) until the mixture is like coarse cornmeal. Blend in well-beaten egg mixed with milk. Then stir in vanilla and beat just enough to mix well. Pour the batter into a well-greased 9-inch layer cake pan. Sprinkle with strusel topping. Bake 25 to 30 minutes in a moderate oven (375 degrees).

Pecan Confections.

- (Makes 2 dozen 2-inch cookies)
- 1 egg white
- 1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed)
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Beat the egg white until it will stand in stiff peaks, then gradually beat in with a rotary beater the brown sugar. Stir in flour, salt and chopped pecans. Drop the mixture from the tip of a spoon onto greased cooky sheets, spacing the cookies at least 2 inches apart. Bake in a very slow oven (275 degrees) for 25 minutes. Cool somewhat, then remove from the tin onto a cake cooler covered with waxed paper.

Cheese Board.

- 1 3-ounce package cream cheese
- 1 4-ounce package Liederkranz cheese
- 1 8-ounce package Swiss cheese
- 4 1½-ounce wedges of Camembert cheese
- 12 radishes
- Crackers

Arrange as desired on a large plate or wooden cheese tray.

Rice Rings.

- 3 cups cooked rice (hot)
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 2 egg yolks
- 3 tablespoons cream

Add salt and melted butter to cooked rice. Beat egg yolks with cream and stir into rice mixture. Grease 6 individual ring molds and pack rice in firmly. Place in pan of hot water for 8 to 10 minutes. Remove from molds and fill centers with beef creole.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Gems of Thought

ARGUMENTS which draw their demonstrations from probabilities are idle, and unless one is on one's guard against them they are very deceptive.—Plato.

There is in nature just as much, or as little, as the soul of each can see in her.—J. C. Shairp.

The first thing that a student has to do is to get rid of the idea of absolute ownership.—Williams.

Fable is the elder sister of history.—Voltaire.

There is no vulture like despair.—Lord Lansdowne.

There was never a bad man that had ability for good service.—Burke.

Salesman Quite Ready to Hand Laurels to Another

The "super" salesman was applying for a job, and, of course, described himself to the firm's executive as the "best salesman in the world, bar none." Being impressed, the chief decided to give him a trial on a "very special line."

The salesman did his best, but failed to book a single order. At the end of the week, chagrined, he went in to give his report.

"I've come to apologize," he said frankly. "I told you I was the best salesman in the world. Well, I'm convinced that I'm only second best. The best one is the fellow who sold you those goods I've been trying to get rid of."

Here's a Change From Old Stand-Bys: Cereal Cookies; So Tasty, Low in Cost

DID you ever hear of a "cerealita?" No, it's not a breakfast food. It's the festival that the ancient Romans staged every year in honor of Ceres, Goddess of the Grains. You can have a cerealita of your own; a Cookie Cerealita, for when it comes to turning out those batches of cookies, there's nothing that adds so much taste and variety at such a low cost as the morning cereal.

Brain Butterscotch Cookies.

- 1 cup butter
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup all-bran
- 3 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder

Cream butter; add sugar gradually and beat until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Stir in all-bran. Sift flour with baking

powder and work into first mixture, a small amount at a time. Knead and shape into rolls about 1½ inches in diameter; wrap in waxed paper, covering ends so that dough will not dry out. Store in refrigerator until firm. Cut into thin slices and bake on ungreased cookie sheet in moderately hot oven (425 degrees F.) 10 minutes.

Peanut Butter Macaroons.

- 2 egg whites
- ¼ teaspoon almond extract
- ¾ cup sugar
- ½ cup peanut butter
- 2 cups rice krispies

Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold in sugar, flavoring and peanut butter. Add rice krispies, stirring only enough to combine. Drop from teaspoon onto well-greased baking sheet; bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

Best for Juice and Every Use!

More flavor in every taste! More vitamins and minerals in every glass! Year-round sunshine, fertile soils and scientific care put a wealth of "extras" in California Navel Oranges.

They're seedless! Easy to peel and slice or section for salads and desserts. Ideal to eat out of hand!

Those trademarked "Sunkist" on the skin are the finest produced by 14,000 cooperating growers. Best for Juice—and Every use! Buy a quantity for economy.

Copyright, 1941, California Fruit Growers Exchange
Hear "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood"—Many CBS Stations—6:15 PM, EST—Mon., Wed., Fri.

SEEDLESS
Sunkist
CALIFORNIA NAVAL ORANGES

IMPORTANT! RED BALL ORANGES
packed by the growers of Sunkist are a dependable grade of juice-full, richly flavored California oranges. Rely upon them to give full satisfaction. Look for the trademark on the skin or tissue wrapper.

Ship's Tonnage

The term tonnage may mean one of several things. In using it to designate the size of a warship it means the total weight of water displaced by the vessel. As applied to American merchant ships, it may be gross, net, or dead-weight tonnage. Gross tonnage is the space—on the basis of 100 cubic feet to a ton—available within the hull and the closed-in spaces above the deck for the carrying of cargoes, stores, etc. Net, or registered, tonnage, the most frequent designation, is the space that remains after room for machinery, crew quarters, etc., has been deducted. Dead-weight tonnage is weight of cargo and supplies that will depress the boat from its light water line to the load line.

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J. B. MILLS REPAIRS
Screens, hammers. Complete custom mills, motors, mixers. Terms, exchange, 40% discount. **J. B. SALES CO.,** Box 177, Oklahoma City, Okla.

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TO MEET INCREASING DEMANDS
10,000 surplus, assorted heavy blood tested, No Crisps! Chicks \$3.90 per pair. No Cull! Live delivery guaranteed. Prices on other breeds on request. Send Money Order for Freight Shipment. **ATLAS CO.,** 2641 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Joy Is Riches

Joy is the happiness of love; it is love exalting; it is love aware of its own felicity, and resting in riches, which it has no fear of exhausting; it is love taking a view of its treasures, and surrendering itself to bliss without foreboding.—J. Hamilton.

How To Relieve Bronchitis

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.
CREOMULSION
for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Over-Thought

He who considers too much will perform too little.—Schiller.

"I SAT UP IN BED

trying to get a little sleep. Stomach upset. Since using ADLERIKA I feel so good! Am 64 years old and do my own work." (E. P.-Okla.) If gas in stomach or intestines bothers YOU, try ADLERIKA today.
AT YOUR DRUG STORE

Well Framed

Thoughts and pictures please most well framed.

HANDY Home Uses MOROLINE
WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY
JARS 5¢ AND 10¢

Success With Confidence
Confidence of success is almost success.—Moir.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF COLDS
quickly use
666
LIQUID TABLETS
SALVE
NOSE DROPS
COUGH DROPS

"All the Traffic Would Bear"

• There was a time in America when there were no set prices. Each merchant charged what he thought "the traffic would bear." Advertising came to the rescue of the consumer. It led the way to the established prices you pay when you buy anything today.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for January 19

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts selected and copyrighted by International Council of Religious Education; used by permission.

THE SLIGHTED INVITATION

LESSON TEXT—Luke 14:15-24.
GOLDEN TEXT—Come; for all things are now ready.—Luke 14:17.

Actions speak louder than words. What a man says is important, but it is his life which determines whether we accept his words as true. In spiritual things men have too often professed to follow Christ but failed to do His will. It is the business of the church to press home the necessity of an acceptance of Christ as Saviour which also makes Him the Lord of our life.

I. Pious Words (v. 15).

We do not know whether the man who said, "Blessed is he that eateth bread in the kingdom of God," was expressing the sincere longing of his heart or merely making a bit of pious conversation. Jesus had just been dealing with some rather disconcerting matters (vv. 1-14). On such occasions there is usually someone on hand to spoil the effectiveness of the admonition by uttering some religious platitude which will direct conversation into more comfortable channels.

Even though the man was sincere, he had evidently not made any preparations to be present at that great feast. This appears from the story Jesus related in response to his words.

II. Poor Excuses (vv. 16-20).

It is not enough that we know that God has prepared a place of blessedness, nor does it suffice to speak approvingly of God's invitation to come; we must accept. God graciously bids all men to come; but all too many, while willing to admit the desirability of coming and admiring it as the ideal thing to do, begin to make excuses.

Observe that the men gave excuses, not reasons. There is a great difference. Note also that the excuses were poor ones. One had a new possession—a field—which he "must go out and see." The second had a business matter to care for—trying out oxen he had bought. The third had a personal affection he wanted to foster—a new wife whom he could not leave.

The fact is that none of them wanted to come, and these were but excuses. What man buys a field without seeing it, or oxen without trying them? And we agree with Dr. Morgan that the one who had married a wife "was the most foolish of all. Why didn't he take her with him? Just excuses." Reader, what excuse is keeping you from accepting God's invitation?

III. Urgent Invitations (vv. 21-24).

Those who reject God's invitation hurt only themselves, for He will find guests to fill the banquet hall at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Let us not fail to observe that it is the duty of the Lord's servants (and that means every born-again Christian) to be diligently about the business of urging men to respond to God's call. Let us beware that we do not miss that point by uttering some pious platitudes about soul-winning, and then failing to do anything to reach others.

It is the first business of every Christian who reads these lines to be engaged in personal soul-winning. If you want to do it and do not know how to start, I shall be glad to send you free, a copy of "Lessons in Soul-Winning," by Dr. Will H. Houghton. The important matter is that we get busy giving out these urgent invitations.

It is the first business of the unconverted to accept that invitation. Dare you refuse? In one of his last meetings in Kansas City, Dwight L. Moody graphically portrayed the invitation referred to in our lesson. In closing his message he pointed to the wall of the auditorium and seemed to be writing out a reply to the invitation. He first wrote a note declining, the final words being, "I pray thee have me excused." He said, "Would you sign that, young man? Would you, mother? Would you come up to the reporter's table, take a pen and put your name down to such an excuse? I doubt if there is one here who would sign it. It is a loving God inviting you to a feast and God is not to be mocked. Go play with the forked lightning, go trifle with pestilence and disease, but trifle not with God."

Blind Bigot

No blinder bigot, I maintain it still, than he who must have pleasure, come what will.—William Cowper.

At Close Speaker's Remarks Had Become a Nightmare

The dinner came to an end, and the chairman called for silence. "Gentlemen," he began, "I will now call upon Mr. Long, our distinguished guest, to speak."

The guest rose and was greeted with polite applause.

At the end of ten minutes he was still speaking, but when at the end of half an hour he had not finished the patience of his listeners began to get exhausted.

In the end the speaker wound up with: "Speaking is nothing to me. As a boy I used frequently to talk in my sleep."

"And now," a drowsy voice was heard to exclaim, "you talk in ours."

IT IS A JOOLY WORLD



About Turn

"You do keep your car well cleaned."

"It's only fair. My car keeps me well cleaned, too."

Mad Modes

"I say," said the first man, "has your wife been fighting?"

"Fighting?" exclaimed the second man, startled. "Of course not! What makes you think that?"

"Well, what's that pad over her eye for?"

"Pad? That's not a pad; it's her new hat."

Benefitted at Last

Mrs. Flanagan—I hear yer husband's in jail.

Mrs. O'Reilly—Yes; an' it's about time. Here we been pinchin' ourselves for years to pay taxes to keep it goin', an' this is the first chance we've ever had to use it.

Hot Blast

Frank—There is nothing that can surpass the warmth of a woman's love.

Jack—Oh, yes there is—the heat of her temper.

ASK ME ANOTHER ?

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

The Questions

1. What is the population of Greece?
2. What standards are used by the Bureau of the Census in computing the number of illiterates in the country?
3. Under what conditions may a private in the U. S. army wed?
4. What does a panegyric piece of writing do?
5. "Now God be praised, I die happy" are the dying words of what general?
6. President Andrew Johnson escaped impeachment by how many votes?
7. Does the moon, when it is half full, shed half as much light on the earth as it does when it reaches the full stage?
8. Which is the world's largest flower?
9. Of sheep, cattle, deer, antelope, goats and swine, how many of them are cloven-hoofed animals?

The Answers

1. The population of Greece is 6,204,684.
2. The Bureau of the Census rules that any person 10 years of age or older who cannot read or write in any language is an illiterate.
3. With his commanding officer's permission.
4. A panegyric piece of writing elaborately praises.
5. James Wolfe (after his victory at Quebec).
6. One. The vote was 35 to 19; a two-thirds majority was necessary for conviction.
7. No, a half-full moon sheds only about one-ninth as much light on the earth as one that is full.
8. The krubi which grows in Sumatra and takes 12 years to bloom. It is over 8 feet high and 12 feet in diameter. It is bell-shaped and has a disagreeable odor.
9. All of them.



Visible World

The visible world is but man turned inside out that he may be revealed to himself.—Henry James.



Expensive Schooling

Experience is the best of school-masters, only the school-fees are heavy.—Carlyle.

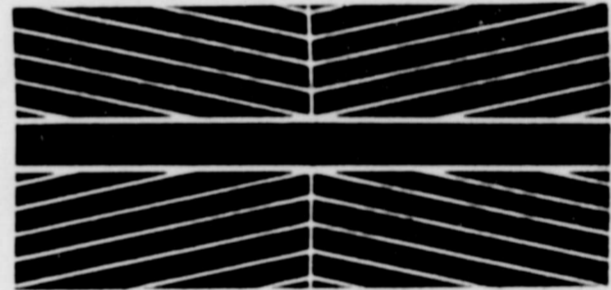
QUALITY AT A PRICE

KENT The Outstanding Blade Value of Finest Swedish Chrome Steel 7 single or 10 double edge Blades
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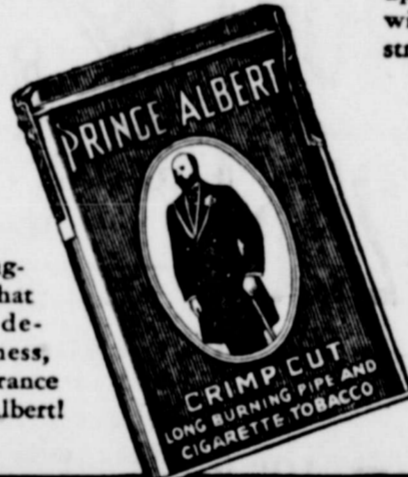
Free to Do

No man must be compelled.—Lessing.

Eyes Right! and WRONG!



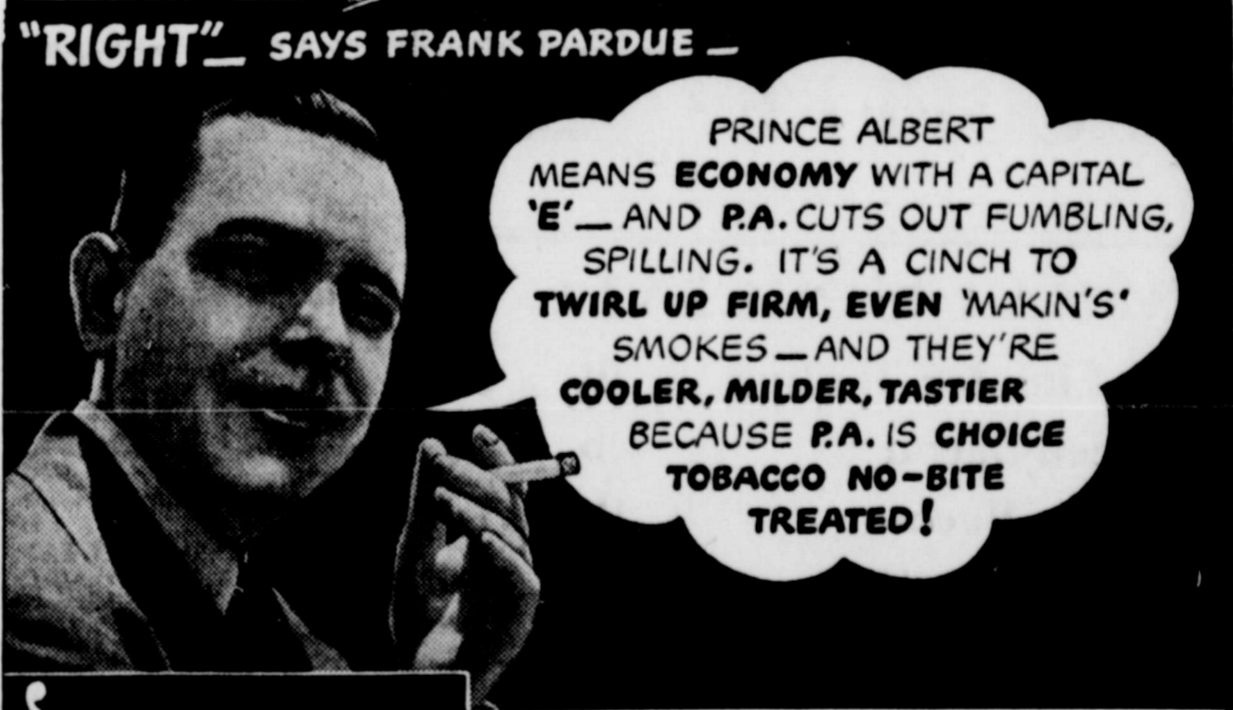
Is the strip between the two fields wider where the up-and-down line crosses? We'll admit it looks wider, but that's because your eyes fool you—the strip is the same width from end to end.



Choice, ripe, long-aged tobacco that smokes with delightful mildness, taste, and fragrance—that's Prince Albert!

HERE'S ANOTHER "AMAZING BUT TRUE" FACT...

70 ROLL-YOUR-OWN CIGARETTES IN 1 POCKET TIN OF P.A.



"RIGHT"—SAYS FRANK PARDUE—

PRINCE ALBERT MEANS ECONOMY WITH A CAPITAL 'E'—AND P.A. CUTS OUT FUMBLING, SPILLING. IT'S A CINCH TO TWIRL UP FIRM, EVEN 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES—AND THEY'RE COOLER, MILD, TASTIER BECAUSE P.A. IS CHOICE TOBACCO NO-BITE TREATED!

PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

In recent laboratory "smoking bowl" tests, Prince Albert burned

86 DEGREES COOLER

than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested... coolest of all!

Matches 6 BOX Carton **13c**

SOAP CRYSTAL WHITE 5 Bars **17c**

PINEAPPLE, FRAZOR SLICED 2, No. 2 cans **25c**

Grapefruit Juice Pink Lady 8 cans **25c**

"M" System's
25c ANGEL FOODCAKE 15c

Dont Overlook a bargain Like This!

Ma Brown's GRAPE PALMOLIVE SOAP
JAM 2 lb. Jar 19c 2 Reg. BARS 11c

Ratliff's Tamales 2 LARGE Cans **25c**

Wonderware Oats Small Pkg. **7c**

Sani-Flush Large Can **19c**

Pure Lard 4 lb. Carton **30c**

Spuds Col. 10 lbs **13c**

Celery Nice Size **10c**

ONIONS Spanish Sweet 3 lbs **10c**

Cranberry SAUCE 2 17 oz Tins **25c**

3 MINUTE OATS
Large Package with Premium **19c**

Red & Gold **COFFEE** 2 lbs **25c**

MEAT SPECIALS

Jowls Fine for Boiling	lb	8c
Our Sliced Bacon	lb	29c
Corn King Bacon	lb	27c
Cooked Picnic Hams	lb	29c
Sirloin Steak FROM CORN FED BEEF	lb	29c
Red Bud OLEO 2 for		25c
Cooking Butter	lb	20c
Seven Bone Roast	lb	19c

CHANGE TO **M SYSTEM** AND POCKET THE CHANGE

Hulsey Hopeful On Highways

Hope that completion of highway 15s from View to Bronte and rebuilding of the Abilene to View section into a concrete four-lane highway would become an early part of the state highway department's program was expressed yesterday afternoon by Co. Judge Carl P. Hulsey.

Hulsey and Jesse L. Winters, chairman of the chamber of commerce highway committee, appeared before the state highway commission yesterday morning to urge consideration of these projects, along with a general road improvement campaign in this area because of the establishment of army camps at Abilene and Brownwood.

"We talked to the commissioners and state highway engineer for about 45 minutes," Hulsey reported. "They didn't make any commitment, but promised that they would let us know their decision within the next few days. I believe however, that they will take favorable action."

—Abilene Reporter

Trades Day Feb. 8, 1941

Lions Club Donation Auction. Breed Animals to Exhibit, Colt show.

Bring in your live stock to trade, Breed animals to exhibit and colts to show.

FOR SALE

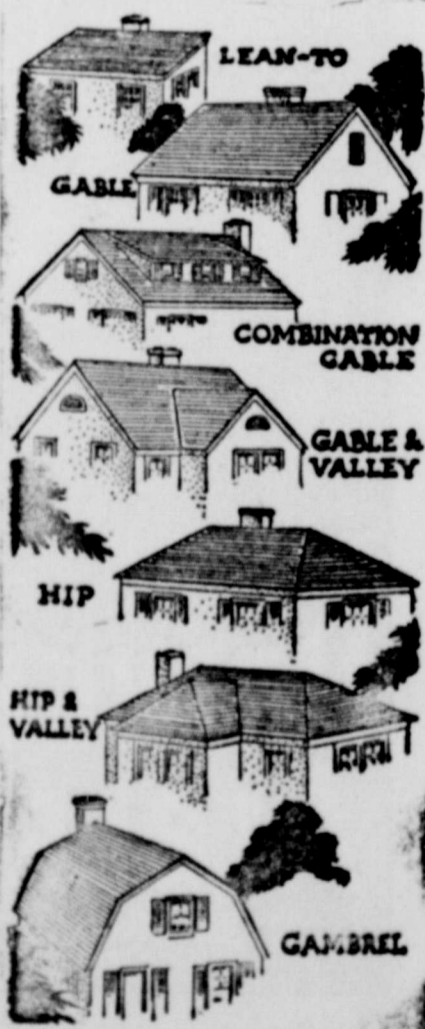
1000 bundles bright well matured sorghum. Also good single buggy and horse for a trifle of its value.

See B. W. Shropshire Robert Lee, Texas.



33 North Chad, San Angelo DIAL 4147

For Sale Investigate! Breakfast set, cook stove two heaters, floor lamp, sewing machine, washing machine, wicker set and many other household goods See Rial Denmann.



H. D. FISH

Specials for Fridays and Saturdays



24 lbs. 79c

48 lbs. \$1.49

RED TOP AXEL GREASE 3 lb Bucket 27c
LODI PEACH No. 2 1/2 can 2 for 29c

3 Minute OATS Small 9c
Large Oval SARDINES 2 for 21c

Zinc Tub No. 2 70c
No. 3 80c

SPUDS 10 lbs 14c

POST TOASTIES 2 for 22c
CRYSTAL WHITE SOAP 5 for 19c
BLUE STAR MATCHES Carton 15c

Tomatoes No. 1 5c

Pork and Beans 16 oz can 5c

CUT BEANS 3 cans 25c

Lighthouse CLEANSER 4c

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ABSTRACTS REAL ESTATE TITLE INSURANCE

FHA LOANS buy, build, refinance

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Specials for Friday & Saturday at

CUMBIE'S

Sun Spun Salad Dressing Qt **29c**

R&W COFFEE 2 lb. For **45c**

R&W Vienna Sausage 3 **25c**
MALT-O-MEAL **23c**

R&W ROAST BEEF 12 oz **23c**

R&W FRUIT COCKTAIL No. 1, 2 Cans **25c**

Fruit Juices All Flavors 2 Cans **15c**

Mother's Oats box **25c**

Turnip & Tops 2 buches **5c**
Carrot

APPLES GALLON Can **42c**

Our Value PEAS No 2 **9c**

Deliveries prompt any Time

W. J. CUMBIE'S
The Red and White Store