

"Building a City Where a City Belongs"

THE SUDAN NEWS

Sudan's Slogan: "Boost or Move"

VOLUME IV.

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WATERWORKS BONDS ON WAY TO MARKET

Sudan Must Be Cotton Center Of This Territory In 1929

MERCHANTS RELAX AFTER TERRIFIC HOLIDAY RUSH

Business Mens' Association To Formulate Plans At Next Meet To Push Move

The determination is apparent; the effort will be put forth—to make Sudan the cotton center of this territory for the year 1929, and to keep it there in the year's to come. And why not?

The people have the vim to put the idea over, and all they need is favorable weather, to get out among the agriculturists and preach the gospel. Now is the auspicious time, and all are in accord on the proposition.

The idea was promulgated by a local business man and met with instant favor, so much so, that it looks more like a possibility than a probability. With all working harmoniously together, the affair can be arranged satisfactorily and in a short time.

That Sudan is the logical center of industry in Lamb County, there can be no persuasive contrary argument forwarded. That she has the vigor and determination to hold this advantage is another irresistible argument, and that all that is needed is a little missionary work on the part of business men to bring the matter to a successful conclusion is apparent. He said he was going to put the proposition up to the Business Mens' Association at their next meeting, and strive to push it to a successful issue, with the intent in mind, of making Sudan, with its splendid grazing facilities, ample yard and trackage attractions, the center of the marketing industry of this county.

The Sudan News is for the affair beginning to end, and its columns are open to suggestions from those interested.

COMMUNITY TREE BRINGS MUCH JOY TO ALL SUDANITES

One of the largest and most enthusiastic crowds ever assembled in Sudan was that at the Grammar School building Monday night to enjoy the Community Christmas tree, which was given under the auspices of the various religious denominations of the city, collectively.

Santa was there and handed everybody a present, great or small, full or empty, expected or surprise, and the exclamations of this or that recipient was indicative of whether pleasure or chagrin was the verdict.

The huge gathering was in fine fettle for the occasion, and the program was opened by a minute of prayer by Rev. C. H. Hooton, pastor of the local Methodist Church, whose words touched the hearts of his hearers and brought home to them the sanctity of the occasion. The numbers on the program were rendered with pep and enthusiasm, and by the time of present distribution had arrived, the crowd was on keen edge for the event. The personality of Santa Claus was a mystery to all, and still is to The Sudan News, until it finds someone who knows everything and then it will make the name known.

The kiddies were not forgotten, they getting the bulk of the gifts. But hubby took this opportunity to square accounts with wifey, and vice versa, with the result that many a loud laugh was sounded when the parties opened their huge packages and found a lead pencil or some other ridiculous present. But the joke was good.

Some of the presents were costly and the recipients gasped with surprise, for they were evidently expecting a nickel chunk of bologna, and received a \$50 pair of suspenders.

However, the gathering was worth while, for old friends met the first time in a long period, old acquaintances were renewed and enlivened by narratives, children were entertained and grown-ups got a taste of the years in the discard.

Rev. J. Matt Hardy offered the Benediction in a most impressive manner, in a few well chosen and forceful sentences, and the crowd disbanded for another year.

Final Arrangements Being Perfected To Dispose Of Bonds To Highest Bidder

You'd better hang on to the old water bucket and well rope for a few days longer, though it will be perfectly safe to bid farewell in the near future, for this week John B. Upchurch, engineer employed by Montgomery & Ward, waterworks engineers of Wichita Falls, was in the city getting a line on the \$47,000 of Sudan Waterworks Bonds for the purpose of getting an O. K. from the attorney general's office in order that the issue might be placed on the market and cash derived.

This bond issue was voted for the purpose of affording a waterworks system to Sudan, a first-class one, the supply of water to be obtained from deep wells. Tests have to yet be made for the drilling of the wells, but it is a matter of a few short months until work will begin and be pushed to a rapid conclusion.

No place for the tests have as yet been made, the several suggestions are about, none of which will bear close scrutiny. When the engineers finally decide on the location of the supply wells, Sudanites may rest assured that the water supply be ample, pure and handy, and that when you take a notion to break the usual Saturday night rule, and bath in the central part of the week, you will have ample water in the faucet for the purpose desired.

Of course on the shifting Plains there are no babbling brooks trout-laden, to gain a water supply from. On the other hand, much time, money and strenuous endeavor must be lent to suitable location, primarily, and secondly, ample supply, and last, but not least, in our estimation, should be purity. Impure water is worst than none at all.

The turning of water in water laterals means more than the average citizen suspects. It provides means for keeping beautiful lawns, flower beds, gardens, fire company, and a host of other municipal improvements and conveniences which only come with a bountiful water supply.

While we frankly admit that the sweetest water in the world, as well as the most refreshing and coolest, is from the old oaken bucket, still in these times of haste and waste, it behooves the family that anticipates to hold their place in the line of progress, to have water in the house, at their command, when they turn the faucet.

Now don't get nervous and impatient, but tell the world, in your letters, that Sudan will soon have a modern waterworks system, and to come on over.

SIX MERCHANTS PULL BIG BUSINESS TO CITY MONDAY

Six merchants Monday pulled more buyers to Sudan than has been seen for many a day, and the crowd was on keen edge all day. Everybody's Store, L. C. Grissom's M System, H. G. Ramby and A. Stuart Furniture Company, Hutto Chevrolet Company and Sudan Drug were the six main attractions, the reason being the delivery of various gifts from these enterprising firms.

The reason for this vast throng was the delivery of the Shaw Automobile by the Hutto Chevrolet and Sudan Drug, the giving away of the Lindy Airplane by Everybody's Store, and an exquisite bed room suite by the other merchants named.

The throng began to assemble early and by noon the streets were full of people, all eager buyers, all bent on the same mission, and vying with one another in purchasing wares. These stores were filled to capacity all day, and as one merchant expressed it, "They left the doorknobs only."

This holiday crowd—for it was exactly that class of persons—on a combination mission of profit and pleasure—were at their best, as regards personality and purchasing tendencies. They patronized the big Christmas stocks liberally, and supplied their every need from the huge and varieties of wares offered. They were satisfied and vowed that Sudan was the best supply center of the entire county. They should know for they were from every town in this district.

Salespeople And Waresmen Rest From Buying Storm Of Final Onslaught Of Buyers

"We have nothing left but the four walls and the ceiling," was the way one merchant described the finish of the Christmas rush this year. Buying was intense, possibly terrific, the last few hours of Christmas Eve, for the "slow-drags" were on hand to burrow in to what presents remained, and tired salespeople were mercilessly rushed to their last bit of endeavor.

But it was all done in a spirit of good nature. "Don't rush, dearie, I know you are tired," was heard from customer to clerk many times in the evening. Salespeople were pepped up to a last minute endeavor, and are to be liberally commended for the desirable manner in which they handled the huge crowd.

One particular trait of this Christmas buying was that nearly all purchasers wished useful presents, either in wearing apparel or other dainties, and little frivolous stuff was sold, although several special counters contained these wares, for Sudan merchants strive to please all buyers.

The most intense rush was between the hours of 7 to 10 o'clock Monday evening. Every store was crowded to overflowing, and cars were coming in from every direction, until parking space looked like it would be at a premium. And right here we wish to mention the genial and courteous manner in which Capt. Cooper handled the parking arrangements. Not a fluster of any kind, just a sort of mechanical execution of his wishes, and all was well. Besides, the Captain seemed to enjoy the big crowd, with their nervousness and desire to get through and be gone, and he hastened his orders so that not an accident of any character marred the pleasure of the evening.

Sudan merchants wish to thank the purchasers who came from afar to patronize them, and also wish to say to the home folks "we thank you for your consideration and thoughtfulness in letting your neighbors have access to the stores in the final terrific buying."

Sudanites always give way to the city's guests, for home folks can patronize their favorite merchant at any time, while visitors have but a short time and must hasten and get away for home early, these snappy evenings.

LOCAL TEACHERS SCATTERED OVER 3 NEARBY STATES

Where are all the people going, and what are they going to do when they get there? was the question asked The Sudan News, when inquiry was made as to where the local school faculty spent the Christmas holidays. Sudan schools were represented in three states and many cities during the holiday season. Mr. and Mrs. Newton went to Oklahoma to visit Mrs. Newton's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Talbot were in Gainesville. Mr. Brown went to Falls and Idalou. Miss Dorinda Bond went to Clovis and Texico as well as to Dallas. Her father is in Dallas and her mother is teaching in Texico. Miss Rannels went to a city in Limestone County and was the guest of her parents. Miss Ware went to Taylor for a visit with relatives and friends. Miss Frayyar spent the week in Lubbock. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins stayed a day or two in Lubbock and then journeyed on to Colorado.

The instructors from the Grammar Schools were covering a large area in their holiday preambulations, but there seemed to be no one who could officially locate their whereabouts, and The Sudan News can only hope they all had a good time.

HOG KILLING WEATHER TO RETURN END THIS WEEK

Complaints were heard on every hand that the ideal weather conditions prevailing at present in Sudan, were wrecking the meat that already was in storage, and was preventing farmers and others from doing their killing so as to secure their winter meat supply while the time was propitious.

However, the fear may be allayed, for reports emanating in Denver say that plenty of snow and ice are on the way and will be here Saturday.

YELLOW DOG CLUB

"This town is certainly going down the grade," remarked the hamburger man to the taxi driver. "It's been about a month since they passed that city ordinance about traffic, and they haven't put up those traffic signals yet. And that Sudan News tries to make all sorts of excuses about to much business in the way. If I had been running things I'd have put up the signals and then passed the law."

"Ah," retorted the taxi driver, "you don't know nothing about this traffic business like I do. I backed out in the middle of the block the other day in a hurry, and made a fast turn there, and you can believe it or not, that Captain Cooper, was on the running board right now. He told me to go to the back corner and turn, and believe me he made me back all the way down the block to the corner."

"It's getting pretty tough," came back the hamburger man, "when a man owns a car and can't park it where he pleases. A fat statute book don't make a contented people. Wonder what of signals they're going to put up? Probably flags?"

"No," said the disgusted taxi driver, "the Boy Scouts are going to plant trees for the corner turns, and they're going to have slots for you to park in on the sides. Then when you back out in your groove, just follow the groove, and home you go, happy and contented."

Hallock, Missionary, Tells Of Conditions In China When Natives Celebrate Feast

There are many in Sudan who will remember with great pleasure Rev. Hallock, author of the following letter, which was written "where the sun begins," or in China. Rev. Hallock is a missionary to China, and reports state that he has been very successful in his labors, bringing a large number of Chinese out of the darkness into the light. His letter follows:

Shanghai, China, November 27th, 1928. C. P. O. Box No. 1234.

Dear Editor: Here comes another letter from the "bottom side of the world." It may be of interest to the readers of your most excellent paper.

We have recently had one of China's chief holidays. So more than a week I noticed signs of its coming. Great stacks of "moon-cakes" in brightly colored packets were shown in many stores. Beautiful lanterns were seen along the streets. Every-

thing was in such gay style it made one think of a coming Christmas. It was the Chinese Moon-feast and Mid-Autumn Festival. In their feasting it recalled our Thanksgiving Day.

The Chinese 15th of the 8th month is called "Tsoong Tsui"—Middle Autumn. In that day they have theatricals before all the gods in the temple and burn the "shaung-teo"—incense bushel. This bushel-like measure is made of incense sticks. The largest "bushels" sometimes measure as much as 20 feet in diameter. In the middle of the "bushel" is a long, large stick of incense made up of thousands of thin incense sticks the size of vermicelli. On the afternoon and night of this day each family also burns an incense bushel at home. These are smaller than the ones burned in the temple. On this day they who can so afford eat moon cakes and all kinds of nice things.

(See HALLOCK, Page 4)

Fountain Pen Lost

Duofold Red Fountain Pen, either lost or given to someone by mistake.

See if you haven't got it in your pocket, or have found it on the street and forgot to return it to

THE SUDAN NEWS OFFICE

Professional Collector Tells How To Arrange Credits So To Make Credits Safe

The Sudan News receives a ton of letters every day from various and diverse sources, but the following is about the most ridiculous which it has received with a request to publish. Why such absolute rot is allowed to circulate is more than The Sudan News can fathom, for there is absolutely no reason for its broad-casting, and The Sudan News only publishes it to give their friends, the agriculturists an opportunity to see for themselves what kind of gush is being sent out concerning the farming classes. The article follows:

Credit business should be put on the book as cold-bloodedly as merchandise is bought for the shelves. This is Rule Number One for sound credit dealings with farmers.

As a class, farmers are the star performers when it comes to wedding, tricking, and high-pressureing retailers into credit extension. Extend credit, not because a farmer, in his extremity, persuades you to, but be-

BUSY WORKING ROADS NOW

Since the roads have been worked the streets and highways, as well as the alleys, are in fine shape, clean and pretty. A good way to start 1929.

THE LIARS' CLUB

A mule is taking a good deal for granted when he steals your fancy chickens, but when he deliberately eats up live turkeys that you are fattening for your own Christmas dinner, he is overstepping the bounds of mule propriety.

That's what Jim Reynolds, farmer of the China Flat community, thinks, anyway, and he is at present facing the grave problem of what to do with such an ill-mannered and selfish brute, for he has one.

Mr. Reynolds is not an easy man to get mad; on the other hand he is extremely slow to criticize the shortcomings of another and has a vast capacity for forgiveness. That is, he used to be, until Methuselah, the mule, disappointed him the other day. Methuselah had always been such a good mule.

It was two days before Thanksgiving that Mr. Reynolds walked out in the barnyard in time to see Methuselah swallow the last bite of a grown gobbler and then pluck the head off a prize turkey hen that came strutting by. Methuselah had been guilty of eating an occasional fryer or hen for years and Mr. Reynolds had never gotten mad. He had pleaded with the mule, but that was all. But eating turkeys was going too far. And Methuselah must have realized it, for he hung his head and walked off, leaving the be-headed bird at his master's feet.

Until he can think of a suitable method of reprimand, Mr. Reynolds is going to put the bad boy in exile in a lonely stall where he will not even be permitted to see members of his immediate family and there is no telling what else may follow. There will be no turkey on his menu; not even turkey, said Mr. Reynolds, Christmas or no time.

Justice of the Peace A. J. Austin, a friend of Mr. Reynolds, furnished this story and vouches for its truthfulness.

(See "PROFESSIONAL" Page 4)

Christmas in the Nation's Capital



The President and Mrs. Coolidge Beside a Living Christmas Tree

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

HAVE you ever wondered how the leaders in our land observe Christmas, whether our President and the other high officials of our government forget for that one day in the year the cares of state and, like you and me and the friends we know, become just "plain folks," filled with the Yuletide spirit? If you have, perhaps the following news story which appeared in the press dispatches just before Christmas last year may answer the question in your mind:

Washington.—Mrs. Coolidge is planning an old-fashioned New England Christmas dinner "with all the fixings" for her family. All the details of the dinner have been planned by the first lady herself. Although she probably will not go into the White House kitchen to do any of the cooking with her own hands, she will personally arrange the dinner instead of leaving it, as she might an ordinary party dinner, to the housekeeper. The dinner will be a typical New England repast in all ways save one: the turkey will be a "tame" instead of a wild one.

The President and his family will observe a holiday alone. No guests are expected at the Executive Mansion. Even the Stearnses will not be present, as they were last year. John Coolidge returned from Amherst, December 29, without guests.

The White House will boast a Christmas tree all its own. Whether it will be kept exclusively for family admiration or placed in the East Room where all White House visitors may see it, has not been decided.

Mrs. Coolidge will not give any young people's parties for her son, home on his holiday vacation, but as usual, young John will be the most popular beau in the capital. He has already been besieged by invitations to parties, and the usual crop of pretty debutantes is waiting anxiously to see which he will accept.

Mrs. Coolidge has done much of the Christmas shopping for her menfolk, especially for her eminent spouse. She is the delight of the shopkeepers. She has started her shopping at 9 or 10:30 in the morning when the stores opened, made no special demand for attention, so that often clerks or fellow shoppers did not know they were literally rubbing elbows with the mistress of the White House. She usually stops later when the crowds become thick.

Following an annual custom, Mrs. Coolidge will aid in the distribution of the Salvation army's 750 baskets of food.

On Christmas eve President Coolidge will press a button that will light the capital's living community Christmas tree. He and his family will listen to carol singers before lighting the tree which has 500 lights.

It is interesting to note that phrase "an old-fashioned New England Christmas," because, surprising as it may sound, there was a time when Christmas celebrations were forbidden in the very section of the country from which President Coolidge came. For the Puritans who settled New England brought with them all their prejudices against the Yuletide celebrations, such as they had known in "Merrie England" during the reigns of Charles I and II. In regard to their first Christmas in the New world, the journal of John Bradford has this entry:

"And ye 25 day (Dec.) began to erect ye first house for comone use to receive them and their goods."

Notice that "Ye 25 day (Dec.)" is not even called Christmas!

On the following Christmas the governor issued a special order that everybody should keep at work on the feast day and there should be no celebration.

Thirty-nine years after the landing of the Pilgrims the General Court of Massachusetts enacted this law: "That whosoever shall be found observing any such day as Christmas or the like, either by forbearing of labor, feasting or any other way . . . shall be subject to a fine of five shillings."

The first Christmas celebration in Massachusetts was held by a royal governor, who, with all the churches shut against him, used the town house for religious services, and went with an es-



Mrs. Coolidge Plays Safta Claus



Chief Justice Taft

sort of soldiers to protect him against the wrath of the citizens.

Yet in New England, as elsewhere, the jolly spirit of Christmas finally prevailed, although it was only in 1856 that Christmas was finally made a legal holiday in Massachusetts.

However, those Puritanical prejudices failed to extend to the nation's capital, which early in our history was established in a region where the old English idea of a Christmas observance of joy and good cheer prevailed so that almost from the beginning the day has been appropriately observed in the home of the Chief Executive. In a manner very similar to that in other American homes. How the successive Presidents have observed Christmas is told by Alice Rogers Hager. In an article written for the Washington Star, from which the following extracts are taken:

Jefferson's loss of his deeply-loved wife before his election and his liking for extreme simplicity made his holiday seasons quiet ones, except when some of his grandchildren came on a visit. His two daughters were far too occupied with their own families to be much in the White House (Martha Jefferson Randolph was the mother of twelve children), and it fell to the lot of the wife of the secretary of state to arrange such parties as were given. But "Dolly" Madison was equal to those occasions quite as much as to later ones.

An incident of Christmas eve, 1815, is told in the letters of Mrs. Benjamin W. Crowninshield, wife of the secretary of the navy in Madison's cabinet. "Last eve," she writes on Christmas day, "we passed at the President's—took the girls with us. Found several gentlemen there and a lady from Kentucky who is come to make a visit there. She had the parrot brought in for the girls, and he ran after Mary to catch her feet. She screamed and jumped into a chair and caught hold of Mrs. Madison. We had quite a frolic there, returning soon after 8 o'clock. Tea was brought in after we went."

Monroe, the Episcopalian, began his Christmas with service at old St. John's, and in 1819 there was great rejoicing in the restoration of the Mansion. It becomes now the White House both in name and in fact, its ugly war scars having been healed with paint, which is annually renewed. Mrs. Monroe, with her great love of penitence and her familiarity with foreign lands, brings the formality of the court to the New Year reception, when in 1820, the House is again opened to the public.

The Christmas carols of today hark back to their popularity to the John Quincy Adams regime, when Mrs. Adams, American born and bred, but familiar also with life abroad through her association with her husband's diplomatic years, made Christmas a time of merry-making. Bands of negroes went about the still muddy streets, singing before the great houses. Many of the old English customs were revived along with the carols. Yule log-crackled and blazed on hearths, from the White House to the lowliest cabins, and the first assembly of the season graced the week following Christmas day.

Now the scene shifts with force and rapidity, and the frontier crosses the threshold of the south portico in the person of "Old Hickory." Despite his grief for his misjudged and sorely treated wife, dead of her indignation just three months before his inauguration, he buried his personal feelings and carried on his rough-shod way with the fortitude of the great soldier that he was.

Among his most human characteristics, his love of children was outstanding, and his grandchildren, the Donelsons, and the children of Francis Preston Blair, his friend, were called in to help fill the aching void. The most enchanting tales are spun of "the Gen'l" and this juvenile group, with their tumultuous celebrations of the festive seasons.

The Tyler's had not only a twelve-year-old daughter, Alice, and a son, Tazewell, but also younger cousins, nephews and nieces, and again the mansion resounded to the ring of children's voices

around Kris Kringle's pleasure-laden tree. President Tyler himself directed one fancy-dress Christmas party for his tiny granddaughter, Mary Fairlie Tyler, where daughter Alice, a born leader, dressed as Titania, presided from a throne specially set up for her.

Then there were Presidential Christmases for twenty years, but no children except those imported when Mrs. Pierce entertained her Sunday school with a Christmas tree. An article from the Star of December 27, 1855, gives further indication of the Pierce's holiday habits. "On Christmas day a very eloquent discourse was delivered at the Presbyterian church on Four-and-a-Half street by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Sunderland. The congregation was very large, and among those present we observed the President and his lady, both of whom were looking extremely well."

The Lincoln boys were not too old to put boyish enthusiasm into their holidays. Probably the one Christmas story that has gone round the globe from the White House is the one about Tad's indignant democracy. He found, one Christmas day, a small mob of street urchins playing rather forlornly outside the executive grounds. They looked cold and hungry for the well-fed President's son, and from the depths of a generous heart he asked them to dine.

Followed a battle royal with the cook, who absolutely refused to have anything to do with such "trash," Master Tad or no Master Tad! But the boy was clever as well as generous, and, like a budding lawyer, appealed his case to the Supreme court of the household. Lincoln smiled and said, "Of course, let them come," and Tad, victorious, led the gang youngsters in to a feast such as they had never dreamed existed.

In 1865, the Patterson children, Andy Stover and Andy Jackson, Jr., had a fine ball given in their honor at Christmas time, the East Room being opened and the guests, and the youthful elite of the capital being bidden as guests. And then Jesse Grant, a few years later, had a party, though not such an elaborate one, but his master of ceremonies was none other than his uncle, General Sherman.

No special stories are extant concerning the Garfield or the Arthur children, but Cleveland brought a veritable fairytale into the old Mansion. Marrying there, three of his children were born during the incumbency, and gifts from the youthful very civilized nation in the world came pouring in to the feet of the little White House princesses from Santa's best diplomatic pouches. So many came, in fact, that children who had less hope of wonder in their lives benefited materially from the overflow.

The quiet of the McKinley regime went out in the scurry of the incoming Roosevelts. Christmas became a gorgeous event, along with the 364 other gorgeous days of each year. Once more Santa was hugely welcomed; stockings were "hung by the chimney with care," and a special room set aside for the presents, to which only Mrs. Roosevelt and one maid had access. The one fly in the ointment, however, for a Christmas or two, was that the President, in keeping with his conservation policy, didn't quite approve the tree idea, and the boys were keenly disappointed. Then a new Christmas came, and there was much secrecy on the part of Archie and Quentin. When the general presents had all been given out, their impatience could no longer be overlooked, and the secret came out. Leading the way to a certain closet, Archie threw open the door and disclosed his and Quentin's own private tree, which they had smuggled in and decorated by themselves. That tree became an institution, and each year thereafter, as long as the family remained in the White House, was held in Archie's room.

Some delightful tales are told on "Big Bill Taft" and his Christmas adventures when his turn came as head of the nation. On the morning of Christmas eve, 1910, Mr. Taft gave 102 fine turkeys to the married members of the White House staff, and to the single men who had no hungry mouths to feed other suitable gifts.

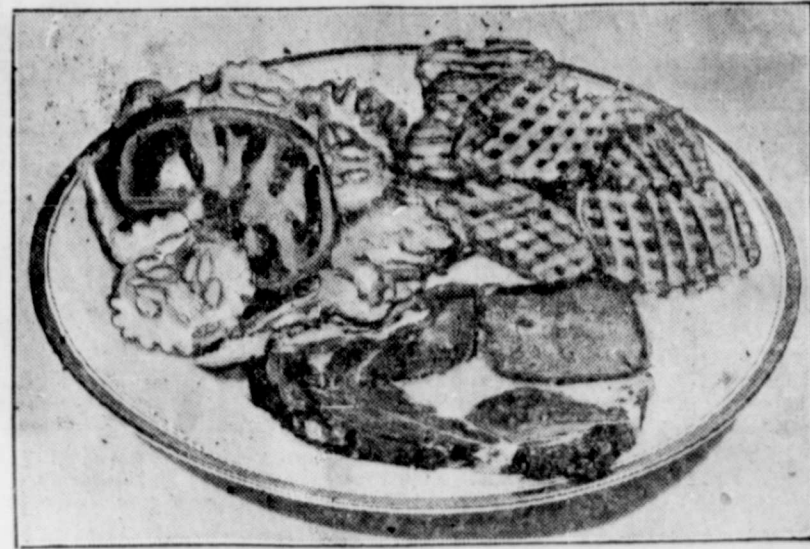
But the best moment of the day came when Christmas had just turned the corner. At the stroke of midnight a little band of singers debouched on the White House grounds, with trombone and hymn books in true "wall" fashion, and began the march up the curving walk to the north portico. A startled policeman ran hastily out to turn them back, but, seeing who they were and what they were about to do, changed his mind, and joined them instead.

Lifting their voices in the lovely chant of "Adeste Fideles," they progressed musically to the porch and there stationed themselves for a full service. In a few moments a window above their heads was raised, and the President, attired broadly in a blue bathrobe, leaned out and shouted "Merry Christmas." The window didn't stay up long, because a cold wind was blowing, but the object of the serenades stayed behind it through the entire program, and raised it again at the end long enough to call, "Merry Christmas to you, boys, and thank you very much."

"Merry Christmas, Mr. President," the singers called back as they gathered up their possessions and went away into the darkness.

The Wilson Christmases were, so many of them, war-shadowed, or very quiet because of the long illness that ended them. But when it was possible intimate friends were entertained as house guests. The custom of giving turkeys to the staff was continued, but the war made other gestures, except to the fighting men, of small moment.

LATTICE POTATOES GOOD WITH COLD MEAT



Cold Roast Beef With Lattice Potatoes and a Piquant Salad.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In spite of the fact that there are said to be at least fifty different ways of preparing potatoes, many families know them only as boiled, mashed, baked, or creamed. Frying potatoes in deep fat is not nearly so difficult as many people believe, and lattice potatoes, shoe-string potatoes, French fries, and potato chips, are all different forms in which potatoes may be cooked at home in deep, hot fat. This gives them the delicate brown color and crisp texture that makes them so welcome whenever served.

The grooved board, covered with a piece of tin with a cutting edge, for making lattice potatoes, can be bought almost anywhere kitchen wares are sold. It is not expensive. Shoe-string potatoes can also be cut on this board, or with a knife. A knife is generally used for cutting potatoes into strips for French frying. A vegetable slicer

or special cutter is needed to make potato chips.

In whatever form the potatoes are cut, they should be rinsed in cold running water and soaked for two or three hours in cold water to remove as much starch as possible, says the bureau of home economics. Dip the pieces from the water and pat them with a clean dry cloth to absorb as much moisture as possible. Heat a kettle of deep fat hot enough to brown a small piece of bread in sixty seconds. Fry about a cupful of pieces at a time. Remove them from the fat when golden brown, drain on clean absorbent paper, and sprinkle with salt.

Serve at once while hot and crisp. The attractive form of lattice potatoes, as well as their color and crisp texture, makes them unusually pleasing as an accompaniment to cold meat and salad on the day when there are guests for lunch or supper.

TWO DELICIOUS PINEAPPLE PIES

Always Festive Sort of Confection for Company.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Pies, "kivered" or "unkivered," are always popular for dessert, aren't they? You can use pineapple filling for either kind, says the bureau of home economics. If you want a one-crust pie, save your egg whites and make a meringue for the top. This is always a festive sort of pie for a company dinner, and it takes very little extra time or trouble to make the meringue. The two-crust pie needs no eggs.

Pineapple Meringue Pie.
1 1/2 cups crushed, 2 eggs, drained, canned 1 cup pineapple juice.
2 tbs. cornstarch, 1 tbs. lemon juice, 1/4 cup sugar, 2 tbs. butter, 1/2 tbs. salt.

Mix the cornstarch, sugar and salt, and add to one-half cupful of the pineapple juice which has been heated in a double boiler. Stir until the mixture thickens and add it to the remaining juice and the well-beaten yolks of the eggs. Cook for one minute, add the butter and the drained pineapple. Pour this filling into a prebaked pie crust. Make a meringue of the well-beaten whites of the eggs and four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and pile lightly over the filling. Bake in a very moderate oven until the meringue becomes golden brown.

Two-Crust Pineapple Pie.
1 1/2 cups crushed, 1 tbs. lemon, drained, canned 2 tbs. cornstarch, pineapple 2 tbs. butter, 1/4 cup sugar, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1 cup pineapple juice.

Heat one-half of the pineapple juice in a double boiler. Mix the cornstarch, sugar and salt, and add them to the hot juice, stirring until thickened. Mix this with the remaining juice, the butter, the drained pineapple and the lemon juice. Pour this into a pastry lined tin, moisten the rim, lay on an upper crust, and press the edges together to hold in the filling. Cut a slit in the crust to allow the steam to escape. Bake in a moderate oven about thirty to thirty-five minutes, or until golden brown.

Many Housekeepers Like Hot Rolls for a Change

Many housekeepers who do not regularly make bread like to have a few hot rolls once in a while. A very good roll of dainty texture can be made if part of the flour is replaced by rice potato, and potato water is used as the liquid. Here are the directions, furnished by the bureau of home economics:

4 cups flour, 1 cup potato water, 1 1/4 tsp. salt, 1/2 yeast cake dissolved in the lukewarm potato water, 2 1/4 tsp. lard, 1/2 cup diced potato, rice.

Sift 3 1/2 cupfuls of flour with the salt. Rub in the lard with the tips of the fingers; then add the liquid and the potatoes. Mix well and add the remaining one-half cupful flour if required. Knead the dough until it springs back into place when pressed with the fingers. Grease the bowl and the surface of the dough, cover, and let rise until double in bulk. Grease muffin tins and place in each pan three small pieces of the dough, to make a clover leaf roll. Let them rise until again double in bulk. Bake for about twenty-five minutes at a temperature of about 375 degrees to 400 degrees Fahrenheit. When golden brown, remove from the oven and serve at once.

PASS CLOSET FROM DINING ROOM SIDE

Illustration Shows a Convenient Way of Arranging.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A glass-doored closet of any sort in the dining room is ornamental only when choice dishes, seldom used, are attractively displayed in it. Such a closet is rather like a curio cabinet, taking up more space than most homes can spare. Chinaware in constant use must be in and out of the closet for every meal, and the shelves where it is stored are intended for service, not for decorative purposes. When half empty such shelves are better concealed behind opaque wooden doors than visible through glass.

A two-way or pass closet in the connecting wall between the dining room and kitchen is a great convenience, especially on the kitchen side, but it should be planned so as not to detract from the appearance of the dining room. If it has glass doors on both sides, undesirable glimpses of the



Dining Room Side of Handy Pass Closet.

kitchen are possible from the dining room side, as well as the uninteresting view of the odds and ends of china remaining on the shelves.

The illustration, taken by the bureau of home economics, shows an excellent way of building a pass closet with an ordinary door on the dining room side. This door is cut in two at the level of the sink and serving counter, so that only one-half need be opened at a time for taking dishes out or passing soiled dishes through to the kitchen. The shelves run entirely through the wall and on the kitchen side can be reached by a person standing at the sink. When the dishes have been washed they can be put into this closet without the worker taking an unnecessary step. When the door is closed on the dining room side no dishes are visible.

Spiced Beef Tongue.

Thoroughly scrub one smoked beef tongue, but do not peel off the outside skin and roots. Place in a kettle with two cupfuls of vinegar, one cupful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, two sticks of cinnamon, half a package of pickling spices tied in a bag, two tablespoonfuls of chili sauce, one clove of garlic, and water sufficient to cook. Boil until tender. Remove from the kettle and allow the tongue to cool before removing the roots. Trim off nicely and set in the refrigerator to become thoroughly cold before slicing. This is delicious served on thin slices of rye or white bread or used as a main luncheon dish.

We have sincere hopes, in the ensuing year, 1929, of improving our service, by eliminating the errors of 1928, if such there were. We are going to put a bigger and better punch in our work; we are going to increase production; we are going to co-operate more and more, that together we may attain perfection; we are going to retain but three old, but always new, things: Courtesy—Service—Quality.

With the dying of 1928 and the birth of 1929, we, together, as man to man, as human being to human being, wish you, sincerely, a deep and heartfelt Happy New Year. — May your fondest dream be realized.

J. A. HUTTO, Manager
JOHN WELCH
C. L. DANIEL
CLINT DYER
CLYDE FLORENCE
TOM NICHOLS
J. M. WHITE
C. A. STAFFER
JOE RONE
P. T. HAMILTON, Jr
TOM HARGROVES
DELMER GANN

"The Greatest Tire In the World"



Not long after Goodyear announced this new tire—it became generally known as "The World's Greatest Tire."

This new tire has an All-Weather Tread specially designed for balloon tires; it does away with all existing ideas of how long a balloon tire should wear, it gives better traction, more non-skid.

Now—we know something about tires. We tested this one, looked it over, cut one up, tried it for everything we could think of. We've watched it for months. Take OUR word, it IS the world's greatest tire.

We have your size. It costs no more than ordinary tires. Come in and see it. More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

Hutto Co.
 for Economical Transportation
CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET SALES AND SERVICE
 J. A. HUTTO J. M. WHITE
 SUDAN, TEXAS

Happy, Prosperous New Year

You have given loyal patronage.

You have given enthusiastic patronage.

You have given prosperity.

The wish of this firm is that 1929 will be the richest ever experienced by you—not only in superb health but in great prosperity and in greater happiness.

And it is loyalty, each one of us loyal to each other, which can and will bring to each of our doors happiness and prosperity in

1929

Higginbotham-Bartlet Co

SUDAN, TEXAS

WHEAT FARMERS FACE MANY NEW PROBLEMS ENSUING YEAR

Wheat farmers of Oklahoma and Texas are facing some new problems, experts declare, for the ensuing year, and those interested had better take warning. Experiment station workers have already discovered a score of problems that farmers have little suspected, coming up in connection with the use of the combine.

What is going to be the effect of continually plowing back into the soil all the straw produced on the land when the same fields are planted to wheat year after year? Will the soil be able to digest it? Will the hilltops, where straw is light, get poorer and the lowlands get so rich the wheat will lodge? Can some way be worked out to distribute the straw from the rich part of the fields to the hilltops? These are questions which experiment station workers are thinking about.

The experiment stations have pretty well worked out a plan for controlling Hessian fly based on binding and threshing wheat. Now the question is arising as to what use of the combine will have on Hessian fly control where quantities of straw have to be plowed under?

Some new questions are also arising because of the wide use of the one-way disc plow. And then there are other problems that deal with the storage of combined wheat, such as "How much moisture may threshed wheat carry and be stored with safety?" Other problems have to do with the protein content of wheat and of disease control. Every one of these problems effects the wheat farmers of Oklahoma and Texas. Eventually the experiment stations or the farmers themselves must find an answer to them.

TONNAGE

A girl walked into a store and dropped her bag on the counter. "Give me a chicken," she said. "Do you want a pullet?" asked the storekeeper. "No," the girl replied, "I want to carry it."

for what purpose? What t--



I will sell at Public Auction at the C. H. May Farm 9 miles west and 2 miles South of Sudan, and 1 1/4 mile west of Circleback and 8 miles East of Baileyboro, on

Wednesday, January 2nd

Beginning at 10 o'clock sharp, the following personal property:

- 50—HEAD OF HOGS—50
- 50 head of good thrifty shoats, weighing from 60 to 100 lbs.
- 50—CHICKENS—50
- 50 standard bred Rhode Island and White Leghorn hens.
- 1 Osborn Row Binder
- 2 Slide Go-Devils
- 1 John Deere Cultivator
- 1 McCormick-Deering one-row wheat drill
- 1 Vacuum Cream Separator
- MULES AND HORSES
- 1 mare mule, 7 years old, wt. 1,100
- 1 horse mule, 6 years old, wt. 1,100
- 1 team black horses, aged 6 and 7 years, weight 2,300
- 1 sorrel mare, 7 years old, wt. 1,000
- 1 bay mare, 9 years old, weight 1,000
- 1 mule colt
- 1 kid pony
- 35—HEAD OF CATTLE—35
- 1 Holstein cow, 6 years old, giving 2 gallons milk, fresh in June
- 1 Jersey cow, 8 years old, fresh in March
- 1 Jersey-Holstein cow, 3 years old, fresh
- 1 Brown Jersey cow, 7 years old, fresh in March
- 1 black cow, Jersey-Holstein, 5 years old, giving 2 gallons of milk
- 1 Jersey cow, calf by side, giving two gallons milk
- 28 head of yearlings, heifers, and steers

FREE LUNCH AT NOON BRING YOUR CUPS
 TERMS: CASH. No property to be removed until settled for.

C. H. MAY,
"DUTCH" CASH, Owners
 Col. Jack Rowen, Auctioneer Joe D. West, Clerk.

THE SUDAN NEWS

Entered as second class mail matter July 2, 1925 at the Postoffice at Sudan, Texas under the act of March 3, 1879.

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THE AMERICAN CREED

"I believe in the United States of America and the principles of freedom, justice, equality and humanity upon which it was founded and for which American Patriots have given their lives and fortunes."

"I believe it is my duty towards my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; and to defend it against all enemies."

Any erroneous reflection upon the character or reputation of any person, company or corporation which may appear in these columns will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the management.

"BOOST OR MOVE."

What's in a name—Muleshoe.

Nobody loves a fat man except his tailor.

Now that Christmas is over, let's sober up.

And the turke ysang: "Good-Bye, Forever."

It used to be "Rock and Rye." Now it's "Rock and Lye."

A model husband is a small imitation of the real thing.

The universal holiday occupation: Putting tight on sausages.

Said the can to the syrup: "What are you sticking around for?"

The Song Of Hate: "Who Sent Me Those Sox a Size Too Small?"

A local high school student wrote: "A wind is a swiftly moving breeze."

She at the basket ball game: "Why don't they drop kick and finish the game?"

Boulder Dam will cost \$165,000,000. That much coin should amply to dam anything.

Answer this: When a shiek pays 50c for a hair cut, what becomes of the shavings?

Muleshoe is paving the business section. Here's a nickel more; pave the resident section.

Christmas cigars soaked over night in pure hog lard are said to have a delightful flavor.

Whoever heard of making turkey dressing with horse chestnuts? Wouldn't that be racy?

"The Pick of the Plains" is evidently wrong. "Plucked by the Plain," is more synthetic.

News item in exchange: "A deaf mute married a deaf mute and they bought them a radio."

From oil reports emanating at Levelland, that city will soon be the greasy hub of the universe.

No wonder Santa Claus looks angry in some of those Christmas cartoons. He's lost his paunch.

Answer this one: If The Sudan News is worth \$2.00 a year, are the other county papers worthless?

It used to be "hip pocket." Now it's "flask pocket." But one advantage—it's located in the same place.

Headline in exchange: "Teachers spread out for Christmas." Good, but be careful, girls, be careful.

The man who used to suffer from his wife's cold feet, now wears a Hot Blast Bed Pad on his back.

We have but one kick on this Christmas: We lack one pair of sox of having the full quota for the year.

Congress recently passed the Boulder Dam Bill. The people of Arizona more likely emphasize the second word.

The Lamb County Leader says: "They are rearing homes in Littlefield." What are they going to put out front?

Headline: "Eld. T. L. Kimmel Goes To Church At Littlefield." Probably he went to see if there were any pillars.

Father admits that his Santa Claus suit bagged at the knees, but he is content in the belief that he was completely disguised.

Answer this one: If Mary had a little lamb, with wool all o'er it's back, What did she do with the wool she snatched—Did she put it back?

From the scores of the recent Sudan-Littlefield basketball games it would appear that the Sudanites just used the baskets to bring home the bacon.

Now that Hoover is president of Texas, we behoovers we unhoovered democrats to behoove ourselves, and behoove Texas forward behoovingly.

She flicked the ash from rose-scented cigarette, as he remarked: "I don't see how I'm going to keep my hat on." "Oh, just pull it down over your horns," she replied tartly.

A NEW CREATION

General Motors has announced a new six-cylinder Chevrolet, with Fisher body style, within the price range of the four. Chevrolet, long the greatest competitor of Henry Ford, has definitely abandoned the four-cylinder motor car field, turning to the six-cylinder car. What reaction this will have on Henry Ford's plans interests the motor car world.

During the first nine months of 1928 more than a million Chevrolets were sold. Nearly 750,000 new Fords have been built during the past year. A recent page announcement by Ford says he expects to make two million automobiles in 1929.

In any event the struggle for domination of the low priced motor field will tend to keep prices down.

17,000 EVERY DAY

How many radio sets can this country buy? Three manufacturers, largest in the country, now make 17,000 sets a day—for the Christmas trade, for the regular average purchases of the year. Other manufacturers increase the output to at least 20,000 sets a day.

A few years ago there were no radio sets. Nobody wanted them, because they did not exist. Nobody dreamed of them, except a few scatter-brained inventors. Now millions of people will tell you that the radio set is a necessity of life, and that if you have not one you don't know what you are missing.

How soon will every home have a radio?

NEW MONEY

Soon we will have cleaner money, stronger money, and more convenient size. The government is printing a new issue of banknotes amounting to a billion dollars. More of the units are dollar bills, and the present defects of this denomination are responsible for the change.

It has been found that the principal use for dollar bills is to buy gasoline. They go to filling stations of tenner than anywhere else. In doing so they get oil, and dirty and wear out rapidly. The new issue will be smaller, longer and nearly oil proof.

FIRST WOMAN

Mrs. Herbert Hoover is the first woman in a long time who has traveled on a United States battleship. The reason, however, has nothing to do with sailor superstitions. There is a more compelling reason. Many years ago, when the navy was young, the captain of one of our warships took his wife along—also a voyage to South America, as it happened. Two fugitives from a revolution stowed away on board. The lady hid the muntill the ship sailed. It resulted in a grand international row and an order forbidding women to travel on ships of war.

NEVER AGAIN

Governor Smith insists that he will never again run for office. He has been a candidate about a score of times and was beaten but twice, so that he has a batting average better than Babe Ruth. He may never again intend to hold office, but the United States senate is said to be an attractive berth for men who hold a liking for the political game. After a year's retirement from the arena he may find exhilaration in another whirl.

SWEET MELODIES

One hundred years ago Franz Schubert lived to give the world some of its greatest and sweetest melodies. He died neglected and in poverty. The entire estate of the composer, who died at 31, was valued at probably \$10. Now the world is honoring his memory. Few millionaires will be remembered as long. Could Schubert but pass this way today he would probably remark with fervor that "the first 100 years are the hardest."

NOT A PAUSE

Those who say that the radio will displace books are also dreaming. The business of writing and of printing books will continue until the last armed foe expires. Even when they are reading books by radio there will be men and women writing them. The itch for typing will endure as long as thought and ambition exist.

THE BIG WIND

Commander Byrd and his argonauts hope to tear away the veil which has shrouded the Antarctic regions. From what has been reported by other explorers it is a wonder that the high winds have not blown away the veil long ago.

Amherst Argus says: "An advertising medium covering this section." Sod widows can now find out where John is and how he likes his job. Partonize him, girls, he advertises.

A local shiek wrote this to his sweetie as an excuse for not calling: "I drove into the garage and met my note; I drove out of the garage and met it's brother. I will not be able to call this evening."

The little pig which went to market wrote back home: "Father is in cold storage, mother is in the sausage, sister is in the pork barrel, and brother is still on the skids. They are looking me over today."

His hand trembled, his heart stood still, his pulse was abnormal. This was a package from her. He opened it expectantly. An dright on top of his silk shirt lay this bewitching note: "You owe me 80c for that last wash. Please remit, pronto."

The synthetic baby pumps synthetic milk from a synthetic bottle via a synthetic nipple into a synthetic stomach and smiles a synthetic smile at his synthetic mother who is reading from a synthetic book in a synthetic chair while with a synthetic motion she rocks the synthetic cradle. How we do improve.

Bad news for rubber boot manufacturers: Muleshoe is paving. Wonder what Muleshoe will look like in a pavement? Or will it be a Muleshoe pavement? Or ju sta pavement for Muleshoe? Or will Muleshoe get a new Muleshoe pavement? Ah, heck! Anyway Muleshoe is getting a new Muleshoe pavement for Muleshoe.

PROFESSIONAL—

(Concluded From Page One)
are, among farmers, as among other classes of consumers, those whose word is absolutely good. It is a fact, however, that there is light making of promises, to obtain credit, on a prodigious scale. Be wary of verbal promises!

Learn to use notes with skill. I know one merchant, who, uniformly, granting credit for two months or more, requires the customer to give him a note bearing 8% interest.

In effect," he explains, "I borrow the money from the bank when I carry you for three months, and the bank charges me 8% interest. So, the fair thing is for you to give me a note which pays me for the accommodation."

The note serves more than one purpose. It eliminates chance of dispute and facilitates collection by legal process, if such should become necessary. Again, it has a constructive influence for payment. When credit is costing the customer real money, he has a new incentive to pay up.

Notes have a bad record in rural credit on the scores of renewals. Make it a rule, renewing a note, to collect at least the interest. Better still, renewing requires at least some reduction to be made of the debt.

Now about co-maker notes: Many a rural buyer gives inadequate security with his own notes, but supplies that which is good as a bond when a second party, a good responsibility, acts as co-maker. Don't overlook the possibility of wives as co-makers, parents, and other relatives.

Face the facts in dealing with your credit business. Once a year, at least, write off bad debts. Be strict in your charge-offs. That is, if you are doubtful on account, whether to charge it off or not—charge it off!

Of course, later, endeavor to recover from your charge-off. With good fortune, your recoveries may be high. The rural sections of the United States are littered with retail enterprises wrecked because, extending credit, the owners did not face facts—kept bad accounts as assets. Any account several months past due, concerning which there is real doubt of collection, should be charged to Profit and Loss, and thereafter, the policy to be avoided acquiring such accounts.

Compile a list of the desirable credit customers of your community. You can do this through credit bureaus or banks. Then seek with skill to secure these accounts—not by giving more credit than the next man, but by offering better values in merchandise, and a wider selection, and better all-around service.

Go out, that is, in a deliberate effort to put desirable accounts on the store's books. Any store can get the business of poor credit risks. It takes a real store to get the patronage of the excellent credit risks. Make your store the latter kind.

HALLOCK—

(Concluded From Page One)
The incense bushel is decorated with flags of many-colored dragon-gates something as children at home put candles on their birthday cakes; but the children in China take the flags and dragon-gate decorations from the bushel before it is burnt and have great delight in playing with these, marching up and down the streets.

I asked the Chinese why they burn the incense bushel and eat the moon cake, an worship the moon with candles, incense and food on this day. They answered that there are many reasons for it and many stories are told about it. One of the reasons because there is a lady-god in the moon. Her name is Zaung-noo. She is said to be exceedingly beautiful. From the beginning of time to the end there never was nor will be one as beautiful as she. She was once upon a time a woman of the world; but became displeased with her husband and all the income is not so pure as formerly and it does not rise so high as to reach the goddess in her palace and so, not enjoying its fragrance, she comes no more on the clouds; but people still offer incense and hope she will appear sometime.

They say that in the moon this goddess has a most beautiful castle. It is called the "Yuih-Koong"—Moon Palace. Only one human has ever seen its glories. Once, during the Dong Dynasty, a Chinese king called Ming Wong, by the magic of a holy monk, was enabled to mount up from the earth to the Moon Castle to hear the music and see its beauty. He was allowed to stand outside for only a few minutes. By that time the goddess knew that the king of man was here. She was very angry at the monk for leading the king to her holy land. Soon from the castle came most unpleasant sounds. The monk understood that it was the queen's living sent to her wrath and he quickly lead the king back to earth.

You can thus see how full of superstition the Chinese are and how much they need the Gospel and Jesus Christ that they may see the real King in His beauty and live forever in His glorious palace on high. It's a joy to teach Chinese children of Jesus and His salvation while they are young.

A Merry Christmas and a Blessed New Year to you and loved ones. Yours in Christ's glad service.
H. G. C. Hallock.

Aviation may be only in the experimental stage—but don't fall.

Real Estate and Loans..

V. C. NELSON

10 Tracts of Martin Land for Sale. \$35 to \$45 per acre.

SUDAN TEXAS

DAD'S LUNCH ROOM

Barbecue, Chilli, Hamburgers. Barbecue Served to Families in Quantity.

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Improved or Unimproved

Fifteen Dollar

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FOR SHOE AND HARNESS REPAIRING

New Mattresses and Mattress Ren ing, Also Top and Curtain Worl
PATTERSON'S SHOE SHOP

Happy New Year

May 1929 bring to each of you indially the fondest longing of your heart.

And as for ourselves we expect to real happiness in serving this community in 1929 to the very best of our ability.

Agency Victrola and Records

Radios—Any Kind

Radio Shop

J. C. BARRON

F. E. M

Big Horse and Mule Credit Sale

Beginning At 9:30 A. M., on MOND
JANUARY 7th, At My Stock Pens
LITTLEFIELD

I am going to sell to the highest bidder 60 Head of H and Mules. This is a nice bunch of stock. They run medium weight to large size. Everything will be guaranteed as represented on sale day.

AN ALL DAY SALE—DON'T MISS IT!

The entire bunch will sell on this date

TERMS—One-half cash, balance Fall time with app security

MID SEALE, Owner.

M. L. LYNN—

Auctioneers

—J. W. B

Cordial Good Wishes

May the New Year's bells ring in a year of happiness, 12 months of health, weeks of prosperity for all our many friends and valued customers.

To you and yours a very Happy and Prosperous New Year!

J. N. Beasley Grain Co.
E. C. SHUMAN, Manager

DINSMORE'S FOLLY

By
CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright
WNU Service

THE STORY

That her grandfather left her the architectural monstrosity known as "Dinsmore's Folly" is, for esthetic reasons, by no means pleasing to Ethel Dinsmore, modern "dapper." She would refuse the bequest, but her father will not allow it. Edith visits the place, Perkins, the caretaker, is the victim of a matrimonial mishap, his wife having left him. Fred James, newspaper reporter comes. Mr. Paul, Dinsmore's right-handed man, proposes to Edith and is rejected. Edith sees a connection between Perkins runaway wife and Mr. Paul. Riding with Fred James, Edith's horse bolts. The runaway is stopped by a stranger who does not give his name. Edith hereafter calls him M. P. (My Preserver). With her sister, Josephine, and Fred James, Edith attends a prize fight. Police raid the place. The girl is saved from the indignity of arrest by the same man who had stopped her runaway horse. She learns his name is Bratton, and allows him to think she is a poor relation of the Dinsmores. Telling her father she is in love with Fred James, the old gentleman arranges for Josephine and Edith to take a trip to Japan, with their Aunt Candice. On the pier, as the ship is about to sail, the girls hear newboys calling "All About the Dinsmore Indictment." Excited, they allow the vessel to sail without them, but with Aunt Candice. They find their home surrounded by a crowd denouncing Curtis Dinsmore as a thief. He has disappeared. Edith and Josephine take refuge at "Dinsmore's Folly."

CHAPTER V—Continued

It was a stiff walk (in high-heeled shoes) beyond the terminus of the line. More than once before I sighted the high stone wall that surrounded the Dinsmore place did I wish that I had thrown prudence to the winds and had insisted on spending our last nickels for a taxi. But it was too late then; besides, Josephine was really nervous sometimes. Besides, I consoled myself, it would never have done to let a he-gossip of a chauffeur (all chauffeurs are he-gossips) drive two women to Dinsmore's Folly, while the newspapers were ringing with Father's indictment. We'd have had a dozen reporters out to interview us in no time. At last (it was really not very far except for high-heeled boots) we came in sight of the high stone wall that marked the place. I know that this wall had only one break, an opening about a hundred yards wide, through which the front of the house looked out upon the river; and I expected to have to walk about an eighth of a mile farther before we could get near the grounds. But as we drew near I saw a wide break in the century-old wall that had not been there when we left a month before.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "Somebody's been knocking down my wall." Yes, I called it my wall; some how I was beginning to feel very kind toward Dinsmore's Folly.

Josephine looked at the break critically. "More likely it's fallen of itself," she observed. "It was pretty old and crumbly, you know."

"Well, the road through it didn't make itself," I objected. "About a million wagons seem to have been using it for the past month. Of course, I don't want to play dog-in-the-manger. If people really can save time by short-cutting through the place, and if they aren't afraid their autos will shy at the sight of the architectural monstrosity of the house, I don't object. But I do think that Perkins might have informed me. However, since the hole is there let's follow it and save ourselves some steps." I stepped through the break and Josephine followed.

The new road joined one of the old ones inside the place and cut across an angle of the grounds to the front of the house. It certainly did lessen the distance materially.

We were about halfway to the house when something happened. Behind us there came a rattle and a roar and a crash, all blended in one. I whirled around (Josephine turned, too, but she didn't whir), and there, bulging through the break in the wall, came an automobile at furious speed. Down upon us it thundered and we had just time to leap aside (even Josephine leaped), when it flashed over the spot where we had stood. As it passed I saw (that is, I suppose I saw, though it seemed to me that I saw nothing) that it had only one occupant, a young man with a stern set face, who leaned over the wheel, wholly oblivious of us. Even in that fraction of a second I thought I recognized him, but I had not time to make sure; and a second later the inevitable happened. The

machine reached the front of the house, heading straight for the gate and for the river beyond. Then the driver seemed to see his danger and attempted to swing sharply to the right into the main road. But he was too late. For one heartbreaking instant the machine balanced on two wheels; then it went over and over down the steep bank and its driver hurtled through the air and landed in the river. I saw the water fly high in air as he struck.

For a moment I stood paralyzed, too horrified even to shriek. Then I grabbed Josephine and ran toward the house, dragging her after me. But my knees were buckling under me and my heart was pounding so that I couldn't breathe, and before we got to the spot it was Josephine who was helping me instead of me helping her. In fact, if it hadn't been for Josephine I believe I should have fallen down and perished right there; certainly I shouldn't have arrived until long afterwards.

When we did get there it was all over. Several men had appeared from nowhere (I guessed that they had been pulling on the outside road), and had pulled the driver out of the water and carried him to the house. Perkins was just showing them in. From what I could see the driver seemed to be conscious though badly hurt. I wished that I could have seen him closer. I couldn't help believing that I knew him.

Perkins did not follow the party far into the house, for he came back to the door just as Josephine and I staggered up. The affair seemed to have shocked him as much as it had us, for



"Josephine Afterwards Said That I Jumped Down His Throat."

his face was white beneath its tan; and his eyes, when they met ours, were big with panic. The gasp that served him for a mouth had dropped open, and he seemed absolutely unable to speak.

Not that I gave him much time. In point of fact I gave him none. Josephine afterward said that I jumped down his throat.

"Oh, the poor man!" I cried. "Was he badly hurt? Can we do anything? Where have they taken him? Have you a comfortable place for him?"

Perkins' eyes grew wider than ever. He thrust out his neck and drew it in again, just like a culture. He swallowed his Adam's apple once or twice. Then he granted, "He'll no suffer, miss," he said. "The doctor man is with him the noo."

"The doctor? Good gracious! Is there a doctor here? Oh! I'm so glad. How did you get one so quick? But I suppose he was passing when it occurred and came right in."

"Perkins nodded. "Yes, miss," he stammered. "I'atoush that was the way of it, miss. He was passing and came right in."

"And does he think—"

"He canna say just yet, miss. But he misdoats that the gentleman isn't hurt serious, though he's bunzed up a muckle, ye ken."

I drew a breath of relief. "I'm glad," I said. "Do you know who he is?"

Perkins flushed and I wondered why. But he shook his head promptly enough. "No, miss," he said. "I din na know at all. But, begging your pardon, miss, I thought you had started for Japan, miss."

This brought me back to earth again. I nodded ruefully. "So we did," I acknowledged. "But we came back. Of course you've seen the papers?"

"Yes, miss."

"Well, I'll talk with you about things after a while. Meanwhile, we'll go to our rooms. Be careful not to tell a soul that we're here—not a soul mind you."

"Your rooms, miss?" Perkins shoo out and drew back his head till I thought he was going to shoot it clear off his shoulders. It was perfectly fascinating. "You canna stay here the noo, miss."

"We've got to stay till—but that will come later. Now—"

But Perkins interrupted. He seemed to be awfully worried. "You dinna ken what you'll be letting yourself in for, miss," he protested. "I'll no be able to make you comfortable, miss. 'Tis fair against reason—"

"Nonsense," I interrupted. I had never supposed that Perkins was such an old grandmother. "We know exactly what the conditions are. And we don't expect much under the circumstances. Anyway, we've got to stay—"

"But, miss—"

The man's objections were growing wearisome and I cut them short. "That will do, Perkins," I said, sharply. "We stay. And, remember, say nothing about our being here. No one knows it but you; and if it gets out I shall know whom to hold responsible."

I thought this was a very mild rebuke, and I was surprised by the effect it had on Perkins. His eyes wobbled, and his color came and went. I wondered whether he actually resented my speaking as I had. If he did he could resent and be— That is he could resent and be— Oh, well! He could resent it as much as he liked I hate to speak sharply to anyone particularly to anyone who can't well resent it. But Perkins certainly had been too persistent. But then, after all, probably he had only been so because he feared we would be uncomfortable. I would—

I was casting about for something to say that would let him down easy, when he beat me to it. His eyes narrowed into the craftiest look. Then—

"Vera well," he said. "If you maun have your way, you maun, miss. Would I be tellin' everybody that you're no here, miss? Is there no somebody that knows you're here, miss?"

"Nobody'll come, I tell you. Not a soul knows we are here and—"

Josephine interrupted. "Not a soul knows it yet, Perkins," she interrupted. "Plenty of people will know it very soon. Mr. James will be out to see us tomorrow, perhaps tonight. Let us know when he comes."

I gasped. Never before had I known Josephine to interrupt or even to speak curtly. For a moment I could not understand her idea; then, abruptly, I read a new and sinister meaning into Perkins' objections to our living in the house, and into his questions as to whether anyone knew we were there. For the first time I realized that we were two lone girls, neither of us twenty-one years of age; that we were supposed to be on our way to Japan, and that we were actually asking domicile at a lonely house far out in the suburbs of the wickedest city in the United States. Who knew what risks we might run if Perkins supposed that no one knew we were there! What did we know of Perkins, anyhow? Grandfather had trusted him, but— Once started, my suspicions grew by leaps and bounds.

However, there was neither time nor opportunity to speak or even to think at the moment. The men who had helped to carry the injured man into the house were coming out. I longed to go and speak to the one whom I guessed to be the doctor and to ask him if we could do anything to help. But of course I couldn't speak without telling him who we were. So we could only stand aside and let him think us mere gaping curiosity seekers. However, if they did not take the man away, I hoped to help later.

They showed no intention of taking him away. All of them except the doctor went straight to an automobile that I now noticed was standing in the road and climbed in, apparently washing their hands of the matter. The doctor stopped just outside the door and beckoned to Perkins, who hurried toward him. I could not hear what he said, but I did not doubt that he was giving instructions as to the care of the man. A moment later he turned away, hurried to the road and got into the automobile, which instantly sped away.

As soon as it had disappeared I hurried forward. My misgivings in regard to Perkins had somehow vanished. "What did the doctor say, Perkins?" I questioned. "Does he think the gentleman is badly hurt? Is he going to send word to his friends?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Marriage Makes for Lengthening of Life

Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, head of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, is all for the wedding bells and orange blossoms. He believes from a study of the facts and figures that a man has a much better chance married to survive the terrific strain of modern existence than if he stays single.

Doctor Osborn bases his theory on a study of the careers of graduates of the class of 1877 of Princeton university. He had a record of those who married in the last 50 years and of those who remained single. Forty-two per cent of the married graduates survived their fiftieth anniversary, while only 25 per cent of the bachelors are living today.

The graduating class of 50 years ago averages seventy-two years; with only 52 of the 172 men who married with the class still living. Once married, the men of each profession not only lived 12 years longer on the average than the bachelors, but 45 per cent of them still survive, as opposed to 25 per cent of the single men.

"Some credit for this record must be given to the good housewives," says Doctor Osborn, "and to their ceaseless vigilance over overcoats and rubbers."

South Sea's Idiom

Kanakas is a popular name given to the natives of Hawaii, New Caledonia, New Hebrides, and other islands of the South seas.

POULTRY

EARLIER HATCHED
CHICKS FAVORED

Good Business to Have Good Laying Flock in Summer.

By hatching a part of the poultry flock between January 15 and February 15, so that the birds will mature in July, the poultryman takes a big step toward maintaining his late summer and early fall production, advises R. R. Hannas, poultry research specialist, in the New Jersey Agriculture.

Mr. Hannas points out that the price of eggs begins to climb as the summer wanes and that it is good business to have a flock of layers at this time. Ordinarily a decline in production takes place with the old fowls about July. If one-quarter to one-third of the flock is hatched between the middle of January and the middle of February the poultry keeper can offset this decrease.

The article goes on to say that brooding of chicks early in the season has been carried on successfully for a number of years. Chicks thus produced will reach a good growth and development before hot weather comes on, thereby giving them an advantage over later hatched stock.

One precaution, to prevent leg weakness, is advised. Because bad weather is likely to make it unsafe to let the chicks out on the ground and there is a lack of green food at this time, cod liver oil and sprouted oats should be supplied. The oil is given at the rate of 2 per cent either of the amount of grain or of the amount of mash fed. Experience has shown that it is easier to mix it into the grain, and that however used, it is highly effective in preventing leg weakness.

The writer concludes with the suggestion that the earlier hatching enables the general farmer to get this phase of his work out of the way before the heavy rush of spring arrives.

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Crowded Conditions in Many Poultry Houses

A recent survey of a number of farms shows crowded conditions in the poultry houses. Many of these houses are almost wholly lacking in ventilation.

At night when one of these buildings is crowded with chickens the air is not fit to breathe. A human being will not remain long in such a place. If he did remain throughout the night, he would be "all in" by morning. And this is just the trouble with a lot of chickens now.

The chickens are badly crowded at night in a poorly-ventilated house. They are forced to breathe bad air. They become too warm. They are "all in" in the morning, and emerging into the cool outside air is a sudden change that many of them cannot withstand.

These crowded conditions at night and sudden changes from warm to cool air are responsible for many of our poultry ills. Giving the chickens medicine will not do any permanent good so long as the cause of the trouble remains unchanged. Either additional room should be provided or the size of the flock reduced.

Crooked Breast Bones Found in Chickens

Crooked breast bones may be caused by inbreeding and general debility, or may come from improper food and feeding, or poor management of some kind, writes Michael K. Boyer in the Farm and Ranch. There is no question about heredity being the fault, at least to a certain extent. That being the fact, it should be bred out, which might be done by the selection of only straight breast-bone fowls for the breeding pen.

Lack of bone-making material in the feed of growing stock, which is the prime cause of leg weakness, has also the effect of producing crooked breast bones in young chickens.

There used to be a theory, which by many still is believed, that very early roosting of growing birds causes the soft breast bones to bend. This might be so in some instances, but does not hold good with the general run of stock.

Buying Pullets

Buying pullets by weight may be more satisfactory than buying entirely by age. April hatched pullets on insufficient rations may be of less value than May hatched pullets which have been properly fed and brooded. A May pullet is much better than a May 30 pullet if the conditions have been equal. The later hatched chick has missed four fine weeks for the development of poultry meat, but the name of the month is not fully descriptive of quality.

Culling Farm Flock

There are two essentials in culling farm poultry. First, to get rid of hens that are not laying, and second, to distinguish between the hens that have been good producers and those that have not laid enough to pay for their feed. Culling should start in late May or June and continue throughout the year at regular intervals. Eliminating the hens as they become unprofitable saves feed and labor and improves the conditions for those that are laying.

Advance Information



A CHRISTMAS CAROL

By Josiah Gilbert Holland
in Montreal Herald

THERE'S a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ah! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impealed,
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame and the Beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ah! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King.



Carrie's Merry Christmas
by Clara Agee Hays

EVERYONE was happy but Carrie, they said. All four of the others had come in the last two days before Christmas. A heavy snow had fallen and to remind them of old times Father Carson had met Harry and Esther at the station in the old bobbed. And Harry and Esther, in turn, had jingled merrily down after Frank and his wife and the new baby. Mr. and Mrs. Carson beamed at the children, home again. A yule log crackled in the fireplace. The old fashioned pantry almost bulged. Harry and Frank had brought a Christmas tree from down by the creek and Esther and Marion, Frank's wife, trimmed it.

Of course, poor Carrie had to be the last one home. She'd wired them that she had to teach up to the last minute and wouldn't arrive until Christmas eve.

"Poor Carrie," they said again. For Frank and Marion were so proud of the new baby, and Harry'd had a promotion. Esther was romantic with a beautiful diamond and a young man's very soulful picture. This was her senior year in college. She'd depended on Carrie for funds as each of the others had, but she couldn't help patronizing Carrie a little in her mind. Poor drab Carrie with her eternally shabby clothes and her same old teaching job.

"Did she ever have a fellow?" Marion asked Frank and Harry as they pulled on heavy overcoats before meeting the train.

Everyone reflected. "Once," Frank recalled, "the year she was in normal school, but he married somebody else."

Esther gazed casually at her ring and shrugged. "Poor dear," she murmured, "She has no idea of how to

handle men. It requires much tact." The boys roared with laughter. "You leave Carrie alone!" they shouted as they crunched out to the sleigh.

Mrs. Carson came from the kitchen, cheeks flushed. "Girls," she said, "Carrie's always been the family backbone. Let's be specially nice to her this Christmas. I don't think we ought to brag to her about our own good fortunes. Don't, above all things, let her see that we feel sorry for her."

The girls agreed. "Especially Esther's engagement. That'll make her more lonesome, poor thing," said Marion.

But Carrie was radiant when she came in. "Merry Christmas, folks!" she called, kissing each of them.

"Why, Carrie!" they gasped. She had a new dress, too.

"Am I not festive?" she said, but mysteriously she would not tell them until supper time. "I've had a talk with the principal. You're all through school, now, and I'm going to Europe next year! Oh, I've always wanted

"Merry Christmas!" She Called, Kissing Each of Them.



"Merry Christmas!" She Called, Kissing Each of Them.

to!" They'd never seen her so happy. Esther and Marion forced condescension from their congratulations. "Poor dear," whispered Esther. "She's having to let these things take the place of the love she's starved for. I'm sure her gayety isn't real." But Carrie didn't hear.

John Grey called. He'd known the family always but they were surprised that he should come on Christmas eve. It took Harry to detect the reason. "I believe he's here to see Carrie," he whispered to the astonished family. Carefully, each slipped away.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if she could land him—with all his money and—but she can't. She doesn't know how, poor thing, and he's been a bachelor too long to fall for a little drab mouse," they said.

John left at eleven and the family rushed in. "You sly lady," they all shouted, not believing themselves. "How does this happen?"

Carrie smiled and then looked serious. "Oh, John wants me to marry him, but I don't want to marry. I want to go to Europe!"

"What? You turned him down?" Esther and Marion couldn't believe it.

Carrie nodded. "I just happened onto him at a convention the first day I'd found for sure that I could go next year. I acted so ridiculously happy that I thought he'd be ashamed of me. Instead, he asked me to marry him, and he's been at it ever since."

Their Carrie with a chance to marry John Grey and turning it down! The family looked at each other in confusion. The phone rang.

"Carrie!" said Father in bewilderment.

Fifteen minutes later, Carrie turned from the phone. "I've just decided to let John go to Europe with me," she said doubtfully, then looking at the clock, "Merry Christmas everybody!"

(© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

A Happy New Year

The curtains of the New Year are just about to be opened.

With all sincerity and truthfulness we wish you and yours the brightest New Year you have ever had.

May good fortune attend you.

First National Bank

of Sudan, Texas
(Capt. 1923 Adam Brown Hunter)

A Prosperous 1929

To our many friends and customers we wish a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

To our many friends and customers may the new year prove both happy and prosperous!

And may your home be bright and very cheery thruout the year!

Our store is full of useful and beautiful articles. Come in and see the new things.

SUDAN DRUG

H. A. FERRELL HAS HIGH PRODUCING JERSEY BRED COW

When it comes to high production, or when one wishes to see evidence of the unusual, it only requires a look into affairs in Lamb County, and the desire is satiated.

H. A. Ferrell, prosperous agriculturist who lives south of Sudan, and makes this city his headquarters, was in this week and reports a most unusual happenings. He says he has a Jersey cow on his farm which, at sixteen months old dropped one calf a beauty, strong and healthy, and that before the mother was two and one-half years old she had mothered two more.

The last two were heifers of the typical Jersey beauty and gentleness, and Mr. Ferrell says he is greatly elated that he chose Jerseys to stock his farm with in lieu of some other breed.

The occasion of the three calves is one the first time and twins the second.

Lamb County is noted far and near for its beautiful Jersey herds, and Mr. Ferrell is one of the representative breeders of this strain. He says he prefers Jerseys on account of milk production, rapid increase and gentleness, and he is justified in his assertions.

CHURCH OF CHRIST WILL HAVE PREACHING SERVICES

The public is invited, and all members of the Church of Christ are expected to be present, this week-end to hear Bro. W. D. Black preach. Bro. Black will fill the pulpit Thursday night, December 27, Friday night December 28, Saturday night, December 29, Sunday morning and Sunday night, December 30. He is a strong and logical exponent of the Bible, and his series of sermons at the High School Auditorium, should be heard by the public generally. Make your arrangements now to be present.

GONE

"Hello, is this John," was asked over the telephone.
"No, this is Fred. John went out after dinner," came back the answer.
"Will he be back after dinner?"
"No, that's what he went out after."

SANTA CLAUS HAD TO GIVE UP SLEIGH AND TAKE PLANE

It is reported that Santa Claus was forced to abandon his sleigh and reindeer teams and crank up his old Curtiss Bi-plane in order to fill all his engagements, the ground being at summer enth, just at present.

Though the streets and stores were crowded with patrons and visitors Monday, not an adverse incident was in evidence during the day.

LIST OF IMMORTALS

This column plays no favorites, tho we acknowledge that the itching of our palm has been assuaged long before we relate the stories pertaining to any of our friends' success, and, as some hard-boiled hombies laughingly assert, we are open to a \$2.00 bribe. This, however, is untrue. We confess publicly, that it takes two smackers in a row on the barrel head, before we can be moved to tell our story, but that is far from bribery, for Bill Shakespeare says in "A Mid-Winter's Nightmare," that "bribery is a passage of money between friends." So that's that.

We will now detour back to our esteemed friend, Thomas A. Nelson. Mr. Nelson is noted for three things: Being the proprietor of the largest family in the county; being the efficient constable of this notorious precinct; being a classy agriculturist.

This gentleman lives four miles south of "The Hub of the Universe," Sudan, on a broad and expansive acreage, highly productive, cleanly kept, and, when travelers are passing on their way south, they exclaim in harmonious laudations of the beauty of the place.

Mr. Nelson is a happy agriculturist. He is an optimist always. Surrounded by his bunch of hilarious children, his loving hens and cackling cows, he looks the world in the face and owes no man.

Mr. Nelson, incidentally, remarked that with his highly productive flock of cows and herd of chickens, he netted over \$250 last year (1928) and that prospects were favorable for a happy and prosperous new year.

The Sudan News loves to have such congenial and whole-souled officers on its List, and with Mr. Nelson enforcing the law, we feel assured that the precinct is safe. We hope he will enjoy The Sudan News all the year, as will his estimable family; we will try to make them like the paper.

The next on the List is that educator of note, J. G. Bishop. Mr. Bishop was formally an instructor in the Sudan Schools, but now resides at Olney, and was only in Sudan for a short stay, visiting friends and relatives, and renewing acquaintances of days long gone. He called at The Sudan News office and had his name added to the List, as he said he felt he must read the best paper in Lamb County.

Mr. Bishop was accompanied by his estimable wife, who also is well acquainted in Sudan, and The Sudan News joins with their host of local friends in wishing them a year of prosperity which will exceed their wildest expectations.

A few issues arrear we explained what we intended to say ament these double-header subscriptions. These double-headers have the same effect on the subscription department as a punch in the jaw delivered by your wife or other independent family adjunct. They always get us down to the silent point, and when we are at a loss for words, we are practically an undertaker's delight.

Mr. C. M. Furneaux, a genial and well-known Sudanite, thrust four perfectly balanced and picturesque Uncle Sam minted dollars in our itching palm, and gave his father's address, as well as his own, for a full year's period to send The Sudan News to. And that was a double-header.

The parent is a respected and well-beloved resident of Carrollton, Texas, where he is well known by a host of admiring friends, and where he is a prominent worker in religious and municipal affairs, always an optimist, as is shown by the results he is obtaining there.

The son you all know well, and it illy befits The Sudan News, and its deavor to add any laurels to those already familiar to the latest citizen of Sudan.

We very deeply appreciate Mr. C. M. Furneaux's action in this matter, and blushing remark that we like this double-header business exceedingly.

Gun Courage Is All That The Bandit Has

What sort of chap is the hold-up man, anyway? Is he the bold, daring bandit that newspaper headlines often imply?

He is not—not if you will take the word of a recent police chief, who describes how certain middle west bankers banded to gether to end bank holdups. In the course of their work, representatives of these bankers talked with convicts in penitentiaries; and one lifer, explaining that a sudden show of force will frustrate almost any holdup, explained:

"It's the easiest thing in the world to scare a thief. They're all keyed up when they are out on a job. They think they've got the world licked. Then some fool thing happens that they didn't expect, and the biggest of them shake in their boots and lose their breath. They're not the cool, calm and collected guys you think they are. They are the worst kind of cowards down underneath.

There's an important point to keep in mind when dealing with the present day crime wave.

The hold-up man is scared. He has a gun, and he will use it; in nine cases out of ten this bluffs everybody present into thinking that he is bold, resourceful and courageous, with a firm grip on the situation. But, as the convict says, "let some fool thing happen that they didn't expect and the biggest of them shake in their boots."

"Some fool thing that they didn't expect" can be a policeman unexpectedly appearing. It can be the ringing of a burglar alarm, set off by a courageous bank employee. It can be the point blank refusal of a clerk to open the safe, or the sudden scream for help of a supposedly cowed lady victim.

METHODIST NOTES

(By Rev. C. R. Hooton)

The pastor wishes to take this means of wishing for each reader of The Sudan News a most happy and prosperous New Year. God will bless us in proportion to the love and service we give to Him through Christian ministry to our neighbors. Let us make this a year dedicated to the work of the Lord.

There will be services at the Methodist Church next Sunday morning. The pastor will preach on "The New Year." At the evening hour we will be in Amherst to fill the pulpit there. You are cordially invited to each of these services. It would be a fine thing to close out the old year with worship in Sunday School and Church.

Next Sunday morning we are going to have a special service for the baptism of babies. This is for the purpose of permitting parents to give their babes to the Lord in Holy Baptism, and to dedicate themselves anew to the loving service of rearing the little ones in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Tell your neighbors about this great service, and come early for desirable seats.

We have had the pleasure thus far of receiving into the fellowship of our church the following new members: Mr. Conrad Lam, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Nance and son, Orville, Mrs. Edgar Wright, Mr. J. M. Smallwood and Mr. F. M. Crawford. It is our prayer that others may soon be added for service in God's vineyard.

The response on our church indebtedness of \$1,750.00 has been gratifying. We want to take this occasion to thank those who have so liberally contributed to this cause. Let us handle the material affairs of the church in a manner pleasing both to God and to ourselves. As we meet these obligations and give of our means to the erection of other church buildings in this community, we will grow spiritually and help to bring about better conditions for happy and profitable living in our city.

BOSSSES

"I've worked under the same boss for twenty years."
"I can beat that. It's my silver wedding anniversary next week."
Making any new resolutions?

WANT ADS

(Prices on these ads are reasonable. 25c per issue straight, no rebate, limit 20 words. They are result getters.)

FOR SALE—10 acre Poultry Farm. Apply at The Sudan News office.

FOR SALE—1,400 chick capacity brooder, complete, used three mos. and is now in good condition. Apply at The Sudan News office.

FOR SALE—Piano, cheap for cash. See Mrs. S. H. Yoakum, Sudan, Texas.

FOR SALE—6 good work horses. N. J. Pollard, Sudan, Texas. 24-4tp

FOR SALE OR TRADE—100 English Leghorn roosters, spring hatch large and healthy, \$1.00 each, or will trade for one year old heavy hens. Mrs. C. M. Crawford, Five Mile sSouth, Sudan, Texas. 1-tp

FOR SALE—Big-bone Mammoth Bronze Turkeys. Allen's strain. 2 year Tom \$10.00, April hatched young Toms \$8.50 each. Seven April hatched hens, \$5.00 each. See or write Mrs. Leonard Miller, Star Route, Morton, Texas. 26-2tp

LUMBER

"ITS UP TO GRADE"

We have a complete line of

Building Material

and will gladly figure your estimate.

Foxworth-Galbraith Lumber Co

STILL MARRIED

Ted: How did you get those black eyes?
Tod: You remember that beautiful young woman we thought was a widow?
Ted: Yes, what about her?
Tod: Well, she wasn't.

DO TELL

A little bird told me what kind of a lawyer your father was.
What did the bird say?
Cheep, cheep.
Well, a duck told me what kind of a doctor your old man was.

Speaking of "h's," Honduras heartily honored Hoover.

DR. G. A. FOOTE

Glasses Fitted
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

office at
Sudan Drug
Office Phone 45
Residence Phone 33

GENERAL AUCTIONEERING

Farm and Stock Sales
COL. JACK ROWAN
Licensed Auctioneer
Dates Made at This Office

J. E. (BERT) DRYDEN

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Practice in all Courts.

Sudan, Texas

6-Wheel Service Truck

Hauling of All Kinds

any distance

Apply N. J. POLLARD

Sudan, Texas 24-4tp

ROWE ABSTRACT CO.

Complete Abstracts of All Lands in Lamb County

Let us make that trip to Olton for you!

Located in old Bank Building

E. S. ROWE

ATTORNEY

General Practice in All Courts
Office in
Littlefield State Bank Building

LITTLEFIELD, TEXAS

LITTLEFIELD

CLINIC and

HOSPITAL

TELEPHONE 171

LITTLEFIELD, TEXAS

Equipped for Surgical, Medical and Obstetrical Cases

J. D. Simpson, B. L., M. D.
Surgery, Medicine and Consultations

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Obstetrics and Diseases of Children

Bess Coen, Graduate R. N.
Anaesthetist

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Doctors offices over
First National Bank

Laboratory and X-Ray
Telephone 131



KRESOL DIP NO. 1

Protects Your Profits

By keeping all Livestock Healthy.

Easy and Safe to Use

Economical

Kills Lice, Mites, Sheep Scab and Ringworm. Heals Cuts, Scratches, Wounds and common skin troubles.

Used freely as a disinfectant it helps to prevent

HOG CHOLERA

and other contagious diseases.

Experiments on live hogs prove that a 2 1/2% dilution of Kresol Dip No. 1 will kill Virulent Hog Cholera Virus in 5 minutes by contact.

Free instructive booklets on the care of all livestock and poultry.
Kresol Dip No. 1 in Original Packages

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H. G. RAMBY DRUG STORE

You are cordially invited

to attend

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Outstanding Chevrolet

of Chevrolet History

A Six At the Price Range of the Four!

These impressive masterpieces of Distinctive Automobile Craftsmanship on Display Saturday, December 29, 1928 in our salesroom

Hutto



Co.