

MAGAZINE SECTION—CHRISTMAS EDITION.

The Cotulla Record.

COTULLA, TEXAS, DECEMBER 14, 1912.

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FORT WORTH, TEXAS.



God rest ye
merry gentlemen
Let nothing ye
dismay,
For Jesus Christ
our savior
Was born on
Christmas day

Ye Old Time Christmas Carolers

A BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS

IT WAS Christmas eve. One of those crisp, cold, old-fashioned Christmas eves with plenty of snow on the ground, when the atmosphere seemed to breathe the spirit of good fellowship. The streets were deserted save for a few belated pedestrians hurrying home with their arms full of bundles.

John Bingham, known to his acquaintances— he had no friends—as a crabbed, crusty old bachelor, was one of a half dozen regulars who put in an appearance at the club that evening. He had a home, but it was a cheerless place, despite the fact that it possessed all the comforts money could buy. The club was his real home. A cigar and plenty of drinks was his sole companions. The other members of the club had long ago learned to let him alone.

Forty years earlier John Bingham came to the city to "make his fortune." And unlike many others, he made it. There was a grim determination behind the ambition that accomplished it of which the world knew nothing. When he left home it was with the word "Pauper!" ringing in his ears. It had been applied to him by the father of the girl he loved.

"What? Marry that pauper? Never!" he shouted when the girl told him John Bingham had asked her to marry him. "You must marry someone able to support you." Then, turning to young Bingham, he commanded him to leave the house.

That is what brought John Bingham to the city.

With a bottle of wine beside him, "Old Man" Bingham was engaged in his usual game of solitaire when a party of young men entered. Walking up to him, one of them slapped him on the back and exclaimed:

"Here, Bingham, you old grouch, come on and join the Good Fellows." Then, showing a copy of the morning paper before his eyes, he added: "Read that and come with us. Be a good fellow for once in your life, anyhow."

Without even glancing at the paper, Bingham threw it on the floor and snarled:

"Go on away and let me alone. If you fellows

events of the evening, he sat for a while in deep thought. Again picking up the newspaper, he read the Good Fellow article through.

"By jove! I'll do it! Here, boy bring my hat and coat," he exclaimed springing up with more alacrity than he had displayed for years. The porter, amazed at such energy on the part of "Old Bingham," hastened to comply. But if he was surprised before he was dumfounded when the old man handed him a \$5 bill with the injunction to "have a merry Christmas on it."

"He sho' mus' be crazy," said the porter to himself, as he stood in the doorway and watched him go down the walk.

But Bingham was not crazy. In fact, he had just regained his senses, he told himself as he walked along in the direction taken by the Good Fellows earlier in the evening.

"Uxtra! Uxtra! Paper, mister?" So accustomed was he to pushing newsboys out of his way that he passed the little fellow without noticing him. Then, suddenly remembering something, he called the boy to him.

"How many papers have you got soany, and how much do you want for the lot? Sixteen cents? Well, take this and never mind about the change," he added, thrusting a bill into the hands of the astonished newsboy.

Turning into a side street that was lined on both sides with cheap tenement houses, the old man caught up with a little girl walking along in front of him. A glance at the empty tin cup she carried, the frayed shawl around her shoulders, and the dilapidated shoes told him plainer than words why such a little tot was out on the street at that time of night.

"Where do you live, child?"

"Daddy an' my two sisters an' me live in the corner room on the top floor back," she answered. "Daddy's leg is hurt an' he can't work, so he says Santa Claus won't come to our house this Christmas."

Wiping away a tear and without waiting to hear more, Bingham announced: "I am going home with you, little girl. Maybe Santa Claus will come after all."

As they climbed the rickety stairs they heard

be a Good Fellow and I think I know how now." Handing the crippled father a \$10 bill, he rushed out before the overjoyed family could thank him. The other Good Fellows followed, and when they reached the street all gathered around the new member and sang

"For he's a jolly Good Fellow."

"Hello! What's this?" exclaimed one of the party, as he stopped over a basket in a doorway.

"It's a baby, fellows, as sure as I'm alive! Some poor woman has left it here. What on earth shall we do with it?" he asked, holding it up by one arm for the others to see.

"Here, let me take it. You fellows don't know how to handle a baby!" Too astonished to speak, the rest stood by with open mouths while Old Man Bingham took the crying infant in his arms. In another minute he had hailed a taxicab, and fifteen minutes later walked up the steps to his house, carrying the baby.

"For the land's sake! What have you got there? Have you gone crazy?" was the greeting Bingham received from his housekeeper when she opened the door.

"No, I haven't. Take this baby and put it to bed. I'll explain later." With that he was off and, climbing into the waiting taxi, told the driver to find his companions.

When Bingham rejoined the Good Fellows they were about to enter a tenement that looked even more poverty stricken than the one they had previously visited. A thin, pale-faced little girl opened the door. In a chair beside the stove sat the mother. A paroxysm of coughing and an empty medicine bottle on the table beside her furnished eloquent evidence of the family's need of assistance.

The child, spying a turkey in one of the baskets, held it up for her mother to see, but when the poor woman tried to rise she staggered and would have fallen had not one of the Good Fellows caught her. A glass of brandy revived her.

Realizing that words were useless, the Good Fellows, following the example of Bingham, emptied their pocketbooks into the lap of the mother and left.

They visited many other poor homes that night

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

I hope these suggestions are not too late to help some belated homemaker in preparing for the great festival:

The Christmas Tree—The idea of giving a miniature representation of the scene in Bethlehem so many years ago is not new. It is always attractive, and should call to every mind the significance of the symbol.

Mothers who find the trouble and expense of getting the tree too heavy for them may be glad to hear how we arrange ours.

A large candle with holder is fastened by wires to the top of the tree. Just below the candle, concealing the holder and awkward fastening is a large star. Below this are the figures of angels and smaller stars, and underneath these the figures of Santa Claus is cozily tucked away among the branches. Special effort is made to have the crown of the tree beautiful and brilliant, so as many lights as we can get there are clustered about the central ornaments. The lower branches are decorated as fancy dictates, the presents being piled upon the floor at the foot.

What is the meaning of it all?

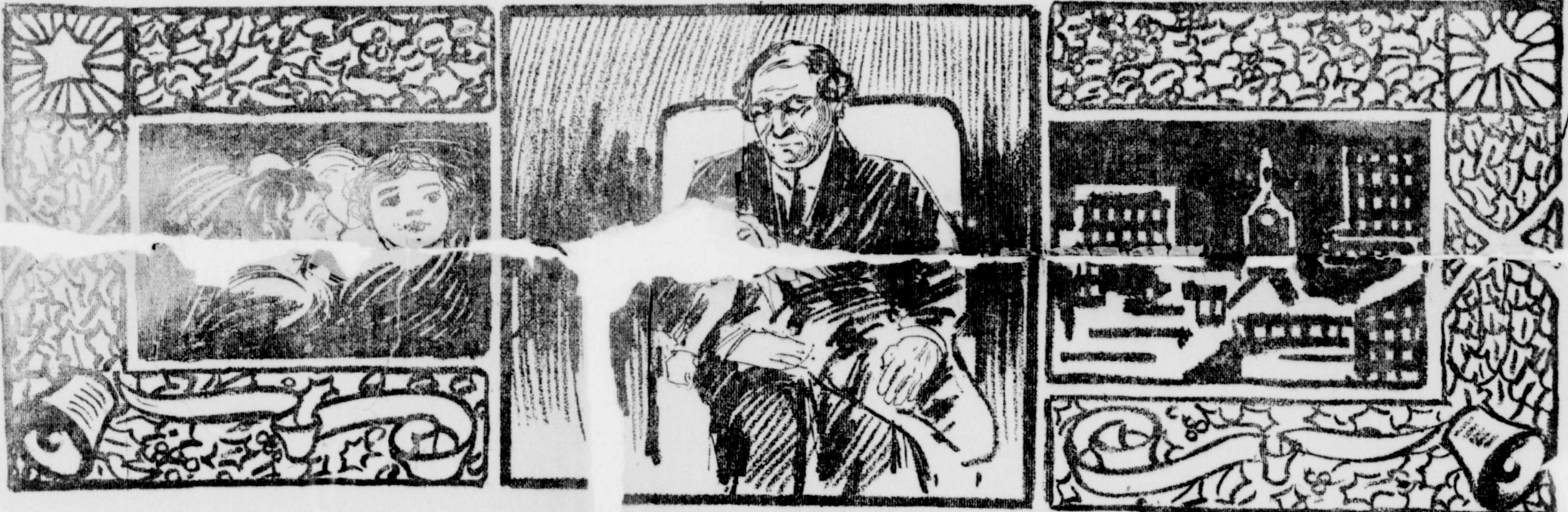
First, the color of the tree signifies hope—the hope that was born with Christ. The candle upon the topmost peak of the tree signifies that Christ is the light of the world. The large star symbolizes the Star of Bethlehem. The presents are symbolical of the gifts of the wise men brought to the infant Jesus.

Let me add to this clear and simple description of the family Christmas tree that the star may be bought at a trifling expense in shops that display Christmas cards and other pictures and ornaments suitable to the season.

That household is poor, indeed, that cannot set up a tiny tree on the morning of December 25, in honor of the great birthday.

TO THOSE WHO GRIEVE.

Mortal years take away those we love. How can we face a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year when all the mirth and happiness of life is covered by the pall of grief? The holiday



want to make fools of yourselves, do it. I'm going to stay here."

"Well, come on, boys. We've got to start or we never will get through delivering those baskets of presents to that long list of poor kids," remarked one of the party as he started out.

Left alone, the old man slowly smoked his cigar and played solitaire, then looked around to see if anyone was watching and hastily grabbed up the paper from the floor. He could not help reading the heading of the article:

"Wanted—10,000 Good Fellows to Bring Christmas Joy to 10,000 Poor Children."

"Hmp!" he grunted, throwing down the paper preparatory to resuming his game. But somehow he had lost interest in the cards. He allowed them to slip through his fingers and scatter over the table. The half smoked cigar dropped from his lips. His head dropped lower and lower, and when the porter entered a few minutes later, he found the old man sound asleep in his chair.

He dreamed of a Christmas eve nearly sixty years before—the first Christmas eve of which he had any recollection. The Bingham family considered fairly well to do in those days, all the fond father and mother always provided, tree and some toys for their little boy, whose letters to Santa Claus, mailed via the open fire route, never failed to reach their destination. Those were happy days.

Then came a time when things went wrong and Papa Bingham lost all his money. With his wife and little boy he was forced to leave a comfortable house which had been their home at live in a miserable little shanty. A few days before Christmas a letter to Santa Claus was mailed from the Bingham home, but somehow it failed to reach him. That Christmas was a cheerless one for the little boy. A tiny branch of evergreen stuck into the top of a bottle served as Christmas tree. There were no presents, because Papa Bingham had to spend all his money buying medicine for mamma, and Johnny needed shoes and clothes more than he did toys and candy. Those were unhappy days.

The sleeper stirred uneasily, slowly opened his eyes, and stared around him in bewilderment. Then, remembering his dream and the preceding

laughter and singing.

"Maybe Santa Claus came while I was away,"

the little girl whispered.

"When Good Fellows

gathered together—"

the door opened

and his little friend by

the name of "Good

fellows" came down with Christ-

mas to eat.

"Why, it's Old Bingham,

they had recovered from

"Yes, boys, it's Old Bingham,

the 'old grouch.' I started

and made dozens of little hearts glad, but the

happiest person of all was John Bingham.

When the Good Fellows returned to the club,

tired and happy, someone proposed a toast to

the new member, who had gone home. It was:

"Here's to the death of Old Man

Grouch, and

Here's hail to the birth of a jolly

Good Fellow."

Could they have looked in on the new member

and have seen him seated in front of an open

fire holding the baby, they would have drunk a

toast to "two Good Fellows."

The Fall o' the Year

In the fall o' the year,
The chirping birds hide low,
Their pretty nests are full of snow,
Yet there is good cheer
In the fall o' the year.

In the fall o' the year,
Out of the East a wonderful Star,
The men followed it from afar,
And a dawn drew near,
In the fall o' the year.

In the fall o' the year,
After the Star, the Christ, our Sun,
Love and pity for every one;
So Christ is here,
In the fall o' the year.

—Kate Upson Clark in Christian Herald.

season is an ordeal—an almost insupportable one—to many suffering hearts. Who shall roll away the stone from the door of their sorrow? asks a writer in Harper's Bazar.

It is the old question forever new. And the old answer is forever true—the answer of eternity to time. It is the angels that roll away the stone. Never is heaven nearer to us than when we celebrate the coming of Christ, the incarnation of the Eternal in our clay, and close upon it, the passing of the years of earth. Those who have left us for heaven are very near—and theirs is the Happy New Year, the immortal year, whose joys cannot fade or fall.

The sense of loss abides with us. That we cannot change nor cease to feel. But the sense of the love of God, at this holy day time, can so be felt, too, that the thought of the little child taken up in His arms, the gentle saint come home to Him, the strong souls whom he has called up higher, will lift our spirits up into the joy in which those loved ones stand transfigured, safe from all the chances and changes of the years.

Love is the immortal thing against which time and death cannot prevail; and God is Love. To look from the earthly years upward to the heavenly is to rejoice, even through tears.

COTTON INDUSTRY IN THE SOUTH.

The report of O. E. Dunlap, chairman of the committee on cotton mills of the Texas Welfare Commission, gives interesting statistics on the cotton industry of the South. According to the report, Texas produced last year 4,297,999 bales of cotton and consumed less than 1 per cent; North Carolina, 700,000 bales and consumed the whole of the crop; South Carolina, 1,000,000 bales and consumed 65 per cent; Georgia produced 3,750,000 bales and consumed 30 per cent; Alabama produced 1,250,000 bales and consumed 25 per cent. Texas stands at the head of the list in production, but out of 100 bales produced the local mills consume only one bale, the other ninety-nine are manufactured outside the state.

Granite Mountain, which is located near Llano, will in all probability furnish the material for the new federal building at Austin.

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Of all kinds.
 Ritchie-Curtan & Turner Co.
 1205 Houston St. Fort Worth.
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 Also **MONOGRAM OIL** in Stock
 MUNGER AUTO CO.
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AUTOMOBILE OWNERS
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 Special—Gasoline, Vulcanizer; regular price \$2.00; our price \$1.50
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 Wishes you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. We will have a fresh and full line of Garden and Field Seeds for the New Year. Send for Catalogue.
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 Is now the best time to come to
Mineral Wells

Especially since the Colonial Hotel has been built: it is steam heated, electric elevator, constructed of press brick with beautiful outside rooms and private baths; individual service and special diet; climate dry and invigorating. Spend the holidays at Mineral Wells. Write now for rates.
 MRS. J. T. HOLT, Owner and Prop., MINERAL WELLS, TEXAS.
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Texas Carlsbad Wells
 MINERAL WELLS, TEXAS
 A blood and nerve tonic; nature's own true laxative; a relief for all kidney, stomach, liver and nervous troubles and rheumatism. If your dealer does not handle it write us for price list, testimonials, etc. Address

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 CHAS. HODGES, Proprietor, WILSON SIMMS, Asst. Manager, DALLAS, TEXAS.
 Rates \$1.00 and up.
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Fairfield Inn
 MINERAL WELLS, TEXAS.
 A modern and up-to-date hotel; steam heat, baths, rooms single and en suite; the very best of everything. "It's the cooking that makes us famous." Our table is second to none in the state. Always open.
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HOTEL WALDORF
 (Dallas New Hotel)
 Furnished in Birch and Marble. Capacious lobby. Artesian water. Excellent service. In heart of city; convenient to street cars. Interurbans pass the door. Rates not too high for average business man or tourist. Come and make yourself "at home."
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WHEN IN DALLAS
 Stop at the Hotel Main, corner of Main and Market Sts. Patented and refitted throughout with ground floor office. Accommodations for 100 guests. THE BEST FOR THE PRICE. Rate, 50 cents and up per day.
 S. CROSBY, PROP. & MGR.
 Phone Auto M. 5575. Southwestern Long Distance Booth in Office.
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(Continued from preceding page)

help you? I could thread your needles or help some way."

"Why, so you can, my dear," answered Mrs. Santa Claus. "My eyes are getting old, and if you can thread my needles it will be a great help to me." So Annie threaded needles and helped Mrs. Santa Claus dress the last doll, and then pack all the clothes in a new doll's trunk. Santa Claus sat at his desk and finished writing a story and drawing the last pictures, when suddenly the clock struck "ding-ding-ding." Twelve times it struck, and Mrs. Santa Claus said, "It is time you were up and away, sir." She helped Santa into his big cloak and pulled on his high boots and his warm gloves, and pulled his cap down over his ears. Just then the reindeer were heard, prancing and pawing outside, impatient to be off and away.

Santa Claus bundled his big pack of toys into his sleigh, and put in all his Christmas trees. He kissed Mrs. Santa on both cheeks and a big smack on the lips, and, calling out "Good-bye, mother," he picked up Annie and Willie as if they were live dolls, and with one tucked under each arm, away they all dashed in the magic sleigh. They seemed fairly to fly through the air, and the moon and the stars seemed to dance in the sky as they went on faster and faster. Then they came down nearer and nearer to the earth where the lights in the great city gleamed like fireflies far below.

The next thing Annie and Willie knew they were on the roof of their own home. Then next thing they knew they went down, down the chimney, and there they were, right in their own little beds. The sunlight was streaming into their eyes and their mother called "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, little sleepy heads!"

"Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!" they both shouted, as they bounced out of bed and rushed for their stockings, which were fairly bulging with toys and filled with candy from the sugar plum tree. All around on the floor were piles of toys, and Annie was hugging and kissing a new dolly, while Willie was blowing on a new trumpet. In the other room stood a large Christmas tree, which had come from the Christmas tree forest.

"Oh, we know where these toys come from," they both shouted at once: "they came from the garden of toys, for we visited Santa Claus Land last night."

Now, tonight when you go to bed, close your eyes tightly and go right to sleep, and I am sure you, too, can have a "visit to Santa Claus Land."

A YOUNG BOOTBLACK'S STRUGGLE FOR A CAREER.

Fired by the ambition to some day become a great engineer, Nicholas Zelmas is bending every energy to the task of the head of his class in Plainfield (N. J.) High School that he may, upon graduation, win a scholarship to one of the big universities, where his dreams may be realized. He insists that he will complete a university course. He is alone in the New World and will have to work his way through college, but he is not in the least daunted by the future, inasmuch as he has already worked his way through the graded schools and up to the junior class in the high school, and this despite the fact that five years ago, when he landed from an immigrant ship at Ellis Island, he could not speak a word of English.

"Nick," as he is called by his classmates, is a sturdy chap of seventeen. His facial features at once proclaim him a son of Greece, and although he began life as a bootblack he is well poised, with command of an extensive vocabulary, and his English, from a grammatical viewpoint, is letter perfect, while as a mathematician he is a wizard.

His older brother had decided to come to America to carve out his fortune and Nicholas coaxed his mother to permit him to join his brother in America. Reluctantly she consented, and with a capital of \$10, after paying his passage, the boy landed at Ellis Island and caught his first glimpse of the Land of Liberty.

By keeping his ears open and associating only with English-speaking children Nicholas at the end of a month or so could make himself understood in the language of the country he had decided to call home for all time.

With a portion of his treasured capital he inserted an advertisement in a Sunday newspaper offering his services free to any family which would give him a home and at the same time permit him to attend school. He specified that he preferred to live in the country.

A family at Bound Brook, N. J., replied to the advertisement, with the result that Nicholas packed up his few belongings and journeyed forth to his new home. He did the chores about the place, cared for a horse and cow and looked after an automobile. The bulk of this work he did before breakfast, and by 9 o'clock the boy was at his seat in school. In the afternoons he did other work about the place and studied at night. The family clothed him and gave him a small wage, every cent he earned went to swell the little nest egg in the savings bank.

His progress the first year was necessarily slow because of his limited familiarity with English, so he devoted his entire attention to spelling and reading. His second year in school marked the beginning of the remarkable progress he has since made. He led his class at the end of the first quarter, and before the academic year terminated he had taken three grades in one. After two years in the graded school at Bound Brook

Nicholas was graduated with honors and he was ready for the night school.

The long hours of study at night affected the boy's eyes, and through the kindly offices of a schoolmate Nicholas was taken to see an oculist in Plainfield, who not only treated the young student's eyes, but formed a sincere attachment for him. It was to this oculist that Nicholas confided his longing to come to Plainfield and live, that he might attend the high school there, where he could the more readily be fitted for college.

Arrangements with the Bound Brook family with whom Nicholas had lived were soon completed whereby the boy took up his residence with the specialist, then a bachelor, as butler and "handy man" about the place.

Nicholas has been in his new home now two years and he has worked just as zealously about the handsome estate of the oculist as he has at his books. From the day he entered high school he has stood at the head of his classes, and this commanding position he holds against all comers. He selected a scientific course, which includes four years of English and mathematics, three years of French, two years of German, chemistry, physical geography, biology and Greek.

Zelmas is not in the least disturbed about his future. He talked as confidently of being graduated from one of the big American universities with the degree of "M. E." or "E. E." as though ample funds already were lying in the bank at his command.

"Any boy who can hustle can work his way through college," said Nicholas, "and from the college men I have talked to on the subject the young man who goes through college that way has a big advantage over those whose wealthy parents foot their bills.

"I know when I go to college I will not only have to study hard, for I expect to take a four years' course in three years at the most, but I will have to work like a slave to make both ends meet, as I have only a little money saved. I haven't been able to lay by a great deal, for I don't feel that I have the right to work on the outside during vacation. That's the time I like to put in my best licks about my employer's place, to repay him in a measure for all his many kindnesses in the winter, when he allows nothing to interrupt my studies.

"You see, I want to make good as much as on my own, for he has more than anybody else in the world.

"Once I get established here, I will bring my mother and little sisters across to live with me. My mother and I shall stick by the little ones at home and see that they get a decent education.

Nicholas won a prize for his composition at the high school this year. He chose for his theme his experiences at Ellis Island. His immigrant ship arrived.

EFFECT OF THUNDER

The problem of the curdling rapid putrefaction of meat during an old one, but it does not so satisfactorily solved. Artificial as lately tried by Prof. A. Trill Institute, Paris, seem to have no milk or meat. The lowering tension following a thunderstorm been found to bring about t gases from the soil, and these position and the growth of p isms. This is suggested as a tion also of the increase of epid the turn for the worse of large period of low barometer.

WELL QUALIFIED

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley said the Washington of a canning concern "These people, when we object the poisonous chemicals they used ned peas and asparagus, laughed said we were ignorant and inexpect pointed out that they had been r business and that they turned o lions of cans a year.

Stuffed Eggs.

Cut the tops off as many hard-boiled eggs as you require and remove the yolks until very fine and season with salt, pepper, butter and, if you prefer, anchovy essence or finely chopped pickle. Fill the whites with this mixture from the top. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and set in the oven to brown. Serve hot with white sauce.

AN EPITOME OF TEXAS.

The area of Texas is 265,800 square miles. Counties. Two hundred and forty-nine. Measures 740 miles from east to west. Measures 825 miles from north to south. Has a greater area than that of Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, West Virginia, Delaware and Rhode Island.

For Christmas The Best of Candy

Above all times, Christmas time is the time for the very best of candy—not alone because the spirit of the season demands it but because we all eat so much candy then. This absolutely calls for perfect purity. Eat all you want of

Texas Girl Chocolates
 or
Varsity Chocolates

Let the children dig into the box to their heart's content—it can't harm them—neither you nor they can over eat of this candy—because it's pure—absolutely so. The purest and finest of sugar—the purest and best of chocolate—pure, natural fruit flavors—the cleanest, most careful mode of manufacture.

And good! Nobody ever made such exquisitely delicious candy as this. You'll never want to stop eating 'till the box is empty.

Put It On Your Christmas List
 Tell your dealer you must have Texas Girl or Varsity Chocolates—both are good—Texas Girl comes in greater variety of size boxes and is colored foil wrapped—Varsity comes only in the smaller boxes and each candy is packed in French crimp case. Your Dealer Will Supply You. If he can't—we will.

Brown — Dallas

(In answering advertisers mention this paper.)

The Auto Company, Inc.
 417-419 San Jacinto Street. HOUSTON, TEXAS.
 SPECIAL BARGAINS—1919 six-cylinder 50-h. p. four-passenger STEARNS, guaranteed ninety miles per hour; best offer takes it. Will consider exchange on another car and cash difference.
 1916 60-h. p. seven-passenger White Steamer, with very fine equipment. Cost \$6,200; is mechanically perfect condition. No reasonable offer refused.

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Auto Tires at Wholesale
 Write for our 1913 price list of hand-made Tires and Tire Supplies. We guarantee to save you money. Drop us a card.
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 SPECIAL BARGAINS—1919 six-cylinder 50-h. p. four-passenger STEARNS, guaranteed ninety miles per hour; best offer takes it. Will consider exchange on another car and cash difference.
 1916 60-h. p. seven-passenger White Steamer, with very fine equipment. Cost \$6,200; is mechanically perfect condition. No reasonable offer refused.

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 We straighten and adjust complicated books and accounts for any business and for towns and counties.
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 Ship us your goods or write us for Prices.
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MAXWELL House Blend COFFEE

Sold by Grocers in Every Town in Texas Yours for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

CHEEK-NEIL COFFEE CO.

Nashville, Tenn., Houston, Texas, Jacksonville, Fla.

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SEEDS THAT SUCCEED

Best, true to name, garden seeds. Write for price list. We will buy your Cow-Peas. Quote us price.

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701 Stewart Building, Houston, Texas. Audits, Systems and Reports.

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Four Cents Will Mail Us Your Hat. 405 Main St. Fort Worth, Texas

Feathers and Mattresses

We make all kinds of Mattresses. Make Feather Beds into Sanitary Feather Mattresses; steam renovate feathers. Address DALLAS BEDDING CO., 522 South Akard, Dallas, Texas. NO AGENTS.

Ship Us Your Poultry, Turkeys, Eggs and Butter.

Henry Caley Produce Co. Phone Preston 2844. Houston, Texas. Automatic 2844.

References: National Bank of Commerce, Bradstreet or local express.

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By expert ladies' tailors. Suits, riding habits, furs, etc., made to order and perfect fit guaranteed. All kinds of remodeling. I. FLEISCHER Ladies' Tailor, 801 1/2 Elm Street, Dallas, Texas.

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Christmas Suggestions



CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS FOR WOMEN WHO EMBROIDER.

It is none too soon to begin on the Christmas work, if dainty remembrances are to be made by hand and brush or needle. These charming Christmas suggestions for the woman who embroiders are offered here.

The photograph frame is a new model of moire silk embroidered by hand with ribbocene, the dainty needlework for which the French are famous. This sort of embroidery is not difficult to do, and ribbocene-embroidered articles are just now much fancied for formal drawing rooms and boudoirs. The frame pictured is made of deep cream moire silk, and the embroidery is in shades of pink, green, pale yellow and old blue, typical Watteau colors. The embroidered silk is stretched over the heavy cardboard frame, a layer of thin wadding being laid between, and the glass and back are attached with small metal clamps.

A shaving-paper case is the eternally useful gift for father or brother, for such case never lasts much longer than the year, and a fresh new one is always very welcome. The shaving case pictured will be sure to bring luck to its possessor, for it holds both the lucky symbols, a horseshoe and a four-leaved clover. The embroidery is done in two shades of green on tan linen, the clover blossoms being added in old pink. The case has a tan linen back shaped like the front, and also scalloped all around. Between are the generous circles of shaving paper, and a smart, green satin bow makes a handle by which the shaving case may be hung from a hook.

Women who have a supply of interesting snapshots taken during the summer vacation can make charming calendars and bookmarks with them. These will be especially pretty if the prints are slightly tinted with Japanese colors, the special colors that come for tinting photographs. Be sure and apply the tints very delicately, and let the print, wet thoroughly in clear water, on a piece of glass while it is being tinted. Allow it to dry on the glass until the corners begin to curl up, then remove it and dry between blotter. Make long, narrow bookmarks or calendar mounts of white water-color board or mounting paper, allowing the color to show a tiny bit all around the edge. Cut a bit from some selected photograph, just the right size to harmonize with a prepared bookmark or calendar. Back the photo with the colored mounting paper and apply it to the book, on the white slip. An appropriate title

eggs, 2 cups milk, 1-2 teaspoon ground allspice, 1-2 teaspoon ground cinnamon, 1-2 teaspoon ground nutmeg.

Mix the sugar, salt and spices together and stir into the cooked pumpkin, add the butter, milk and eggs well beaten. There should be just one quart when finished and only enough milk should be used to make this quantity, usually two cups. Line the pie plate with crust, pour in the filling and bake slowly, taking care that the heat is no so intense as to boil the pie. Sprinkle a little cinnamon on the pie before putting into the oven.

Cranberry Sauce.

Pick over and wash three cups cranberries. Put in a stewpan, add one and one-fourth cups sugar and one cup boiling water. Cover, and boil ten minutes. Care must be taken that they do not boil over. Skim and cool.

Potato Stuffing.

Two cups hot mashed potatoes one and one-fourth cups soft stale bread crumbs, one-fourth cup finely chopped fat salt pork, one finely chopped onion, one-third cup butter, one and one-half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful sage. Add to potato, bread crumbs, butter, egg, salt and sage; then add pork and onion.

Duchess Potatoes.

To two cups hot rice potatoes add two table-spoons butter, one-half teaspoon salt and yolks of three eggs slightly beaten. Shake, using pastry bag and tube in form of baskets, pyramids, etc., if so desired. Brush over with beaten egg diluted with one teaspoon water and brown in a hot oven.

English Plum Pudding.

Two pounds of raisins, stoned, two pounds of currents, one pound of suet, one quart of grated bread crumbs, one-half pound of mixed peel—citron, lemon and orange—one cup of flour, four eggs, two cups of sweet milk, one teaspoon salt, one-half pound of brown sugar, one nutmeg, grated, two teaspoons cloves and cinnamon; steam or boil six hours. This recipe will make three small puddings or one large one.

Cafe Noir, or After-Dinner Coffee.

For after-dinner coffee use twice the quantity of coffee or half the amount of liquid given in previous recipes for coffee making. Filtered coffee where milk or cream is not

After the stomach has been overtaxed with a hearty meal cafe noir may prove beneficial.

Holiday Fun.

Games and stories may fill the evenings with pleasure. Home-made candy making is an attractive pleasure and roasting of apples, chestnuts, etc., may be enjoyed when one is so fortunate as to have open fires.

Chocolate Bonbons.

Put through the food chopper a few stewed runes and a handful each of candied cherries and pecan nuts. Into this mixture work powdered sugar until a stiff paste has been formed. Flavor lightly with almond; mold into small square blocks and put away to harden. Melt fondant in a double boiler, add a tablespoonful of hot sugar syrup and enough melted bitter chocolate to make the desired color and flavor. Into this dip the hardened squares and drop on wax paper.

Fruit Pudding.

One cup finely chopped suet, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup sour milk, 1 1-2 teaspoons soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1-2 teaspoon cloves, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1 1-4 cups raisins, seeded and chopped, 3-4 cup currants, 2 3-4 cups flour.

Add molasses and sour milk to suet; add two cups flour mixed and sifted with soda, salt and spices; add fruit mixed with remaining flour. Turn into buttered mould; cover, and steam four hours. Serve with sterling sauce.

Marshmallow Candy.

Light brown sugar, three cups; milk one-half cup; boil slowly but do not stir. Boil until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Remove from the fire and beat in one-half pound of marshmallows and cup of coarsely chopped English walnuts. Beat until thick and creamy, spread in a buttered tin and mark in squares before cold.

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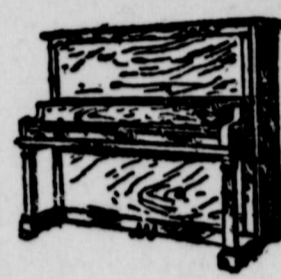
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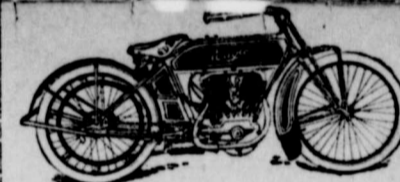
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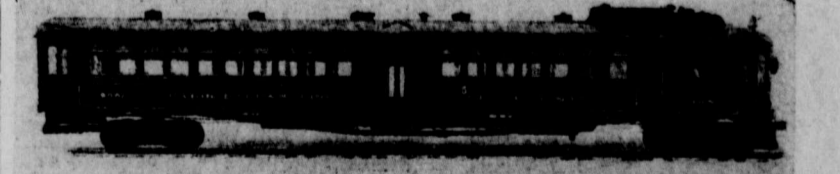
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TOM, the MALTESE

By
John Whitcomb

CLEAR moonlight and cloudy haze by turns; keenly cold, with crunchy snow; and steel bright stars looking out of cloudy rifts.

Santa Claus had been on an exploring expedition over the great city, with general reference to finding out the good children. He had pretty nearly made out his lists, but was just taking one more look to be sure that none were forgotten, as it was only the night before Christmas eve. Jolly and contented, with the calm serenity which proceeds from a clear conscience, and a vigorous digestion, his cozy little sleigh skimmed over the cloudy road, his reindeer striking tiny sparks from the highly electrified snow clouds as they passed.

"Meow!" whined out from behind a chimney of a tall, shabby tenement house in the easterly part of the city.

"Eh! What's that?"

"Meow! It's me. Can't you stop a moment and hear what a poor cat has to say this cold night?"

"Why, is that you, Tom?" exclaimed Santa Claus. "I thought that the butcher's dog killed you long ago!"

"My intimacy with the animal don't justify that supposition. I haven't seen one since I was a kitten. I wouldn't mind most any treatment if I could get a good meat dinner once more. Can't you give me a ride?"

"Jump in! Jump in!" cried the jolly saint, "and tuck up your toes, wench, for it's a snapping cold night."

"I'll risk its being colder anywhere than on the windward side of that chimney," replied Tom. "I haven't been comfortable for days. Our folks are out of coal."

"That's bad, very bad, this cold weather," said the saint, as he drew up the robes and chirped to his reindeer.

"They went to bed early tonight," continued Tom, "and I stepped out of a broken window and clambered up on the roof. We are out of oil, too; but that's no matter, for I prefer moonlight and good company to the brightest of gas lights, though I confess that they relish better after a good supper than on an empty stomach. Our folks are out of provisions."

"Out of fuel, food and lights! And such weather, too!" The rosy saint shivered under his furs.

"Mrs. Warren got her supper where she worked today, and when she came home she had a big doughnut in her pocket for Bobby. He offered me a bit, but I had just eaten a small mouse, and the child had had nothing, so I really hadn't the whiskers to take it. I picked up the crumbs, however, and they were very nice."

"When we get home, puss," said Santa Claus, patting his furry friend, "there's a famous supper for us."

"Thank you," said Tom. "I am not so hungry as I have been, however. Mrs. Warren makes a great mistake in not teaching Bobby to eat everything. Now I could catch many a fat rat for them, if she would only cook them. Trip and I could about supply the family. I often bring one to her, and try to make her understand that she is welcome to it; but she takes no notice of it. People have very unreasonable prejudices, I think."

"Very true," replied the saint. "I do not wonder that a cat of your fine feelings should be hurt at such neglect. Meanwhile, as we are crossing the Canadian forsets, you had better cover your nose with your tail, so as not to get the force of the wind in your throat. It is said to produce bronchitis."

So Tom curled himself up into a little furry ball and quietly snoozed, till a sudden stop and a rattle of bells announced their arrival at Santa Claus's headquarters.

Now these premises need no extensive description. They were in a case under Mount Hecla, and warmed by hot air pipes from the volcano furnace, and supplied with hot water from a domesticated geyser; also a stream of melted snow water, contrived with a patent congelator, which thawed when you wanted cold water and froze when you didn't, and they had moss carpets over the icy floors, and great fires roaring up the

chimney, which communicated with the great flue above, for Santa Claus had made the discovery that a furnace only takes off the edge from a hyperborean winter and had built great fireplaces wide enough to give place to all the juvenile stockings of Brigham Young's family; and the great Yule log was blazing as if in utter defiance of Arctic winter.

A hot supper was ready to be served, and two great moss-cushioned chairs made of the woven "roots of the rifted pine" and upholstered with the finest of seal furs, stood ready at the table. The saint sat down to carve, and the cat sprang into the opposite chair, ready to do justice to the great slices of venison which were laid before him.

For a time the meal proceeded in silence. Tom's appetite was chronic, the saint's acute, and both had to be satisfied in a measure before conversation was resumed.

"And what is the feeling in your garret regarding my anniversary?" remarked the saint. "Cold and hungry, Sir. Cold and hungry."

"Well, the days are past when I could tumble a load of coal or wood down chimney, following it up by turkeys, beef, and blankets. What does Mrs. Warren do for a living?"

"Odd jobs, cleaning, washing and helping about generally. Sometimes she gets some fine washing, and then we have a good time! A fire all day and generally liver for supper! But that's not often. Fuel is so high that it hardly pays, and some days the poor woman is sick and can't work at all."

"How in the world did you chance to locate yourself in such lean quarters—a cat of your tastes?"

"In this way. I am a cat that has seen better days, like my mistress. My mother was a very fine maltese and lived in Fifth avenue, but she committed the common and fatal mistake of having too large a family, in consequence of which many of my near kindred met a watery grave."

Here Tom wiped away a tear with the end of his tail and proceeded:

"I was left for a time to console my bereaved mother. Just at an age when I could begin to appreciate a mother's care and return her caresses by affectionate scratching her face and romping with her tail, I found myself snatched from a most comfortable nap beside her, on the best bed in the spare room, and crammed, head foremost, into a pillow case, with epithets which I will not shock you by repeating. When I next saw daylight after a stormy passage to somewhere in the pillow case, I was shivering on a long tight of stairs, and Rip, the ratterier, coming round the corner under full sail for my staircase."

"Oh, how my heart beat! As I rushed up the long, dirty flights and scampered into Mrs. Warren's room, which was luckily open, and took refuge on the top of her tall closet. I must have lost ounces in that scamper. Mrs. Warren set me a dish of queer-looking soup, the remnant of her own dinner, and, oddly enough, set my forepaws in the dish. After the soup was eaten I found great consolation for the loss of my mother in licking off my paws, and soon reconciled myself to my situation. Bobby and I became the best of friends, and I easily earned my living catching rats and mice, with which the building was well stocked. Bobby, poor fellow, does not fare so well. I wish he could live as I do, and he'd do well enough."

"Have a bit more of the duck?" asked the saint, holding a duck leg up temptingly on his fork.

"No, thank you, not now," replied Tom. "I may like it just before I go home. As for me I have dined, I may say. Please excuse me."

And suiting the action of his word, Tom skipped off the chair and seating himself beside the fire began carefully to wash his face!

"The Meteor Express leaves in an hour," remarked the saint. "You will have time for a comfortable nap before you start. Meanwhile I'll just trouble you to go over the list once more."

"Coal, food, wood, clothing."

Tom nodded.

"How about learning? Any signs of books?"

"Bobby is learning his letters off a hand-bill which his mother found in the streets; and she has a Bible. Bobby often wishes that he had lots of pictures. He has the 'Nigger Minstrels,' 'The Siamese Twins,' and 'Grand Equestrian-Terpichorean Act of Mademoiselle Josephine' stuck to the wall with crooked pins. I think he tore them off dead walls."

"School boys, then—well, I will see," and the

memorandum book, being nearly full of entries, went back into the saint's capacious pocket.

"I shall be so scared that my tail will be nearly as big as a bolster when I get home; but I shall feel that I have done something to show my gratitude to the friends who took me care for me."

So Tom folded his paws under his breast, draped his head upon them, closed his eyes, and fell off into a profound slumber before the blazing fire, occasionally opening his eyes as if waking up to enjoy himself, and then going off again to a dose.

But the good saint had no time to sleep. These were busy days, and the amount of work accomplished at the headquarters with wrapping paper, boxes, twine and marking brushes was really astonishing. Punctually to the moment the express train arrived and Tom started from his slumbers to go aboard, and be whisked off to his home in a high state of nervous excitement, preternaturally great eyes and inhumanly great ears, and glad to get back.

How sober he gazed about the dark, cold, cracked stove, the forelorn crockery—and so little the poor rickety bed upon which he had slept, but now his eyes brightened up as if glowing fireballs emerge from a faint mist introduced his old friend Tom's first performance was to himself, and then, after stretching his limbs, he announced his arrival from his long nap (induced by the idleness of the night) by rubbing himself affectionately with his tail.

By the time Mrs. Warren returned from her errand, the fire, represented by a few glowing coals, Bobby and the cat were in a high frolic with

the fuel in the stove, the question whether Bobby's handbill should be used for the gift, and whosings.

"It's all right, maybe I'll be here in a moment. So it's a candle, a tere and the crackling of the stove."

Another moment the chips lit and spluttered, cheerfully sparkling through the lower world brought up a mug of milk and twisted loaf of nice bread was a great moment when the t was poured out and the bread crumbled in a wonderful relish in that genial warmth of the stove. Mrs. Warren, very cheerful over it, and chatted a good deal about its being Christmas eve.

Supper over, Mrs. Warren, her Bible in her hand, sat on by the fire. She was not a complaining soul, while she realized the seriousness of her predicament she still believed in humanity and in the goodness of God. Her's was not a nature to grudge others their Christmas cheer, and if she had any regrets they were of the children and herself. While thus she sat meditating Bobby climbed upon her knee.

"Mamma, he asked pleadingly, 'May I hang up my stockings?' Alas, for Bobby, he had no stockings.

Mrs. Warren removed two pairs of very badly worn shoes and with soap and water cleaned two pairs of very pudgy little feet. Then she wrapped the two children in the famous green and red shawl, covered them with all she had that was warm and comfortable and watched tenderly over them as they fell asleep.

While Mrs. Warren sat alone by the waning fire this Christmas eve she was startled by a knock upon the door. Surprised that anyone should call at so late an hour, she drew near the woor and demanded to know the name of the visitor. Listening and hearing, she heard only retreating footsteps, which grew fainter as they died in the distance.

Now, Mrs. Warren was a brave little woman, otherwise she could not have so long battled with the woor. Waiting several minutes and hearing no further sound she unlocked and partially opened the door. The brightness of the moon fell across the doorway and revealed a large, well filled box. More closely inspecting the box Mrs. Warren noted that it was full of neatly wrapped

packages. Her first thought was that someone had left the box at her door through error, and she was about to close the door again, but surmised that it would be better to drag the box inside for safe keeping until the owner would come to claim it. Impelled by curiosity she took a nearer view of the contents of the box and was thrilled to discover her own name written on a neat little note pinned to the topmost package. Unfolding the note she read:

Dear Mrs. Warren:
The contents of this box is for you and the children. May you and yours have a merry Christmas and happy New Year.
SANTA CLAUS.

Poor Mrs. Warren wept as she opened package after package and saw the many beautiful things. There were toys, nuts and candies for the children, warm clothing for herself and the children and baked meats and baked sweets.

The next morning Bobby was up at daybreak. Hanging beside his bed were brand new stockings filled with wonderful toys, nuts and candies. He thought he was dreaming and in a fairland. Not till he espied Tom watching him did he realize the truth of it all. He straightway caught up Tom and hugged him so tight that Tom scratched out of the embrace and scampered away.

Throughout Christmas day the Warren home resounded with mirth and merry making. Tom was happy, too—proud of what he and Santa Claus has brought about.

In justice to Tom it is here set down that his kind act became a tradition in that part of the country. Practical minds affected not to believe so impossible a story, but the story as told around "ye olden" firesides was to the effect Tom was a remarkable cat of distinguished ancestry and that while he could not speak a language to be understood by people he could speak a language to be understood by Santa Claus.

Tom lived to an honored age and died in the bosom of the Warren family, beloved and bereft by Bobby who, at the time of Tom's demise, was a grown-up, handsome boy, the sole support of his widowed mother and little brother.

CHRISTMAS IN THE LOWER ARCTIC.

A good many years ago the missionaries in Labrador began to make use of white turnips at Christmas time. Maybe our brethren in their first attempts to grow something on this bleak coast were gladly surprised at the heartiness and the returns this vegetable yielded, and in order to make the most of it, and with an eye to benefiting the Eskimo, they reserved a quantity of these nice large turnips for Christmas. Then on Christmas eve, during one of the most impressive services of the year, these same turnips served with a small lighted candle stuck in the middle, and each child in the community, from the infant in arms to the boy or girl of fourteen, received one of them as a Christmas gift. White turnips are classed at home among the inferior or common fruits of the field, but this is by no means the case in Labrador. Most of these people of the far north have never seen an apple or an orange or a plum, and as they cannot think of these fruits by comparison, the turnip occupies the highest rung of the ladder in their estimation. You ought to see one of these Eskimo boys or girls bite into a turnip, writes Christian Schmitt in the Christian Herald; it is enough to make any man's mouth water. At Christmas I have seen more than once not only the turnip disappear, but the candle also.

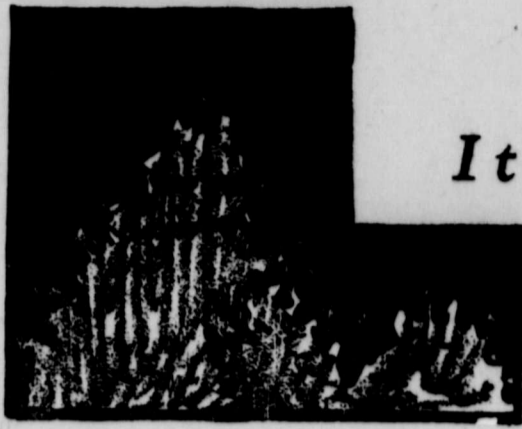
GRIM POLITENESS.

According to a London writer, the politest intimation ever addressed was probably that of the governor of the Bombay jail to the man about to be hanged. The execution was fixed for 1 p. m. and the governor was to sail for England on leave two hours later. But the time for the boat's sailing was changed from 3 p. m. to mid-day. The governor was equal to the occasion. He addressed an official communication to the convict as follows: "The governor presents his compliments to Mr. X, and desires to know whether it would suit his convenience equally well to be hanged at 10 a. m. instead of 1 p. m."



CHRISTMAS

Its Origin and Application to the South



ON THE 25th of this month (December) the festival of Christmas (Christ and mass) will be observed by all Christian churches and peoples as the anniversary of the birth of the Savior.

Its institution is attributed by the decretal to Pope Telesphorus, who died A. D. 138, and throughout the subsequent history of the church it has been one of the most noted of Christian solemnities.

At first it was the most movable of the Christian festive days, often confounded with the Epiphany (of January 6, to commemorate the visit of the Magi to Bethlehem and the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles), and celebrated by the Eastern churches in the months of April and May.

In the fourth century the urgency of St. Cyril, of Jerusalem, obtained from Pope Julius I an order for an investigation to be made concerning the day of Christ's nativity. The result of inquiry by the theologians of the East and the West was an agreement upon the 25th of December.

The chief grounds for the decision were the tables of the censors, in the archives of Rome; and although in the opinion of some of the fathers, there was not authentic proof of the identification of the day, yet the decision was uniformly accepted, and from that time the nativity has been celebrated on the same day.

The custom in Roman Catholic countries of ushering in Christmas day by the celebration of three masses, one at midnight, the second at early dawn, and the third in the morning, dates from the sixth century. The day was considered in the double light of a holy commemoration and a cheerful festival and was accordingly distinguished by devotion, by vacation from business, and by merriment.

During the middle ages it was celebrated by the gay and fantastic spectacle of dramatic mysteries and moralities, performed by persons in grotesque masks and singular costumes. The scenery usually represented an infant in a cradle, surrounded by the Virgin Mary and St. Joseph, by bulls' heads, cherubs, Eastern Magi, and manifold ornaments.

The custom of singing canticles (Bible hymns) at Christmas, called "carols," (songs of praise) which recalled the songs of the shepherds at the birth of Christ, dates from the time when the common people ceased to understand Latin.

The bishops and lower clergy often joined with the populace in carolling, and the songs were enlivened by dances, and by the music of tambours, guitars, violins and organs. Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters, mingled together in the dance; if in the night, each bearing in his hand a lighted wax taper.

During the last days preceding Christmas it is still the custom for Calabrian minstrels to descend from the mountains in Naples and Rome, saluting the shrines of the Virgin Mother with their wild music, under the poetic notion of cheering her until the birth-time of her infant at the approaching Christmas. Preparatory to Christmas the bells are rung at dead midnight throughout England and the continent; and after the solemn celebration of the mass, for which the churches in France and Italy are magnificently adorned, it is usual for the revelers to partake of a collation that they may be better able to sustain the fatigues of the night.

Among the revels of the Christmas season were the so-called feasts of fools, and of asses, grotesque saturnalia (unrestrained revelry or December liberties) in which everything serious was burlesqued, inferiors personifying their superiors, great men becoming frolicsome, and all illustrating the proneness of a man to occasionally reverse the order of society and ridicule its decencies.

Christmas is often called the "Children's Festival," in the Protestant districts of Germany and the north of Europe, and Christmas Eve is devoted to giving presents, especially between parents and children, and brothers and sisters, by means of the so-called Christmas tree, so familiar to every school child in this country. A large yew bough or evergreen is erected in one of the parlors lighted with tapers, and hung with manifold gifts, sweet meats, apples, nuts, playthings and ornaments. Each of these is marked with the name of the person for whom it is intended, but not with the name of the donor, and when the whole family party is assembled, the presents are distributed around the room according to their labels, amid joyful acclamations, and congratulations. A more sober scene then succeeds; for the mother takes this occasion to say privately to the daughters, and the father to the sons, what has been observed most praiseworthy and what most faulty in their conduct.

Formerly, and still in many places, the presents made by all the parents were sent to some one person, in high buskins or half-boot, whom we call Santa Claus, in a white robe, a mask and



an enormous flax wig becoming the wonder of the children, goes from house to house, is received by the parents with great pomp and reverence, calls for the children, and bestows the intended gifts upon them according to the character which he hears from the parents after several inquiries. It therefore seems that we owe to Germany the origin of the Christmas tree and Santa Claus.

Christmas has always been at home, a religious, domestic, and merry-making festival for every rank and every age. The custom begins at Christmas Eve and continues through the day with the celebration of the Virgin Mary. The larder was filled with pies, puddings, nuts, plums, sugar, and honey.

A glowing fire, made of great logs, was the principal feature of the Christmas log, kept out the severity of the weather; and the abundance was shared a juring, riddles, hot cookies, (small jokes, laughter, repartee, forfeits, generous wassail-bowls and bowl failed to bring tumultuous joy; and first dish on Christmas day was a boar's head, which was borne in great state and solemn platter with minstrelsy.

The common custom of decorating houses and churches at Christmas was derived from ancient Druid practices, and the belief that sylvan spirits might be appeased by evergreens and remain untroubled in milder seasons. The holly, ivy, and mistletoe furnished the favorite decorations. In old church calendars Christmas "the temples are adorned." Ho remain the most esteemed evergreen at some of the universities the college chapels are decked with an old English superstition that the Eve the oxen were always found as in an attitude of devotion, and change from old to new style to do this only on the eve of old. This was derived from a prevalent in the middle ages that an ox and an present at the nativity fell upon a suppliant posture. It was an allusion to by Shakespeare that men forsake the earth and go to their at the crowing of the cock.

In this age the Christmas celebration has lost their primitive boisterous character and carols are nearly gone, and the remaining of the various customs which used to mark the festival.

The Puritans were at first sternly opposed to Christmas pastimes, and the day was time less generally celebrated in England than in the middle and southern states. It has been made a legal holiday in several of the states, and is usually observed by a religious service and by making presents, frequently by trimming houses with evergreens and by erecting Christmas trees.

Santa Claus, in nursery folklore, is a friend of children, brings presents on Christmas Eve. The

children are often told that he comes down through the chimney at night, while they are asleep, and fills their stockings with presents, provided they are thought worthy. Bad children sometimes receive nothing but a switch or a strap. With great delight and merriment they hang up their long and short stockings, awaiting with bright anticipations, the dawn of Christmas morn and the presents which old Santa Claus is to bring.

A pretty sentiment of yuletide is the family reunion. Families which have drifted apart for years get together at the old homestead during the Christmas holidays and a glorious reunion is had. No boy, far from home, ever regretted the journey which took him to see his old mother on Christmas day.

The meeting of brothers and sisters, forced by circumstances to live apart in the world, is a happy and sacred consummation. This money-grabbing age has almost obliterated the old-time southern hospitality, when friend or relative would visit friend or relative and thoroughly enjoy the visit. Now everybody seems too busy to visit, and selfishness is eating out the hearts of humanity.

The South celebrates Christmas with more animation than the North. It is the Fourth of July in the northern states which arouses enthusiasm. The South lets the Fourth go by passively but makes up for this indifference Christmas Eve and Christmas day with glad songs, shouts and loud detonations.

Texas is especially boisterous during Christmas week. Young America works out a lot of pent-up energy at this time, and always imparts his enthusiasm to his elders. There is a "Christmas feel in the air" and it is infectious. An expectancy accompanies the sudden and mysterious making and gift purchasing, the making of fruit cakes, pumpkin pies and plum puddings. Everyone is happy, which is saying a great deal—but we truly believe everyone is happy on Christmas day in Texas if he or she is not a "grouch," for the good people of Texas see that you are happy by sincere hospitality and other tokens. Even the lowliest negro is remembered in some kindly way by his white friends. A touching incident of the attitude of the South toward the colored race are the many presents distributed by the whites among the negroes on Christmas day and the childlike delight with which these presents are received.

There is color to the South's Christmas—vibrant and warm with heartfelt regard for friend and stranger. No one needs go about Christmas day in Texas hungry or dejected. The extreme destitution of the poor, so prevalent in the eastern states, is not here to any considerable extent. In our larger southern cities there are some poor families, but few, indeed, compared to population.

The bountifulness of this year's crops has left prosperity in Texas. The farmers, the ranchmen, the day laborer, the mechanic, the merchant, the banker, have all shared in the general opulence. The new year will come in with joyful anticipation on the part of Texans, regardless of any pessimism that may prevail as to the political outlook. Our position is more secure than

that of many other states, on account of our business being founded on agriculture. With good seasons and good crops for the coming year it will be difficult to prevent Texas from progressing and her citizens from enjoying the fruits of their labor.

This is to be a glad Christmas in the Lone Star State. Good cheer will ring out over the homes of the people. Progress is in evidence everywhere—new homes, new churches, new schools, new public buildings, are in course of construction and are in prospect. The banks are full of depositors' money. Liquidation is going on rapidly and satisfactorily. The new year is dawning in splendid triumph over previously bad years. There will be a plethora of money for investments and an abiding confidence which will insure employment for all who may seek it.

In the fullness of our well being it is hoped that the poor shall be remembered as heretofore and that everyone shall give in accordance to his or her ability. A kind word, a small token, sincerely bestowed, does much to lighten hearts that are lonely. A good deed sublimates the doer and shines throughout the years with softened fulfillment. The real spirit of Christmas is to perform good deeds and to proclaim peace on earth and good will toward all men.

DAIRYING PAYS IN TEXAS.

To illustrate how well dairying pays in Texas, H. E. Starr sold to the Nissley Creamery plant of Stephenville \$50.32 worth of cream from the product of ten cows in fifteen days. Mr. Lard, manager of the Fort Worth Nissley Creamery Company, says that the plants of his company in Texas could use double the amount of cream if it were available.

That our farmers are missing a profitable source of income by not keeping more dairy cows is certain. The by-products of cows also fatten hogs, poultry, etc. A start can be made with two or three cows of good breed, which, if well cared for and the offspring not sold, will in a few years develop into a good sized herd.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

The poinsettia has come to be known as the Christmas flower owing to the cheery effect of its glowing scarlet petals in the midst of December's chill as well as to the fact that it is one of the most decorative of the few blossoms that can be made to bloom at the holiday season. The living flower is rather expensive but clever fingers can fashion beautiful imitations in crepe paper of red, green and yellow, wire and art paste.

Wreaths of holly and bunches of mistletoe are both used throughout the house for Christmas decorations.

The table may have a small Christmas tree for its center decoration, especially if there are children in the home. Another beautiful scheme is that of the filled sled drawn by tiny reindeer.

SOLAR GEESE QUEER.

The solar geese are so fond of collecting materials for their nests that they do not desist from the habit even when they are about to abandon their nests for the winter migration. Off the coast of Scotland one day patches of straw bedding were seen floating and although the birds were on the eve of departure they gathered up every wisp as though they had their nests to build, and in the same place they were seen collecting seaweed every day.

J. J. Humphreys has leased the Lamar Bath House of Mineral Wells and is making improvements to this bath house which will insure its being modern in appointments. The Lamar Bath House has the distinction of supplying its patrons with the only pure mineral baths in Mineral Wells.

TEXAS NOTES.

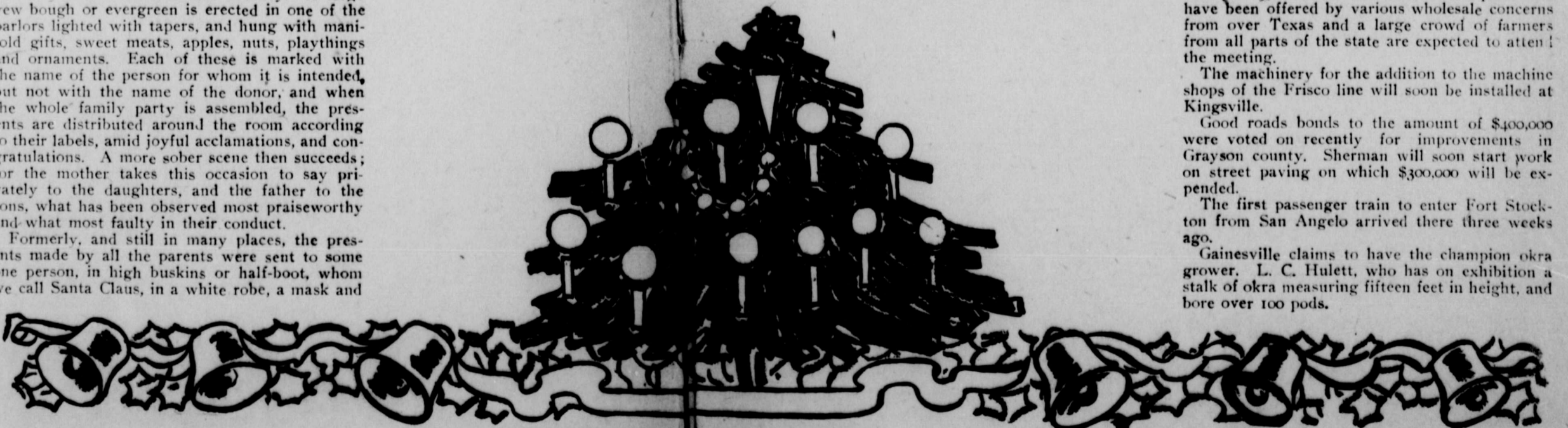
Arrangements are being made for the meeting of the Texas Corn Growers, to be held at Greenville Jan. 9, 10 and 11. Some valuable premiums have been offered by various wholesale concerns from over Texas and a large crowd of farmers from all parts of the state are expected to attend the meeting.

The machinery for the addition to the machine shops of the Frisco line will soon be installed at Kingsville.

Good roads bonds to the amount of \$400,000 were voted on recently for improvements in Grayson county. Sherman will soon start work on street paving on which \$300,000 will be expended.

The first passenger train to enter Fort Stockton from San Angelo arrived there three weeks ago.

Gainesville claims to have the champion okra grower. L. C. Hulet, who has on exhibition a stalk of okra measuring fifteen feet in height, and bore over 100 pods.



TEXAS AFTER THE WAR

By
COL. ACIE SOONER

A CRAZY fanatic, whom they called A. C. Hill, was sent to Denton by the Union League, to take charge of the police and arrest the Kuklux Klan. He cut a wide swath, and boasted that he would have every Kuklux in a cage and wearing stripes in less than three months. He strutted into the Monitor printing office at Denton, followed by a number of his police, and denounced the Klan in unmeasured terms. Then, swinging his arms, he cried:

"Does any man take it up?" The editor replied that he had ceased to be a war-horse, and had hoped the war was over. There were others in the office, but no one took it up. No one spoke to him. Col. O. G. Welch, who was in the office at the time, also treated him with contempt and left the office. Hill reported to the Union League the contemptuous manner of his reception at the printing office, and it was resolved to arrest the editor and twelve others, and throw them into prison at Tyler.

Mr. Geers was at home in his front yard, carrying his baby boy in his arms, when, suddenly the premises were surrounded by over 100 policemen, headed by Theal. Imagine his surprise when rudely approached and told that he was a prisoner by order of the government of the United States.

"Will you allow me to carry my baby into the house?"

"No, no," two or three of them replied. "Lay the baby on the grass and come on."

"I take Mr. Geers to be a gentleman, and I command that he be permitted to carry the baby into the house and to bid good-bye to his wife, for I know he will return all right, and I will be responsible for him," said Theal.

So he went in and returned, and gave himself up. "Where are you going to take me?" Mr. Geers asked.

"First to Birdville, Tarrant county, before United States Commissioner Barkley, and then to Tyler, before the U. S. Grand Jury." The grand jury was composed mostly of negroes.

Mr. Geers was placed under heavy guard, while the rest of the company rounded up the other twelve. Only one of them, I was afterward informed, was really a member of the Klan. They were all innocent of the charge except this one.

A messenger came to Mr. Geers and told him, by signs, that if he said the word, and thought it advisable, the Klan would kill every one of the police before they could reach Birdville. He replied that he had his hand in the lion's mouth, and he would rather get it out in his own way, lest he should lose his hand. They were going to make him walk to Birdville, they said, while they were to ride before and behind and on either side of him.

A scalawag appeared with irons and a negro to rivet them on, and Mr. Geers said:

"Surely there is no need of ironing me. I will go along without any trouble, besides I could never walk there in irons. I appeal to Mr. Theal to spare me this humiliation."

"You needn't put them on him," replied Mr. Theal, "as I said, I think he is a gentleman."

Theal had observed the signs of the mysterious messenger.

"I think you ought to let me ride," rejoined Mr. Geers. "I see that Mr. Mounds has a horse for me to ride."

"All right. Get on him." He mounted the horse, and they started for Birdville. The other prisoners were made to walk.

There were few houses between Denton and Birdville. The country was sparsely settled. Mingled with ominous forebodings of the future, I, in company with Mr. Mounds, concluded to accompany the police, even without their expressed permission. I was determined to see what disposition was to be made of the prisoners, especially of Mr. Geers, whose wife was to be left at home in an agony of fear.

The scenery was primitively wild. Riding under leafy archways of tall trees, garlanded with wild vines, or through natural meadows dotted with clumps of shrubbery, as if set out by the hand of man for a park, where the turf was like velvet under our feet, crossing little streamlets that a sudden rush of headwaters from the hills had swollen in places to dangerous torrents, or rather streams that back water had converted into inland lakes, the air sweet with the fragrance of wild wood and native flowers, the woods ringing with the melody of birds, the journey was one long joy to the eye, the ear and the nostrils, not without, however, forebodings as touching the end of this saturnalian crusade against citizenship of the South.

In the company of these detested fellows I rode along until a cornfield at Birdville was reached. A gate was opened by a grinning negro, and we rode along a path through the field to the dwelling place of United States Commissioner Barkley. The prisoners were arraigned before him at once, and the two witnesses appeared against the prisoners—a white man and a negro. The white man swore that he was a member of the Klan, and that all the prisoners were Kuklux. Brown was the name of the white man. The negro bore the name of Albert. He, too, testified that all the prisoners were members of the Kuklux Klan.

"May I be permitted to ask a question?" inquired Mr. J. B. Duncan, of Denton.

"Sure," replied the commissioner.

"Albert," asked Mr. Duncan, "how did you

know it was me that you saw—you say that I was disguised?"

"I reckon you raised yer guise—den I seed yer," was the negro's reply.

Dr. Barkley, without any further ceremony, placed the prisoners under a bond of \$1,000 each, to appear before the Federal court at Tyler in the following month.

"But," he said, "so far as Mr. Geers is concerned, I shall fix his bond at \$10,000, and if he cannot fill that he must go to jail and stay there till his case is disposed of by the court, and it is my place to pass on the bond, in case he makes it."

A few of the twelve prisoners could not make the bond at once, and were sent to jail.

When the bond of Mr. Geers was prepared for signatures, K. M. Van Zandt signed it first, Capt. Lloyd, the Indian fighter, signed it next, followed by Eph Daggett, W. H. Mounds, Mr. Boaz and others.

"Will this bond do?" asked Mr. Geers of the commissioner.

After scrutinizing it a few moments, he replied, "Oh, yes—these names would be good for a million."

The captain of the guard said: "Mr. Geers, you are a free man, and can return home."

"How's dat?" asked Albert. "Is yer gwine ter set free de wust Kuklux in de whole bunch?"

"He has been placed under a bond to appear for trial, and you will have to appear there as a witness against him and all of the others."

many in the crowd eager to learn what disposition had been made of the charges against them; but all had assurance that they were perfectly safe, under the protection of the Invisible Empire, which maintained a constant surveillance upon the police, their officers, and the commissioner. But for the fear of endangering the safety of the prisoners, every one of the police, including the commissioner, would have been massacred that night. The number of the Klan was legion, under a deadly oath, and no one could reveal the secrets of the Klan and live. It was said several members of the Klan had joined the police as spies, and others had become members of the Union League, elected to those positions by the K. K. K. The Grand Cyclops and the Great a Grand Night Hawk were in continuous touch with the enemy, and knew more about their plans than did the subordinate officers of the Union League and its tools.

Ere long Mr. Geers was served with a paper from Judge Hawkins, of Dallas, to the effect that he need not go to Tyler, as he had been instructed to try the case against him at Denton, on a certain day of the following month.

A. C. Hill, of Gonzales, was now in command of the E. J. Davis police.

Demsey Jackson, according to my recollection, was justice of the peace, and B. E. Greenlee, sheriff.

A case came up before the justice of the peace, in which A. C. Hill was the complaining witness. He came into court armed with two big pistols on his belt. As this was against the

Several lawyers appeared for the defense.

The prosecution was conducted by J. L. Lovejoy Jr. and John N. Dickson, two Union men, who stood in with the Loyal League.

The courthouse was so full of people that many could not find standing room. They had come from points miles away, and from other counties.

The jury was selected, apparently, at random, and the witnesses called.

There was no witnesses present. Albert had died and was buried in the city graveyard, and Brown was reported to have been killed in Tarrant county.

The jury found the defendant "not guilty," without leaving their seats.

I heard that Brown had been in a neighborhood "feud" in Tarrant county, over private matters, and that he had been assassinated in his wife's arms, at night, and that his tragic end had nothing to do with the prosecution of the Kuklux Klan.

Albert died a natural death, and a wooden fist, with the index finger pointing upward, was placed on the headstone of the grave, with the inscription: "Gone Home." Some mischievous boys, prowling about the cemetery, and reading the inscription, reversed the fist so as to make it point downward. Friends of the deceased were wroth when they saw this, and turned the finger so as to point upward again. Once more it was pointed downward. Finally the negroes removed the hand from the grave.

(Texas After the War will appear once a month in this magazine section.—Editor.)

USES MEAL WITH CHEAP CORN.

On account of corn shortage in Texas and the fact that we import \$10 worth of feed for every dollar's worth we raise at home, it might profit our stockmen and farmers to read the following:

William Bowles, a substantial farmer and feeder of Ralls county, Mo., is a firm believer in cotton seed meal as a cattle feed. Mr. Bowles was on the St. Louis market this week with a string of steers that he sold for \$5.85. They weighed about 1,250 pounds. He bought them last fall as feeders, giving \$14.40 for the bunch. He roughed the steers until the first of the year when he put them on full feed. They made good gains and he secured a nice little profit on the deal.

"I fed these cattle 2 pounds of cotton seed meal a day along with the corn," remarked Mr. Bowles to a representative of the Reporter. Some advocate using meal only the last month, but on these cattle I began to use meal the minute I put them on full feed and results are very satisfactory. They gained well and their hair was in fine shape. I believe it pays to feed cottonseed meal or cake to steers regardless of how cheap corn may be. Steers that are fed straight corn do not have the finished appearance that they do when meal is added to the ration. There is no getting around the fact that it takes meal to put on a good coat of hair and give the finished appearance to cattle. I have fed meal for several years and the longer I use it the more I like it."—Kansas City Stock Reporter.

CARNIVAL FEATURES.

Houston's No-Tis-Oh Carnival parade was notable for many interesting features. The Texas Artificial Limb Company and Ed Eisemann had had exhibits which were startling and original. The float of the Artificial Limb Company showed the wonderful strides that has been made in artificial limb manufacturing. It is now possible for a legless man to disdain crutches and walk almost with the grace of an Apollo. Science has helped to make the world better in no more pronounced way than in supplying the unfortunates with artificial arms, legs and eyes.

Mr. Ed Eisemann's huge galvanized iron tank, rolling along the street, made into one piece, with galvanized seats, shafting, etc., to which was hitched a horse, created considerable laughter and comment. It looked for all the world like a big "steam roller." On being twitted about the tank's resemblance to a political machine, Mr. Eisemann denied any intention on his part to affect politics.

Houston's business men now have up the question of making the carnival broader in its scope. It is determined to merge the carnival into a state fair and make it an annual event of state-wide and national importance.

FIRE PREVENTION.

While it is always best to use precaution against fire destroying the home, it is now recognized as essential and in the long run cheaper to build the home so that fire risk will be reduced. Cement is being used in blocks and brick to a greater extent than formerly, but the newest building material now on the market is fire proof clay tile with a cement exterior. Tile manufacturers claim that their product is cheaper than brick and no more expensive than lumber. This being the case, it is likely that we will see many fireproof tile built homes in the next few years.

Some day—we don't know how far off it is—but some day it's going to be a disgrace for a man to build an inflammable house. He'll be classed as an "undesirable citizen," just as if he made a pastime of hurling bombs.

To most men, nowadays, "fire fighting" is a word that brings to mind clanging bells, glistening oilskin coats in rapid motion, puffing engines and heroic firemen snatching women from the jaws of death. But then ew fire fighters go at the job in a different way, realizing the truth of that old proverb, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."



"A Scalawag Appeared With Irons."

"Am dat so? I's skeered of dis way doing biznes. Dey'll git my sculp yit. I thought yer wuz gwinter hang 'em now."

"We have no jurisdiction in this court to hang them now. That must be done by the Federal court, which honorable court is to be convened at Tyler. God bless that court. All I could do I have done," answered the commissioner, apologetically.

"Dey is nearly all loose, and I can't see dat yer done nothin' at all, 'cept what dey wanted yer to do."

"You be sure to appear at Tyler," retorted the doctor, "and we will soon have them all in stripes, for we have the armies of the United States at our backs."

"Will dey git outen de pen any mo?"

"Yes, after not less than ten years at hard labor in the penitentiary on railroads and coal mines, under the whip, they will be discharged, and then dey will be glad to behave themselves."

The negro looked a little crestfallen, and the commissioner added: "We will have you appointed as one of the guards armed with a pistol and a whip, to make them work and keep at it."

"Dat would be fine, too fine to think about—but I can't bieve it till I see it."

The commissioner declared the court (which appeared to me nothing more than a negro minstrel farce) adjourned, and Albert returned to his home at Denton, and Brown to his wife in Tarrant county.

Mr. Geers and the other prisoners who gave bond returned to Denton.

They were met by a large crowd at Denton,

rules of the court, the captain was requested to cast off his implements of war. He flatly refused to do so. The justice threatened to fine him for contempt of court. He replied that he had not expressed any contempt for this august tribunal, for his contempt was inexpressible. This angered the justice, who was loyal to the Union and to the Loyal League, and he requested the police to disarm him. But not a man moved toward the irate captain, who, in his rage, was fairly frothing at the mouth.

The courthouse was on the north side of the square, a frame building, and was full of people on this occasion, among them a number of the Kuklux Klan.

"Disarm him," said the justice, looking toward the citizen on his left, where stood a bunch of Kuklux.

Immediately J. P. Bates and Howden Baker, two young men of the town (and still living at this writing, 1912) stepped forward and seized the angry captain. Baker held the writhing captain's hands behind him while Bates stood in front and unbuckled his belt, and handed the belt and pistols to the justice.

There was loud laughter in the courthouse, but the negroes and carpet-baggers present were surprised, as they had a most exaggerated opinion of the strength and prowess of this blustering, big-whiskered coward.

On the day set for the trial of Mr. Geers Judge Hawkins appeared. He was escorted by Capt. Hill and his gang to the courthouse, and the prisoner was ordered to take his seat in front of the judge.

The Fine Arts

DALLAS MUSICAL EVENTS.

Mr. Clyde Whitlock and Miss Elizabeth Jones of the faculty of St. Mary's College, and Mr. E. Glenn Whitlock of Chicago, gave an evening of music for two violins and piano in the college recital hall on the evening of Nov. 19. The singing serenade was the chief work of the programme. The distinguishing feature of the evening's work was the especially good ensemble. The entire programme was well rendered and well received.

David L. Ormsher, tenor; Mrs. Harriet Bacon Macdonald, accompanist, two of Dallas's well-known musicians, assisted Miss Lydia Griffith, soprano, in a recital at Miss Griffith's beautiful Terrell home. The 150 guests of the evening were very appreciative of the artists. They graciously responded repeatedly to the insistence for encores.

Walter J. Fried, violinist, concert master of the Dallas Symphony orchestra; Miss Agnes Gannon, soprano; Charles Wenzel, first cellist of orchestra; Mrs. Charles Wenzel, harpist; Mrs. Mai Connor Gordon, reader; Mrs. Walter J. Fried and Mrs. Joseph Rucker, accompanists, gave one of the most delightful musicals of the season in the Palm Room of the Adolphus Hotel. Mr. Fried never fails to win his hearers with his beautiful tone and artistic interpretation. The programme consisted of many good numbers.

Dr. George W. Andrews of Oberlin, Ohio, gave an interesting organ recital at St. Mark's Methodist church. He was ably assisted by Mrs. Maude Davis Malone, soprano.

Mary Garden, Tetraxini, Campani, Fremstad and other renowned stars will be heard in grand opera in Dallas, Feb. 28 and March 1.

Yvonne de Treville, coloratura soprano, with the Schubert Choral Club at the Columbian club

Carl Venth's illustrated lecture on Norway was greatly enjoyed by many. Two hundred stereoptical views of the wildest and most rugged of Norway's mountain scenery, its waterfalls, and its glaciers and lakes were shown. The views were accompanied by Norwegian music on the violin by Mr. Venth with Mrs. Katrina Venth as accompanist.

The Elson Educational Art Exhibition of two hundred best reproductions of the masterpieces of art of different countries and periods was shown by the William B. Travis Mothers' Club.

Mrs. Annie Milam, late of New York, is showing an interesting collection of her own landscape paintings in the Bush Temple reception hall. The Texas and Hudson river sketches are especially good.

Under the auspices of the Dallas Art Association, William Sargent of Chicago will lecture on the landscape paintings of America.

Mr. Schmalzried of the Dallas Art Store has a number of paint-

ings and prints of merit. He is making a specialty of artistic picture framing. This store contains so many little works of art that it has become the most popular gift shop of the city.

Mr. Ashenden and choir will give a special Sunday evening sacred concert in the new one hundred thousand dollar Presbyterian church as soon as the church is finished.

The Wednesday Morning Choral Club, under the direction of Mrs. Mamie Folsom Wynne, gave an interesting Brahms programme.

Henrietta Gremmel, one of Dallas's best pianists, will give a recital at an early date in the Bush Temple recital hall.

Lillian Nordica, America's greatest dramatic soprano, appeared in recital in the Palm Garden of the Adolphus Hotel Nov. 27. Nordica is now at the zenith of her power. Being gifted with a wonderful voice and great personal beauty, and possessing an enormous individuality, and the indomitable will and perseverance of her New England ancestors has endeared herself to the American people as "Our Lillian."

Dallas music lovers look forward with much pleasure to the 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon programmes given by the Symphony Orchestra in the Dallas opera house. These programmes are very fine. The orchestra had a very successful trip in the Panhandle. It played to a crowded house at Electra, at which many people were refused admittance. At Memphis it played to an audience of 1,200. At Amarillo and Wichita Falls it played to large audiences. It secured return engagements at each of the points mentioned.

The Folklife. America is coming back into her birthright. Slowly, but surely, through the long years of the past, the instinct of the artist is beginning to reassert itself. Elemental for the most part, it strove to lift his leaping spirit to his own way, to his own gods, to his own rhythm, to his own sea, to his own art of drama. When I first began to see my opportunities for economy in my daily journeys to market and shop, I thought the whole problem was one of getting the lowest price for what I wanted. But I soon found that my chances to

her guest, Mrs. H. S. Beach of El Paso with a musicale Monday, Nov. 18. The artists on the programme were Miss Clyde Batsell Reaves, reader; Mrs. Pearl Calhoun Davis, soprano; Charles J. Ashley, cellist; E. Clyde Whitlock, violinist, and Guy Richardson Pitner, pianist.

The Hanerback-Hoschins musical comedy, "Madame Sherry" was given at Byers Nov. 26 and 27.

It is interesting to note that the two famous artists of Thanksgiving week, Mme. Nordica and David Bispham, are Americans. She was first recognized in Italy, then Germany and then by the entire world. She is said to be the greatest Wagnerian artist in the world. Bispham was born and raised in Philadelphia. He comes from Quaker ancestry and naturally had many difficulties to overcome in reaching the position of America's foremost baritone singer.

A special musical programme was rendered Sunday, Nov. 24 at the Mulkey Memorial Methodist church under the auspices of the choir, which has for director Edwin H. Fabian and for pianist

Miss Leona Fabian. Miss Willette Sawyer gave "The Good Shepherd" by Van de Water, and Miss Mabel Helms rendered "The Lord Is My Light," by Al-litsen.

On Friday morning, Nov. 30, the Harmony Club and the Uterpean Club will give a complimentary programme before the State Teachers' Association at the Central High School. The following persons take part: Miss Anita Renick, Mrs. William Rounds, Mrs. R. F. Merrill, Dr. James Roach, Mr. Rosenfeld and Miss Anita Laneri.

On Nov. 26 the Mendelssohn Quartette rendered a programme at the Mulkey Memorial church. The quartette offered Mr. Losh and Mrs. Jones in solo and Mrs. Nellie L. Medcalf as accompanist.

Mrs. C. W. Conroy's "Fine Arts Evening" programme was given before a large audience during Federation week. Mrs. Lary, Miss Lewis, the Uterpean and Harmony Clubs, Mrs. Nunn of Texarkana assisted.

A few pictures that are reproductions of the masterpieces are better than many pictures chosen at random. A plaster cast of a great work is better than the same object copied in marble or bronze by an average sculptor and a good photograph is superior to an average copy in color.

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Miss Lucille Eaton Hill of Wellesley college, Dr. Luther H. Gulick, president Physical Educational Society; C. A. Perry of the Child Welfare Department of Sage Foundation, director gymnastics at Harvard in 1903. It is used in many of the schools from New York to San Francisco.

George Walter Weiler of the Weiler Studios, Fort Worth, and E. Clyde Whitlock, assisted by the Weatherford Choral Club, will give a classic piano and violin recital at Weatherford the third week in December. A feature will be the piano and violin sonata, rendered by Messrs. Weiler and Whitlock, and composed by Sjogren. All numbers on the programme will be modern compositions by living composers.

The most artistic local musical event of the season will be the Children's Costume Recital by Elizabeth Coy Weiler during the week previous to Christmas. Music of various foreign countries will be reproduced, and the children are to dress in a fashion becoming each country and locality and throughout the entertainment each country's musical individuality and tradition will be observed. Mrs. Weiler is devoting much study to the plan and hopes to please those who like color and novelty in music. Bryan school is to have the honor of the entertainment.

Planning Meals With the Economy Idea.

By Mrs. Jane Parker. When I first began to see my opportunities for economy in my daily journeys to market and shop, I thought the whole problem was one of getting the lowest price for what I wanted. But I soon found that my chances to

expense at a time when peaches are plentiful and cheap and apples rather high. A tomato salad tastes just as good as heart-lettuce; so when lettuce happens to be scarce and tomatoes a glut on the market—serve the tomatoes.

So it's good economy to determine on what you are going to serve by learning what is low priced at that particular time. The first step is to buy what is in season. Go to the market and select the vegetables and fruit that are in season, and are therefore selling at the most reasonable prices. Sometimes fruit or vegetables from the South will be in the market and very cheap for days; then some day you will notice the price is much higher. Don't attempt to purchase then, but get the things that are low priced that day. Vegetables and fruits will always be much higher between the seasons of the southern grown crop and the northern crop.

And buying these things in season allows just as much variety as buying out of season. I buy the perishable vegetables and fruits—lettuce, tomatoes, string beans, berries, peaches, melons—in that part of the summer season where they are most plentiful. Then in the winter I take carrots, turnips, beets, parsnips, onions, and oranges, bananas, at times grape fruit and certain varieties of apples.

Meats, too, can be bought according to season to a certain extent. There are times of the year when chickens are expensive, when broilers are almost prohibitive, for instance. Buy fish that is in season; know the day when it's most plentiful on the market; when fresh fish is scarce, salt fish can be prepared in many appetizing forms. Lobster and

open to the clever woman for saving in food products for the table that will never be noticed by the people who sit around her table. Merely as hints, here are a few of my own.

I always have macaroni, hominy and similar foods in my pantry; so that when other provisions seem to me too high, I fall back on these.

When expenses have to be rigidly confined, meat can be served only once a day. I vary my menus by serving omelettes, shirred eggs, eggs with cheese, baked eggs and bacon.

When meat mounts very high, I serve more soups; it takes the ravenous edge off the appetite. Most people, I have found like baked and fried apples. But when they are very expensive, I substitute baked or fried potatoes. When lettuce or other vegetables for salads are too high priced, I change to a fruit salad with gelatine, or celery with cheese.

You will find that dainty salads can be made by saving odds and ends of fruit—adding a small quantity of gelatine and placing in molds. Left-over vegetables serve the same purpose.

Pork and beans once a week will make a change for dinner; and they are nutritive and cheap. I try to plan as far as possible, when having pork and beans, to have as much of the dinner baked, and bake the bread; it means a saving in gas. And that leads me to say that you will find baking your own bread quite a saving. Here, for instance, is a little example given by one housewife.

Brownsville is now paving twelve blocks with creosoted wood blocks. Eleven blocks have been paved so far this year.



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saving went further back than this; that I could make even greater savings if I started in away back at the time when I was deciding what I should buy—determining my menu for the meal or day or week ahead. How to save by figuring back from your menu is therefore well worth considering. It doesn't matter much to your family whether you have apple pie or peach pudding for dessert. It makes a great difference in your

crabs should not be indulged in until late in the spring when they are plentiful, they bring a welcome change in the meat course.

To take greatest advantage of these fluctuations, it's necessary to go to market yourself. If you leave the selecting to one of the clerks, or to an inexperienced person, they'll simply send you what you order; or still worse, bring you fruit and vegetables that are not high grade or fresh. There are many little ways

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Great Southern, Houston.....	20.50
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**MORGAN'S MEN
STORIES OF THEIR EXPLOITS**

As Told by C. W. GEERS, One of Morgan's Men



On the 2nd of June the column reached Pound Gap and found it occupied by a force of well-dressed and well-fed Yankees. Colonel Smith charged the Gap to clear the road, the Yankees leaving a number of dead and wounded behind and a considerable number of horses. The Federals were followed by a scouting party and General Morgan pressed on, picking up a number of stragglers, saying to his officers that he desired to reach Mount Sterling before General Burbridge could arrive there. Mount Sterling was the Federal depot of supplies, embracing the very articles that our men were in need of. Burbridge was incumbered with artillery. The mountainous country of southeastern Kentucky, in spite of its rugged, steep and inhospitable appearance, had to be traversed before Mount Sterling could be reached. Over 150 miles of this region was marched over in seven days. This march was terribly severe. The fatigue and lack of forage caused many horses to break down and almost a whole brigade of men were dismounted. On the 7th General Morgan discovered that he was far ahead of Burbridge, and that it would not require his whole force to take Mount Sterling. So he dismounted Captain Jenkins with fifty men to destroy the bridge on the Frankfort & Louisville railroad to prevent the arrival of troops from Indiana for the defense of Lexington and Central Kentucky. He sent Major Chenoweth to destroy bridges on the Kentucky Central railroad to prevent the importation of troops from Cincinnati and he sent Captain Peter Everett with 100 men to capture Mayesville. When the command emerged from the sterile country of the mountains into the beautiful and inviting lands of Central Kentucky, the change had a perceptible effect on the spirits of the men. The sun rose clear and brilliant on the morning of their emergence from the mountains, the 8th, and the contrast was so great that it seemed magical and the men sang and laughed and drew new life and courage from the scene.

Before noon on the 8th the command reached the vicinity of Mount Sterling and began to prepare for the attack. On the previous day Captain Lawrence Jones, in command of the advance guard, had been sent to take position on the main road between Mount Sterling and Lexington, and Captain Jenkins was sent with one company to take position between Mount Sterling and Paris. They had instructions to prevent communication with Mount Sterling from any quarter by telegraph or courier.

Now all was ready for the attack on Mount Sterling. The first and second brigades advanced, dismounted, capped their guns and charged into the town from every direction. The enemy was taken completely by surprise. They started to run in various directions but the fire of the Confederates drove them back to the center of the town. Major Halliday of the first brigade made a gallant charge, driving them in confusion and killing 30 and wounding 80 of them. Three hundred and eighty Yankees threw down their guns and waved the white flag, calling for quarter.

A large quantity of stores and many wagons and teams were captured. The prisoners were treated courteously and paroled. Not one was maltreated or abused in the least, though one was recognized as an ex-guard from Camp Douglas and another from the Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary. But they were not paroled with the rest.

General Morgan then marched for Lexington with the second brigade, leaving Colonel Giltner to destroy the stores and provide for the re-mounting upon the captured horses of a portion of the dismounted men.

Burbridge reached Mount Sterling before the break of day on the morning of the 9th. He moved nearly 90 miles in 30 hours and took by surprise the Confederate stragglers there. Fourteen of the officers were killed and forty privates and eighty of our dismounted men were wounded. One hundred were captured and that many more were cut off and dispersed. Colonel Martin was wounded. They killed and wounded, however, over 300 of the enemy.

General Morgan on the 10th entered Lexington after a slight skirmish in which eight Federals were killed and thirty-two wounded. He burned the government depot and stables and captured more than a sufficient number of horses to mount all his men. He moved thence to Georgetown and sent Captain Cooper with one company to demonstrate toward Frankfort. Cooper ably executed his orders, driving twice his number into fortifications around the town, and killing and wounding sixty of them before they could reach shelter.

General Morgan directed his march to Cynthiana from Georgetown, arriving there on the morning of the 11th. He attacked the garrison there. They made a stubborn resistance, but he killed sixty, wounded 100 and captured all the remaining forces, over 400. The enemy occupied the houses, as usual and a portion of the city was unfortunately destroyed by fire.

General Morgan, after the surrender of the garrison, took Cassell's battalion and gaining Hobson's rear, attacked with great bravery and enthusiasm, killing and wounding scores. All our boys joined in the attack and the battle raged in deadly earnest. Seeing his command being thinned out, his men falling by the score in every direction, General Hobson raised the white flag and surrendered his entire command. A large quantity of stores were also captured and destroyed.

General Hobson was brought before General Morgan, pale and trembling. Morgan took him

by the hand and assured him that he was in no danger of receiving the treatment accorded the Confederate officers by the Federals. He had no wooden mule to ride him upon; nor would he send him to any penitentiary, shave his head or feed him on bread and water in a Confederate dungeon. The South was a civilized country and the southerners were gentlemen, not barbarians.

"General Morgan," returned Hobson, "I appreciate your civility, but I have cause to retaliate upon me, and your mildness of manner and attitude is inexpressible. You have treated me with savage barbarity, but not at my instance, but at the instance of your officers in civil life who have never smelled the gunpowder or saw the smoke of battle."

"Hobson," replied Morgan, "I shall parole you immediately, and send you under escort of Captain C. C. Morgan and two Cincinnati to effect, if you possibly can, the exchange of yourself and your officers for some of my officers in prison. If you fail, be honest enough to report back as a prisoner within the Confederate lines."

General Hobson was then escorted to Cincinnati. His request was considered as unreasonable, and his escort was arrested and disarmed and retained as prisoners for more than three weeks. Burbridge tried to have them shot, but through the intercession of General Hobson, the bitterness of execution was spared them. Nor was Hobson allowed to return to the Confederate lines.

On the 12th General Morgan was attacked by five thousand of Burbridge's men. Morgan then had with him but twelve hundred men. Giltner's men had been encamped on the Paris road and first engaged the enemy. Giltner's men had no more ammunition and Morgan ordered a retreat upon the Augusta road. With the mounted reserve I charged the enemy to cover his retreat. Col. Smith with his brigade charged with great gallantry, driving the enemy some distance, but he killed scores of the Captain Kirkpatrick's battalion on the char and had to quit the field.

General Morgan covered his retreat on the Augusta road and moved toward West Liberty he passed and reached Abingdon result of his mission invasion of Southwest Virginia was averted.

On his return to Se Morgan applied himself to re-organizing and drilling his men. However, all were in the inevitable doom of approaching.

Jeff Davis and his Congress had adopted the general's plan to divide the Confederacy into two parts, one to be a separate government, and the other to be a separate government. The general's plan was to divide the Confederacy into two parts, one to be a separate government, and the other to be a separate government. The general's plan was to divide the Confederacy into two parts, one to be a separate government, and the other to be a separate government.

Colonel Smith and a portion of General Van Dusen's brigade which was stationed in East Tennessee, were disturbed by a sudden irruption of the enemy and driven back to Carter's Station on the Wetauga river and taking command of the troops assembled there, he formed them in line of battle for a fight, but the enemy, hearing the cheers of the men, supposed reinforcements had arrived, and retreated in disorder. Morgan followed as closely as possible until he had re-occupied the territory evacuated.

(Stories of Morgan's Men will appear each month in this Magazine Section.—Editor.)

Texas Agricultural Progress.

According to recent government statistics, during the past ten years 65,580 new farms have been opened up in Texas, and virgin soil is being turned at the rate of 2000 acres per day. The average size of our farms has decreased in ten years from 357 to 269 acres. The average value of farm land per acre in 1910, according to the federal census reports, was \$4.70 and in 1910 \$14.53, which is an increase of \$9.83, or 209 per cent. Our rural population is 2,702,462, compared with 2,368,228 ten years ago, an increase of 334,234, or 14 per cent. Texas farm property has increased in value \$1,561,688,891, or 130.5 per cent, during the past decade. Farm property in 1900 had a total value of \$962,476,273, while in 1910 the census reports show the total valuation of this class of property to be \$2,218,645,164. We open up on the average eighteen new farms per day.

There were over 400 acres of land planted to Columbus long-staple cotton in Colorado county this season. The yield was close to a bale per acre and the price averaged 12 1/2 cents per pound.

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Best market prices paid. We buy or sell on commission.

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Children's Stories



ONCE upon a time there were two children, a little boy named Willie and a little girl named Annie. Now they could hardly wait for Santa Claus to visit them, so every day they would say to their mother, "Oh, mother, how many days until Christmas? Twenty days more, ten days more, how slowly the days drag on, mother." Now the busy mother felt this time slip by all too rapidly, but the children counted the days on the calendar and grew more and more impatient each day. At last they shouted in glee, "Santa Claus will visit us tonight, and tomorrow is Merry Christmas."

They borrowed the longest, strongest stockings they could find, and when their mother came to tuck them snugly in bed and kiss them good night, Willie said, "Do you know, mother, I'm going to prop my eyelids wide open and watch all night for Santa Claus."

"So am I," said Annie, "and when he comes down the chimney we will ask him where he gets all the toys."

"Oh, no, you must go right to sleep and he will come all the faster," answered the mother, as she turned out the lights and left the nursery.

After she had gone downstairs Willie whispered to Annie, "Say, Annie, are you awake?"

"Yes, I am, but I'm getting so sleepy, I wish he would hurry and come right now. Let's sing our Christmas carols for him." And so the two children sang all the songs they knew.

"My, it does seem so long to wait. I am most asleep," said Willie with a big yawn. "I tell you, we can take turns, you watch for him a while, Annie, and then I will."

After a time Annie called out, "Willie, I'm so sleepy, it's your turn to watch." But she received no answer.

The next thing they knew Annie and Willie were way up in the north pole country, with snow and ice around them on all sides, and right in front of them stood a high ice wall. "How I wish we could go through this wall," said Willie, and just as he said this the ice wall seemed to open, and there was a great gateway leading into the strangest garden you ever heard of in all your life. It was a garden all of toys and Annie and Willie could hardly believe their eyes as they saw the wonders about them.

Hanging right over the wall there seemed to be something growing like morning glories. When they looked again the children saw they were not morning glories at all, but small toy talking machines, while on a trumpet vine nearby they saw growing like flowers really toy trumpets. Willie picked out a trumpet at once and played on it, "Toot-toot-toot-toot-o-o." Oh, you must not touch the toys, Willie, gasped poor Annie in fright. "We don't know who owns this garden."

Just then the children saw the gardener of this wonderful land of toys. He was the merriest old man dressed all in red and his coat and hat were trimmed in ermine, his hair and beard were as white as the snow, and his cheeks were like red, rosy apples, while his eyes twinkled like stars. The children knew who this gardener was at once, you may be sure. He was cutting down a crop of whistles with his sickle. He had a large red sack at his side and smaller bags nearby, and he was so happy that he sang as he worked:

"In my wonderful garden of toys
Grows a crop for the good girls
and boys
Dolls, cannon and drums,
Candy, cake, sugar plums,
All grow in my garden of toys."

He was just ready to make up another verse when he spied the two children. "Oh, ho, ho, ho," he laughed merrily. "How did you two children come here?"

"Please, Mr. Santa Clause," said Willie, shyly, "we were waiting for you to visit us, and the next thing we knew we were in this garden. We don't know how we came here, but now that we are here, can we not help you pick some toys?"

"Indeed you may," said Santa Clause. "I need two such helpers. I was just wondering how I could gather all these toys in time for tomorrow. Willie, will you please go over to that garden bed in the corner and pull up some tops?"

"Pull up some tops?" echoed Willie in amazement, but he took a red sack and went to the garden and began to pull up toy tops. There were large tops growing like turnips and little tops growing like beets and radishes. There were all kinds of tops, some of them would humm-humm-m-m-m and make music while Willie pulled them up.

Next Willie climbed a tree and began to pick red marbles growing just like cherries, and he found purple and blue marbles growing on a trellis just like grapes, so he filled many small bags with marbles. He also climbed other trees where he thought he saw apples and oranges growing, but when he came near them he found different colored balls, so he picked a bag of balls for Santa Claus.

"Oh, Santa Claus, may I help, too?" asked Annie.

"Indeed you may, my child," he answered. "How would you like to pick dollies?" So all this time Annie was busy getting him dollies, and she was very happy. "You dear, dear dollies," Annie said, as she hugged each one in

turn. "How happy all the little girls will be when they find these dollies Christmas morning!" There were large dollies, with the cutest bonnets on their heads, growing just like roses, and other dollies with the dearest pointed hats growing up like tall hollyhocks, and then there were tiny dollies growing like pansies and turning their faces up toward Annie.

Presently Santa Claus began to water the grass, and suddenly every blade of grass was a soldier with his musket held erect, while tiny tin soldiers like mushrooms sprung up all around.

Warships, sail boats, steamboats, motor boats, row boats and canoes were all out on a lake nearby, but they could never sink, for the lake was a large looking-glass and fishes, ducks, and swans were swimming on looking-glass streams.

The children rushed from one garden to another and saw so many things to pick that they were busy helping Santa Claus.

"Oh, see those pumpkins and squashes over those vines!" exclaimed Willie, but when he went to pick them he found drums large and small and melons and pumpkins turned brown.

"Whew-ee-ee! Isn't this jolly? See those own leaves blowing in the wind," called Annie, "they are all sizes and shapes," and when the children came near to pick them they found at all, but brown teddy bears, with their feet outstretched. The children hugged their arms, and the teddy bears gave peeks of glee, they were so glad to be in with this harvest of toys.

Suddenly overhead the children heard a whirr, whirring noise, and when they looked up as if great swarms of dragon flies and were hovering over them. "Ha, ha, ha," said Santa Claus, as he watched the sur- ren; "those are new toys, that have come to my land, but here, take these and try to catch a few of them."

Annie and Willie brought these toys nearer they saw they were not dragon-flies, but toy airships.

Trains went gliding over steel rails, over bridges, under tunnels, over bridges, and tations quite like really truly trains. "Would you like to see my farm?" asked Santa Claus. "Those are new toys, that have come to my land, but here, take these and try to catch a few of them."

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