

# The Haskell Free Press.

Vol. 31, No. 51.

HASKELL, HASKELL COUNTY, TEXAS, SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1916. Copyright, 1916, by Home Color Print Co., Fort Worth, Texas.

Whole Number 1599





# A Christmas Gift From the Sea "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them"



**H**IRAM HAPSHOTT was captain of the Uriah B. Gaster. He had been at sea thirty years and his nature had become gruff and hardened toward sailors. His opinion of sailors in general was summed up in the following: "Taking them by and large, and making allowances, I reckon the sailorman as found in our ships is half dog and half loafer; but if you use a belaying pin judiciously you can sometimes make a workable imitation of a man out of him—in time."

Mrs. Hapshott's viewpoint of sailors was at variance with that of her husband. Her observation of men at sea—men who are commonly known as sailors and who do all the rough work aboard ship—convinced her that the lot of the men was hard and their lives lonely.

But Mrs. Hapshott had a sympathetic heart due in a measure to a sadness known only to herself and husband, but it was never mentioned between them by a tacit agreement.

Twenty-five years of married life had resulted in a fine endurance of marital affection—the skipper's long absences from home might have accounted for that in some measure—the two were good friends, and bickerings between them were a thing unknown. But there had never been tiny hands to reach up and caress the old growing faces; baby lips had never clung to Mrs. Hapshott's broad, deep bosom.

There had been one child—very many years ago, but it only raised its voice once in the great world and before the mother's heart had quickened in response the voice was stilled forever. The Lord had given; He had also taken away, and Mrs. Hapshott endeavored to say "Blessed be the name of the Lord" with a good grace, though at times the saying was hard.

"Hiram, I want to ask you a favor," ventured Mrs. Hapshott to her husband.

"Ask away, lass. I'm in a good mood; we've got a fair breeze, though I don't expect it will last long. By this time tomorrow we'll probably be reaching away along the track we've come. Take time by the forelock, old woman, and speak out."

"It's Christmas Day in two days time, Hiram. Are you going to give the sailormen a Christmas—a proper Christmas?"

Hapshott opened his mouth and laughed, a laugh that was pregnant with cynicism.

"Give them a Christmas—a proper Christmas! By which I suppose you mean a holiday and Christmas fare? Why, lass, they wouldn't know what to do with it if they had it. They'd be coming along in an hour asking for a job. Besides, we aren't fitted for Christmas meals. There's a brace of chickens in the coop that'll make our dinner that day—I've been saving them up on purpose; but beyond the pig forward—"

"Give them a proper Christmas, Hiram," pleaded Mrs. Hapshott earnestly. "It's a wonderful day ashore, though a sad one. That is, for me," she amended. "I always get thinking of the Child and of how happy His mother must have been, though she lost Him, too; she lost Him."

She thought the wound was fairly healed, but the hot tears gushed to her faded, pathetic eyes. Hapshott himself turned away, for he knew the ache at her heart; it companioned the void at his own.

To hide his emotion, he threw gruffness into his voice. "I'm thinking I made a mistake in bringing you to sea, lass," he said. "It isn't a place for women, least of all soft hearted women such as you are. But you begged and prayed and the owners seemed willing—"

"It got to be lonely waiting there ashore, Hiram," she said simply. "It was at nights, when—when the wind howled and the snow fell everywhere—I saw other women happy and companionable, with their men about them; and it—it was more than I could stand. It would have been easier if—if there'd—if Amos had lived." He understood, and his rough gnarled hand crept out along the rail until it rested on hers with the pressure of sympathy.

"I'm glad to be here, Hiram," she said. "Don't go for to think otherwise. But seeing that I'm happy, I'd like to have those around me happy, too. It isn't much to ask—just give the sailors a bit of rest on Christmas Day; let them have the pig for a Christmas dinner; they'll work all the better for it afterward."

"We'll get no more fresh meat for months," said Hiram Hapshott. "And you don't take to salt stuff very kindly, Maria."

"You needn't think of me," she told him. "It's a little thing for me to do—sacrifice one single luxury for the sake of making twenty men happy."

"I'll think it over," said her husband non-committally. "It's such an idea as I've never heard of, mind you. Christmas might be kept at sea on liners and steamers and that sort of thing, where they don't care a toss about the weather and where they've got nothing

windjammer, it's different, somehow. There's always something to be done—"

"For one day things can be left undone," she said. "It isn't often I ask you for a favor, Hiram; but—somehow, with Christmas drawing near, I feel as if I want to see it kept as it should be kept. There's a something within me tells me that this Christmas isn't going to be like others—and yet—it can only be different if I make it different. That's why I want you to do as I ask."

"Well, we might stop work," he said half ungraciously. "I daren't look Jones in the face and tell him so, but if you like to tell him yourself—well, it goes. We'll cut out the fixin' work, the painting and chipping and so on, you know. They'll have to trim sail as usual, so I don't expect they'll gain much. We'll have calms and variables on Christmas Day, if I'm any weather judge; and their arms'll ache a pretty deal by the time the day's over."

"Then it wouldn't be anything of a holiday. Let them have a proper one, Hiram. Don't let them do this fixin' work, as you call it." He stared at her as at some curious animal which the sea had disgorged under his astonished nose.

"Not—not work the braces!" he exclaimed. "Why, lass, what'd happen to the ship? She'd be in irons and out of them a score of times; we'd feel ourselves lucky if she didn't turn turtle."

"It won't be so bad as that, Hiram. I've heard you talk about what you do at sea when there's anything special to be done when you can't even spare a hand to the wheel. Don't you shorten sail or do something like that so that the ship'll take care of herself?"

"Yes, we brail up and brace aback, if that's what you're driving at. But it's never done except in cases of great emergency. And if we were to do it here aboard, and if it ever got out, why, I'd be the laughing stock of the seven seas. They'd never forget it—they'd invent a nickname for me, and it'd stick forever. Ask me something reasonable, Maria, and I might see my way to doing it, but to heave to down here—why, it's ridiculous."

"It isn't as ridiculous as robbing these poor men of one day's rest in the year would be," she asseverated.

Hiram Hapshott walked aft to the wheel and stood there at the con, his head sunk on his breast, fingering his beard. As his wife said, she had asked him but few favors in the course of their married life. What she proposed now, while utterly without precedent, was not entirely out of reason.

"D— it!" he exploded so suddenly that the helmsman shrank against the spokes and trembled. "Why not? I don't pretend to say whose fault it is that she hasn't a child—if there'd been one she might have been more reasonable, but why shouldn't I make her happy a bit? After all, it's Christmas time, though a man sort of loses the hang of these things at sea. Why not do it?"

The mate appeared on deck and the skipper was unable to meet his eye, for he knew that he was softening. But Mrs. Hapshott was no coward, and she boldly went toward Jones.

"Mr. Jones," she said, "I've been talking it over with Capt. Hapshott, asking him to give the men Christmas Day for a holiday. Would you have any serious objections to his doing so?"

Jones, perplexed, slid his cap over his eyes and scratched the back of his bullet head. Then he looked to the skipper for a lead, but found Hapshott sternly regarding the motionless compass card.

"A holiday!" he said. "What the—what do they want a holiday for? Lazy scum! Holidays—I like that, ma'am. Why—why—" Words failed him.

"A holiday would do them a lot of good; besides, it's Christmas Day, and it's shameful that they shouldn't have a rest then." Mrs. Hapshott was a woman who could assert herself when necessary; and now she talked for the good of Jones' soul. He realized that it was one thing to haze a crew of foreign sailormen and another thing to beat down a determined woman's arguments.

"Well, ma'am," he said lamely at the end. "I shan't interfere if they do lie off an hour or two."

Mrs. Hapshott had carried her point. She knew that she had convinced her husband; now that she had the mate on her side nothing could prevent the carrying out of her scheme.

It was falling dark on Christmas Eve as Mr. Jones gave the orders to clew up and haul down. The crew sprang to work swiftly, albeit they were unable to credit the evidence of their senses. It was practically a dead calm; the sea, apart from a few ripples, showed like a floor. The stars were peeping out of the purpling blue overhead, burning clearly and standing out in serried ranks; the sails lifted lightly to the faint airs.

"When you've got to the bottom you can only study to improve," said Mr. Jones, and he did his work with artistic thoroughness.

"Make fast everything," said the mate when the last rag of canvas was stowed.

They obeyed and stood expectantly, wondering what new freak would come. This, they thought, was merely a piece of gratuitous slave driving; in a moment or two they would be ordered to cast everything adrift and set every inch of sail. They had not the spirit to grumble; long years of hardship had made them moving automatons, nothing more.

"Swing the main yards," pealed the mate from the poop, where he had been holding a conference with the captain.

The main yards swung aback, the topsails flattened to the mast; the ship lost what little way she had and lay lightly bowing to the imperceptible swell. An atmosphere of peace seemed gradually to grow up about her; beyond the occasional light clank of a chain or the rustle of a rope there was silence along her decks.

"Muster aft here!" cried Hapshott.

The men slouched along to the afterdeck and grouped themselves under the poop break. The moon sprang up from the blackening sea and shone redly upon them, a full round ball. It showed sullen, despondent faces, faces without a hope. It showed tattered garments, loosely hanging arms terminating in half-clinched fists as if the tarry fingers were still grasping ropes. Mrs. Hapshott drew near to the pinrail and looked down, her heart welled full of pity. She had done something—she had given these overworked beasts of burden one day's rest at least.

"It's stand by till midnight tomorrow," said the skipper in a voice that he fondly hoped betrayed no shame. "There's a holiday from now on. You'll take your wheels and lookouts as usual; beyond that—nothing. Understand?"

A faint whisper seemed to pass through the ranks, as one might see the wind rustle along a cornfield. One or two of the faces lit up suddenly, sloughed off their assumed age, and became young and comely once more. It was Christmas Eve, and thoughts flew with lightning speed to long forgotten homes, where Christmas had been a festival of delight in those bygone days before the hungry sea claimed them as its own.

"You've got to thank my wife for that," went on Hapshott. "She's asked me to give you a Christmas—a Christmas you'll have. Make the most of it. There'll be a fresh mess served for dinner tomorrow, and there'll be grog for all hands at eight bells. That's all—dismiss."

The men broke up, walked forward slowly, then, as if moved by a common impulse, they came back, indeterminate still.

"Ve vish der lady for to dank," grunted a German sailmaker, fingering his cap. "Hey, boys, vat you says? Aind't it right?"

"Yes, ja—dot's it, Hans," came the replies. Mrs. Hapshott was aware of a strange compression in her throat; her eyes smarted. A stiffening of the crew was followed by something faintly resembling a cheer; then the men went forward slouchingly, but their tongues were busy.

Throughout the night nothing was done; the ship lay motionless on a gradually freshening sea. The wind blew now from the north, now from the west; never twice in the same direction; but hove to as she was the Uriah B. Gaster made no headway. Men walked softly in the gloom, as if afraid to make the slightest sound that would dispel the Christmas peace; they talked in hushed voices, remembering their homes and scenes forgotten.

There were times when the wind freshened a little and Mr. Jones had to haul himself back by sheer force from giving the necessary orders. Three times during his watch did he halt on the top of the ladder, his arm full of belaying pins; as often he retraced his steps and thoughtfully thrust the pins back into their places.

The day broke glowingly, the sun leaped out of the sea as if surprised at the spectacle it discovered. The Uriah B. Gaster floated serenely in a welter of eddies, but no long creamy wake stretched astern from her jolting rudder; peace enshrouded her as a tangible thing.

The men seemed not to understand. They hung about the fore-castle doors as if expecting every moment to bring a call to labor, but no such call came. Presently they decided that a miracle had happened. One or two of them fetched tubs and commenced to wash their clothes, lighting their pipes as they worked—and they lit them covertly, as though expecting the sky to crush them in their temerity.

Since there was none to say them nay, they breakfasted together, and discovered men among the opposite watches whom they hardly knew. They discussed this strange happening in undertones, but they rejoiced in their leisure. The breakfast was something out of the ordinary, too; toothsome, edible, it gave them cause to think.

Still more did they wonder when, two bells having sounded aft, Mrs. Hapshott appeared among them, her arms piled high with gifts. From the commencement of the voyage her nimble hands had been busy with pins and wool, and now there was something for them all; warm caps that completely covered a man's head and held him immune from frostbite in the most rigorous weather; mufflers, jerseys; not one was forgotten. Even the greasy cook, a man of foul speech and unclean habits, found himself the possessor of a sleeved waistcoat knitted out of the fleeciest wool.

"Crickey!" he said with an oath. "It minds me of the things my old mother used to knit when I was a boy." His face took on a softened expression.

"I hope you'll have a merry Christmas, men," said Mrs. Hapshott, and they cheered her—they were gaining practice—until the idle yards seemed to swing in answer.

It was undoubtedly a lazy day; it appeared all the more lazy through the unfinished tasks that met their eyes wherever they looked. Dinner time came round, and steaming kits were passed into the fore-castle, kits that con-

tained savory joints from the porker killed overnight. The men ate and were thankful but when a monster plum pudding appeared they stared with awestruck eyes.

"Don't thank me, thank the missus," the cook, who brought the duff in person, made it herself—last night; mixed the whole blame thing with her own hands. Ain't it wonder?"

It was—a very giant among puddings, as toothsome as it was vast. Came, in midst of the revels, a call aft, where the stand stood at the capstan with a dipper in hand. Each man, presenting a pannikin, received a tot of sterling grog, for Capt. Hapshott had resolved to do the thing well; he was embarked upon it; no half water measures for him. Each man, receiving his allowance, raised his drinking vessel in the direction of Mrs. Hapshott, who was watching from above, and drank a silent toast to and to the memory of Christmases past.

So the wonderful day passed away and on again night drooped down upon the sea.

"We'll have to make up for what we lost," said the skipper over the supper that night. "We ought to have been a forty miles further south than we are," was beginning to repent his action, but serene content on his wife's face more than made up for this tumbling apart of accepted ideas.

"But the men have holiday till midnight don't forget that," said Mrs. Hapshott. "I have enjoyed their day—I know it, Hiram. I'm glad I spoke—I'm glad I spoke."

She went to bed, but sleep deserted her lids.

The craving for motherhood that the hardness of the day had set aside returned to in double measure; the fierce mother hunger of her heart would not be assuaged. Vainly did she attempt to combat her yearning; vainly did she assure herself that God was just and swift to repay a kindly action.

Her child was gone forever; there could never be another child. Her life was an unuseless thing—no, not altogether unuseless. Twenty men had been given a day's happiness through her intervention; that in itself was something to remember with gratitude.

She heard eight bells struck overhead; she heard the voice of the mate, newly come on deck, bawling to the men to make sail and trim the yards; she felt the ship gather herself together and leap through the growing waves; she heard the strain and creak of the deck planks, the vibrant senses of speed. Still she could not sleep; her pain began to place to a growing suspense. She was on the verge of some marvelous discovery—some where in the world outside there was something that meant more than life or death to her.

She rose, slipped on her clothing and went swiftly out on deck.

"Hiram—what was that?" The skipper awakened and, missing her, had made for the deck. The faint streaks in the sky showed him a strange figure, clad in a gaudy sleep-suit such as sailors love. Mrs. Hapshott clutched at his arm and held tightly.

"What's what?" He had been thinking what a fool he would seem if the story he ever told of the day now past, and his manner was ungracious.

"That!" Her finger was outstretched quivering, but all beyond was still dark.

"A sea bird—your nerves are on edge," told her. "Yes, that's what it is—a sea bird; they cry out loud with the dawn. It's the way of welcoming it."

Mrs. Hapshott drew herself to the taff and leaned out, listening. The wind was blowing again; the ship had almost lost her way; she was only crawling through the water, the accompaniment of flapping canvas. Capt. Hapshott began to pace the deck, listening to windward to see what promise the gonging day would bring.

"Hiram, it wasn't a sea bird!" The woman's voice was full of something to which her band could put no name.

"It must have been—what else could it be?"

"To me it sounded like—but, no, that's foolishness. My mind is playing me tricks, band."

But she did not leave the rail for fully ten minutes, and then it was to step down ladder and walk briskly along the deck; she reached the fore-castle. She could have explained to herself what impelled her there; it was something outside her some strange power working detachedly compelling her to obey its behests.

She crouched up in the bows, watching sparkle of water spring gurgling from the foot watching the frothing bubbles away on either side of the black bluff. Always that same feeling of suspense, she trembled on the verge of a great discovery held her enthralled.

Vainly she shook herself and assured her own heart of its foolishness. Vainly she to drag herself away from her self-appointed post. The air was chill with the beginning of the dawn wind; she shivered repeatedly and remained.

The ship woke to life about her; the crew flew aloft and busied themselves there; of them flung water over the dry planks and scrubbed stoutly with brooms.

There seemed an extra amount of leisure the way they worked, as if the leisure day now gone had invigorated them, them with a desire to work marvels.

Mrs. Hapshott lifted her eyes and saw the sea's far rim. Her gaze returned, could be lifted again; suddenly she stiffened she stood, and her ears strained.

She sprang upon the rail and stood erect, her eyes peering intently. Was it or could she actually see something?

There, in the middle distance—a vessel



# Europe's Sad Christmas

## The Shadow of War Enshrouds Every Home



ICTORY may come and victory may go, but no future triumphs or defeats can ever soften for Europe the memory of the sad Christmas of 1916, the saddest she has ever known, in the present and faith in the future every one of the warring peoples in exaltation of sacrifice. But at Christmas, the feast of the home and of the exaltation dies, and only sorrow, the bereft individual remains.

A very different Christmas Europe is reaching this year from that of a year ago, the shock and excitement of the beginning of the war were still tingling.

Victory seemed a much simpler matter a year ago than it does today. Every one added then that victory would be bought only with sorrow and sacrifice. Now every one, with the hard knowledge of experience, victory will be bought only with sorrow and sacrifice heaped on sacrifice. It is this knowledge borne in on every one, however exalted or however humble, that makes the Christmas celebration of 1916 a solemn sacrament of sorrow.

### What Christmas Means to the Germans.

All the warring peoples Christmas means most to the Germans and on none will the face of the traditional customs of the day be so heavily. There is no blood and iron in the German Christmas. There is instead tender and appealing sentiment that is all of that is best in the German character. The whole world is indebted to Germany for the Christmas tree and for many of the most delightful of the Christmas stories and customs that Americans have adopted as their own. The German Christmas is a day of the home, the family and the children, its very custom endeared by generations of tradition.

The exact origin of the Christmas tree and its significance in a religious festival are not clear. The first historical mention of it is contained in the notes of a certain citizen of Strasburg of unknown name, who in 1604 wrote: "At Christmas they set up fir trees in the parlors of Strasburg and hang thereon cut out of many colored papers, apples, gold foil, sweets, etc." There is no record of lighted candles until 1737.

Until the nineteenth century the Christmas tree was still a novelty and a luxury. Then, however, it became a necessity. No German was so poor or too lonely to have his Christmas tree with its lighted tapers. No struggling emigrant in a foreign land, no humble sailor on the high seas but when Christmas Eve around set up a tiny tree, decorated it to the best he could, and by the light of its flickering candles feasted all the love of home and the peace that his soul contained.

The present war time Christmas recalls a Christmas of the Crimea. A few German soldiers in the foreign legion in the trenches before Sevastopol set up a Christmas tree. Its lights were blown out and drew the Russian fire. Every one in the group around it was killed, but the tree itself was untouched and still twinkled brightly until it was hastily pulled down and crushed by the English soldiers.

The real German Christmas celebration occurs on Christmas Eve. About 4 o'clock the dinner is served, an elaborate and hearty feast, consisting of a long series of traditional dishes, eaten in a state of wild excitement. During this meal the Kristkind makes its appearance. This figure is a curious product of sentiment and imagination, a queer combination of the Holy Child, the good fairy and our own Santa Claus. It is represented in the country districts by a half-grown child made up as an elf, who goes from door to door calling for good children, distributing sweetmeats at the houses and begging for them at the next.

After dinner comes the great moment when the doors are opened into the Christmas room and the lighted tree has the place of honor. The tree is always placed near a window so that every passerby can see and share it. Although the deserted residence streets of the German town at this hour on Christmas Eve leaves a memory of Christmas cheer and spirit that can never be forgotten. Munich last Christmas and Christmas before the soldier dead were not forgotten, all the cemeteries on hundreds of new graves twinkled the lights of little Christmas trees, the saddest, bravest sight in Germany.

This year, with a shortage of fats in the supply so severe as to demand serious attention on the part of the government, in Germany very little butter or milk in Christmas cakes, no tallow or wax for Christmas candles. To many people this extreme deprivation will bring a realization of the severities of war more vivid and compelling than even the sight of the new war graveyards. With a million new graves in the land, with dire necessity robbing the dearest symbols, no triumph of arms in this Christmas of 1916 anything but a sorrowful feast in the homes of the German Empire.

### This Christmas in Austria.

In Austria the Christmas celebrations are as the races and religions that make up the great loosely knit empire. Where the church prevails the celebration occurs much later than ours; that is, on January 6, it is accompanied by feasting and by the local customs. The Slovaks of Bohemia and Moravia have curious Christmas customs which superstition has entirely transferred to religious significance.

On the great day of the year when the invisible world appears all the invisible world appears. On the afternoon of Christmas Eve the household marches in solemn procession to the stables and cow houses carrying salt and beans. These are offered to the animals with certain hallowed words, and the dismay if any cow or any

Returning to the house, the parents sprinkle all their unmarried daughters with water sweetened with honey, thus insuring them honest, good tempered husbands. The entire family then sip of slivovitz, a strong native liquor distilled from plums. A small quantity of this is then poured on the floor to conciliate such other spirits as may have been overlooked. Every one then falls on the Christmas feast without ceremony.

But this year war has reached out to the remote districts and blighted even such simple Christmas celebrations as this. The men of the families are all gone. Only the very young and the very old remain. There will be no blessing of the kine this year, for there are no kine to bless. All have long since gone to supply the army. There will be no Christmas feasting for food was long ago reduced to the smallest quantity that will sustain life. And every day, in every village, the list of the widowed and orphaned grows longer and longer.

Vienna is known as a gay, light hearted city. Its Christmas observance is ordinarily a happy combination of religious ceremony and Teutonic good cheer. But this year the brilliant midnight masses will be attended by black robed mourners and there will be no good cheer in Vienna.

The death of the emperor, Francis Joseph, will make a sadder Christmas for Austria. The emperor was beloved by all his people. His long reign was one continued tragedy

war—waits with faith and hope and a determination as grim as it must be silent.

Of all the outstanding figures of the great war none arouses more kindly sympathy than that of King Albert of Belgium.

This soldier king lives in the trenches with his men, sharing their hardships. He and Queen Elizabeth have stripped themselves of every possession of any value for the sake of their country. Hardly a jewel remains of the splendid collection formerly owned by them. Even the beautiful Order of the Golden Rose, sent to Queen Elizabeth by the late Pope, the highest decoration the Vatican can bestow on a woman, has been pledged for funds to buy hospital supplies. It was worth \$25,000.

If the Belgian people ever again have a united Christmas they will find themselves with many new holiday ideas. A tree twinkled in every place that housed a German last year, and though the Belgians will not allow their Christmas to be Germanized, yet the trees appealed to them mightily. Certainly the Christmas tree will be much more common henceforth in Belgium whether the Germans stay there or not.

### England Will Reverence This Christmas.

But it is a sadder and wiser England that approaches Christmas this year. Hundreds of thousands of young Englishmen have died to make her so, and the shadow of the Zeppelins is over every English home.

Year before last the Lusitania was a Christmas ship, but today she is a tragic memory..



for the "House of Hapsburgs." Stricken in years and greatly enfeebled by the war, he persisted in going about his duties and was actively engaged with his ministers over the problems of war when death overtook him.

### Russian Christmas Without Vodka.

The Christmas celebration in all the countries where the Greek Orthodox Church prevails are much the same. As the holiday itself is preceded by a severe fast the Christmas feast takes on a highly important character. In many parts of Russia, especially in the cities, the gift-hung Christmas tree has been borrowed from the Germans, while a pudding of rice and raisins is the feature of the Christmas Eve feast. From this feast has now been taken its crowning glory, the vodka bottle, for vodka is no longer to be had in Russia.

The heel of war has pressed hard on poor Serbia. During three years Serbia has been swept by three wars, the present one so relentless and so overwhelming as almost literally to wipe out the ordinary relationship of the people to life. They have ceased to have homes; they have ceased to possess property; they must burrow in the earth for shelter and forage for their uncertain food like wild animals. With her army making a heroic struggle, with her people dying with their spirit yet unbroken, the birthday of the Prince of Peace will not be celebrated this year in Serbia.

### Sad Belgium.

The sorrows of Belgium this year as compared with last are more of the spirit than of the flesh. The voice of Christmas, of peace and good will does not speak very loud to a captive people. With its army terribly decimated, its beloved king all but driven out of his own country, with its daily life subject to the scrutiny and the control of a captor, there is no room in Belgium for any of the old light-hearted Christmas spirit that used to show itself in crowded churches for midnight masses and gay all night supper parties. Belgium

London has had a graphic lesson in what a powerful and resourceful enemy can do even in a "right little, tight little island." As a further object lesson England will pay for the rains for her plum puddings something like 300 per cent more than she did last year. The war with Turkey has done that to her.

No other country cherishes the Christmas sentiment more than England. England has had other black Christmases, but they were further away from home. The Christmas of 1899 in South Africa was one that she does not like to recall, while the terrible Christmas of 1854, the Christmas of the Crimean war, when, as a writer of the day put it, "Thanks to Gen. Muddle, things are about as bad as they can be," was always a bitter memory to that generation.

"Merrie England" furnishes the pretty custom of singing the Christmas carols and manger songs, the Christmas drama or masque—which later became the Fool's Feast—the gift giving, the plum pudding and the cakes and pies, and, in the days of early chivalry, the great boar's head.

### Christmas in the Latin Countries.

Christmas in the Latin countries has always been more or less of a religious festival than a home celebration. In Italy it is more customary to exchange presents at New Year's than at Christmas. Lighted trees are frequently seen, but they are the luxury of the prosperous and not the habit of the people. The day before Christmas is more of an occasion than the day itself.

In the cities of Southern Italy booths are erected in certain streets, as before Easter, for the sale of odds and ends and sweetmeats; wheeled traffic is barred and the people promenade slowly up and down, exchanging greetings. Midnight mass is said in all the churches. In the churches, too, are exposed the famous cribs, or presepi, representing scenes of the birth and infancy of Jesus. The beginning of this custom is ascribed to St. Francis of

Although Italy has been in the war less than a year, she already feels its pinch. "We can no longer have waffles," writes an American married in Italy. "With charcoal at forty cents for a small handful it is out of the question. For the first time since I can remember we will not have a pound cake for Christmas. The fine white flour is all gone."

### Consecrated France.

Christmas Eve is the great feast of the season in France. In the provinces it is celebrated with processions in the streets, which were originally religious in character, but which have become profaned by the gayety of the maskers. In Normandy and in Provence there are elaborate puppet shows of scenes in the life of the infant Christ. All the street gayety terminates after mass in feasts in all the homes.

In Paris there are Christmas booths set up in many of the boulevards. This year, as last, they will be devoted to the sale of comforts for the soldiers rather than, as in previous years, to toys and knickknacks.

Paris knows better than anyone just how black a war time Christmas can be. She has never forgotten the Christmas of 1870. For ninety-eight days the Germans had battered at the city. Every sortie had failed miserably. The final bombardment was inevitable. On Christmas Eve 900 men froze to death in the trenches just outside the city. On Sunday, December 25, E. B. Washburn, the American minister, wrote in his diary:

"Never has a sadder Christmas dawned on any city. Cold, hunger, agony and despair sit enthroned at every habitation in Paris. It is the coldest day of the season and the fuel is very short and the government has had to take hold of the fuel question. The magnificent shade trees that have for years adorned the avenues of this city are all likely to go in the vain struggle to save France. So says the official journal of the morning.

"The sufferings of the past week exceed by far anything we have seen. There is scarcely any meat but horse meat and the government is rationing. It carries out its work with impartiality. The omnibus horse, the cab horse, the work horse, the fancy horse all go alike in the mournful procession to the butchery shops, the magnificent blooded steed of the Rothschilds by the side of the old plug of the cabman.

"Fresh beef, mutton or pork are now out of the question. A little poultry yet remains at fabulous prices. In walking through the Rue St. Lazare I saw a middling sized goose and a chicken for sale in a shop window. The price of the goose was \$25, and of the chicken \$7."

Better, it seems, than any of the other nations did France realize from the beginning what this present war would mean and, realizing, she consecrated herself utterly. She has made every sacrifice, great and small, even to giving up the crusty old rolls and light white bread that are as the breath in her nostrils. When a Frenchman, every Frenchman, eats without complaint a grayish white bread made of a mixture of wheat and rice and entirely lacking in golden crust he has indeed an exalted spirit. It is a small thing, perhaps, but it is enormously significant.

Last Christmas was a solemn festival in France. Many gifts of wool were sent to the men in the trenches. But there was no merry-making. Masses were said at open air altars erected back of the battle lines. In the old church at Thann and Alsace a French Christmas was celebrated for the first time in forty-four years. But it was a celebration of prayer, not of rejoicing.

This year, as last, midnight masses will be said in the churches of Paris, but afterwards there will be no gayety in the streets as in former years, no dancing pierrots and harlequins leading the maskers, no brilliant round of restaurant suppers, the beloved reveillon of the Parisian. So Paris on Christmas Eve will go home through darkened streets with a prayer in her heart for all those who have died for France and for all those who must yet die.

### The Lights of Christmas Eve.

*They glimmer and glow on the trodden snow  
Where the busy shoppers come and go;  
Steady and clear and full of cheer,  
Flashing the golden message dear:  
"It is more blessed to give than receive."  
O cheery lights of Christmas Eve!*

*Their radiance pours on the crowded floors  
And the jumbled shelves of the city stores.  
Mid bustle and waste and stocks displaced  
Where tardy buyers buy in haste  
Lest someone, forgotten, tomorrow grieve.  
O dazzling lights of Christmas Eve!*

*But their fairest light is shed tonight  
In the homes where Christmas trees gleam  
Bright*

*With tinsel swung and with stockings hung,  
The gaily garnished boughs among,  
Waiting to hold what Santa will leave.  
O happy light of Christmas Eve!*

—Walter G. Doty.

Cannot you think of some one who has no call on your list? That is the one who will appreciate a gift from you. The janitor, the elevator man, the scrubwoman, perhaps some one who will never see you, are the persons to be remembered. In this type of gift-giving is the real spirit expressed.

When the fires die down and Christmas joins with all the other Christmas Days, do not let the spirit of good will die. The day has



# The Gift of Prosperity

Christmas of 1916 is the Best in  
Years For Grand Old Texas  
BY LINDSEY M. BROWN



Since the stars and stripes were first unfurled and the American eagle, from its folds, typified liberty to all mankind, proclaiming the United States of North America a country in which men could live and worship according to the dictates of their own conscience, the world has been

made to feel that a new giant exists among nations. A giant equipped not for warfare and carnage but rather a strong, powerful, peaceful people specially equipped, adapted and fitted for the advancement of civilization and liberty.

Today, when the chimes proclaim "Peace on earth, good will toward men," there is keen suffering in a vast portion of the world, and yet America is at peace with the world, and the Lone Star State (Texas) glistens amidst the Stars of the Union like a diamond sunburst upon the bosom of a beautiful woman.

In Europe millions of lives have been sacrificed on the altar of carnage to appease the seemingly insatiable appetites of the war gods, and yet in the grand old United States and in Texas we celebrate as a Christian people the birth of the Christ. We celebrate in peace while Europe mourns, wrapped in the sorrows of her own poignant grief, while mothers hug their fatherless orphans to their bosoms and try to comfort their bleeding souls, while children weep, and the maimed, the lame, the blind, the sick, the wounded, the emaciated, starved vassals of Europe, grope their disconsolate, unhappy ways from one sorrow to another in the vain service of Earthly Lords instead of their Heavenly Father. Such a contrast! Such a difference! Such a bitterness!

In America and in Texas the expensive turkey will grace many a festive board. In Europe the wolf of hunger, eyes lusterless, howls pitifully upon the doorstep of hovel and palace. How times change. How circumstances alter cases.

It has not been long since the world looked to Germany for a large portion of its Christmas cheer. Little children in their nighties the world over said, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, if I should die before I wake I pray the Lord my soul to take," and then lay down in their little beds, to sleep and to dream of old Kriss Kringle as he drove his fabled reindeers down the chimney to fill their stockings with good things and toys "Made in Germany," but this year there will be no sound of happy laughter, over the bright new toys "Made in Germany," for there will be no toys from Germany.

In Texas there has been developed a great organization whose sole purpose is to encourage people to buy things Made-in-Texas and thereby keep Texas money at home, and little as you realize it, this organization has kept thousands of dollars in Texas that would otherwise have gone out of Texas, and this money kept at home is a part of the Gift of Prosperity. In Germany every home is a workshop, or was before the war. This felicitous state of industry has not yet been achieved in Texas, but the trend of the times is in that direction.

As I write this I hear the raindrops falling

in steady cadence outside, thus insuring continued prosperity by insuring a splendid season for wheat in Texas, and I have just read where snow is predicted in the Panhandle; this also becomes a part of nature's program of prosperity for the Lone Star State.

A well known business man told me today that he had personal knowledge of vast numbers of tenant farmers this Christmas who had saved from a thousand dollars up, out of their crops that Dame Nature has smilingly poured into the lap of Texas this season. Such a prosperous state of affairs was never before so generally experienced in Texas. People of the East often think the people of Texas have horns and that money grows on trees out here, and for once this version is partially correct, for truly the horn of plenty has been emptied into the lap of the producers in Texas this year, and men who have for years been poor have now become independent. There is a reason for this prosperity.

There is much speculation as to the cause of the high prices of farm products and food prices and no man can answer authoritatively and give the reason therefor, but all men answer that one of the chief reasons is "the war," and thus it is we are made to realize that "every cloud hath its silver lining," and dark though the day be, somewhere the sun is shining in its same glorious cheerful way. It seems to be necessary as a part of civilization's grand old plan that some must weep, some must mourn, some must bleed, and some must suffer and make the great sacrifices in order that others may laugh, be happy and gay. And when we think of it in that way we shudder as we say, "Oh, at what a cost is the Gift of Prosperity!"

The papers each day are chronicling some new advance in prices in some commodity that means prosperity for the producer and yet the consumer who must pay the price must wince and suffer, for the average consumer who lives on a city lot has found that the price of everything he has to buy and use has gone up, but his wages—in other words, his buying capital has not increased, but remains about the same as when the price of commodities was low.

Necessities have now become luxuries, and yet as Texas is a large producer of necessities Texas, consequently, reaps a large measure of this national prosperity; in fact, prosperity among the Texas producers is now spelled with a large "P," but the consumer—he pays the freight.

Beef cattle are making new record prices every day and Texas is the home of beef cattle. The cowboy who rides the range today sings in prosperous content even though the wintry winds may howl, for his cattle no longer drift before the storm to die by the thousands against a barbed wire fence, as in the days of yore, for today there are substantial red barns in Texas to shelter and protect, not long-horned steers, but the choicest thoroughbred prize winners of the stock shows.

No longer does the cowboy smoke the "pipe of peace" around the camp fire while on the "round-up" and tell blood-curdling stories of scalping red men, while he breathes the pure ozone of the plains and sits in the light of the full-orbed moon that lights his land of liberty, but, instead, the cowboy today listens to the whir of his speeding engine as his auto burns the wind along the now forgotten trails, for prosperity has struck him in large letters, and the hurricane deck of a bucking broncho has

been, to an extent, superceded by the docile auto.

Every hour means a new sensation in the realm of King Cotton. This season King Cotton has dethroned all prices that have heretofore ruled as the record, and cotton is now the highest price since the "war between the States." In November cotton sold in Texas for twenty-one cents per pound. Cotton is not alone in this thrilling rise, for cotton seed and all by products are in the same great advance. A gentleman recently facetiously remarked that the "little pickaninnies are now shooting craps in the fields for cotton seed, one at a time," so precious have the seed become.

The war is not the only reason for the high price of cotton. Part of this Gift of Prosperity may justly be attributed to the gift of wisdom, foresight and discrimination on the part of our farmers. Texas farmers now have wisdom enough to select good seed because the better the seed, the better the cotton, and they also have wisdom enough to not put all their faith in one crop and pin all their hopes on cotton but instead they diversify and plant other things and thereby display their foresight and discriminatory powers, thus helping themselves by making the supply somewhat commensurate with the demand and in that way assist in insuring themselves better prices and more prosperity.

From the barnyard comes a cackle. Biddy, an old brown hen, has discovered that she is the author, or originator, of an article of food now grown so precious that it is an almost prohibitive luxury. Eggs are now considered one of the essentials in the kitchen and Texas farmers are supplying these eggs and "yaller legged chickens" by the millions to the markets of the world. So Biddy well does her part in contributing to the Gift of Prosperity.

Poultry is supporting many a family and lifting many a mortgage in Texas. One Houston poultry firm has orders for twenty carloads of turkeys for Eastern markets this Christmas. Chickens and turkeys are playing a large part in the Gift of Prosperity to Texas for 1916. Turkeys are selling in some instances on the foot for 23 cents per pound.

Robert Lee and Sagerton have already had their turkey drives and there will be many others ere the sun rises on this holy Christmas Day. Poultry is wise diversification.

The lowly peanut has contributed its share this year in the Gift of Prosperity. It has burrowed deep into the hidden resources of Mother Earth's treasure house and brought forth riches in oils, cakes and candies, and feed for the hogs, and as a result the bank accounts pay tribute not to the "lowly peanut" this year but rather to the "opulent, majestic peanut," for this year sandy land that heretofore produced only "possum and taters" has become the gold mine of the Texas farmer and he has reaped a rich harvest from the sale of peanuts at \$1.00 to \$1.25 per bushel grown on that same sandy land.

In the pens the hogs are squealing lest they be left off of the list of contributors to the Gift of Prosperity. No prosperous narrative of Texas could be complete without the high price of the reliable hog being given prominent mention.

Fort Worth is the largest hog market in Texas, and some claim in the world, and from January 1st to November 1st, 1916, there had been marketed on the Fort Worth markets 856,804 hogs and every indication points to this year breaking and far exceeding all other

records; in addition to numbers, these are bringing much higher prices than before.

Wheat prices have soared so high that aries in many instances have been compelled to go out of business. Flour today is selling retail, at \$2.85 for a 48-pound sack, and has become a problem to the town consumer. We used to read about the bread lines of great cities such as New York and Chicago it was beyond our understanding. We were living then in a land of cheap prices and were reading of "down and outers" but at our very doors prosperity makes the farmer rich, while the city and town customer becomes a Lazarus begging crumbs from rich man's table. It is a serious condition yet to some it is a part of the Gift of Prosperity.

Corn is high in America, figuratively speaking, as it was in the famine days of Europe. We are paying pretty dearly for our prosperity, and while there will be hunger-wretchedness in some of the larger Eastern cities, during the holidays, there will be hunger in Texas. Every man can now work in this State who is willing to work with hand and brain. We need more willing workers in the fields, more producers of foodstuffs and fewer consumers. There is said to be seventeen consumers for every producer in America. This does not augur well for country and accounts for, in a large measure, the present high prices of foods.

Among the greatest Gifts of Prosperity to Texas is her dairying. Our dairies of thoroughbred cows now take the place of the weather-beaten, hungry-looking, tick-eaten, long-horned cows of former days in Texas, and now our dairies receive prices among the highest on the New York markets.

Our sheep are on a thousand hills and there is no telling whose soldier boy is warmed Christmas by clothing made from Texas wool.

Texas horses lead the charge in Europe, well as pull the loads of industry through the world, and our braying mules made the size of the bank rolls in Texas stupendous.

Our rice has become a source of considerable wealth, and is one of the best and cheapest foods now offered to the family who pinched by high food prices.

Our bank deposits are so large that banks are refusing to longer pay interest on deposits and six per cent money has at last come to make its home in Texas for the first time in the State's history. Lubbock, Texas, a Western city of 4,700 souls, has a per capita deposit of \$227.12 for every citizen of the town. Such prosperity in general throughout the State, North, Central, South, East, and West was never known before. There is no money in Texas banks than ever before in the history of the State. The sums are staggering. This is both a good and a bad omen, be that as it may, it is a part of the Gift of Prosperity to Texas for 1916.

One of the chief things that has contributed to Texas' prosperity is the lesson of economy taught by the Girls' Canning Clubs, Boy Corn and Hog Clubs, and such institutions. These institutions teach Texas people to do at home on what is produced at home, they do more, they teach how to produce best and to conserve it, and to keep money in Texas, and of such is the Gift of Prosperity, the most lasting and permanent prosperity of all.

## The Real Christmas Spirit

Make at Least One Person  
Happy This Christmas Day



The Christmas spirit! You sense it in the air from about the first of November when those of you who are wise "early shoppers" begin your Christmas planning until the great day finally comes, and the pleasant after-glow does not die out until we are well into the new year. None of us

can be alive without somehow feeling it grow in us at this time of year, yet when you think about it, what is it but the spirit of giving let loose among us all, the spirit of planning for somebody else? It is a beautiful spirit, certainly, only, don't you remember Christmas when you have looked over your long list and become a little disgruntled? When you have wondered how you were going to provide just the right trifle here and there. Perhaps you have never admitted it even to yourself, but I am sure that if you look back, you will recall seasons when you were not quite so filled with the spirit as you should like to have been. I wonder if it has ever occurred to you how much you could do by concentrating all your efforts on one person, who perhaps has not a lot of friends or relatives with his name on their lists. The friend to whom you have always given won't miss the trifle, and in most cases will appreciate the thought that goes into a little "Merry Christmas" note much more, and you will be surprised to see what practical happiness you can bring to some one person.

Often people with the real needs are sensitive and quick to hide them from us, and even when we do see them, you know how difficult it is to intrude. But there seems to be something in the spirit this season that gives us an entrance, and people will accept things as Christmas presents whom we would

year. I have known of more than one real and helpful friendship—helpful on both sides—formed at this holiday time, such as that between a spirited young girl and a little crippled child, who got a glimpse of the outside world in this way, and then there is the joy of making life brighter and fuller for one human being, instead of adding a drop to the bucket of a number of persons.

There are any number of ways of finding the person who is going to need your help at Christmas. Perhaps you know such a person yourself, or your minister can tell you. If your church has a church worker, she certainly can. Then, if you live in a city, the settlement house will be only too glad to help you out. In the larger cities most of the hospitals now have social service departments and their workers will be sure to know of some one. Or, you can apply to the charities for a name; usually they will be glad to let you visit the person beforehand, and you can be quite good friends and know all his needs by Christmas time.

Most people like to give to children. Certainly the needs of children are more poignant and their joy in receiving more obvious than that of older people. The world is very full of little children and it is never difficult to find a child with little prospects for a bright Christmas. But as much as you love to give pleasure to children, the lonely old people ought not to be overlooked. Their appeal may be of a different kind, because they have lost the quick response of youth, but is certainly just as strong, and too often the needs of children loom so big that even the people who give most freely forget how many old people there are in the world, often without family ties and few surviving friends. Frequently they are very proud, but as I pointed out before, Christmas is a splendid opportunity to make an opening. I shall never forget the happiness of one dear old lady. She was quite alone in the world, and lived with all her possessions in a single room. Her only income

was from a very small pension, which, by careful economy was made to pay her rent, and keep her supplied with the very simplest food. If I remember, ten dollars was what the friend who became interested in her spent on making her Christmas a memorable one. But the things that ten dollars did: Warm underwear and other needed clothing, some little personal gift, a few food dainties that lasted the old lady for weeks and a real Christmas dinner, with the plum pudding not forgotten. I really think the memory of that Christmas would have been enough to satisfy the old soul for the rest of her days—only the friend who kept up the interest saw that it was not the last one. Yet you need not think that it takes nearly ten dollars to make an old person happy. You have no idea how much can be done for a great deal less than that and the pleasure given does not shrink in proportion at all.

I have spoken here only of choosing a single person to become your special charge; instead of the many friends to whom you have been accustomed to give. But if you feel able or inclined to make your giving a little more expensive, there is always the whole family on whom to center your interest. Very often in that way you will reach both old and young and especially the tired mother of the family who comes under neither heading, but who surely is in need of a little personal friendship and cheering up as well as of practical gifts which can be made of such an order that she cannot turn them over to the children. And the discouraged father, too often neglected in our planning, can be made to feel he is something a little more than just the family provider out of work.

Try this scheme as an experiment this year and see if you don't find yourself more imbued with the Christmas spirit than ever before. It will be great fun making the new friendship and tactfully finding out the needs of the friend. After Christmas is over you will have that satisfactory and delightful feeling that always comes in bringing real hap-

iness to some one person and you will find next Christmas with an eagerness you will not feel before.

### A Christmas Gift from the

Continued From Page Two.

speck in the waste of waters—was it a shark or was it the fin of a lurking shark, or was it—?

Two seconds she looked, then she ran to the men watching her in wonder.

"Hiram—out there—what is it, what is it?" She was clutching at him hysterically, would have shaken her off with a laugh her self-delusion, but there was that face which held him serious against his own will.

"What is it? Where?" He would have said, for never a man had a wife.

"There!" The finger pointed steadily at the ram, I heard a cry.

He fetched his binoculars and focused. Maddeningly slow, she thought him searched idly for a moment then his face became rigid.

"Back the mainyard!" he roared in a voice. From the forepeak, whither he descended, the mate came aft at a run men following fast.

"There's a raft out there—some one said Hapshott slowly, his voice almost drowned by the clatter of the swinging yards.

It was Capt. Hapshott himself who into the boat that was hastily lowered he who urged the rowers onward. Mr. Hapshott, now that the thing was done, was assayed by a curious calmness, that expectancy—something strange was in the air out there beyond the range of her but all was working together for her tried to focus the binoculars on the fragment that floated ahead, but all unused to the task and could not

Continued on Page Eight



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On the best side of the coin in this world. You may have a habit.

In the course of the day try to make mother to leave the house and other household members to their fate. It certainly is a Christmas without mother.

Remember the days when you were a little, and plan your life accordingly.

# Made-in-a-Hurry for Christmas

## GIFTS THAT CAN BE MADE AT HOME.



As long as we keep Christmas, some of us will always begin by thinking we won't! And we end up in rushing madly into a shop at the very tag end of the last moment, an open hand-bag full of gold on one arm, an empty carpet bag on the other—to hold the things!

—a frantic expression in the facial region, demanding in tragic accents to be waited on immediately, as we are in a hurry! So much for you, kind friend—and perhaps for me! Who knows?

Christmas is a bother—in the first stages. But it is a graceless wretch indeed who does not at the last moment fall to the contagious joyousness of the Christmas spirit. And though the feeling has perhaps been coming on for the best part of a week, at about three days before Christmas you walk along the street watching the busy Christmas throng and just wishing you could give something to everybody! And from then on your days are one mad whirl of excitement, and you sit up nights to make things.

For, when you have left things undone till the last moment—and if you have, there's no use scolding you, it's better to give you a lift! It takes such a hopelessly long time, and is so unsettling besides, to wander around through the shops vainly endeavoring to get hold of an idea of what would "do" for Mirabelle and Clarissa.

Perhaps with rows of gray knit stockings and woolen gloves meeting your vision as you are scanning the horizon for something Clarified, and you turn away in despair, only to be confronted with hot water bags and tea caddies—all perfectly good articles in their place, but dampening to your spirit at Christmas time.

And so it is much better for you, kind friend—and also for me, I am sure—to spend one quarter of the money and all of the energy on a few materials to make just lovely things. Lovely things which must not take overmuch of their share of time, however, for we have just four days.

### Parasol Needle-book.

Encouraged by the success of my eider-down adventure, I then eyed thoughtfully a scrap of ribbon and a scrap of fine white flannel which had a way of always coming up on top whenever I ruminatingly stirred the pile. The combination spelled needle-book at once; but what kind? Surely not the commonplace book form with flannel leaves such as Mrs. Noah was known to have taken into the Ark with her! After some pondering, I finally conjured up a Frenchy little parasol needle-book which I knew would delight the heart of a young-souled old lady who still took keen pleasure in everything novel.

From an apparently useless scrap of Dresden ribbon I cut a circle five inches in diameter, hemmed the edge neatly and bordered it with a piece of Valenciennes (or good imitation) lace. On the inner side, just below the hem, I basted two smaller circles of the flannel cut in points. With a pink silk matching the flower of the ribbon I made eight diagonal rows of machine stitching from edge to edge, each passing through the center of the flannel and ribbon like the axes of an umbrella. In each of the pin-shaped divisions thus made I put a group of needles or pins pointing to the center. For the handle of my parasol I used a short bone crochet needle, using the hook as the end to go through the center. All that remained now was some device whereby the parasol might be closed when not in use. For

this purpose, I button-holed a small loop on each rib (running in the same direction), and through these eight eyelets I ran a strong piece of narrow pink ribbon, finishing it with long ends and a bow that it might be carried on the wrist or hung from a basket handle.

After such dainty work as this I looked rather dubiously upon some odds and ends of cretonne which persistently obtruded themselves upon my attention. Just for the sake of making them up I did not want to convert them into those everlasting dust traps which are always hanging around, so it was some time before I could think out the really best way of utilizing them.

### The Dolly String Bag.

Select a pretty doll's head with fluffy, curly hair, and smiling countenance, showing a few pearly teeth. If a brunette, make a little silk bag which is gathered around her shoulders of some strikingly contrasting color. A piece of tango-colored ribbon is seamed together and gathered at each edge. The lower edge is drawn up tight, a ball of twine is inserted and the upper edge drawn evenly around Dolly String's neck. Before fastening, carefully break out the tiny teeth, and bring the end of the ball of thread out through her mouth. Cruel as this sounds, you will find that the operation does not interfere with her smile in the least. As a hanger for the bag attach a long loop of ribbon with one long end to which a small pair of scissors is sewed. This handy doll will be found as useful as she is ornamental.

### Dolly Whisks.

A hurry-up gift which would give as much fun to the giver as to the "getter" would be one of those comical dolly whisks. The idea is to get a very small doll's head and fasten it securely to the whisk handle, supplying any necessary padding to make her look natural, and then dress her up to go Christmas visiting. Owing to the shape of the whisk, the lady's skirts will have the new flare, and with this fashionable beginning you should be inspired to make her into a regular Paris dame—to give to Mirabelle!

### Pillows.

For a twelve-inch round pillow, the material was cut in a long narrow straight piece, as though you were making the gathered side of a stiff-bottomed bag instead of a pillow. It was shirred around the outside edge and gathered all up tight in the middle, which middle was covered with a beautiful bunch of silk roses in different colors.

### Workbags.

Dainty little workbags may be made on sweet grass basket bottoms. These baskets are round and shallow, and come in all sizes. One basket, the bottom and lid, will do for two bags. The tops may either be of silk or ribbon; and it is very easy indeed to sew them on the straw bottoms, which have upstanding edges. They may or may not be lined.

### The Lavina Lavender.

Last of all comes Lady Lavina Lavender, the daintiest of the dainty. A sweet-faced doll, the hair powdered white and shaded by a shepherdess, flower-trimmed hat, is dressed in gauze or lace fichu crowned over a white lavender silk gown. Her panniers are white silk sprigged with lavender flowers, and her very voluminous skirt covers—what do you think?—a round lavender box filled with sweet English lavender. In her hand she carries a little reticule of lavender gauze filled with the fragrant lavender flowers. Milady is most easily made by the handy needlewoman, and is sure to win her way with Lady Dainty, be she rich or poor.

# THE GIFT OF SERVICE

By W. N. BEARD.

The word gift at this time has a deeper meaning than at any other time of the year. To our friends and dear ones we give of the generosity of our hearts precious gems, jewelry, flowers, articles of wearing apparel and little tokens of home-made handicraft—material gifts—yet expressing, in most instances, an inestimable love and esteem. But there is one gift apart from these gifts and of which we sometimes hear a great deal—it is the Gift of Service.

Service is personal, individual; it's purpose lofty and ideal. It seeks to please continually and to give full measure in return for what compensation it may receive. It goes well with the "square deal" and is akin to the precepts of the golden rule. "The Home of Service" is a popular slogan with many business firms, and the firm who fails to be alert in courtesy, promptness, fairness (three cardinal words that well express Service) does not long retain its patrons.

At no other time in the world's history is Service in greater demand than at this time. He or she who have the ability to properly render Service to their fellow beings have already won for themselves a high and honorable place in the public's estimation. The Gift of Service comes from one's brain, heart and soul. It is embodied in the spirit of an ambition to attain the highest efficiency. It cannot be bought, neither can it be acquired without persistent, uncommon effort. The slothful never know the art of serving. An incarnation of energetic, thoughtful study is SERVICE

—the crystallization of patient, honest endeavor.


It is said of Mr. Edison that, while experimenting in his laboratory, he accidentally discovered a process for making diamonds artificially, but he declined to give time to diamond-making because he believed he could more profitably serve his fellow man by working out the essential problems of science. This incident of Mr. Edison's reflects the true spirit of Service—that of self-sacrifice for the good of humanity. If we give unstintingly of the greatness of our minds for the betterment of humanity we render a service that can not be overestimated in its helpfulness nor in its far-reaching influence for good.

If a young man wants to know the surest and quickest way to conquer the world let him prepare to render the world the great Gift of Service. With this mental and physical equipment he can go anywhere and win success. His reward will be even greater, for, with material success will come to him the esteem of his fellow man and a worthy name.

So we have at this happy Christmas-giving time men and women who are giving the skill of their technical brains, often without adequate remuneration or recognition, to SERVICE—men and women from workshops, executive offices, accounting departments, schools and colleges, editorial and reportorial offices, agricultural colleges, experiments stations, laboratories, etc.

Therefore, among the many gifts that may be bestowed during the holidays none will be more magnificent or more magnanimous than the GIFT OF SERVICE TO MANKIND.

**Meat, the Best Food**  
We were made to eat meat. It is needed to give us heat, energy and strength. It builds tissues, bone, blood and muscle.



**Armstrong's Plover Bacon**  
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Nutritious as well as Delicious.

Recommended by cooking authorities as splendid for omelets.

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The Only Baking Cabinet in the State for ENAMELING FENDERS AND HOODS.

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### Christmas Carols.

Of all the quaint old customs that have come down through the ages to us, there is none more characteristic of this joyous season than the singing of Christmas carols. Centuries ago in old England, when the wandering minstrels gathered in the open halls of chiefs and barons and sang their songs, the carol was often the production of an old monk, the words being sung to the accompaniment of harp or lute. It was a popular religious song, easy to follow, and so one and all joined in the refrain. From France comes the "Nowell," a variation of Noell, Christmas.

Christmas carols were sung on the continent of Europe in the Middle Ages, but they are specially connected with England and her traditions.

The northern countries have the clear, stary nights of December and the Christmas season has always meant to their people "so hallowed and so gracious" a time that the singing of carols at midnight seems a fitting accompaniment to the harmonies of nature.

For many nights before and after Christmas the "waits" sang their carols, for in old England Christmas was not a single day; it began on December 16 and ended on January 6, or Twelfth Night. Merry-making and hospitality ruled and the "waits" were given food and drink ere they went on their way.

The Puritans tried to stop the singing of carols, but with the Restoration this beautiful custom was revived and to this day the hamlets and villages of England are visited by the "waits" who bring their music and cheer to each household.

In Germany the carol or hymn of praise is called Wiegenlieder; in France it is styled Noel, and in our country we call it carol or Christmas hymn.

### If Santa Claus Gets Afire.

If you tip the lamp over during the Christmas frolics don't run for the water bucket to extinguish the blazing oil. Water thrown on burning oil does little good. Smother the flames with some flour or throw wet rags on it. Should one of the guests get too near the Christmas tree, or should that unfortunate victim of fire accidents, Santa Claus, get his flimsy clothes afire, don't run away from him or permit him or her to run around. Grab the portieres down or pull up a rug and wrap it around the burning figure and roll the person over and over until the fire is extinguished.

### Christmas Dates Have Been Altered.

All the world celebrates Christmas on December 25, although the date has been altered several times as the earliest Christmas festivities were celebrated January 1 and 6, and later, in some instances, on March 29, at the time of the Jewish Passover, and on the 29th of September, at the Feast of the Tabernacle. In those days December 24 was regarded as Adam and Eve's day, and at one time, prior to the reign of Constantine, New Year's Day was observed as the day of the nativity. Julius the First, who was the Bishop of Rome during the years 337-352 A. D., appears to have fixed the permanent date. He made a thorough investigation into all the traditions concerning Christ's birth and finally decided that Decem-



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1807 Magnolia St., DALLAS, TEXAS.

Send a message to one invalid whether you know him or not. Think of the result if everyone in this land did that.

Tell one story of the Christmas Day. It is a way to have the spirit of the day in the home.

**CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS**

FOR THE HOME



The scent of pine is in the air. A tree one must have if it is to seem at all like Christmas, and if it can't be a big one, filling a bay window, let it be a tiny one for the dinner or library table, or, in lieu of the latter, if you happen to be that homeless derelict of a business woman, existing in a boarding house or apartment hotel, at least have a near-tree of one branch of cedar decorated with a lot of gay candles. But green it must be at Christmas time.

If the tree is intended for your table and is to be lighted, an awful problem presents itself. What is to become of the best white cloth which has been so carefully "done up" for this occasion? Don't let this bother you for a minute. Go to the housefurnishing department of the nearest large store and buy a good-sized lacey paper centerpiece and let the grease "go as far as it likes" in dripping. If you fail to find it there ask your confectioner—especially if he happens to specialize in cakes—for one, or try your luck at a china shop. Even if none of these people can sell it, the chances are that you will at least learn where it is to be obtained.

Then there must be wreaths at the windows and if those you admire prove too expensive, there is no reason why you should not duplicate them at a great saving. Casual examination will demonstrate that they are simply layers of crowfoot, holly or pine, fastened securely to the branches, and just because you are a city dweller and possibly without access to trees and branches does not mean that you can't substitute heavy wire or featherbone and make them any size you like, from the cheap greens for sale at the nearest market, or the free-for-the-gathering greens from the nearest ravine or river bottom. Furthermore, you can carry out your own ideas on the subject of their decoration.

Plain wreaths with scarlet bows, wreaths decorated with holly, mistletoe or swamp berries, bits of moss or pine cones in natural browns, white-tipped or gilded, are only a few of the possibilities. The poinsettia, too, is still with us, although hardly so popular as in recent years.

There are peals of scarlet Christmas bells of assorted sizes, intended to swing from chandeliers or flat wall surfaces, to say nothing of Sea Island pines of vivid green whose feelings must be hurt by the "dolling up" to which they are subjected, for why any human being should regard a growing plant as an appropriate object to cover with little red bows is an open question.

How much simpler and more effective is the treatment given ferns by some of our most artistic florists. The pot of a hardy Boston fern is covered with a plain green raffia mat or wrapped with dull green crepe paper, a few sprays of vivid swamp berries are stuck in the earth here and there and the one plant which can be successfully grown by even the greatest bungler with plants is converted into an appropriate though inexpensive Yuletide gift.

Baskets are the best liked receptacles for plants and flowers, and the big, flat "fireside basket" filled on presentation with a variety of evergreens, but intended to hold wood for

the open fire later on, is sure to be acceptable.

This rare open fire, with its cheerful crackles and woody smells, besides affording an excellent entrance for the saint of the season, adds the holiday touch most to be desired. A far cry, alas, from the commonplace substitute in aromatic fragrance with which most of us must be satisfied—a moist pine bough placed over the steam radiator.

Unless the Christmas tree is going to be a surprise and you intend to trim it behind closed doors, in the greatest of secrecy, let the children assist in fashioning many of the ornaments and trinkets, and they will have double the pleasure out of it. The little ones will certainly delight in stringing the popcorn with which to festoon the tree. If the popcorn is strung on wire it can be arranged most effectively. If you wish you can dye some of the corn red and string it alternately, one red and one white kernel. The nimble little fingers can string chains of cranberries or cut stars of gilt paper. Paper link chains can be made out of any color to harmonize with the color scheme of the tree. Paste narrow strips of paper to form rings and slip one link through another and paste securely.

It is very simple to gild nuts, and they are quite an addition to a tree when suspended with gilt cord. Snow balls are made by packing white tissue paper tight in the shape of an orange, then pasting white cotton on the ball. The cotton is dusted with diamond dust and gives a glittering effect. Icicles are made of white fringe tissue paper that has been dipped into a solution of alum. The green of the tree can also be given a gilded effect if it is touched with a solution of alum. The Christmas goodies can be put in bags of tarlatan. Don't forget that the large presents and heavy decorations of the tree should be at the bottom. Small articles can be attached to the tree with invisible hairpins, or large presents tied with red ribbon. The cedar or pine are all popular for Christmas trees.

A pretty tree for the table is the pepper plant, which can be purchased at any florist's. The little plant can be trimmed as a Christmas tree for the central decoration of the table. Around the bottom of the tree is heaped a mound of cotton dusted with mica. At each place is a little red flower pot containing a small souvenir which is hidden by a spray of mistletoe. The souvenir can be something suggestive of the personality of the guest. Over the table is suspended by red ribbons a bunch of snowballs of white cotton sprinkled with mica. The candle shades are of ornamental sprays of holly, and a little piece of holly is pasted on the place card.

Odd souvenirs for a Christmas dinner are place cards of holly leaves with a suitable quotation or jingle written in red or white ink. Another card is made of rough white cardboard cut in a circle. Sprinkle the card with diamond dust and write the name of the guest in the center.

**Decorating the House.**

Ropes of mistletoe or smilax may be festooned on the stair banister. These can be gathered from almost any hollow, creek, or river bottom in Texas. Mistletoe, smilax or holly may be placed at the base of the candlesticks. Tubs painted green may hold little cedar trees from the woods; and one of these or a basket of holly may be placed in the middle of the dining table.

**A CHRISTMAS PARTY**

FOR THE CHILDREN.

**Games That Can be Played Indoors.**

HERE is something in the very air at Christmas time, the festivity, the joyousness that spontaneously calls forth the desire, nay, the actual necessity for giving a party for the children. And before the busy mother has fairly caught her breath after the arduous task of trimming the tree, she finds herself absorbed in the planning of the party, for upon her falls the responsibility for the entertainment of the little guests. And from sad experience, she has found that it is much better to have every instant provided for, from the moment the self-conscious, festivity garbed company arrive to the time when they take their departure, somewhat disheveled but glowing with excitement and bursting with good cheer.

It is well to start off with a lively game. This game will create no end of fun and will include all the children. A good sized holly wreath or any kind of green vine wreath, interspersed with red berries, is brought in and suspended from the ceiling in the center of the room, to within four or five feet from the floor. To emphasize the spirit of the holidays a little red sled is drawn into the room, piled high with snowballs. These are made of strips of cotton batting wound loosely and covered with white tissue paper. Each child in turn stands a certain distance from the wreath and tries to toss the snowballs through the center. The one who is most successful in a given number of trials wins the prize. Or to add to the excitement, the children can be divided into two sides which will compete, one against the other.

Another game which is good fun is to suspend a tissue paper bag, filled with Christmas candies from the ceiling, and, blindfolding each child, give him three chances to hit the bag with a small wooden stick. When the bag is burst a general scramble for the goodies will ensue, while the company will have been vastly amused at the unsuccessful attempts of some of their friends.

Perhaps now would be a good time to introduce a quiet game, so a basket is brought into

the room, filled with Christmas greens of all kinds—holly, mistletoe, ivy, cedar, balsam, smilax, hemlock and pine, all of which are easily procured at this season and even some nuts can be included. On each twig is fastened a slip of paper with a number, and the children having been supplied with a slip of paper and pencil, must identify each sprig, writing its name opposite its corresponding number.

Another good game is to put different kinds of nuts in a bag, and let each child put his hands in the bag and try to guess how many varieties there are by simply feeling them, or he can write down their names on a slip of paper. It will not be too much trouble to provide a small bagful for each child, and then if a few candies were added they would have a pretty little souvenir to take home.

Meanwhile the holly wreath has been taken down and is now brought in with a number of lighted Christmas candles fastened on it. A child is blindfolded and turned about three times, and then he must try to blow out the candles on the wreath. It is a comical sight to see him puffing and blowing lustily when perhaps his back is turned toward the wreath, or he has wandered quite to the other side of the room.

A lively march is played on the piano and the boys and girls prance into the dining room where the table is decorated in the colors of the season. In the center of the table is a most attractive little snow scene arranged. Miniature hills and valleys are formed of cotton wadding, sprinkled with frost powder, and small evergreen trees are dotted about among the little red-roofed houses, while in the center is placed jolly old Santa Claus himself, seated in his sleigh and driving his reindeer. At each place stands a tiny artificial Christmas tree with a bit of tinsel festooned on it, and some lighted candles flaming brightly. The children can immediately try to blow out all their candles in one puff. And now having provided against any possible accident, they can settle down to the serious business of enjoying the refreshments.

**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 ever 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.

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**Mythology of the Mistletoe.**

The mistletoe played a con-  
 spicuous part in mythology. It  
 was the symbol of the spear with  
 which Hotherus took the life of  
 the white songbird of the  
 mer, who shall be resurrected  
 at Ragnarok, twilight of the  
 world and doomsday of the world.  
 In the old Norse legend,  
 among the Druids and the  
 the mistletoe found grow-  
 ing upon an oak was believed  
 to possess powers of healing for  
 diseases as well as being po-  
 werful for the working of magic.  
 Small bits of berries  
 brewed into love philters,  
 the esteem in which the  
 mistletoe was held is directly  
 traceable to a certain old English  
 legend, which survives today.  
 The mistletoe was the  
 Christmaside every ardent  
 lover who 'neath its shadow  
 received a kiss and each  
 mistletoe maid who pays,  
 know their hearts only  
 by the rites centuries old and  
 when Yule logs flickered  
 and candle-lighted halls on  
 Christmas nights; when fairies held  
 their court when mountain gods gave  
 their blessing and tribute to  
 the mistletoe was a sacrament.

**CHRISTMAS STORIES**  
 FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



The Forest Christmas Tree.

"OTHER can we have a Christmas tree?" shouted small Sam and Susan in chorus.

"Why, what do you mean?" answered their mother. "Our tree comes from the forest every year."

"Yes, but we do not mean that," said Susan. "We do not want father to cut down a tree and bring it in to us. We want to go out to the forest and trim a tree for our forest friends."

"Well," said their mother, "I have often felt sorry to have these trees destroyed each year. What is your plan?"

"You see, it is this way: Nora has been telling us a story about Norway, and she says in that cold northern land they always save some grain at the harvest time and when Christmas comes they tie these bunches of grain on a tall pole or a tree and the birds fly down and have a Christmas feast. Now, we want to do that, but we would like to have our tree for the forest friends and put on the tree all the food that they like best."

"It is a very good idea," said their mother, "and of course you may do it."

The children went right to work popping corn and stringing it in long chains, and then Sam strung the cranberries, while Susan made long strings of golden and silver paper, and she folded and pasted little baskets of bright paper in which to put some bird seed.

Late in the afternoon before Christmas everything was ready and they all put on their wraps and went to the forest. Fortunately, they did not have very far to go, as their home stood near the edge of the woods. Such a strange procession as they were to be sure. Father carried a stepladder and a big box of salt. Mother carried a basket of vegetables. Nora brought bundles of hay and bunches of grain. Sam had his basket of nuts, cranberries and popcorn, while Susan carried carefully her chains of Christmas tree ornaments.

"This is our tree!" shouted the children. "Our little fairy pine tree."

Then father climbed upon the ladder and, taking the grain from Nora, he began to tie bunches up near the top of the tree.

Then Sam put on the cranberries and popcorn chains and festooned them through the branches. Nora and mother fastened carrots and lettuce leaves on the lowest branches for the rabbits. Susan put nuts about for the squirrels and hung on the tree some gold and silver nuts which she had gilded and tied with bright string.

"The squirrels won't know they are nuts," said Sam.

"Trust a squirrel for finding a nut," said father. "I am sure that the squirrels will like Susan's nuts after they crack them, and all of her bright trimmings do make the tree look pretty. I think it would be nice to trim up this box, too."

The children then went and found some ground pine and they put long garlands of this bright green about the box of salt for the deer.

At last the Christmas presents for the forest friends were all in place and the family went home.

The children awakened very early in the morning and they soon awoke every one in the house with their shouts of "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" They looked at all their new toys and took every gift from their stockings. Then they said, "Oh, can we run out to the forest before breakfast and watch our forest friends when they find their Christmas presents?" So they were soon bundled up warm and they tiptoed to some bushes, where they hid to watch their friends, but early as they were the forest people were there before them.

The birds were the first to discover the tree. As soon as it was light they saw the silver star on top of the tree and flew to find out what it meant. When they saw the grain they chirped and caroled the glad news through

"Good cheer, good cheer, Christmas is here. A Christmas tree for you and me stands in the forest here. Good cheer!"

Then they began to eat the grain and to peck up the bird seed from the little paper boxes, and they twittered and sang:

"Tweet, tweet, tweet. Here's something to eat. So good and sweet. Tweet, tweet, tweet."

The squirrels then poked their heads out of their holes in the trees and they came out on the snowy branches to see what was the matter with the birds, but it did not take them long to find out, and they came scrambling down from their homes and ran to the wonderful Christmas tree. They even knew the gold and silver nuts were for them, and they joined with the birds in their song, only the squirrels chattered: "Nut meat, so good to eat. Nut meat, such a treat. So sweet, nut meat."

The rabbits came hopping out from their holes and they frisked about the tree, and their whiskers fairly trembled with eagerness when they found their carrots and lettuce. Some of the rabbits bounced back into the thick woods and called the deer to come. "Do not fear, you timid deer. Come here, come here. Christmas cheer, in the forest near. Come deer, come deer."

And the deer followed the rabbits to the tree. They found their big box of salt and soon they ate it all up, and all the green trimmings of ground pine, too. Then they took big bunches of hay from the tree, and some of the animals carried away some of the food to save for another day, while many a bright gold and silver nut was hidden with the brown ones by the thrifty squirrels.

"What a wonderful tree, and who gave us such a treat?" the animals all said.

"The children who live in the house near by," twittered the birds.

"We will never be afraid of them again, for they are our friends," agreed all the animals.

The children were behind the bushes peeping out at their forest friends. Of course they could not understand all that was being said but they knew their friends were enjoying everything on the tree.

"We never had such a nice Christmas tree," said the two children.

"Sam, let us do this every year and never cut down another Christmas tree."

"All right," agreed Sam. "I know that I liked this tree the best, and I am sure our forest friends like it."

"Yes," said Susan softly, "and the forest fairies, too, for they helped to make it more beautiful. We will always have our forest Christmas tree."

\*\*\*

"As the Stars Went By."

The old man sat upon the upper step of the four dirty marble ones which led into the house, one room of which he called home. His chin rested upon his chest, his eyes stared unseeingly at the brick pavement. A \$5 bill was in his hand, which was thrust deep in the pocket of his worn coat. This \$5 bill was all the money he had in the world. He had earned it shoveling snow from the sidewalks and wheeling coal into cellars. He closed his fingers tightly upon the money and tried to think; he did not notice the cold, he did not notice the people as they hurried by; all he could remember was that it was Christmas Eve, and the little sick wife, the wife who always smiled, when a tear rolled unchecked down her cheek.

"Could I borrow you?" spoke a voice beside him, "cause if you ain't nobody's grandfather, I'd like to, oh, so much!"

The old man gazed down into the bright eyes of the little boy beside him. "What's that?" he asked.

"Why couldn't we borrow you just for to-morrow, mother and me? There ain't no little boy that you're grandfather to, is there? 'Cause of course then we couldn't."

"No, I guess not," answered the man. "I got no grandchild nor nobody, but just my wife."

"Oh, I know, I know! She's the sick-a-bed lady," began the child excitedly.

"The what?" asked the man almost sharply.

"Why, the 'sick-a-bed lady'; we always call her that, mother and me, so as I won't forget and slam the doors and run upstairs, but I do ever so often, but I'm always sorry when I remember. Couldn't she come, too, and be my grandmother? You could bring her, maybe, like you take her to the window on Sundays. Oh, I never had a grandmother, but I would love one, and she must have an apron with a pocket in it and there must be something nice for a 's'prise,' that's the way it is in my book, and mother will be, oh, so glad and won't mind having just me so much, and we can—"

The child paused for breath; the old man was gazing at him in astonishment.

"Well, son," he said, "let's begin somewhere and find out what this is you're talking about."

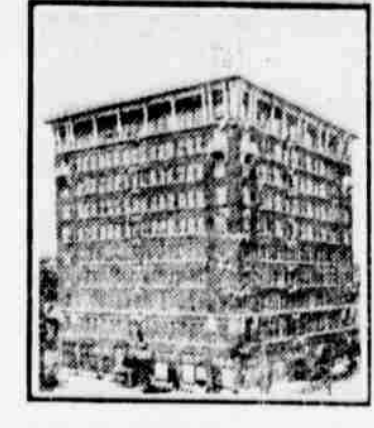
"Why," the boy began at once, his bright eyes shining, "why, we're going to borrow you, mother and me, just for tomorrow. Mother said there wouldn't be any Christmas now 'cause your grandfather is gone, and, oh, we always just had such a good time! But he's dead now and mother and me had to come to the city, and we live just down the hall from you in the very back room, and I've seen the 'sick-a-bed-lady' sometimes on Sunday when I go by in the street, and she always smiles; and I've seen you go in and out and I thought you'd do for a grandfather, and now I'm sure. Please, won't you come?"

The child looked up at him pleadingly and something whispered to the old man, "If there was a child it would be different."

"How about your mother, boy, did you ask her?"

"Oh, no, she mustn't know anything about it; it'll just be a 's'prise' for her, 'cause she's most as lonely as I am, and there is such a

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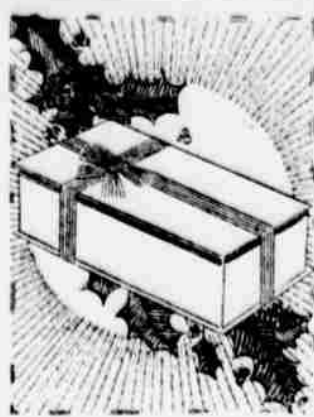
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# Christmas Cookies and Candies

By MRS. ANNA B. SCOTT.



Christmas cookies! What fun when mother or sister clears away the evening dishes and all go out in the kitchen for the baking party, as it were. Mother or sister has prepared the fruit, nuts or seeds beforehand.

Certainly the boys will help. Put shortening and sugar into the bowl and give the boy a wooden spoon with which to cream them. Have them put the dates and figs through the meat chopper. Mother finishes the dough, rolls it out and cuts the cookies with a cake cutter. Sister places them on bake sheet and watches the oven. Father or brother removes them from the bake sheet on to the table that has been covered with a cloth. Then when cold, they are packed, with vanilla or baking paper, into a pasteboard box until Christmas.

There is one thing that mother must do—bake a few samples to give the helpers a taste, but that must end it; do not allow them to eat their fill when baking, for if you do there will not be any for Christmas. The pasteboard boxes are put under lock and key.

### Grandmother's Cookies.

1/2 cup shortening. 1/2 cup sour milk.  
1 cup sugar. 1 teaspoon baking soda.  
4 cups of flour, or enough flour to handle.  
Cream the shortening and sugar until smooth; add sour milk, then the baking soda dissolved in 1 teaspoon boiling water; sift flour and add to mixture. Dust bake board with flour, turn out the dough, roll 1/4 inch thick and cut with cutter; sprinkle with granulated sugar; bake 12 minutes in hot oven.

### Spice Cookies.

The spice cookies are easily made and cheap.  
1/2 cup shortening. 1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon.  
1 cup brown sugar. 1/4 teaspoon ground cloves.  
1 cup New Orleans molasses. 1/4 teaspoon grated nutmeg.  
2 eggs. 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger.  
1/2 teaspoon baking soda mixed with 1/4 cup boiling water.  
4 cups flour.  
Mix the molasses, sugar and shortening together until smooth, add the cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and ginger; then add the baking soda and boiling water. Sift the flour and add one cup at a time. You must have flour enough so that the dough will not stick, more may be added. Divide in two; place on floured board and roll out 1/4 inch thick; cut into fancy shapes. Bake on floured sheets 10 minutes in a hot oven.

### Ginger Cookies.

1/2 cup shortening. 1/2 teaspoon ginger.  
1 cup New Orleans molasses. 1 teaspoon baking soda.  
1 cup brown sugar. 1/2 teaspoon salt.  
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon. 5 or 6 cups of flour.  
Put the shortening, molasses and brown sugar into bowl, rub until smooth; add the soda, which has been dissolved in 1/2 cup boiling water; add the salt, cinnamon and ginger, mix well and add the sifted flour, enough to roll out 1/4 inch thick. Cut with cake cutter and bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

### Nut Cookies.

1/2 cup shortening. 4 tablespoons milk.  
1 cup sugar. 3 cups flour.  
2 eggs. 2 teaspoons baking powder.  
1/2 cup chopped English or black walnuts.  
Rub the sugar and shortening together until smooth; add the milk very slowly and the well beaten egg; beat well and add the flour, which has been sifted with the baking powder and mix. The dough must be stiff enough to roll out 1/4 inch thick. Cut with fancy cutter and bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes.

### Small Cream Cakes, Holly Decoration.

1 cup shortening. 1 cup milk.  
1 cup pulverized sugar. 3 cups flour.  
2 eggs. 2 teaspoons baking powder.  
1/2 teaspoon salt.  
1/2 teaspoon grated lemon or orange peel.  
Cream the shortening and sugar together; separate the eggs, beat the yolks until light and add; then add the milk slowly. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together; add half the amount of the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, the lemon rind and the rest of the egg and flour; mix well. Brush iron gem pans with a little melted lard, and in each put a scant tablespoon of the mixture; bake 15 minutes in moderate oven. When cold, cover the bottom with icing and decorate with 2 small green leaves cut from very fine slices of citron; between the leaves put 4 red candies to represent holly berries.

### Decorations.

4 ounces citron. 2 tablespoons boiling water.  
2 tablespoons cocoa. 4 tablespoons XXXX sugar.  
1 pound small red cinnamon candies. Pinch salt.  
Mix the cocoa with the boiling water; add sugar and salt, mix until smooth and creamy; spread the icing on bottom of cakes and decorate.

### Orange Icing.

2 tablespoons orange juice. 1/2 teaspoon melted butter.  
1 tablespoon lemon juice. 1 cup XXXX sugar.  
Put the orange and lemon juice into a bowl, add half the sugar, rubbing until smooth; then add the melted butter and the rest of the sugar. If it is not hard enough you can add more sugar. It is much nicer put over the cake while soft and let dry.

### Cheap Fruit Cake.

1/2 cup shortening. 1 cup boiling water.  
1 cup brown sugar. 1 teaspoon baking soda.  
1 cup New Orleans molasses. 3 cups flour.  
1 cup seeded raisins. 1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon.  
1 cup currants. 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger.  
1 teaspoon grated nutmeg.  
Cream the sugar and shortening together, add the molasses, then the baking soda dissolved in the boiling water; add half the flour, the fruit and then the rest of the flour. Line pan with paper and bake in moderate oven 1 hour.

### Fruit Cake (By Request).

1 cup butter. 4 tablespoons citron.  
1 cup sugar. 1 tablespoon orange peel.  
4 eggs. 1 tablespoon lemon peel.  
1 cup currants. 1 tablespoon ground cinnamon.  
1 cup raisins. 1/2 teaspoon ground cloves.  
1/2 cup Sultana raisins. 1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg.  
1/2 cup figs. 3 cups flour.  
2 tablespoons grape juice or orange juice.  
2 teaspoons baking powder.  
With a wooden spoon mix the butter and sugar together until light and creamy. Beat the eggs until light and add to the butter and sugar. Beat 10 minutes. Mix the spices with 1 cup of flour and add. Clean, wash and dry the raisins, currants and Sultana raisins; mix with 1/2 cup flour and add to the cake. Cut the orange and lemon peel into small pieces. Wash and dry the figs and cut into thin slices; add to the mixture. Then add the fruit juice and the rest of the flour. Mix thoroughly; line bakeware with paper. Bake in slow oven 2 1/2 to 3 hours. You can add 1/2 cup chopped and blanched almonds if you like.  
This cake should be made some time before Christmas, put away in a tin box and moistened with grape or orange juice several times before the holidays.

### Lebkuchen.

Over six hundred years old, these little German honey cakes have long been one of their popularity. Put two ounces each of orange peel and citron through the food chopper, half a pound of almonds shredded fine; mix these together with two cups of honey, two tablespoons of cinnamon, one tablespoon of cloves, one teaspoon of nutmeg, one teaspoon of baking soda, wine glass of brandy, grated peel of one lemon, two ounces of brown sugar, and enough flour to make a stiff dough; knead well, let stand over night. In the morning roll out, cut in desired shapes, bake on well greased and floured pans in a moderate oven twenty minutes; ice with a syrup made of sugar and water cooked to a fine thread. These cakes will keep all winter and improve with age.

### Christmas Candies.

There are two kinds of fondant, the raw and cooked. The raw is for the centers, the cooked is for dipping. Use the best materials, good flavoring, have the utensils clean, free from any suspicion of grease. Stir sugar and the water before boiling. Brush the sides of the kettle so that no grains of sugar will settle there. Take care not to disturb the syrup when it starts boiling, as this prevents granulating.

When cooling, place in a cool dry place, never in a refrigerator. Damp weather prevents success in candy making.

### Boiled or Cooked Fondant.

Three cups of granulated sugar, one and one-half cups of corn syrup, one-quarter teaspoon of cream of tartar, one-fourth cup of water. Cook until soft ball is formed in cold water, cook to 235 degrees if a candy thermometer is used. Be sure to mix sugar and syrup well. Do not stir after boiling. Pour on large platter and when cold begin working it by kneading with spoon or fork. Add one teaspoon of vanilla, white of one egg, beaten stiff. Knead well and form into desired shapes. Dip in chocolate. There is a prepared fondant that can be purchased at any fancy grocery store, called "Jack Frost Fountain."

### Creamed Dates.

Stone the dates, roll in sugar, and place a piece of fondant in place of the stone. Roll again in granulated sugar.

### Almond Biscuits.

Three cups of granulated sugar, one and one-half cups of corn syrup, one-quarter teaspoon of cream of tartar, one-fourth cup of water. Cook until soft ball is formed in cold water, cook to 235 degrees if a candy thermometer is used. Be sure to mix sugar and syrup well. Do not stir after boiling. Pour on large platter and when cold begin working it by kneading with spoon or fork. Add one teaspoon of vanilla, white of one egg, beaten stiff. Knead well and form into desired shapes. Dip in chocolate. There is a prepared fondant that can be purchased at any fancy grocery store, called "Jack Frost Fountain."

inch thick, and with a sharp knife cut in slices. Set in a warm place to dry.

### Cream Walnuts.

Roll piece of fondant the size of a walnut into a ball, place on each side one-half of a shelled walnut kernel. To use: Place the contents of a jar in double boiler, add a tiny amount of cold water to make of a proper consistency. Dip the prepared creams in this and lay off on waxed paper.

### Nut Centers for Dipping.

Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of water, one-quarter teaspoon of cream of tartar. Cook until 230 degrees Fahrenheit. Pour over two cups of finely chopped nuts that have been placed in a well greased pan.

### Popcorn Balls.

Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of corn syrup, a pinch of salt, two tablespoons of water, one tablespoon of vanilla; cook until 235 degrees Fahrenheit are reached. Pour over the popcorn and when partly cool mold into round balls.

Sections of orange, pieces of figs, or dates may be dipped in chocolate or fondant.

### Chocolate Fudge.

One-half block of Baker's chocolate, two pounds of good brown sugar, one cup of thin cream, one tablespoon of butter, two teaspoons of vanilla.  
Dissolve the sugar in the cream by stirring in a saucepan over a slow fire, adding sugar gradually. After sugar is dissolved add chocolate cut fine. Move to warmer place, but not hot enough to burn the mixture. Let boil gently to soft ball stage. Drop in the butter, remove from fire and beat steadily until the mixture begins to stiffen. Add vanilla during the beating. Turn into a well greased pan and cut in squares when partly cool.

### Turkish Delight.

Three level teaspoons of gelatine, two-thirds cup of orange juice, one-half cup of candied cherries, cut fine; two cups of granulated sugar, one-half cup of cold water, two tablespoons of lemon juice.  
Let the gelatine stand in orange juice until it has absorbed the liquid. Stir the sugar and water over a slow fire until the sugar is dissolved, then add the softened gelatine and heat to boiling point. Let boil for twenty minutes after boiling starts; remove from the fire, let cool a little, then add the lemon juice and fruit, and turn into a pan that has been wet with cold water. Let stand over night in a cool dry place. To unmold, sift confectioner's sugar over the paste, wet a sharp pointed knife, loosen the candy at edge of pan, then gently pull the paste in a compact sheet from the pan, and place on a board dredged with confectioner's sugar. Cut the piece in strips and then in squares with a sharp knife. Keep sugar between knife and paste (dip the knife in the sugar from time to time) roll each piece in sugar. A teaspoon of grated orange rind may be added to the fruit if this flavor is liked. Other fruit may be substituted for the cherries.

## A Christmas Gift from the Sea

Continued from page four

nothing but a blur.

The boat turned—hung motionless; those aboard were busy at some task. Then the oars shot out like the limbs of a gigantic spider; Mrs. Hapshott's heart beat faster and faster—so fast that only with difficulty could she draw her breath.

"Shall we haul you up, sir?" hailed the mate, reaching far outboard, and from Capt. Hapshott's lips came a hoarse, unreal cry that Jones took as an affirmative.

The boat shot alongside; still the captain's wife did not move from her position by the mizzenmast. The tackles were hooked on, men swarmed up them and added their weight to the falls; the boat leaped upward, and was swung inboard.

"Bear a hand here," she heard her husband say, and then the mists vanished from her eyes and she saw clearly. Capt. Hapshott was coming aft, talking earnestly to the mate. And in his arms he carried a little child!

They said afterwards that Mrs. Hapshott might have been expecting this gift from the sea.

She held out her arms and took the wailing mite, hushing it deftly against that broad maternal bosom of hers, coaxing it, smiling down into its crumpled face. It mattered nothing to her how the babe had come—it was there; its tiny fingers around her finger; its little head nestled against her heart.

"A dead woman and a living child—no signs of identification." The words came to her fitfully, forcing themselves through the strange, hallowed joy that filled her being. "No telling what's happened—must be wife of some skipper—sole survivors—who knows? The woman's dead, poor thing—but the child seems strong enough—will be later."

"If we'd been sailing yesterday we'd have passed it in the dark likely," said the mate; "we'd never have seen it. God! look at Mrs. Hapshott; she's grown younger."

The skipper walked across to his wife. "We'll have to advertise," he said shakily, toying with the little grasping hands. "But likely no one will claim it—it's as much ours as any one's—I'll tell the steward to make some milk ready—"

"Unto us a child is given," said Mrs. Hapshott solemnly. "Hiram, this is God's Christmas present to you and me."

## As the Stars Went By

Continued from page seven

little work she can find to do and so little money. But it'll be all right if we can find a grandfather, it always was. Oh, won't you let us borrow you just for tomorrow?"

The old man's fingers closed tightly on the money in his hand, and he remembered the long hours of toil it took to earn it, and slowly shook his head.

The brown eyes beside him filled with tears, the little lips trembled and a soft warm little hand slipped slowly into his.

"It won't be Christmas at all," began the child slowly. "Grandfather always told Santa Claus and helped him, and mother says she don't think Santa Claus could find us way off here without grandfather, and last night, as mother and me watched the stars go by, I asked the Christ Child to send us another grandfather; and now he's sent you and you won't come. Won't you, please, just for one day?"

The hand in the man's pocket relaxed, the one holding that of the child closed tighter. He did not forget the bill, but he remembered the little old lady upstairs, the "sick-a-bed-lady," and thought of what that apron with the pocket and the "s'prise" in it would mean to her; he remembered a little dark-haired woman living in a back room alone with her boy, and the money she could not earn; he thought of another apron, a little round one with lace and ribbon on it; he had seen them in the store windows, and he could almost see the smile on a sad, sweet face when she put it on; he remembered the little boy at his side and the prayer to the Christ Child the night before, "as the stars went by," and as there ran through his mind visions of a wagon, a train and candy, something appeared in his old gray eyes that brought the brightness back to the face of the child.

"Oh, you will, I know you will!" he exclaimed and threw his two little arms around the

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I. S.—Dr. Armstrong was formerly Professor of Surgery in Baylor University Medical Department for six years, and ex-President Dallas County Medical Association.

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The man pressed a kiss upon the smooth white forehead, whispered something to him, then gently unclasped the young arms and, hand in hand, they went quickly down the street.

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