

Walter Henry

THE FOARD COUNTY NEWS

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We wish to thank our friends and customers for the liberal patronage and friendly business relations of the year just closing, and we wish for those a prosperous and happy 1914. If not a customer with us, we kindly invite you to give us a trial.

We extend all courtesies consistent with conservative banking.

TELLING THEIR WANTS

The "Bank of Crowell" stands for the upbuilding of the community along the lines of civic improvement, and for the betterment and advancement of social unity.

We are vitally interested in every movement that effects the welfare and happiness of citizenship and the homes of the community.

Every stockholder in "The Bank of Crowell" has his home and investments in Foard county, and has shared the hardships and pri-



ventions along with every other citizen that helped to bring our community to its present development.

The directors of "The Bank of Crowell" were present and helped to organize Foard County, and have ever since been identified with her interests, and have given their financial and moral support to the establishing of public improvements, schools and churches.

Your deposit is protected by several thousand acres of the finest land in Foard county---the best of all security. Your valuable papers will also be safe in our fire-proof vaults, and you and your wife and children will be happy if you do your banking during the year 1914 with

The Bank of Crowell

CROWELL, FOARD COUNTY, TEXAS

The Selfishness of Mrs. Waterby

by George Ade

ILLUSTRATED BY M. G. KETTNER
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WATERBY remarked to his wife: "I'm still tempted by that set of Poe. I saw it in the window today, marked down to fifteen dollars."
"Yes?" said Mrs. Waterby, with a sudden gasp of emotion, it seemed to him.
"Yes—I believe I'll have to get it."
"I wouldn't if I were you, Alfred," she said. "You have so many books now."

"I know I have, my dear, but I haven't any set of Poe; and that's what I've been wanting for a long time. This edition I was telling you about is beautifully gotten up."

"Oh, I wouldn't buy it, Alfred," she repeated, and there was a note of pleading earnestness in her voice. "It's so much money to spend for a few books."

"Well, I know, but—" and then he paused for the lack of words to express his mortified surprise.

Mr. Waterby had tried to be an indulgent husband. He took a selfish pleasure in giving, and found it more blessed than receiving. Every salary day he turned over to Mrs. Waterby a fixed sum for household expenses. He added to this an allowance for her spending money. He set aside a small amount for his personal expenses and deposited the remainder in the bank. He flattered himself that he approximated the model husband.

Mr. Waterby had no costly habits and no prevailing appetite for anything expensive. Like every other man, he had one or two hobbies, and one of his particular hobbies was Edgar Allan Poe. He believed that Poe, of all American writers, was the one unmistakable "genius."

The word "genius" has been banded around the country until it has come to be applied to a long-haired man out of work or a stout lady who writes poetry. In the case of Poe, Mr. Waterby maintained that "genius" meant one who was not governed by the common mental processes, but "who spoke from inspiration, his mind involuntarily taking superhuman flight into the realm of pure imagination"—or something of that sort. At any rate, Mr. Waterby liked Poe, and he wanted a set of Poe. He allowed himself not more than one luxury a year and he determined that this year the luxury should be a set of Poe.

Therefore, imagine the hurt to his feelings when his wife objected to his expending fifteen dollars for that which he coveted above anything else in the world.

As he went to his work that day he reflected on Mrs. Waterby's conduct. Did she not have her allowance of spending money? Did he ever find fault with her extravagance? Was he an unreasonable husband in asking that he be allowed to spend this small sum for that which would give him many hours of pleasure and which would belong to Mrs. Waterby as much as to him?

He told himself that many a husband would have bought the books without consulting his wife. But he (Waterby) had deferred to his wife in all matters touching family finances, and he said to himself, with a tincture of bitterness in his thoughts, that probably he had put himself into the attitude of a mere dependent.

For had she not forbidden him to buy a few books for himself? Well, no, she had not forbidden him, but it amounted to the same thing. She had declared that she was firmly opposed to the purchase of Poe. Mr. Waterby wondered if it were possible that he was just beginning to know his wife. Was she a selfish woman at heart? Was she complacent and good-natured only while she was having her own way? Wouldn't she prove to be an entirely different sort of woman if he should do as many husbands do—spend his income on clubs and cigars and private amusements, and give her the pickings of small change?

Nothing in Mr. Waterby's experience as a married man had so wrenched his sensibilities and disturbed his faith as Mrs. Waterby's objection to the purchase of a set of Poe. There was but one way to account for it. She wanted all the money for herself or else she wanted him to put it into the bank so that she could come into it after he—but this was too monstrous.

However, Mrs. Waterby's conduct helped to give strength to Mr. Waterby's meanest suspicions.

Two or three days after the first conversation she asked: "You didn't buy that set of Poe, did you Alfred?"

"No, I didn't buy it," he answered, as coldly and with as much hauteur as possible.

He hoped to hear her say: "Well, why don't you go and get it? I'm sure that you want it, and I'd like to see you buy something for yourself once in a while."

But she merely said: "That's right; don't buy it," and he was utterly unhappy, for he realized that he had married a woman who did not love him and who simply desired to use him as a pack-horse for all household burdens.

As soon as Mr. Waterby had learned the horrible truth about his wife he began to recall little episodes dating back years, and now he pieced them together to convince himself that he was a deeply wronged person.

Small at the time and almost unnoticed, they were now accumulating to prove that Mrs. Waterby had no real anxiety for her husband's happiness. Also, Mr. Waterby began to observe her closely, and he believed that he found new evidences of her unworthiness. For one thing, while he was in gloom over his discovery and harassed by doubts of what the future might reveal to him, she was content and eventempered.

The holiday season approached and Mr. Waterby made a resolution. He decided that if she would not permit him to spend a little money on himself he would not buy the customary Christmas present for her.

"Selfishness is a game at which two can play," he said.

Furthermore, he determined that if she asked him for any extra money for Christmas he would say: "I'm sorry, my dear, but I can't spare any. I am so hard up that I can't even afford to buy a few books that I've been wanting a long time. Don't you remember that you told me that I couldn't afford to buy that set of Poe?"

Could anything be more biting as to sarcasm or more crushing as to logic?

He rehearsed this speech

and had it all ready for her, as he pictured to himself her humiliation and surprise at discovering that he had some spirit after all and a considerable say-so whenever money was involved.

Unfortunately for his plan, she did not ask for any extra spending money and so he had to rely on the other mode of punishment. He would withhold the expected Christmas present. In order that she might fully understand his purpose, he would give presents to both of the children.

It was a harsh measure, he admitted, but perhaps it would teach her to have some consideration for the wishes of others.

It must be said that Mr. Waterby was not wholly proud of his revenge when he arose on Christmas morning. He felt that he had accomplished his purpose and he told himself that his motives had been good and pure, but still he was not satisfied with himself.

He went to the dining room and there on the table in front of his plate was a long paper box containing ten books each marked "Poe." It was the edition he had coveted.

"What's this?" he asked, winking slowly, for his mind could not grasp in one moment the fact of his awful shame.

"I should think you ought to know, Alfred," said Mrs. Waterby, flushed and giggling like a school girl.

"Oh, it was you—"

"My goodness, you've had me so frightened. That first day when you spoke of buying them and I told you not to, I was just sure that you suspected something. I bought them a week before that."

"Yes—yes," said Mr. Waterby, feeling the salt water in his eyes. At that moment he had the soul of a wretch being whipped at the stake.

"I was determined not to ask you for any money to pay for your own presents," Mrs. Waterby continued. "Do you know I had to save for you and the children out of my regular allowance. Why, last week I nearly starved you and you never noticed it at all. I was afraid you would."

"No, I—didn't notice it," said Mr. Waterby brokenly, for he was confused and giddy. This self-sacrificing angel—and he had bought no Christmas present for her!

It was a fearful situation, and he lied his way out of it.

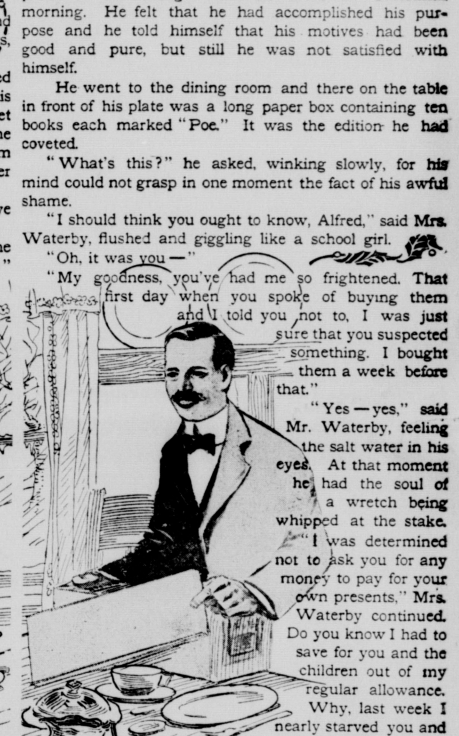
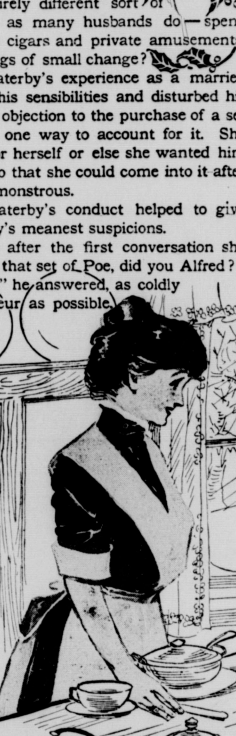
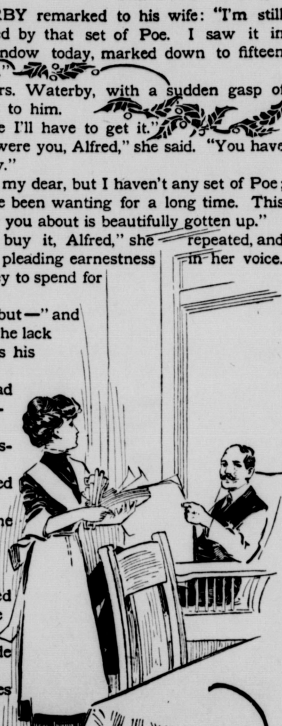
"How did you like your present?" he asked.

"Why, I haven't seen it yet," she responded, looking across at him in surprise.

"You haven't? I told them to send it up yesterday." The children were shouting—and laughing over their gifts in the next room and he felt it his duty to lie for their sake.

"Well, don't tell me what it is," interrupted Mrs. Waterby. "Wait until it comes."

"I'll go after it." He did go after it although he had to drag a jeweler away from his home on Christmas Day and have him open his great safe. The ring which he selected was beyond his means, it is true, but when a man has to buy back his self-respect the price is never too high.



WHAT TO GIVE FOR CHRISTMAS

Give Them Something That Is Both Useful And Ornamental. Read Our Suggestions Below

Allow us to suggest that you make father a Christmas present of a Shirt, Suit, Tie, House Slippers, Shoes, Hat, Gloves, Pants, Tie Clasp, Cuff Buttons, Mufflers, Sweaters, Overcoat, Suspenders, Hose Supporters, Half Hose, Suit Case, Trunk, Hand Grip, Handkerchief, Underwear or Belt. Remember we have made ample provisions in selecting presents appropriate for the "old man," and you will find just what will suit him at our store. The above list constitutes only a very few of the many things found in our store suitable for a Christmas present for father.

We are naming only a few of the many present suitable for your dear mother. Dress, coat, coat suit, fur set, purse, counterpane, hair braid, house slippers, shoes, sweater, gloves, auto hood, shirt waist, skirt, silk petticoat, back comb, barrettes, comb, hair brush, bar pin, table linen, napkins, linen towels, silk hose, suit case, trunk, dress scarf, embroidery thread, comforts, blankets, overshoes, handkerchiefs, silk dress. We have numerous other articles that will make a nice Christmas present for any member of the family.

We wish to express our thanks to one and all of our customers who expressed their confidence in us during the year that is now almost past by the liberal patronage accorded us, and hope that by our regular methods of courteous treatment to all, and by continuing to sell goods at prices consistent with conservative business ethics to merit a continuation of your support both financially and morally, and may the coming year strew your pathway with the gems of success even beyond your highest hopes is the wish of your friends--Cecil & Company.

It is with hearts sincere, and filled with the deepest gratitude that we wish our friends and customers a Merry Christmas. We trust that your Holidays may be filled with joy and that your highest anticipations may be completely realized, and that the commemoration of this great event may fill your soul with new hope that may shine brighter as the hours of the coming years go by, and that your pathway may be illumined by the light of Him whose birth established this glad some day.

Anticipating Christmas Joys



You will find a nice line at our store from which to select a present for you son. Here we make a few suggestions for your convenience: Suit, overcoat, hat, shoes, caps, leggings, suspenders, belt, gloves, pants, suit case, trunk, hose supporters, tie clasp, collar buttons, cuff buttons, half hose, muffler, shirt, etc. For the daughter we would suggest that you give her a dress, suit, coat, skirt, purse, linen towels, back comb, barrette, bar pin, veil, ribbon, handkerchiefs, auto hood, silk scarf, lace collar, gloves, fur set, silk petticoat, hair braid, comb or shirt waist.

Here we make a few suggestions of presents suitable for the Grandparents. For Grandmother--Dress, coat, coat suit, purse, suit case, auto hood, handkerchiefs, underwear, hose, scarf, house shoes, dresser scarf, shoes, kid gloves, wool gloves, linen towels, table linen, napkins, blankets, sheets, pillow cases, wool or silk petticoats. For Grandfather--Suit, overcoat, pants, house slippers, shoes, hat, gloves, handkerchiefs, suspenders, shirt, wool or silk hose, neck ties, collars, over shoes, cap, underwear.

Come to our store and select the presents that you are going to give to some friend. For a gentleman friend--Silk hose, handkerchief, tie, tie clasp, belt, suspenders, shirt, house slippers, shoes, gloves, cap, hat, hose supporters, suit case, hand grip, muffler, trunk, underwear, gloves, etc. For your woman friend--Back comb, purse, barrette, lace collars, fancy embroidered table or dressers, scarf auto hood, table linen napkins, ribbon, counterpanes, dress goods, dresses, underwear, coats, knit gloves, muffler, suit case, trunk, hair brush, comb.

Looking into the dim vista of the past we see the closing year with its hoary locks robed for the sepulcher that gathers up the myriad years which are to the endless sea of Eternity what the raindrops are to the ocean. And now that the past year with its many pleasures and regrets are gone, we have its precious precepts with which to improve the future. So let us not pave our paths outlined through the coming year with resolutions, but enter upon life with firmness of conviction, ennoblement of mind, and in the fear of God, and a Happy New Year should be ours.

If You Don't See Just What You Want, Call For It, We Have It--No Trouble to Show Goods

Olustee, Oklahoma
Elmer, Oklahoma

CECIL & COMPANY, Inc.

Crowell, Texas
Hamlin, Texas

S. B. Hovey, M. L. Mertz, Receivers

KANSAS CITY, MEXICO & ORIENT RY. CO. OF TEXAS

THE "ORIENT" RAILWAY

extends greetings to its good friends and patrons and wishes them a Merry Xmas, and Happy and Prosperous New Year, and very cordially solicits the patronage and support of all who are interested in the up-building and prosperity of West Texas.

THE "ORIENT"

is proud of the boast that no road runs through a more fertile land and serves no people who are more progressive, enterprising and loyal to their state. The cities along the line of The Orient Railway, with their various enterprises, are a credit to any country.

THE "ORIENT"

is exerting every effort to do its share in the advancement of the section it traverses, and is at all times anxious to cooperate with the citizens to that end, and asks their continued support and patience with our possible short-comings.

THE "ORIENT"

is the short line to the North, Northwest and Central West, and operated through Standard Electric Lighted Pullman Sleepers. No road has employees who are more courteous to their patrons and who are more anxious to look after their comforts and welfare.

Our slogan is "All Together for The Benefit of West Texas."

The Road That Put West Texas on the Map

JOS. P. O'DONNELL, Traffic Manager, San Angelo, Texas.

GREY THOMPSON, Agent, Crowell, Texas.

CHRISTMAS BAGS AND FANS ARE HANDSOME

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

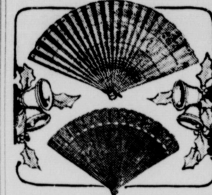
The immense variety in ribbons permits an unending variety in fancy bags, and they will play their usual prominent part at Christmas time. The rich brocades and heavy weaves in plain ribbons are used for opera bags and for the handsome shopping bags which city women find it convenient to carry with them when they have small purchases to make and intend carrying them home. Ribbons in lighter weight, such as the Breidens, in taffeta, which are found in so many beautiful designs, are chosen for all those bags that form accessories to the furnishings of the home. Among these, those with flowered patterns on a plain silk ground having wide borders of gauze are the newest and most beautiful of the seasons' offerings. Such a ribbon is shown here in the pretty corset bag pictured.

A new design in a shopping bag which may be made long enough to



answer for a mistle roll as well, is pictured. It is made of brown ribbon and a figured ribbon stitched together. A narrow silver braid is placed over the stitching. The top of the bag is edged with the same braid and a little finish of silver ball trimming is placed along the bottom. The bag is not gathered at the top, but is provided with four cords by which it is held. It is laid in a few plait at each side, held in place by an ornament made of the silver cord. A substantial ribbon is required for this novel design.

A collar bag of figured silk suitable as a gift to a man is provided with a pasteboard bottom, with sides two or three inches high. The lid of a round, oblong box is used for this foundation. It is covered with the silk. A strip of silk ten inches wide forms the bag; one edge is sewed to



the bottom around which the silk fits smoothly. The upper edge is gathered on an elastic cord run in a casing in the hem. Silver cord provides hangers and the bag is furnished with an ornament made of it at each side and a bit of silver braid outlining the support at the bottom. This is a convenience that any man will appreciate.

The fine art of Japan puts even the least expensive of Japanese fans in a class by themselves. If one must look for gifts which have an artistic value to make them attractive, and at the same time may be had at a small price, the products of the Jap-



anese are more likely than any others to meet the requirements of fine taste. Here is a little group of fans which illustrate this fact.

A fan with white enamel sticks, finished out with gold, has a shaded ground in clear, beautiful blue, merging with white.

Carved sandal wood makes a fan for a lifetime, which depends for ornamentation upon the way in which the sticks are cut out in a lace pattern. They are held together by a narrow ribbon. The faint and delicious odor of the wood makes this a fan to treasure.

Nothing but a satin-like paper and brown wood sticks form the ground upon which some artist has distinguished himself in the last fan.

Such fans may be found ranging in price from about 50 cents to \$2

YULE-TIDE DECORATIONS

By ROSALIE MENDEL



A Christmas Dinner Table.

MERRY CHRISTMAS! The very word expresses the spirit of the day. Christmas is the embodiment of joy and merriment for old and young. Let us all be children at Christmas time, and enter into the preparations and plans for the day with youthful fervor.

Everyone is occupied with the preparations for the gala occasion. The custom of decorating the homes with Christmas greens is increasing each year. Surely it is a happy thought in the midst of winter at the Yule tide season to bring the greens from the woods. The many traditions connected with holly and mistletoe make them all the more appropriate for use as decorations. The brilliant glowing scarlet of the holly berries and the green of the evergreen have always been associated with Christmas.

With a very small investment one can easily arrange many unique effects in decorations for the home and table that will accord with the spirit of the season.

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 nibble little fingers can string chains of cranberries or cut stars out 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 glid 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 frosted effect if it is touched with a solution of alum. The Christmas goodies can be put in bags of tartan. Don't forget that the large presents and heavy decorations of the tree should be at the bottom.

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 mistletoe. The souvenir can be something suggestive of the personality of the guest. Over the table is suspended by red ribbon a bunch of snow balls 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.

The table illustrated has the star-shaped poinsettia for its main feature. If it is possible to procure the natural poinsettia, beautiful ones can be obtained made out of crepe paper.

The basket for the center piece is heaped with poinsettias and ferns. Favors are hidden among the flowers, and ribbons are attached to them extending to each plate. A large Christmas bell adds to the festive appearance of the room. This bell is made on a wire frame 18 inches tall, covered with crushed tissue paper.

The little baskets for the salted almonds are made of 12 poinsettia leaves pasted neatly around a small paper cup.

For place cards use a white card to which is attached a small bell about two inches high. Tie on the top with a small bow of red baby ribbon.

Instead of silver napkin rings use rings made of pasteboard covered with red crepe paper to harmonize with the rest of the decorations. A crepe paper napkin designed in poinsettias would be very appropriate.

If one prefers to use a tablecloth of paper instead of damask the same idea can be carried out by using paper in the same color scheme. Raffie the paper around the lower edge and have two founces, the first of plain white and the second of the decorated paper.

Candle shades are made of cardboard frames. Cut the petals from the crepe paper the same as for the other flowers and paste around frame, finishing it with two large green leaves and a small bow of red ribbon.

Many of the dishes served can be garnished with red beets, radishes or red peppers.

A poinsettia salad could be placed at each place. Slice off the top of a large red apple and scrape out as much of the inside as possible, fill the apple with equal portions of apple cut into small cubes, chopped celery and nuts. Moisten this mixture with cream salad dressing.

Cut pimentos in petal shaped pieces and arrange them in the form of a poinsettia on the plate. Set the apple filled with the mixture on center of plate and use small petals of the pimentos to trim the top of the apple.

If ice cream is served for dessert, pistachio and cherry make a good combination.

As Christmas is the season of toys, table decorations which would seem absurd at any other time are very fitting on this occasion.

A table with a snow man in the center made on a wire frame and covered with cotton is very effective. Have smaller snow men at each place. Snowballs placed in groups all over the table may be surrounded with sprays of holly. The candle shades can be made of wire covered with cotton to form snow man's face.

The bonbon boxes can be small boxes covered with red crepe paper to represent a Santa Claus cap. Paste the paper around the edge of box, leaving the crepe twice the height of the box. Fringe a small piece of crepe paper to represent the stars. Around the edge of the cap cut a band of white crepe one-half inch wide and dot with ink to represent ermine. If the cream is molded in the shape of Santa Claus in individual forms, or in the shape of snow balls, it will add to the fun of the dinner table.

Another table may have a Christmas star for a variation in the way of table ornamentation. A star may be formed of holly and edged with ribbon. The guests' places are between the points of the star. In the center of the star a candlestick with shades ornamented with stars cut out of crepe paper is placed. Stars of paper are hung all around the table.

From the chandeliers by means of wire suspend a string of stars. Miniature stars decorate the candy boxes, and the favors are contained in star-shaped boxes. The nut cups are made of a six-inch star cut from cardboard covered with white crepe paper edged in gold.

The following menu may assist you in deciding what to have for Christmas dinner:

| | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------|----------|
| Olives | Celery | Radishes |
| Blue Potatoes on Half Shell | | |
| Cream of Celery Soup | | |
| Roasted Goose | Baked Sweet Potatoes | |
| Creamed Cauliflower | Apple Sauce | |
| Lettuce and Pimento Salad | | |
| Individual Plum Pudding Hard Sauce | | |
| Nuts | | |
| Camembert Cheese | Coffee | |

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)



"DON'T forget to bring all the nice things I have asked for in my letter; also the things for little brother, as we have tried to be good children.

"BUT there is one thing, Santa, I never did mention in my letter to you. Wish you would please leave a note in the stocking of every little girl and boy, telling them to tell their papas and brothers to do their banking with "THE FIRST STATE BANK" of Crowell, Texas. If deposited with them their money is protected by "THE GUARANTEE FUND" of the State of Texas; besides, they will receive the very best treatment they can receive anywhere.

"Yours very truly,

"Willie Wise"

"The First State Bank"

(THE GUARANTEE FUND BANK)

Crowell, - - - Texas

We heartily thank our many friends and customers for their patronage during the year that is past, and we wish one and all "A Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year."

Very truly,
THE STATE BANK



CHOOSING CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE MEN

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
When it comes to selecting things for men two facts should be borne in mind. Men appreciate whatever adds to their personal comfort and they are attracted by things that are convenient



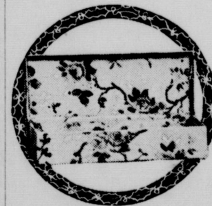
and useful rather than by mere prettiness.
Here are pictured a few of the many attractive things, made of cretonne, which will be appreciated by the men folk.

The closet bag shown in the picture is made of cretonne having a white ground with red roses and green foliage. White tape serves to bind the edges and fasten the compartments to the back. A yard of cretonne is required for it. It is fourteen inches wide and the remainder of the yard will make the compartments with enough left over to cover a pin cushion.



ton or make one of the other small pieces.

The waste paper basket is made by pasting cretonne to a heavy pasteboard foundation and the lining may be of cambric or paper. Four sides are cut out and covered with cretonne. The lining is pasted over in one piece holding the sides together. Or the pieces may be covered separately and



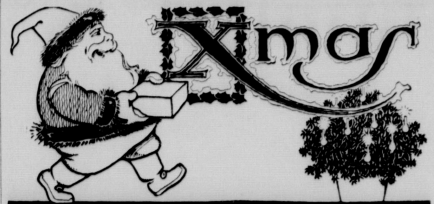
afterward tied together with narrow ribbon.

The small box for handkerchiefs or ties is made by pasting cretonne over a strong pasteboard box. The top is padded with a sheet of cotton wadding. A set of three boxes for ties, gloves, handkerchiefs, with a larger one for shoes, makes an elegant present where one wishes to give so much. But one single box will be appreciated.

The traveling case is cut from rubber cloth first and compartments are



sewed to it for the wash-rag and soap, tooth and nail brush. White tape is used to bind the several pieces. The case is then covered with cretonne bound to the rubber cloth with tape machine-stitched over the edges. This convenient case fastens with a snap fastener such as is used on gloves.



Photographs

Make the very best of Christmas Presents. Why not have H. T. Cross at Sink's Studio, Crowell, Texas, make a dozen for you? It will mean a dozen of your friends made happy.

H. T. Cross

PRESENTS BOUGHT FOR SHOW DIARY FOR CHRISTMAS GIFT

Exploiting One's Own Vanity in Bestowal of Gifts is Poor Policy.

Peculiar but Pleasing Remembrance Showing Absent Friend Was in Mind of Donor.

The most miserable Christmas present, the kind that no human being is rich enough to afford, is that which is bought to make a show, to exploit one's own vanity.

On Thanksgiving day a man sat down and began to write to a distant friend. But he wrote only a few lines, and laid it aside. The next day he took up the pen, put down the new-fate, diary-fashion, and wrote some item of news of interest to them both.

When you are tempted to buy a "show off" present, remember that the recipient has some rights. One who understands will be made unhappy by that kind of gift. You know yourself that when you receive a present that represents a great sacrifice on the part of the giver it makes you feel miserable, even when the right spirit is behind it.

So each day from Thanksgiving till Christmas he added something to the letter, as he would in a diary, ending and mailing it just in time to reach his friend on Christmas morning. At the top he had written this message:

The cost in money is about the poorest of measures for any kind of a gift. The thoughtfulness in it, the recognition of a desire for things unasked for, the affection that goes with it, counts for much more. Every Christmas each of us receives a message that means more than the most expensive gift. Yet we forget that sometimes in the perplexing selection of presents for others—Woman's Home Companion.

"This is all the gift you get from me this year; but it carries more thought of you and more love, I imagine, than do some more costly ones I am sending. But just put it in your pocket for a dull January day. It will keep."

And this was a letter from a man to a man! Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan, still live in our prosaic American business world—Mother's Magazine.

A. L. COCK

All Kinds of Insurance Including

Fire,
Hail,
Tornado,
Lightning,
Also

On Crops,
Farm Property
And Automobiles

We take care of rents, rentals, etc. List your land with us, and let us sell it.

A. L. COCK
Russell Building, West Side Sq.
Crowell, - - - Texas



OF course you will buy presents for Christmas, and presents are of many kinds, but the only way to reach the heart of the average American is by the way of his stomach. We have made the way clear by leaving off nothing that will enter into the making of a Christmas dinner fit for a Queen's taste. For instance, we have a complete line of the celebrated

"Renown" and "Fireside" Canned Goods

AND if you want Cakes, Pies, Puddings, Light Rolls, Tarts, Pastrys of all kinds and the best biscuits it will be necessary for you to get a sack of

"Bewley's Best" Flour

WE trust that you may take heed to these few "Holiday Hints" for we feel that they are necessary to insure you a Merry Christmas, and if you would have a Happy New Year the whole year through buy your Groceries during 1914 of

Massie-Vernon Grocery Co.

Vernon, Texas
Frederick, Okla.
Snyder, Texas
Davidson, Okla.

Eldorado, Okla.
Harrold, Texas
Altus, Okla.
Chillicothe, Texas

Manitou, Okla.
Elmer, Okla.
Olustee, Okla.
Tipton, Okla.

Crowell, Texas
Headrick, Okla.
Hollis, Okla.
Long Beach, Cal.

A SANTA CLAUS RHYME

By IDA KENNISTON.
Pictures by Fanny Y. Cory.

This is the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christ-
mas.

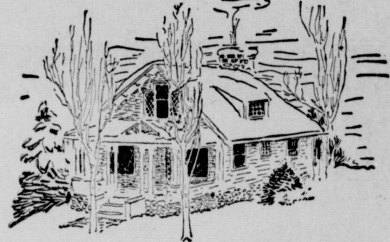
This is the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christ-
mas.



These are the Reindeer
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.



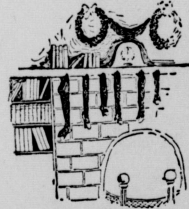
This is the house
Where the Reindeer stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christmas.



This is the Chimney big and wide
That Santa Claus climbed down in-
side
At the House where the Reindeer
stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christ-
mas.



This is the Hearth, where, all in a
row,
The stockings hung waiting for
Santa, you know;
They hung by the Chimney big and
wide
That Santa Claus climbed down in-
side
At the House where the Reindeer
stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christ-
mas.



This is the Stocking long and fine
That the little girl hung at the end
of the line
There by the Hearth, where, all in a
row,
The stockings hung waiting for
Santa, you know;
They hung by the Chimney big and
wide
That Santa Claus climbed down in-
side
At the House where the Reindeer
stopped
That drew the Sleigh
That carried the Pack
That Santa Claus brought at Christ-
mas.—From St. Nicholas.



FIESTA IN MEXICO

How Christmas is Celebrated Across the Rio Grande.

Religious Services and Festivities Mixed for Nine Days—Breaking the Pinyata Takes Place of Christmas Tree for Children.

Nellie Rust Jones.
 HE Christmas season in Mexico, like all Christian lands, is the happiest time of the year, but it takes on more of the nature of the ancient customs, in that land of romance and sunshine, than it does perhaps in any other country. At least there is nothing so approaching it in the western part of the world. The holiday season begins nine days before Christmas and winds up with "Twelfth night."

All solemn feasts in the Roman Catholic church are preceded by "novenas" or special church services. The Christmas celebration is semi-religious, beginning the sixteen of December, or nine nights before Christmas, and is repeated every night until Christmas eve. This is called "las posadas" and commences the eight successive, but unsuccessful days of search for an "inn" or place of rest in Bethlehem, by the Holy Family when they had come up to Nazareth to pay their taxes in the city where they belonged as lineal descendants of David.

Day after day Saint Joseph and the Holy Mother asked in vain for admittance to some "meson" or place of retirement, only to be refused admittance everywhere.

In vain did she plead her great necessity, the inns were already crowded and there was no room for the pilgrims, so they were repeatedly turned away.

On the night of the sixteenth of December bands of from five to one hundred gather together at some one's house and start on the rounds, visiting the houses of their friends. These bands are supposed to represent the three wise men seeking the infant saviour and the Holy Family seeking shelter. The origin of this quaint custom has been lost since the Spanish conquest. It is called "pidiendo posada"—asking shelter—and at every house they are all invited in, offered wine and food and after some argument they are "offered the house." They finally depart and go on to the next house only to repeat the previous performance.

During the visit one-half of the company go outside the house and form in a solemn procession, the other half remaining inside and each carries a lighted candle. The leaders bear a small lighted shrine in which are the images of the "Santos peregrinos"—holy pilgrims, Joseph and Mary. They slowly march back and forth in front of the house or around the "patio," chanting the litany to Saint Mary in a high minor key; then they stop at the door and knocking ask for admittance. There are about twelve verses for this which are chanted first by those outside asking admittance, then answered by those on the inside refusing to open the door, and the denial of the personality of the Holy Family.

After the pleading petition and curt refusal those within are finally convinced that they who go on their hospitality are really the Holy Pilgrims, when they open wide the doors and bid them enter. "Enter, holy pilgrims, honor my poor mansion, etc."

The "pilgrims" then enter, the images are placed in a small grotto which has been especially prepared for the purpose; a lighted candle or bright-light is held above by some one in a manner to represent the star of Bethlehem; some person present, either priest or lay, reads the Ave Marias, short prayers are said, more hymns sung and the religious features for that night are at an end, and at once the festivities of the night begin which usually last until nearly morning.

On Christmas eve the same program is followed except that an image of the Holy Child, lying naked in a small manger filled with straw, is carried between the godfather and godmother, who have been appointed by the hostess to this great honor, and singing the litany and other hymns they proceed as on previous evenings until at 7:30 they begin singing the song of the "noche-buena" or Christmas night. Then follow Ave Marias, glorias, litany to the "Nino Dios" or Holy Child, when the image is placed in the grotto prepared for the reception, where it remains till the end of the holiday season.

price from fifty centavos to twenty-five pesos. The jars are entirely concealed in their fancy coverings, with a stout rope around the top to suspend them from the ceiling. A little brown boy will trot along by your side and carry your pinyata home for you for a few cents, no matter how heavy it is.

Thereafter they are filled with nuts, candies, raisins, small oranges, bananas, dates, pieces of sugar-cane and a few small simple toys as dolls or animals; the pinyata is hung ready for use. The servants and their children are permitted to come in and share the fun, no distinction of class being made at this time.

One after another of the company are blindfolded and allowed three strikes each at the pinyata with a heavy cane as it hangs, suspended from the ceiling. When it is finally broken and the contents tumble to the floor of the "patio" there is a grand

joyously and noisily and one knows that another Christmas day is at hand.

No one gets up early on Christmas morning except the devout women who in their black dresses and with their black mantillas over their heads attend the ten o'clock mass.

A visit to the booths or "puestos" during the holiday season is full of interest as well as surprises to the foreigner in a Mexican city. The sight of these queer and varied looking booths going up on the side of the street adjoining the sidewalk on two sides of the alameda or park is the first indication of the approaching holidays. Each booth is erected by the humble merchant who is to occupy it, according to his own fancy, and as they do not conform to any rules or regulations as to size or shape, they are a queer jumble of gaily lighted "puestos."

blankets on the mats or "petates," blow out their torch lights, drop down their one window in front and all crawl into the one bed, or roll up in their single blankets, and crawl under the rude counter and go to sleep. No one thinks of going home, in fact some of them are regular nomads and have no fixed home.

One by one the lights go out and the tropical moon looks coldly down on one of the strangest little gypsy camps in the world.

Quite Original.
 "What are you going to give your darling little brother for Christmas?" he Sunday school superintendent asked Eddie on the Sunday before Christmas.

SHINY COINS FOR CHRISTMAS

United States Treasury Makes Provision for Holiday Demand by Washing and Polishing Old Money.

At this time of the year many of the banks of the country call on the United States treasury at Washington for new coins of all denominations—gold, silver, nickel and copper—to supply the demands of their customers for bright new coins for the Christmas holidays.

This demand always exceeds the normal demand for new coins, and the treasury has heretofore not always been in a position to meet fully each request. The recent satisfactory result from the washing of currency has given the treasury department an idea for meeting the demand for shiny Christmas money. Twenty-five thousand dollars in halves, quarters,

CHRISTMAS OF OLD

It Was a Boisterously Gay and Glad Time.

Animating Spirit of Holiday is Same as One Hundred Years Ago and as Will Be in Future.

THE protest of the grandmas and grandpas that Christmas in these days is different from what it was back in 1840 is doubtless true enough in respect to methods and details of ushering in the morn and celebrating the day, but in essentials probably the change is not so great as it seems. What grandma and grandpa have in mind is that the old-time simplicity pertaining to the great festal day has given way to innovations that are more fanciful and elaborate. The gift that comes in a gilt-bordered box, tied in pink ribbons, probably is opened with as much expectant thrill, however, as the exploration of the old-time stocking occasioned.

We get little glimpses here and there in the colonial chronicles of Maryland of the old-time Maryland Christmas and there are plenty of traditions afloat of the rural before-the-war Christmas. Always the Christmas feast has been a great event in the social life of the state. It has been a day of family reunions from colonial days down to now. A Maryland Christmas has been a great time is aptly described in that classic phrase "the table fairly groaned under the burden of the viands." Bumpkins plenty was the first law of the golden Christmas feast. It wasn't so much on the decorative settings; it didn't make a specialty of fancy salads, but there was nothing to be desired in way of substantial.

As was the feast so were the Christmas festivities in general. It was gay and glad, boisterously gay and glad with romps and games which have gone out of fashion along with two-course, table-grinding dinners. But the animating spirit of Christmas is the same now as it was 100 years ago, and will be the same 100 years hence as now. Which is but to say: Youth is ever the same, but the customs are, but the old things in altered outward guise.

"MALIHINI" CHRISTMAS TREE

How It Means in Honolulu Introduced Yuletide Festivities Which Are Now Observed Annually.

SEVERAL years ago a number of tourists who were spending the winter months in Honolulu wanted to celebrate Christmas in some way. They could hardly realize that it was the winter season, as the trees and grass were green, and crowds of people were on the beaches and swimming in the ocean every day; and so they thought of a novel idea: they would have a Christmas tree out of doors, and in they procured a very large tree, and after having set it up in a park in the center of the town, they decorated it lavishly with popcorn, tinsel and all other ornaments that are used for the purpose. Cotton was strung freely over the branches to imitate snow, which has never been seen by the little folks in Hawaii. The decorations complete, and everything in readiness, the children were all notified of this wonderful tree through the newspapers; and on Christmas morning thousands of little ones of all nationalities represented in these islands made a picturesque sight, dressed in the costumes of their parents' home country. They eagerly watched Santa Claus as he untied the dolls and the jump-ropes and jack-knives from the heavily laden branches and distributed them freely to every one. It was evident by the happy little faces that the day was a huge success, and ever since then this idea has been carried out by the community, and is called the "Malihini" or strangers' Christmas tree.—Dorothy M. Hoops, in St. Nicholas.

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS.

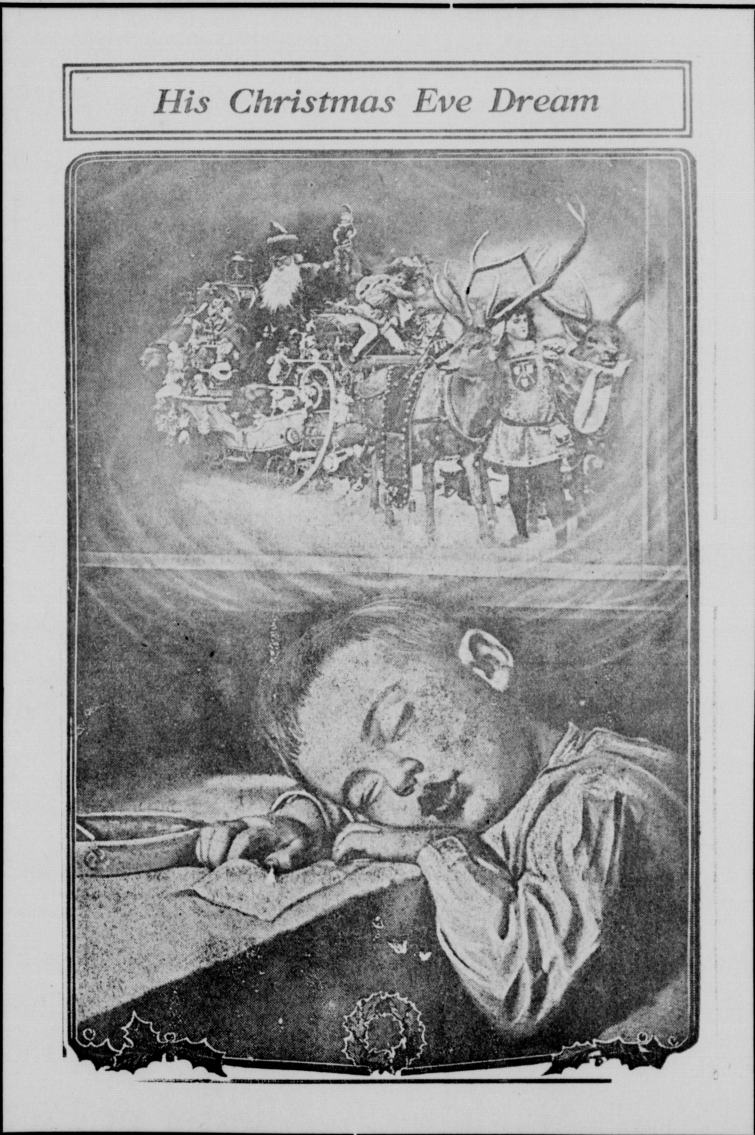
"Is a beautiful custom—this Christmas Remembering each old friend, With some little tardy memento Which takes with it love without end: 'Tis sweet to be thus held in memory By one who held close to your hand. But at Yuletide let's not be forgetting That the gifts are but one little part.

There's a grander, holier lesson To those who are sad and season of cheer, It isn't just jewels that are craved for, The ones to whom we are near; Give kindness and love and assistance, Not only to help, but soul, And give that you're never drawing much closer.

To the season's significant goal, Give a word of sweet soothing comfort To those who are sad and season of cheer, Give sympathy where you can meet it— Give kindness and love and assistance, Send some little glimpse of sunshine To the lives that are far from the light, To those that you're never drawing much closer.

Of that star that shone forth in the night

Strong Resemblance.
 "Say, Billie," said Tommy, "do you believe in Santa Claus?"
 "You bet I do," returned Billie. "I've seen him. I pecked while he was filling my stocking last year."
 "Well, if he had a twin brother I'd have thought it was him," said Billie.—Judge.



His Christmas Eve Dream

scramble for the good things that have fallen out, and each person is permitted to keep whatever he or she can get hold of first. Woo unto the poor child who is timid and slower than the others, she is liable to get very little indeed.

After the pinyata the servants retire, a more or less elaborate supper is served, according to the station of the host; favors are distributed, usually some odd little figures of china or bisque, filled with candy; dancing and music follow until a late hour. Wine or cognac is plentiful, but very few become intoxicated. The churches celebrate these "fiestas," leaving out, of course, the social features. On Christmas eve at midnight is celebrated the mass, when the image of the holy child is carried through the cathedral by the high dignitaries of the church, and the people are allowed to kiss the toes of the sacred infant to show their adoration, through which it is placed in the grotto followed by the litanes, etc. After the mass is celebrated the bells ring out

for two centavos; clay dolls for two to four cents; beautiful and curious pottery, made from the identical arte and folk designs for from twenty to fifty cents, beautiful baskets of imperishable weave and color and every size and shape from twenty-five cents to one peso; clay figures of men and women with bits of bright calico fashioned into clothes; figures of ungainly looking animals shaped like nothing ever seen before, sacred fruits, conserves, in fact anything and everything is to be found at the "puestos." The Mexicans are especially clever at making candied fruits.

All day and until midnight great throngs of people crowd and push each other, good naturedly, going and coming, crowding the walks in front of the booths almost to suffocation, making their purchases, visiting, laughing and talking. But at midnight, when there is no possibility of more sales the merchants spread their

CHRISTMAS MORNING.



Miss Pansy—I don't get as much in my stocking as I used to. Is it because I am older?
 Miss Perty—No; I think it's because you are thinner. Age has nothing to do with it.

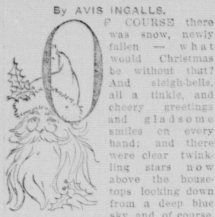
times, nickels and pennies is to be washed and polished by the mint bureau of the treasury department, so that all who wish can have their shiny Christmas money. Most of the old coins which are to be renovated will be sent to the Philadelphia mint from the United States treasury vaults, whence they will be supplied to the banks calling for them.

Just what folks do with all this new coin at Christmas time is a mystery to the treasury officials. Of course much of the smaller coins, bright, new and shiny, are used for Christmas-tree decorations, but the major share of it, it is surmised, is just spent.

Surprise Enough.
 Mr. Green—"No, my dear, I will not tell you what I'm going to give you for Christmas. Why can't you woman be content to wait and be surprised?"
 Mrs. Green—Oh, tell me now! If you keep your word I'll be surprised enough.

Subscribe for The News.

A LITTLE RUNAWAY



By AVIS INGALLS.

COURSE there was snow, newly fallen—what would Christmas be without that? And sleigh-bells, all a tinkles, and cheery greetings and glad smiles on every hand; and there were clear twinkling stars now above the house-tops looking down from a deep blue sky, and, of course, it was nothing but hustle and bustle, in most places, and all the necessary hullabaloo that makes Christmas the adorable holiday that it is—but—and here is where my story comes in.

On a quiet street, where the better class of houses stood, a trifle away from the shopping district and the street car lines, a little face was pressed against the window-pane, and two large tears stole down over a straight little nose. Other little girls were joyfully looking forward to this happy season, but Elizabeth Roberdy felt sadly at a loss and out of place as she stood in her black velvet and lace in her grandmother's huge drawing-room. She had overheard the parlor-maid and the upper house-maid, in a whispered conversation.

"The poor darlint! Nora, the house-maid, had said: 'The poor darlint! And is it Christmas the little one's after havin'? Never a bit of it! Don't ye believe it! Oh, the poor darlint, that sellman and stuff like in her black dress—'

"Think of Cook's Ruby raised out like that!" said Ellen. "Do you think she'd stand it for a minute? Not on your life. She'd be down under the table pulling the cat's tail; and she'd be weeping her mother for goodness, when she got tired of that! But this pale-faced mite, she's passed from one calculating relative to another, till she hasn't got a speck of zrip left in her. Do you know what Ruby'd do? She'd run away!" and Ellen laughed outright at the thought.

It was here that Elizabeth had slipped into the window recess, her pulses throbbing.

If Cook's little girl could run away why shouldn't she?

Elizabeth had not known it could be so cold when one got out into the night; but the stars had a friendly twinkle, and the shop-windows looked so pretty with their tinsel drapings and red paper bells that she almost forgot the cold as she went eagerly from one gay collection of toys to another, she felt the companionship of

children, as she rubbed shoulders with ragged newboys and plucked-faced little girls who gazed quite as eagerly as she at the Christmas dolls holding outstretched arms to the passers-by.

"Are they—are they to sell?" she asked timidly of a little girl who held her baby sister by the hand and stamped her feet to keep them warm.

"Sales alive, yes!" said the other, in astonishment. "Ain't that one with the black curls too cute for anything?" she added, gazing at it with wistful eyes.

"Could we go in and—buy it?" asked Elizabeth earnestly.

"Course we could, if we had the ninety-eight cents."

"Come on, then!" said Elizabeth, and, grasping her incredulous companion by the hand, she plunged into the store. "The doll with the black curls!" she stammered. "May I buy it for me?"

"Sure," said the salesman.

Elizabeth fished a dollar bill out of her little chain purse and watched curiously as the clerk counted it out.

She lifted the doll tenderly in her arms and walked out, her face glowing with her delight to say "thank you," and the baby sister toddled after.

Out in the street again Elizabeth saw two small boys with their faces glued to the window of the next shop, where stacks of candy lay in fascinating rows, and chocolates and gum-drops were heaped in pyramids, with trays of fudge and molasses-candy in between.

She stopped, and without any hesitation this time, gave them each a cent.

Her chain purse was empty now, her exhilarating occupation gone, and she stood a forlorn little figure in her ermine and velvet, on the corner of the crowded street.

She had remained thus for some little time when she heard a quick step behind her and she was quickly grasped by strong but kindly hands and swung out to the street.

"So—so!" said a big man, who had come up the street. "It's Mistress Elizabeth Roberdy! What are you up to, Bessy Jane?"

"Cousin Bob!" gasped Elizabeth.

"Yes, Cousin Bob!" and now, cry your trail, little sister!"

"I—I ran away," faltered Elizabeth.

"Well, come along in and I'll introduce you to the cousins," said Cousin Bob, cheerfully, and then I'll phone 'em up and tell them that it's our turn to have you."

And Elizabeth smuggled her fingers happily into her big cousin's hands as she stepped forward into a new life.

HER TOKEN OF LOVE



By S. H. KISER.

ELLIEN said Juliet Allison, when her husband had gone up a stairs, after tossing a package upon the library table, "I wonder what this is?"

She did not permit her curiosity to remain long unsatisfied.

For goodness sake," she ejaculated to herself, with the package undone, "if he hasn't gone and bought a whole year's supply of neckties! And I was going to get him neckties for Christmas. That's just the man of it. I don't see why he couldn't have wanted a little while. Let me see. I suppose I'll have to get him a job or something like that, now."

It was on the following evening that Frederick Allison suddenly turned to his wife, after dinner, saying:

"Oh, Juliet, I want to show you a job that I bought for myself today. It's just the thing I've been wanting for a long time."

Juliet's enthusiasm over it was much forced, as her husband might easily have seen, and perhaps did see. After they had dropped the subject she happened to glance at his scrip and a new joy sprang up within her. She would get him a scrip for Christmas, for his old one was rather out of style and never had been an expensive one, anyway.

"By the way, dear," said Allison the next evening, "I bought something today that I'd like to have you look at."

Of course, it was the moment she saw the tissue paper package which he fished out of his vest pocket. She pretended, with a brave heart, to think it was very pretty, but she fancied that she could have made a better selection if he had only permitted her to have the chance.

At the office Allison had told the boys of the splendid plan he had hit upon for the purpose of keeping his wife from buying impossible things in the shape of Christmas presents for him, and it was with great satisfaction that he reported day after day how he was progressing.

Christmas was only a week away and Juliet lay awake a long time that night trying to think what present she could get for her husband. There were the new books, but he had informed her that he didn't want books. They had all the standard works in the library, and he never read any of the

modern novels. Ah, a happy thought came to her. Somewhere she had seen a novel, box in which cigars could be kept fresh and a moist. She would get a box of that kind for Frederick, dear old fellow. It happened, however, that Frederick came home the next evening with a metal cigar box and enough cigars, as he cheerfully informed her, to last him all winter.

Then it was that the iron entered Juliet Allison's soul. She decided to give up the idea of making her husband a Christmas present that would be in any way distinctive. She would merely get him a pair of gloves and perhaps a few handkerchiefs. Hardly had she adopted this resolution, however, before he turned to her saying:

"I happened to be in Witherspoon's this afternoon to get some shirts, and I thought I might as well lay in a supply of gloves, handkerchiefs and suspenders. They'll probably be sent out tomorrow."

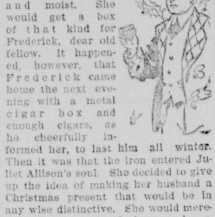
"I'm so glad," replied Juliet. "You need gloves and handkerchiefs, too. Of course, I don't know so much about your suspenders, and I suppose you bought all the half-hose you'll need."

"Yes, I forgot to mention that. I got a dozen pair."

"And you have all the cuff buttons and studs and such things that you need, haven't you?"

"Enough to last me a lifetime."

She went back to her chair and sat for a long time gazing at the flames which flickered around the gas log. The daily paper was lying on the table at her elbow, and her glance at length fell upon some large black letters which presently resolved themselves into words. Then she read this advertisement:



UNTIL AFTER CHRISTMAS!
DIRTY FIBERS! Get Your Dear One a SET NOW! Satisfaction Guaranteed!
SHAR & CHESBY
 Up-to-Date Dentists.

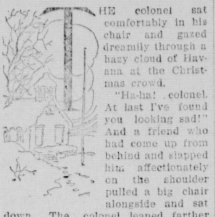
On Christmas morning Frederick Allison was somewhat surprised when his wife handed him a small plush case, saying:

"There, dear, is a set of things that you probably didn't think of when you were buying everything you thought I might possibly want to give you for a present. You don't need them yet, but you probably will some day, and I thought it would be nice to get them now, seeing that they were offered at a bargain."

He opened the case, looked at the set of teeth it contained and said:

"Let's go to breakfast. I want to bite into something."

A MEMORABLE TREAT



HE colonel sat comfortably in his chair and gazed dreamily through a hazy cloud of Havana at the Christmas crowd.

"Hatched colonel! At last I've found you looking sad!"

And a friend who had come up from behind and stepped him affectionately on the shoulder pulled a big chair alongside and sat down. The colonel leaned farther back in the enveloping leather and a volley of expanding rings peered from beneath the carefully trimmed white moustache.

"That," he said, with a wave of his hand toward the wrongs, "set me to thinking of how in my country school-days we big bad boys sometimes locked the teacher out to make him give us a Christmas treat. At the precise moment you soaked me on the shoulder I was thinking of the time we locked out our teacher. We notified him a week beforehand that we expected him to give us a nice, substantial treat when school 'let out,' as we said, on Christmas eve. He had been a good-natured fellow and had succeeded in keeping on good terms with us scamps in spite of us, so as we wanted, for the reason, to let him off as easily as possible we specified only a box of oranges and a box of candy."

"I'll think about it," he said, laughing, and we supposed it was as good as agreed to."

"So when on the morning of Christmas Eve day Mr. Teacher arrived without anything that possibly could contain a treat, we were hurt—doubtless hurt to think that a supposed friend would treat us so. We silently waited till the noon hour, and when lunch-time had been hurriedly gulped, two of us were detailed to get him away from the school house on some pretext or other. They succeeded, but he didn't stay long, as it was a cold day and there was snow. When he found the door locked he rattled the knob and called:

"Open the door, please! It is I, Mr. G—"

"Sorry," one of the boys replied through the keyhole, "but you'll have to give us a Christmas treat before we let you in."

"Come, boys, come," he said sternly. "It is too cold for joking! Let me give us a Christmas treat before we let you in."

"We're not joking; we yelled back: 'We want a treat. Go to the store

and get a big box of oranges and a big box of candy and have them here for us this afternoon, and we'll open the door. Or, if you'll promise on your word of honor, we'll let you in to answer for the ponded on the door and thundered:

"Boys, I order you to open this door! Will you obey me?"

"Treat!" was our ultimatum.

"Followed several minutes of silence and suspense, then he called to us: 'Well, boys, I suppose the best sledge instead of the bestaged will have to answer; he ponded on the door, I will treat.'

"The door was opened slowly, cautiously, for we were doubtful, almost distrustful, but he was smiling.

"It is all right, boys," he assured us. "I have promised. We might as well close now till after the New Year's holiday. While I am going for the treat, I want you all to get your books ready so I can lock the school house. I hope to be back with your treat within an hour."

"The teacher, who had started in a brisk walk toward a little country town three miles away.

"It was a few minutes after two o'clock when a bobbed, drawn by a big, iron-gray horse, gay with sleigh-bells, glided up before the schoolhouse door. Mr. Teacher, looking as pleasant as any of us, jumped out and said:

"Here you are! I am going to leave you to yourselves to enjoy your treat, he explained, as he hastily fastened the window shutters and shut up the stove. He then locked the door and put the key in his pocket. By that time the boys had unloaded the boxes, and Mr. Gosh in once resumed his seat on the sled.

"Merry Christmas to all!" he shouted.

"The same to you!" we chorused.

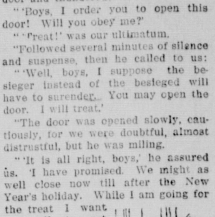
"We immediately assailed the boxes. The lid came off the box marked oranges first, and one was grabbed and the tissue wrapping removed. Then there was a wild yell—'Potatoes! Nothing but old potatoes!'

"We glanced sheepishly at the big girls who were holding their breath in a tremor of dread we took the top off the box labeled candy. Oh, utterly shattered hopes! The box was full of nice white candles!"

The ample shoulders and girth of the colonel's friend shook freely.

"Um," he said. "He was some treat."

"You bet," agreed the colonel. "If we boys had had money enough I think we'd have come pretty near to buying him a gold watch."—Detroit Free Press.



What brings better Cheer or makes one feel more Cheerful in winter than a good Cheerful fire? Complete that part of your Christmas Cheer and New Year's Happiness by an order from the Bell Grain Company for Nigger Head, Maitland, McAllester or Pictou Coal

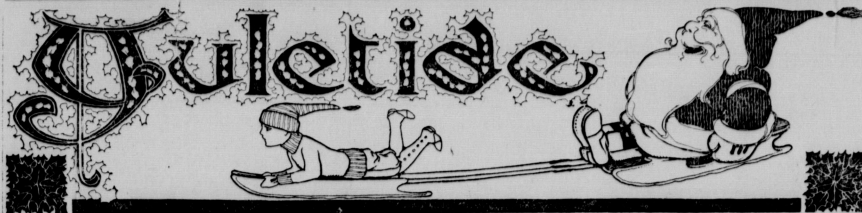
We are also in the feed and Grain business. We grind our own chops, and we know just what is in them. If you are from Missouri, we "can show you"—the difference. We keep on hand alfalfa hay, seeds and feed, and buy grain, cattle and hogs. Call, phone or write us.



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WITH the great rains and the promise of an abundant harvest the coming year, we can all be of "Good Cheer" with the approach of this great holiday. We are expecting the farmers of Foard county to reap a great harvest next year, and they will have to have machinery to take care of it. Remember we keep on hand

Farm Machinery and Implements

OUR lines of machinery that we handle are the products of the greatest minds of modern times. They have been given thorough tests and are being used to day by the most progressive farmers of the land. Don't buy anything in the machinery or implement line until you have fully investigated our prices and had the merits of our goods fully explained.

North Side Sq'r. **M. JOHNSON** Crowell, Texas.

GIRDLE OR SASH GIFT "SHE" WILL WELCOME

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
The question that perplexes us at Christmas time more than any other—except one—is "What shall I get for her?" And the exception is, "What shall I get for him?" Every year brings in a lot of novelties in dress accessories, house adornments and furnishings, jewelry and all the thousand and one things that women require, so that selecting a present for women, or girls is a matter of choosing one from among the many fascinating novelties displayed in the shops.

Fashion helps us out this year; such is the fad for sashes and girdles that everybody wants not one but several. So let "when in doubt buy a sash" govern you and you will probably succeed in delighting every one of those you remember with one of these tremendously popular and beautiful dress accessories.



Seven new models in sashes and girdles are shown here. Examples of all the popular new ribbons appear in the sashes pictured here. In Figure 1, a wide, soft, messaline is shown with one of these most graceful of girdles. This one is in a deep rose color. The end of the girdle is finished with a hemstitched hem.

Figure 2 is a similar girdle in a narrower and heavier ribbon. It is a gay Roman striped affair to be worn with cloth or other afternoon gowns and with street dresses. Its buckle is smaller and an oval form. The end is turned under, forming a three-inch loop. Very little ribbon is required for this, about three-quarters of a yard for the average waist.

One of the prettiest designs is pictured in Figure 3. It is a plain girdle of black satin ribbon having two ends finished with plaid ribbon. It is boned at the gathered ends and fastened with hooks and eyes. The plaid ribbon is machine stitched to the end with white silk thread.

The plaid sash in Figure 4 is one of the smartest of the new designs. The buckle at the waist is made of silk in

the prevailing color of the plaid and



a second smaller buckle fastens the hanging loop and end together. A more expensive ribbon is used for the next model than appears in any of the others. In Figure 5 a silk and velvet is shown having a dark green ground in satin with roses in subdued colors and foliage in blurred outlines covering the surface. The girdle is laid in loose, irregular folds and stayed with bones. The shorter end overlapping the girdle is thirteen inches long and the longer nineteen inches. The ends are finished with plain green velvet ribbon machine stitched to place. It is an inch wide.

A gay ribbon in a broken plaid and now color is pictured in Figure 6. This is dark gray with blue and rose and green in markings and border. The buckle is in green velvet.

A plain tailored sash with plaid girdle is among the best and most popular of all the new ideas. It has a novel finish. A single end overlaps the girdle which is stiffened with a small piece of buckram at this point. The end is laid in a shallow plait fastened with small silk covered buttons and a finish in the shape of two narrow ruffles is sewed under the ribbons to the buckram.

Narrow broadened ribbons and many wide Dresdens appear among the dressier models. But above all the three yard sash of wide black ribbon known as the "wishbone" sash has captivated the fancy of fashion's devotees.

Some women simplify the buying of Christmas presents by choosing some such pretty fad and confining themselves to this one article.

TEACHES LESSON OF LOVE

Christmas the Season of All Others Where Its Beauties May Be Learned Anew.

LOVE is the keynote of the Christmas season. The greatest mystery of life is love. Who has not sought to sound its unspeakable depths? Who has not felt its all-consuming power? Who has not surrendered to its irresistible force? Romances are built about it. Wars have been fought for it and religions based upon it.

Love is the dream of the poet, the puzzle of the philosopher, the theme of the novelist and the song of the minstrel.

Love links all the human race. Its note of victory is heard in the royal court and in the peasant's cottage. The song of love is on the lips of the proudest queen and of her humblest subject.

It is the stimulus of parental affection in the home and of patriotism in the nation. Brave men die for it and noble women perish that they may bear its sweet incense with them to the grave.

How sweet and tender is this splendid attribute of mankind! In its smiling presence, anger, bitterness and strife melt away. How much more has the envy to hope for from love than from envy, malice and hatred!

In this period of world-wide distrust of resentment against economic conditions, of protest against authority, human and divine, and widespread defiance of law, can we not turn aside at this Christmas season for a moment and learn anew the lesson of love?

Whom we shall have learned that lesson, we shall also know the better and fuller meaning of obedience, contentment and peace.

Child's Reasoning.
"Mamma, Santa Claus isn't married, is he?"
"I don't know. Why do you think he isn't, dear?"
"Cause if he was Mrs. Santa wouldn't let him stay out that way at night!"

Just a Warning.
If you are going to spend the Christmas holidays with the family of your small niece and nephew, don't forget to make the youngsters a present of a drum and trumpet.

Lest They Forget

Hunt out the little lame girl, The poor boy who is blind; Hunt out the weary widow Who thinks the world unkind; Search down among the hovels Where sickness seldom strays, And teach the doubting people There still are Christmas days.

You have been busy planning To spread your gifts afar; To add your fair love-tokens Where joys and comforts are, But have you in your gladness Bestowed one kindly thought On those who sit in darkness, Whose crusts are dearly bought?

Your heart is full of kindness, You hear the anthem sung And gaze up at the windows Where ribboned wreaths are hung; You've heard the sweet old story With reverence retold; But there are hungry children Where all is dark and cold.

Hunt out the little lame girl, The poor boy who is blind; Hunt out the weary widow Who thinks the world unkind; Go down among the victims Of chance and greed and crime And cause them to remember That this is Christmas time.

SOVING the SERVANT PROBLEM

Mr. Glenfadle started out about two weeks before Christmas to solve the servant problem women, he said to his wife, "Is that they don't go at the thing right. This trouble will never be settled until it is settled by diplomacy, and diplomacy is a thing that I am sorry if I tried to manage natural to women. Servant girls are only human—that's a thing which is too often forgotten. Treat your girls kindly and they will stand by you. That's the rule I go by in my business affairs. What kind of a time do you suppose I would have with the men in my office if I tried to manage them as a woman manages the help in her kitchen? Why, I'd always have to keep breaking in new people."

"Now let me give you a few pointers. Get something nice for the girl on Christmas—something that you would be glad to have yourself. Most women give their servants a few cheap trinkets that serve no other purpose than to show the girls that they are put away down in the social scale."

"Instead of getting her a ten-cent comb or a new contrivance to scrape the crumbs off the dining-room table, buy her a nice present this year. Give her something she will be proud to show to her friends. Then, you see, they will get to envying her and comparing their own cheap presents with what she got from me and what'll be

morning. The girl had been very patient and faithful for quite a while anyway, and it was no more than that merit should be rewarded.

Among the things in the box which Emma found on the kitchen table when she went down to get breakfast on the morning of the great day were cloth for a fine new dress, a toilet set for her bureau, a glove box with a pair of gloves in it, and a purse made of seal leather.

The next day when Mr. Glenfadle got home his wife said: "Oh, by the way Arthur, I wish you'd put an ad in the paper tomorrow. Emma has given me notice that she will leave us a week from Thursday. She has found a place where she can get 25 cents a week more than we are paying her."

CHRISTMAS DON'T'S

Don't tell people that you do not expect to receive any presents. You know you do.

Don't forget that the clerk who has been working long hours for many weeks is human.

Don't, if the present you are sending away was expensive, fail to remove the price tag.

Don't hunt for price marks on the presents you receive.

Don't wait till Christmas for the purpose of being kind.

Don't let your left pocket know what your right pocket gives for friendship, for love or for charity.

Don't be grouchy merely because some delivery boy happens to prod you with the corner of a box that is twice as large as he.

Don't let yourself suppose when you have been working long hours Christmas shopping is being done that you are the only one who is in a hurry.



"Emma Has Given Me Notice." the result! She'll conclude that this is a pretty good place to work; she'll see that we give her credit for possessing good taste, and we will have no more trouble over the servant problem for awhile anyway."

Mrs. Glenfadle decided to take her husband's advice for once. If the solemn truth must be told, she has never become addicted to the habit of doing this. But there seemed to be a few gleams of reason in his argument and accordingly she decided to make her Emma thrice glad on Christmas.



Don't give merely for the purpose of creating the impression that you are generous.

Independence.
"Well," said the good man, patting little Willie on the head, "have you written to Santa Claus?"
"No," replied the child. "I heard papa and mamma talking about what they were going to give me, one night when they thought I was asleep, and if old Santa doesn't want to stop here without getting invited he can drive on."



That Is What Our Customers Say of Our Stock of Lumber and Builders' Supplies

It is always complete; in fact, we can supply your needs in the building line, almost from foundation to weathervane. Let us figure with you on your next bill.

With the closing year we wish to thank our many friends and customers for their patronage during the past years, and solicit a continuance of the same.

Merry Christmas And Happy New Year to All

The Wm. Cameron Lumber Co.



How to Make Your Xmas Merry and New Year Happy

We enjoy what we eat very much by the way it is served. If your table is decorated with nice China and silver you will enjoy that Xmas dinner and be happy.

A few of the many things that you can Buy at our store that will make nice Christmas presents. Read the list now

Miscellaneous

- Coffee percolator
- A nice dinner set
- Aluminum waffle iron
- Hand painted cracker jars
- Hand painted desert plates
- Hand painted cake plates
- Hand painted salad bowls
- The Great Majestic Range
- Wear Ever Aluminum utensils
- Hand painted cups and saucers



Miscellaneous

- Nut cracker
- Carving sets
- Gasoline irons
- Winter lap robes
- Wizzard floor mop
- A saddle for the boys
- Jersey Fireless Cooker
- A sewing machine for wife
- A bicycle for boys and girls

Fine Cutlery

- Carving sets
- Safety razors
- Pocket knives
- Dollar watches

Cut Glass

- Cut glass bowls
- Cut glass nappies
- Cut glass pitchers
- Cut glass bon bons
- Cut glass water sets

Community Silver

- Community silver tea spoons
- Community silver pie servers
- Community silver sugar shells
- Community silver soup spoons
- Community silver knives and forks
- Community silver table spoons
- Community silver orange spoons
- Community silver butter knives
- Community silver A. D. coffee spoons



Come to our store and buy your Christmas presents, and then your family and friends will be glad to get them.

Don't throw money away on no-count trash. Buy something that is common sense.

Of course, we have pretty things that will please the wife---"him" and the children.



The best resolution that you can make for the new year is to resolve to come to our store for everything you need in Hardware, because we sell the best Tools, Hardware and Implements made.

We stand behind everything we sell with our money and reputation, and make good on every deal.

We wish you prosperity and happiness.

Allee-Henry & Company

Santa Claus Broke Down

LAST year Santa Claus broke down on Raggedy Hill, and the old fellow had to call BURKS & SWAIM who went out and pulled him in. This was at midnight, and Santa was so pleased with the service, and the excellent work done on his automobile that he heralded the news all over the land that BURKS & SWAIM of Crowell, Texas, are the best workmen between the North Pole and the Equator.

WHILE at their garage Santa Claus laid in a supply of Gasoline, Spark Plugs, and a complete set of Tires and Inner Tubes and Casings for he usually makes the trip in his automobile when the roads are good. Now that his Texas headquarters is Crowell this year, he will leave his auto and aeroplane while in the city at the garage.

Burks & Swaim

City Garage, Crowell, Texas.

"A Schoonmaker grinned when the significance of these operations dawned on him. 'Reckon maybe the old feller will leave something for you two, after all. You stood a mighty good chance of having your stockings overlooked, running him down that away to one of his friends. Now go to bed, both of you. I'll open the door and rattle things some when ma and me fixes the tree; Herbie'll be sure to wake up and see the shadder. Hope it satisfies the pore little feller.' The boys went happily to bed. Pa and Ma Schoonmaker drew the tree and laid at its base the assortment of presents for the children. The bedroom door had been opened toward the last and the two were silent as they completed their work, rattling the paper parcels and listening expectantly.

A slight movement in the bed ensued, followed by a rustling of the coverlet and the sound of a small body suddenly sitting up. Then a long-drawn, happy sigh came to their straining ears as the occupant of the little room nestled again into the pillows. His breathing once more became regular and Pa and Ma Schoonmaker tip-toed to the door and looked within. The child stirred uneasily.

"He's awake," breathed Sam, laying a cautioning hand on his wife's arm. "No, he ain't," she reassured him. "Listen."

The childish lips were muttering sleepily. "They is a Santy Claus—I seen him—I seen his shadder—And with another sigh of contentment all doubting fled before the coming of deeper sleep.

"No, he ain't," she reassured him. "Listen."

"They'll be have it on the boys tomorrow, though!" chuckled Sam as "won't the shadder."

A CHRISTMAS SONG.
Oh, Christmas is a jolly time,
When forests hang with snow,
And other forests bend with toys,
And lovely Yule-pose glow!

And Christmas is a solemn time
Because, beneath the Star,
The first great Christmas gift was given
To all men, near and far.

But not alone at Christmas time
Come holiday and cheer,
For one who loves a little child
Has Christmas all the year.
—Flora Evelyn Pratt.

Christmas Atmosphere.
Christmas! Why the very word kindles thoughts of good will in our hearts, it seems to bring forth our best and natural instincts—the manliness of man—a desire to make the world happier. There's something noble and inspiring in the very atmosphere of "Christmas."

Send The News to the old folks back East for the year 1914.

FAIR WARNING TO SANTA CLAUS.

There ain't no Santa Claus, I guess, or if there is, why he Don't know so very much about book-keepin', seems to me. I ast him for some rabbits and a pair of skates one year. And all he left was sotlin' but a little sister here. And last year when I wrote to him I said I'd like a sled. And one of these here spaniel dogs that's kind of brownish red. I didn't get a solitary thing but overcoat and plated nappin ring.

I've wrote him this year that I want a book-and-ladder truck And magic lanterns And a goat that I can train to book. And maybe a four-bladed knife, if he has one to spare.

But I've told him plain and honest that I don't want things to wear. I'll try to keep be-levin' till he comes around once more. But he's got to do much better than he ever done before.

If he brings another sister in the place of what I'd like, Why, I'll cut believin' in him from that minute, the old like!

Joy Ahead for Him,
Don't forget that the clothes you are not going to wear any more may look mighty good to somebody.

THE BEST WAY



Mrs. Higson—What are you going to give your brother John this Christmas?
Mr. Higson—Give him? Why, he gets three times as much salary as I do. I'm going to wait and see what he gives me.

No Room for Any More.
"Goin' to hang up your stockin' Christmas, Mickey?"
"Naw."
"Better. You might git it filled."
"It's filled now."
"What with?"
"Holes."

His Gift.
He gave the girl a pair of skates, And now his heart is full of hate; He merely stands around and waits And inwardly rebels at Fate. While one more favored far than he is or may ever hope to be, Is kneeling where she stands, so fair, so sweet, And fashions them upon her feet.

Lone Star Hotel
NEW MANAGEMENT out and and out. Good meals, clean beds, and courteous treatment. We cater to the farmer. We know what he wants and just how he wants it.
J. D. Carrington



"WHEW! it bites like a No. 2 Newhouse trap," grumbled Pa Schoonmaker, closing the settin' room door against the icy blast and rubbing his tingling cheeks. He stamped his feet before the stove in which the hickory was burning with such a roar of comfortable warmth as almost to drown the shrill whistling of the December wind outside the farm house.

"Hello, what's the matter with Herbie?" The youngest of his three boys, a tiny mishapen child who had suffered a boyhood of pain and deformity since his nurse had dropped him in his baby days, was huddled in the corner beside the woodbox crying silently, except when an uncontrollable sob shook his little frame.

"Been teasing you have they? I'll tease them—with a stove-length. I will. Can't have anything like this the night before Christmas, not by a jugful!" He advanced to the unhappy child and comforted him in rough but kindly fashion, picking him up as though he were a wisp of hay and pressing him to his ample shoulder. "What you boys been doing to Herbie, hey?"

There was no severity in the question, for the sturdy brothers, Petey and Normie, always were patient and kindly in their attitude toward the less fortunate child, and only unintentionally and in boyish carelessness occasionally hurt the sensitive little fellow.

"What is it, Herbie? Tell dad." The sobbing broke forth unrestrainedly under the hearty kindness of the sweet natured farmer, and then slowly subsided. Pa Schoonmaker waited patiently until the child was calm and then repeated his question.

"Normie said there wasn't no Santy Claus," said it was all a humbug, an' wasn't any such thing as Santy Claus. Now we gatter prove it to him some way that there is, and you boys better figure it out. And it's high time you went to bed too; ma and me'll have to be a-fixing the tree pretty soon."

The fragrant young spruce, newly cut and sledded down from the snow mantled ridge, was brought in from the woodshed. Petey and Normie, deep in thought, assisted in setting it up. Unless they could devise some means of restoring the little brother's belief in the patron saint of Christmas their own pleasure in the day would be spoiled too.

Normie nudged Petey. "Look at the funny shadder the tree makes on the wall. Looks for all the world like—" "I got it!" Petey interrupted in a tense whisper, quivering with the grand idea that had come to him with Normie's remark.

With beaming face he explained his scheme to his brother while their father was engaged in propping up the tree. Quickly they were busy with a cardboard box, scissors and pencil, and under their nimble fingers was evolved in a few moments a grotesque figure that in their enthusiastic eyes bore an excellent likeness to Kris Kringle.

Softly the door to the bedroom was opened. Herbie was fast asleep. The figure was experimentally placed at different points before the coal oil lamp until its shadow rested upon the

That you an' ma fixed the tree an' all. 'Taint so!" he shrilled defiantly. "I heard him once adain' the tree last Christmas mornin' when I woked up early. They is a Santy Claus, ain't they, pa?"

"There shorely is, youngster," affirmed his father, directing a reproving glance at his two older sons. "You bet there is a Santy Claus; you'll see tomorrow when you get all the things he's going to bring you. Now you let your ma put you to bed, so's you can get up early, and don't worry no more about it."

But Herbie was not fully satisfied. Grown folks would say most anything to comfort little boys, and his faith had been too rudely shaken to be so quickly restored. Fretfully and with a deeper droop to his sensitive little mouth he suffered his mother to take him to his small bed chamber opening off the settin' room.

"We didn't go to do it, pa," Petey began when the door was closed on Herbie, forestalling his father's further questioning. "Herbie heered Normie and me talking about Santy Claus being only a yarn for little tads; we didn't know he was about. He bust out crying and—well, we didn't know what to say. Honest, pa, we wouldn't 'a' told him for anything." Petey looked nearly as woebegone as the disillusioned child.

"You'd oughter be more careful what you say when Herbie's nigh," admonished Pa Schoonmaker. "It'd spile his Christmas if he thought there



IN OLDEN TIMES Great events were commemorated by great feasts. The ancients would kill a calf or a lamb and spend days in feasting and thanksgiving.

The American people have not hardly abandoned the old custom, but on the other hand, there is a sort of a tendency to drift back to the ancient custom.

If you are anticipating a Christmas dinner, we wish to inform you that we have made arrangements to have on hand the choicest meats in the land. No Christmas dinner will be scarcely complete without some of it.

Be of "Good Cheer," and happy all the coming year, by buying your meats of us.

Crowell Meat Market
J. F. Hays & Sons, Proprietors
West Side Square Crowell, Texas



Buy your Christmas Groceries here. Because we have made special orders for this occasion.

Special Christmas Fruits

Candies and Nuts,
 Christmas Mixed Candy,
 Peanut Candy,
 Apples,
 Oranges,
 Bananas,
 Coconuts,
 Walnuts,
 Almonds,
 Pecans

HAPPY CHRISTMAS MORNING

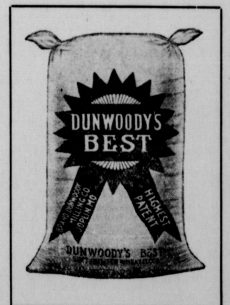


Special Christmas Groceries

Dunwoody's Best Flour
 Cranberries,
 Canned Goods,
 Pickles,
 Preserves,
 Orange Peel,
 Lemon Peel,
 Olives,
 Cakes,
 Citrons.



As we come to the close of the year 1913 we want to thank our many friends and customers for their liberal patronage through this year, and we hope we may have the pleasure of serving you through 1914. We wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



Crowell Grocery Co.

CROWELL, TEXAS

HOLIDAYS IN HAWAII

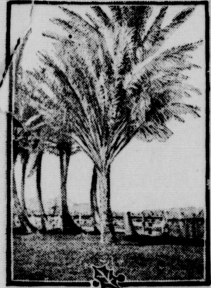
Christmas Ranks First in the Minds of the Island People.

An Interesting Medley of Little Folks of Many Races and From Many Lands Participate in the Joyful Yule-Tide Celebrations.

By KATHERINE POPE.

AS in all other Christian lands, Christmas is the greatest of the many holidays in Hawaii. To realize the importance of the religious festival as compared with others I will mention a few of the others first.

The birthday of Kamehameha III, on the seventeenth of March, is celebrated by a display of bunting and the wearing of gay leis (wreaths) of flowers. A decoration day is made much of, by both the white and the brown folk. Kamehameha day, June eleventh, is a big day with the natives, a day in honor of their great king, Kamehameha I, sometimes styled the Napoleon



Christmas Tree of Hawaii.

of Hawaii. July Fourth, which now has double meaning in Hawaii, has always been the American resident's great day.

"One learns to skate in summer and to swim in winter," and one learns patriotism in a foreign land. At home, save in stirring times of war, one's heart is not apt to quicken its beat at the sound of "The Star-Spangled Banner," at home in midsummer one does not often brave heat and crowd to listen to the reading of the Declaration of Independence; at home one does not flaunt red, white and blue on husband and with us; but we all know how the American in London and Berlin comports himself on this day, which when at home he tries to run away from. In the little land of Hawaii the citizen born in "the States" is not behind the American in London and Berlin. All muster to make of the day a glorious Fourth, and no one is in the least blasé or indifferent about the celebration. The national songs rise lustily, "way up above the palm fringes; the clearest voice in the land reads the immortal words of "When in the course of human events," and reads to reverent listeners; the most inflated American glorying is accepted as the day's due; very genuine feeling swells the volume and interprets the meaning of "My country, 'tis of thee."

November 28 is Hawaiian Independence day, a holiday to commemorate that on the twenty-eighth of the eleventh month of the year 1818 France and England announced, in a joint declaration, their consideration of the



Typical Native Boy.

"Sandwich Islands as an independent state." Close to Independence Day comes Thanksgiving, which is celebrated by all, the divers races in Hawaii uniting to make a holiday of the New Englander's harvest festival. And now for the one great holiday of all the year.

With us Islanders, as with you of the States, Christmas is the holiday of all the year, is long looked forward to, long kept in recollection. No man so hoary, so superstitious, so clothed about with the old Hawaiian fears of evil, but that has heard of the magi and the Child; no little one in all the land but feels some influence of the spirit of the giver.

Though there is much of real Christmas in the air in the way of unselfish giving of pleasure and of renewal of youthful feelings, to you the twenty-fifth of December in Honolulu probably would not seem very much like Christmas. The gowns are white, the hats summy; many feet are bare, and at the beach considerable of the body of the native fisherman is also bare. The hibiscus hedges are aflame with blossoms, while the odors of roses, violets, stephanotis, heliotrope, plumarias and carnations make the air heavy with fragrance. There are no sleigh bells, but many merry horse-back parties; there is no skating, but



GRANDPA SQUELCHES A CANARD

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

Now Alferd Potts, he say he know
There isn't any Santy Claus!
He say his pa he tell him so
An' that he tell him so buhcause
He say that Alferd's old enough
Not to buhlieve that kind o' stuff.
But grampa say that Alferd's wrong,
And grampa has lived awful long.

My grampa he just laugh when I
Tell him what Alferd Potts he said.
Grampa say: "Ain't a Santy? My!
I hadn't heard that he was dead.
W'y, Santy's whole lots older 'n me—
He came to my first Christmas tree."
So Alferd Potts tell what ain't so,
Buhcause my grampa ought to know.

My grampa take me on his lap
An' say, "I mind as plain as day
When I was just a little chap
— About your size, how some one say
There ain't a Santy Claus, an' how
It make me feel like you do now.
An' for a while I purty near
Buhlieved it, too, but it seemed queer."

My grampa say 'at Santy Claus
He's fond o' little girls an' boys
That always minds their pas an' mas
An' never makes un-seem-ly noise.
An' he say he has seen him—Yes!
O, most a thousand times, I guess.
"How does he look?" he say. "Let's see.
Well, what if he looks some like me!"

I ast my grampa after while
If Santy Claus is rully so.
An' then he look at me, an' smile,
An' say: "When you're my age, you'll know
That what is good is always true."
So now, then! Alferd never knew
So much, him nor that pa o' his
Is half as old as grampa is!



(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

the fishing; few indoor dances, but many picnics at Waikiki, where the seaside residences are and the beach which is the great water playground for the people of the city.

In Hawaii we are made aware of the approach of Christmas day all the preceding night. All night the Hawaiian warblers are abroad, all night the toy cannons boom, the firecrackers pop. The newcomer feels the midwinter holiday has changed places with the midsummer one, and wonders if a person can stand two "Fourths" in a year. Where I live in Honolulu sleep on the night before Christmas is impossible. Fortified, not for resistance but for a show of force, with scores of oranges and innumerable sacks of candy, I go to my room and await, with as good grace as possible, the coming of my visitors. About midnight I hear the sound of many footsteps on the gravel, stifled mirth, the tinkle of jewelry, and then burst forth, "A ruly lip to kiss, love," and other songs of that ilk. The newcomer is surprised and asks if these be Christmas wails; says she is reminded rather of a crowd of Romeo besieging a Juliet. The Romeo at the particular balcony of which I speak, never found Juliet unresponsive, and into outstretched hands always fall a rain of goodies. There are hearty calls up to the windows, and many pleasant voices raised in "Merry Kressmas! Merry Kressmas!" The giver feels repaid, and philosophizes that the loss of one night's sleep is not so very serious.

On the islands there is an attempt made to copy the Christmas of the lands where the white man abounds; gift-making, church-going, plum-pudding and greens are used to help it out. Many of the gifts are such as you of old times have—toys, games, books, flowers, pictures, dolls, jewelry, finery; but, as was suggested above, there is no call for skates, sleds, mufflers, furs or velvet. The church-going is as it is with you—early mass for the Catholics, early service for the Episcopal church folk, church festivities for the little ones and the poor.

The going out into the highways and hedges is literally followed in Honolulu at this season. Brown babies from hovels hid at the foot of Diamond Head, big-eyed Portuguese girls and boys from the slopes of Punch Bowl, children sheltered in huts dotted among the lanana thickets of Kailua valley, little aquatics from Waikiki, all



A Christmas Shopping Scene.

are invited, to all the church portals are hung wide on Christmas eve. Central Union church, the stately cathedral, Kawaianoa, as well as the chapels at Makiki, Kailua and Palama, bring them into the charmed circle of the Christmas tree.

Little Ah oi and Ah Ooe, Sahto and Yokomito, too, are not forgotten or treated unfairly. Queues and kimonos have their trees, their gifts, Christmas songs writ in their tongues, patriots to act for them the part of St. Nicholas. When we peep in at this church and at that, see Saxon and Hawaiian, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese, South Sea Islander, care for happy, rejoicing, we seem to find some real meaning in "the brotherhood of man;" we repeat softly:

"The angels' song rings everywhere
And all the earth is holy land."

What He Wanted to Know.

Millionaire (to his daughter)—Tell me, child—that young man who wants to marry you this Christmas, has he got any money?

Miss Innocence—Money, father? Why, he has just given me a cluster diamond ring studded with pearls.

Millionaire—Yes, I know. Has he any money left?

WHY TOMMY WEPT.



Nurse—Why, what's the matter, Master Tommy?

Tommy—Boo-hoo! Now I've got a gun at last, an' I'll just bet there ain't no bears around here fer me to shoot!

SANTA PLAYING WITH HIS TOYS



the trimmings, and they lit the candles, and each boy placed a package under the tree, and then a wonderful thing happened!

The door opened and the Choir Mother and the Choir Master walked in, carrying between them a little stretcher, and upon that lay the Choir Sister.

"You should have seen her face! You could almost see the light of the candles sparkling in it, so happy was she! The boys held their breath, wondering what she would say. Her little cheeks glowed as she sat up straight and held her arms out toward the tree. And her eyes sparkled as she cried:

"Oh! my Christmas tree!"

Then she turned to the boys, and said:

"Oh! My Dear Choir Brothers!"

Then she cried a little, just because she was happy, and some of the boys sniffled a bit, just because she was crying. Then there was all the jolly fun that goes with a tree.

But soon they took her away. She was so tired that she fell asleep right after they put her back in bed. She dreamed that she saw a flock of sheep with their shepherds on a great plain. Suddenly there was a great light from above and she seemed to hear angels singing.

She awoke. The singing did not stop. She arose and opened the window.

There, in the moonlight under her window stood her Choir Brothers with lighted candles, like the Christmas carol singers of Old England. They were singing this hymn:

"Hark! the Herald Angels sing."

When the verses was finished the Choir Sister leaned out and called down to them:

"Brothers, you have made me love God a whole lot more. A merry Christmas to you all!"

"And to you!" they echoed.

As the Choir Sister crept back to bed she heard the voices of the boys die away in the distance. Then a chime of bells somewhere out in the great snow-white world rang out the very hymn the boys had been singing and the Choir Sister fell asleep.

A Christmas Motto.

The more we know, the better we forgive;
Whoever feels deeply, feels for all who live.

People trading in Crowell and can't find the goods they want try Ringgold's Variety Store.

boys before rehearsals. And those nights when the Choir Master let them invite their friends in for games she was the girl most of them wanted for a partner.

So anyone can see why the boys were blue when Ricky Jackson, her brother, came into the choir room Christmas eve and said:

"Mildred (short for Mildred, her real name) 'Isn't going to have any Christmas!"

The boys stopped right there, some with their choir clothes only half on. If they didn't find out right away what was the matter with the Choir Sister, the Christmas eve service would have to go without their singing.

So Ricky told how she had come down that morning with a funny tired feeling, and sniffling and hot cheeks, and had to stay in bed, and how she cried when she thought of the tree she was going to miss.

You can see why that Christmas eve service was not as happy as it should have been for these boys. Af-

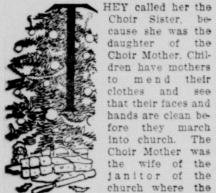
terward, when the tree was lighted with the starlike candles and the Sunday school room was filled with boys and girls opening their presents, each choir boy was thinking of the Choir Sister, lying there at home, wishing she could be with them.

Next day people in church thought the boys sang the Christmas hymns better than ever. But the people did not know that just before the boys marched in the Choir Master had told them a plan by which the Choir Sister would have a Christmas she would never forget.

At evening the janitor's doorbell rang. The Choir Mother opened it, and in came the Choir Master and a lot of boys with red cheeks and smiling faces. Back of the others four of the biggest boys dragged through the door a small Christmas tree.

They set the tree up in the parlor. Everyone was still for they didn't want the Choir Sister to know any thing about it till it was all ready. Soon the candles were in place and

LITTLE CHOIR SISTER



It was easy to like the Choir Sister, because she played ball with the

RIBBON FLOWERS ARE DAINTIEST OF GIFTS

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Exquisite ribbon roses, corsage bouquets of ribbon violets and nosegays of small ribbon or silk buds—all scented—are among the Christmas offerings for this year that hardly cost more than the time it takes to make them. This item of cost is an important one to most of us. There are so many that we wish to remember, at the holiday season, that even modest gifts mount up into a total which it is unfair to ourselves for us to spend. The one way out is to make up things in which the ideas and work make value. Our friends appreciate these more than any other sort of gift.

To make the little buttonhole bouquets shown here, requires a bolt of light purple or dark lavender velvet ribbon, a spool of green covered wire called "tie-wire," and one small



bunch of millinery foliage. For this purpose the velvet maiden-hair fern is the best choice.

Scraps of ribbon or silk in bright colors—pink, rose, yellow or white, or other colors if desired—make up the small rosebuds. A narrow fold four to six inches long is rolled into the semblance of a bud. The tie-wire is wound about this roll at one end to form the stem. As this wire is as fine as a coarse thread it should be doubled to make the rosebud stems.

The violets are made of either velvet baby ribbon or No. 2 silk ribbon.

Little bows of four loops, each three-quarters of an inch deep, are wound at the middle with the tie-wire which holds the loops to place and forms the stem. After the roses and violets have been made, group them together in a little bouquet and tie the stems with a bit of tie-wire. Place a spray of the maiden-hair fern with them, wrap with tin-foil, which may be had at the florists, and tie with a plain bow of the baby ribbon. Purple tin-foil should be used. To make a large bunch of violets a wider ribbon (about a half inch wide) should be used. The violets are made in the manner first described. A single dark red rosebud of ribbon or silk is mounted with them and a few millinery leaves of rose foliage. There are usually plenty of these among one's discarded millinery flowers. If they are crumpled they may be pressed lightly with an iron—not hot, but just warm.

The ribbon rose is more difficult to make, but most beautiful for a cor-



sage ornament. It requires from one to one and a quarter yards of rather heavy satin ribbon, about two inches wide. The petals are made by cutting the ribbon in lengths of two and a half inches. A tiny covered wire is tucked in with invisible stitches along the sides and upper edge of the petals and these petals curled back over a hatpin. The lower edge is folded to shape the petal and sewed to place. A heavy wire forms the stem. Fasten at one end of this a small wad of cotton the size of a thimble and cover it with a bit of silk, winding it to the stem with thread. Next wrap a bit of ribbon tightly about this center and then place the petals, winding with thread and tacking with stitches to the stem. When the rose is finished fasten it to the millinery foliage and stem, or wind the wire stem with green baby ribbon, if a millinery stem is not used.



We are calling you up to tell you to tell our papas to buy your lumber of the Herring Lumber Company during 1914



We heartily thank our customers for the patronage accorded us during the past, and solicit a continuance of the same in the future, asking you to bear in mind the fact that our stock of Lumber, Oils, Paints, Sash, Doors and Coal is always complete, and will be offered to you at the lowest prices. We wish one and all a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year."

The C. T. Herring Lumber Company

R. J. ROBERTS, Manager

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT

We can conceive of nothing more appropriate for a Christmas present for that friend than a year's subscription to The Foard County News. It will be worth more than fifty-two letters, even if you wrote the letters, and of course, you won't.

Send One Back Home

There is no telling how much good a year's subscription to The NEWS will do Crowell and Foard county. Try it. The NEWS man will appreciate it, so will you, and the person to whom it is sent. Begin with this big number and your friend will know that our town is wide awake.

Santa Claus Has Been Here

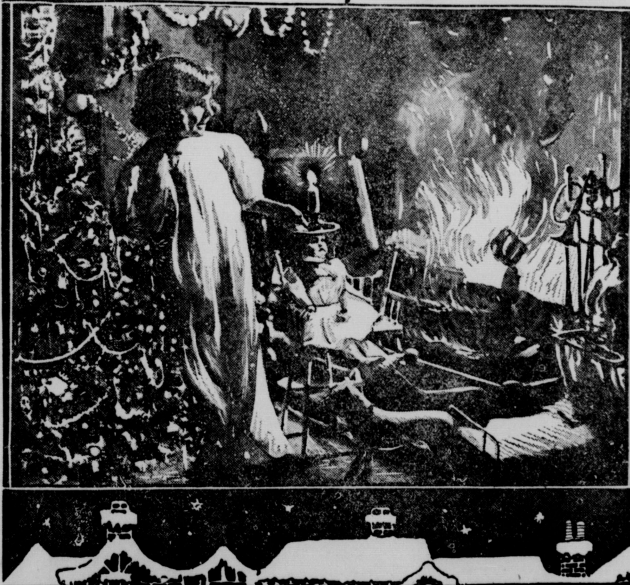
The Children

This is the age of girder, beam and rail.
We have forgot some things that once we knew.
Some books are closed; we read a different tale.
Brown smoke curls where the virgin wind once blew.
But year by year when Winter, from his cave,
Sweeps out and sets his chill upon the air.
We still bethink us what the Christ-month gave.
And what it brought to us, we tender fair.

The children are as new as rail
Or beam—
More new than last night's snow upon the street.
And they, and not the rails, are all our dream:
The rails are but the passage for their feet.
Our Christmas shall live again in them.
With all the added Christmas of this time.
The day of steel, the day of Bethlehem.
Linked, joyous, bridging far from clime to clime.

Let us fare out into the eager throng,
And find renewal in the shining eyes,
And catch the treble ecstasy of song,
And drench ourselves in laughter and surprise.
This is the breath—this is the soul—of things.
It shall go on when iron husks are shed.
The roe, the dove, the biplane, all have wings.
Let us the children feed, and so be fed!

—FRANCIS HILL



Santa Claus Is

By ELDON PATTERSON

Just as truly as love is, Santa Claus is. Santa Claus is a personified sentiment—he is a reality.

We speak and learn and teach of a God whom the world has never seen except in Christ Jesus, yet His existence is manifest in everything. He is a reality.

Santa Claus need not exist in physical form to be comprehensible—his spirit is undivided and devoted upon millions of willing personifiers, who in the spirit in which old Santa himself would shower blessings, shower them for him.

It isn't a lie to tell the children Santa is coming; it isn't even a "white" lie—

Santa Claus IS coming!
He may be the father, mother, brother or a stranger, but the sentiment of Santa Claus is upon him. He IS Santa Claus. He is the expression of that which otherwise would indeed be a myth or cease to exist. He is the action of a world-old thought; He is the physical component of Love, Charity and Fidelity.

Santa Claus is Love made tangible. He is not one, but many, and it takes all the flesh and blood Santa Clauses of all the world combined to make the one big Santa Claus whom the children know and worship and whom we symbolize in great furs—the wondrous figure whose great, kindly face with its never waning smile invites the confidence of the universe.

Santa Claus IS.

His visible form is generosity and kindness.

You can see him giving the newsboy a quarter for a penny paper.

You can see him. So care-like though it may seem, helping here and there.

Or, and this is nobler than all the rest, you can see him sharing his last tiny mite with another, while tears of pity and happiness mingle in the bright smile the token gives.

Every household in its own way knows its Santa Claus.

Don't deceive the children by telling them there is no such person.

Santa Claus IS, and may he always be.

The NEWS wishes to thank one and all who have patronized us since we cast our lot among the good people of Crowell and Foard County, and to those who have made this Christmas number possible, our command of language is too feeble to permit us to express the gratitude which we owe them.

Without such a support, such a thing as this edition would have been impossible. Wishing all our readers a "Merry Christmas," and a Happy and prosperous "New Year," we are,

Yours very truly,

ONLY PAPER IN
FOARD COUNTY

The Foard County News

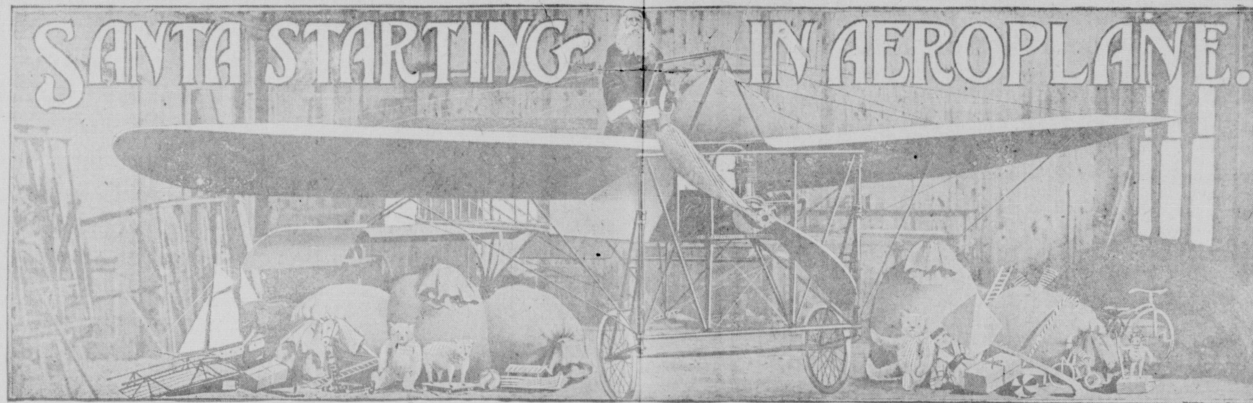
COVERS ITS FIELD
LIKE A BLANKET

HERE IS WHERE SANTA CLAUS LEFT HIS PACK

Rexall

At Fergeson Brothers' Drug Store

Rexall



For Children

Bracelets, Set Rings, Chains, Brushes and Combs,
Cuff Links, Signet Rings, Knife and Fork Sets, Books,
Stick Pins, Lockets, Waist Pins, Necklaces, Watches,
Watch Fobs, Watch Chains, Watch Charms, Dolls, Etc.

For Infants

Baby Pins, Rings, Bracelets, Rattles, Necklaces,
Silver Cups, Brushes and Combs, Teething Rings,
Knife, Fork and Spoon, Baby Record, Lockets and Chains

For Brother

Blotters, Military Brushes, Book Mark,
Mirrors, Canes, Paper Cutter, Paper Weights,
Cigar Cases, Cigarette Cases, Photograph Frames,
Cuff Links, Shaving Brushes, Desk Pads, Watches,
Shaving Sets, Hair Brushes, Shirt Studs, Hat Brushes,
Smokers Sets, Ink Stands, Stick Pins, Meerscham Pipes,
Match Boxes, Tie Clasp, Watch Chains, Watch Charms

For Sister

Barrettes, Hat Pins, Belt Pins, Jewel Boxes,
Bracelets, LaVallieres, Brooches, Button Hooks,
Lockets, Locket Chains, Card Cases, Chatelains,
Comb and Brush Sets, Manicure Cases, Umbrellas,
Chafing Dishes, Neck Chains, Cologne Bottles, Rings,
Photograph Frames, Ear Screws, Puff Boxes, Watches,
Hair Brushes, Hair Pin Trays, Velvet Brushes, Vanity Pins

For Father

Canes, Military Brushes, Cigar Cases,
Meerscham Pipes, Cigar Cutters, Cigar Trays,
Razor Straps, Cloth Brushes, Pocket Knives,
Collar Buttons, Signet Rings, Cuff Buttons, Watches,
Smokers Sets, Desk Clocks, Soap Boxes, Watch Fobs,
Watch Chains, Thermometers, Umbrellas, Lodge Emblems

For Mother

Back Combs, Manicure Cases, Belt Buckles,
Mirrors, Brooches, Photograph Frames, Clocks,
Card Holders, Shoe Hooks, Carving Sets, Silverware,
Soap Boxes, Cut Glass, Tea Sets, Chafing Dishes, Thimbles,
Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Hair Pin Trays, Umbrellas,
Lockets, Velvet Brushes, Lockets Chains, Watches, Etc.

For Grandpa

Canes, Photograph Frames, Cloth Brushes,
Pencils, Collar Button, Pen Holders, Pen Racks,
Pen Trays, Combs, Cuff Buttons, Hair Brushes,
Pocket Knives, Hat Brushes, Spectacle Cases, Watches,
Key Chains, Umbrellas, Whisker Brushes, Vest Chains, Etc.

For His Sweetheart

Barrettes,
Belt Pins,
Jewel Boxes
LaVallieres,
Bracelets,
Card Cases,
Chafing Dishes,
Manicure Articles
Manicure Cases
Wedding Ring
Umbrellas
Lockets

Ear Screws,
Cloth Brushes,
Diamond Rings,
Diamond Brooches,
Engagement Ring,
Hat Pin Holder,
Velvet Brushes,
Watches, Hat Pin,
Vanity Bags,
Watches,
Watch Chains,
Kodaks and Supplies,
Fancy Box Chocolates,
Symphony Lawn Stationery

FERGESON BROS. DRUGGISTS

S. J. FERGESON
T. J. FERGESON
C. H. FERGESON
H. E. FERGESON

CROWELL, TEXAS, December 19, 1913.

TO THE PUBLIC

Dear Customer:--We can't help but feel that we would be showing a little ingratitude were we to place this handsome two-page advertisement in your hands without thanking you for the support accorded us during the year that will soon be numbered with the past, and whose incidents will only hereafter play their small part in one small chapter in the record of events.

But while those short twelve months have gone to join that great cycle of time, and carrying us one year nearer Eternity, we have forgotten many of its incidents brought about by the many vicissitudes of a year, but we have not forgotten the favors that you have shown us and the many kind expressions from you in our behalf. And while we are greeting you with the compliments of the season by wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, please do not think that we are prompted wholly by a selfish motive if we mildly assert that during the year that is past, we have endeavored to look after your interests to the best of our ability, and that during the year that now lies before us, we hope to merit your patronage by the same business methods that have won for our confidence and established the pleasant business and social relationship now existing between us. Again thanking you, and wishing one and all a full measure of the Holiday happiness, we are,

Yours very truly,
FERGESON BROTHERS.

For Her Sweetheart

Canes,
Calendars,
Card Cases,
Cigar Cases,
Cigar Trays,
Cigar Holders,
Cigarette Cases,
Cloth Brushes,
Cuff Links
Desk Pads,
Watches,
Tie Clasp
Fobs,
Cigars,
Hat Brushes,
Pocket Knife,
Whisk Brooms,
Watch Chains,
Watch Charms,
Toilet Articles,
Smokers Sets,
Shaving Sets,
Society Emblems,
Military Brushes,
Photograph Cases,
Manicure Articles, Etc.

For Grandma

Belt Pins, Needles Cases, Bonnet Pins,
Scissors, Brooches, Soap Boxes, Clocks, Combs,
Thimbles, Cut Glass, Umbrellas, Watches, Eye Glass Cases Etc.

For Husband

Card Cases, Meerscham Pipes, Cigar Cases,
Picture Frames, Folios, Scarf Pins, Umbrellas,
Pocket Knife, Shaving Brushes, Hair Brushes,
Shaving Cups, Hat Brushes, Shirt Studs, Canes,
Manicure Articles, Society Emblems, Toilet Articles,
Military Brushes, Watch, Watch Fobs, Watch Chains, Etc.

For Wife

Back Combs, Hair Brushes, Baking Dishes,
Hat Pins, Barrettes, LaVallieres, Belt Buckles,
Manicure Sets, Bonnet Brushes, Mesh Bags, Combs,
Bracelets, Mirrors, Brooches, Necklaces, Button Hooks,
Rings, Chafing Dishes, Veil Pins, Velvet Brushes, Umbrellas

For Women Friends

Barrettes, Locket Chains, Belt Pins, Brooches,
Manicure Articles, Mesh Bags, Card Cases, Lockets,
Manicure Sets, Chatelains, Puff Boxes, Umbrellas,
Cloth Brushes, Silver Sets, Cologne Bottles, Hat Pins,
Vanity Bags, Veil Pins, Hat Pin Holders, Velvet Brushes, Etc.

For Gentlemen Friends

Ash Trays, Paper Weights, Bag Tags,
Pen Wipers, Canes, Shirt Studs, Watches,
Card Cases, Smoker Sets, Cigarette Cases,
Cigar Trays, Pen Holders Society Emblems,
Coat Hangers, Tie Holders, Traveling Cups,
Cork Screws, Traveling Sets, Pocket Knives,
Desk Pads, Stamp Boxes, Military Brushes,
Hat Brushes, Match Boxes, Watch Chains, Fobs,
Paper Cutters, Whisk Brooms, Watch Charms, Etc.

For the Home

Baking Dishes, Pen Trays, Bread Trays,
Pen Holders, Card Holders, Stationary,
Chafing Dishes, Stationary Racks, Knives,
Chest of Silverware, Coffee Percolators, Forks,
Tea Sets, Hall and Mantle Clocks Spoons,
Alarm Clocks, Umbrella Stand, Cut Glass, Coffee Sets,
Carving Sets, Magazines at Clubbing Prices, see Catalogue

WEST SIDE SQUARE

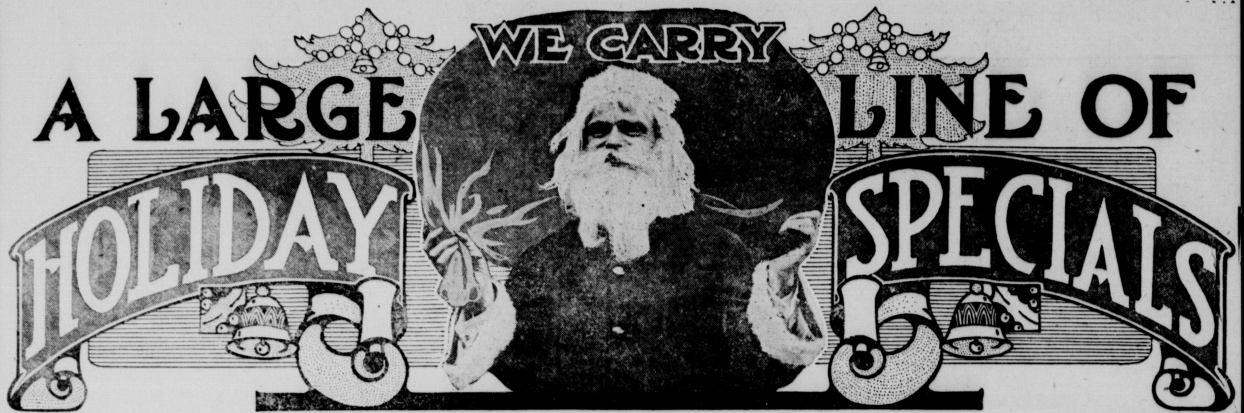
FERGESON BROTHERS

CROWELL, TEXAS

Rexall

The **Rexall** Store

Rexall



The Gift Makers Great Opportunity

What to give and where to get it? You will find an immediate answer in our splendid stock of Holiday Goods. We wait the opportunity to put you in touch with all the latest and best in Christmas Novelties for 1913. We are offering the best products of the most reliable manufacturers, and certain assurance of High Quality and Honest Worth in each article. Satisfactory selections for every person. Altogether the most desirable line of Holiday Goods, insuring an early selection of appropriate gifts for old and young. We shall deem it a privilege to show you these attractions. Our new stock is full of attractions

to buyers who appreciate superior and really desirable Holiday Gifts of the Latest Design and Best Quality.

Books

If you are in doubt as to just what to give, by all means give a good book. Our Book Department abound with books of all kinds. Many De-Luxe volumes and still others in regular binding with gilt edge. Bibles, testaments, story books for boys and girls, books of travel, adventure and history.

Fountain Pens

One of the most useful gifts you can select. Suitable for either lady or gentleman. In fact, everybody appreciates them. We have the best fountain pens made.

Manicure Goods

A very pleasing assortment. Indeed, all the best manicure goods, including manicure sets and separate pieces. Files, scissors, buffers and other manicuring necessities and conveniences.

Perfumes

A gift that is always popular, and as usual, we are ready with a good selection of bulk goods and fancy packages. The rarest odors and most delicate perfumes to be found anywhere.

Shaving Stands

He will appreciate a shaving stand, because it makes shaving easy and comfortable. A most ideal present for any man. Useful, dainty, handsome and unique. Just look at them and take your choice.

Parisian Ivory

Don't confuse Parisian Ivory with ordinary ivory. Parisian Ivory is different and better. It will not tarnish or stain. It also keeps its handsome appearance indefinitely and renders the greatest service.

Cigars

If he is a smoker he will appreciate a good smoke at Christmas time and he will more than appreciate it if it comes from our store. We have been most careful in selecting the finest brands. Boxes of 25 and 50 at \$1.00 and up.

Toys In Variety

You will have no trouble in selecting just the right toy for boy or girl at our store. In fact, we carry such a variety of toys that you are sure of finding just what you want for the very youngest to the oldest children. Toys for mere entertainment and pastime as well as instructive toys. Blocks, tops, games, puzzles, etc. Space is too limited to mention the immense variety, but come to our store and see them. We shall be glad to take the time to show you.

Parisian Ivory Brushes

We have them--all kinds, with ebony, Parisian or enamel black. Just the thing for the young man, father, brother, acquaintance or friend. A present that will last--and a useful one besides.

Exclusive Stationery

Not the ordinary kind by any means--stationery that is made for the people of taste and judgment and, as you can easily see, it is handsomely boxed. A gift De Luxe for friend, acquaintance or relative.

DR. DAN CUPID

OFFICE HOURS
1 A. M. TO 12 P. M.
SUNDAYS ALL DAY

Blissville, Paradise.

R

Subimate of Bliss 1 oz
Sweet Gum 20 gr
Ginger 1 oz
Vinegar 1-2 oz
Temper of Cayenne 40 gr
Diluted Acid of Kisses 1 oz
Tulip Salve 1 oz
Jacob's Chocolates (made last night) 1 lb
Mix well and take two "spoons" full when the opportunity offers

This Prescription Can Be Properly Filled Only At

The Owl Drug Store

Jewelry

We guarantee every piece of Jewelry in our stock to be of the newest and latest designs, and made for this season's trade; and you have our personal guarantee that every piece is exactly of the quality our salespeople tell you it is. Diamonds and high-grade watches. Let us show you a brand-new line of Cameo Goods in La Valliers, Scarf Pins, Rings, Bar Pins, Brooches, Bracelets and Buttons.

The Owl Drug Store

Little Hints



"COAL"

"Did you say Coal? Come to Olds. He handles the

Colorado Coal
Also Feed, Mixed Cow Feed and Seed of all kinds to suit the times."

When in need of hay,
Come down and weigh;
When nothing to do,
Call One, Six, Two.

J. H. OLDS

CHRISTMAS GAMES FOR THE CHILDREN

Many Forms of Merrymaking for the Little Folks' Holiday Party.

By ADELE MENDEL.

"At Christmas play and make good cheer For Christmas come but once a year."

At Christmas time the children are bubbling over with the spirit of the season and the grown folks' thoughts turn to the little ones' fun and amusement at no time more than at the happy Yule Tide.

With a little thought and preparation a children's Christmas party may be made such a joyous affair that its happy memories will linger with the young folks for many years.

Here are some entertaining games that will solve a problem for the perplexed mother who perhaps is wondering "What shall I have the children play at the party?" For when she sends her "Come to my Christmas

TO MAKE YOUR HAIR MORE BEAUTIFUL

To give your hair that gloss and lustre and wavy silky-softness, use Harmony Hair Beautifier. It takes away the dull dead look of the hair, and makes it bright—turns the stringiness into fluidness—overcomes the oily odor and leaves a sweet, true-toe fragrance—makes the hair easier to put up neatly and easier to keep in place. It is just exactly what it is named—a hair beautifier, and whether your hair is up to the eyes of beauty, it will improve its appearance. You'll be proud of and delighted with the results, or your money back. Very easy to apply—simply sprinkle a little on your hair each time before brushing it. Contains no oil, will not change the color of hair, not darkening gray hair.

To keep your hair and scalp dandruff-free and clean, use Harmony Shampoo. This pure, liquid shampoo is most convenient to use, because it gives an instantaneous rich, foaming lather that immediately penetrates to every part of hair and scalp, insuring a quick, thorough cleansing. Washed off just as quickly, the entire operation takes only a few moments. Contains nothing that can harm the hair, leaves no harshness or stickiness—just a sweet-smelling cleanliness.

Both preparations come in odd-shaped, very ornamental bottles, with sprinker caps. Harmony Hair Beautifier, \$1.00; Harmony Shampoo, 50c. Both guaranteed to satisfy you in every way, or your money back. Sold in this country only at our store—The Retail Store—one of the United States' largest drug stores of the United States, Canada and Great Britain, which own the big Harmony laboratories in Boston, where the many celebrated Harmony Perfumes and Toilet Preparations are made.

Ferguson Bros., West Side Square
Crowell, Texas

party" invitations, she knows that a successful children's party means something more than just "ice cream and cake."

These games will appeal to all the children—the timid little girl, who is inclined to shrink in the corner, as well as the big boy, who usually occupies "the center of the stage."

Santa Claus' Reins.

This game is very exciting. Three pieces of white tape, each about an inch wide, and the length of the room, are held at one end by three children. Three others are given pairs of scissors and at a signal the players cut the tape in half lengthwise. The one who first reaches the opposite end of the tape is the winner of that heat. The different winners contest until the champion is declared. Boys and girls, you know, love racing competitions of all kinds and this race is one that probably they never played before.

Magie Music.

Although this is a game that perhaps the mothers and fathers played in their own days, it is wonderful, still causes much laughter and is always successful.

One child leaves the room and the others decide upon something for him to do on his return. The musician regulates his playing, and the child must guide his actions according to the loudness or softness of the music. It is astonishing what different tasks are accomplished after a little practice, and the children's cries of "let me go out next" prove their enjoyment of "Magie Music."

Guessing Holly Berries.

For this game the child must put on his "thinking cap." Hold a large spray of holly in your hand and allow the children to look at it for a few minutes. Then tell them to write their estimate of the number of holly berries on the branch. You might take a chrysanthemum also and ask them to guess how many petals in the flower. Great interest is shown when the petals are counted.

A Christmas Doll.

The idea of this game is to see who can make the prettiest doll out of a long smooth potato, two pieces of pretty colored tissue paper, some small sticks for legs and arms, and some pins. Or if you would rather use paper dolls, you can let the children fashion dolls out of them, that will also answer the purpose.

Place all the dolls in a row when completed, and have the children vote for their favorite one. You will be surprised to see what ingenious results the clever little fingers produce.

A Nelay Game.

Yes, it is noisy, but the children have an idea that "the more noise, the more fun," and what mother cares for the roof comes down" at a Christmas party?

After a child leaves the room, a

proverb is chosen. One word of it is given to each child. If there are more children than words contained in the proverb, the children are given the same word. When the child outside the room returns, a leader counts "one, two, three." At the "three" all the children shout their given word. The child must guess the proverb.

Santa Claus' Grab Bag.

On the invitation state that each child is to bring something to the party that he or she no longer cares for. This article is to be in a neatly wrapped and tied parcel, so as to hide its identity. It is placed in a large bag, on the child's arrival. Each child then draws a present from the bag. Uproars of laughter follow the opening of the packages, which probably will consist of peculiar articles of all sizes and descriptions.

A Christmas Mix-Up.

Provide the children with paper and pencil. Give them the following list of words pertaining to Christmas. You see the letters are all twisted. It is their interesting task to straighten them out.

Key and list:

1. Christmas—Atschmril.
 2. Reindeer—Drirene.
 3. Sleigh—lleigh.
 4. Mistletoe—Etlolomtie.
 5. Holly—Oyhll.
 6. Plum Pudding—Uplimpudding.
 7. Santa Claus—Asculatansa.
 8. Candles—Ledness.
 9. Stockings—Kocstign.
 10. Jack Frost—Kcairtiro.
 11. Wreath—Trhwae.
 12. Snowball—Ovnstabl.
- What Santa Claus Doesn't Like.
This is a simple and successful game. All the children are seated except one who says "Santa Claus doesn't like C's." What are you going to give him instead? The first child replies with a word that does not contain a "C." For instance, "Meat" would be a correct answer, but "tree" would not do. If a correct answer is not given by the time the leader counts "ten," a forfeit must be paid. And we all know the fun of redeeming the forfeits.

A Peanut Race.

At one end of the room place two bowls of peanuts, and at the opposite end two empty bowls. Two children are each provided with a knife and at a signal they place as many peanuts as they can on the blade of the knife, and carry it to the empty bowl with one hand. Depositing the peanuts, they return for more. Each child is allowed three minutes. A score is kept and the one who has the largest number of peanuts credited to his name wins the prize.

Puzzle Pictures.
Pretty pictures taken from magazines, advertisements and discarded picture books are cut up into several

pieces and placed into envelopes. A good idea is to write the same number on the back of the envelope and all pieces belonging to one puzzle, so that if a piece gets mixed with the others it can be readily returned to its own set.

Each child is handed a puzzle, and as soon as he succeeds in placing the pieces in their proper position he is given credit for it by the score keeper, and receives another puzzle to work with. The one who succeeds in putting together the most pictures in a stated time receives a well-earned prize.

Snowballs.

This is an amusing game. Snowballs made of cotton batting and covered with white tissue paper and a small basket are required. The players stand about eight feet from the basket. The one who tosses the most balls into the basket is the prize winner. Each child might be given three snowballs to start with.

A Christmas Spider Web.

Take as many balls of twine as there are children expected at the party. To one end of each ball attach a card bearing the child's name and to the other end an inexpensive gift. Twist the twine around the different objects in the room. Give each child the twine and card bearing his name. At a signal all begin to unwind the entangled web. Great is the fun and loud the exclamations when the young people arrive at the end of their string and find a gift awaiting them.

A Pop Corn Party.

If you don't mind the "muss," and of course you won't, have a pop corn party. Have the children sit in a circle on the floor and provide each with a bowl of popcorn, a needle and some coarse white thread. Tell them that the one who strings the longest popcorn chain before the time is up will win the prize. Each youngster takes home his own string of corn.

When the children are tired of romping, let them sit on the floor in a circle and tell them you are going to have an entertainment, and that each child must do something to help make it a success. The youngsters will provide a variety of numbers for your impromptu program, from nursery rhymes to fancy dancing.

Artists.

Bring in a good sized blackboard and have the children with paper and lead draw the best Santa Claus. This will afford much pleasure for the little folks. (Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

Everybody

Men, women and children in Crowell and Foard County are cordially invited to call at Ringgold's Variety Store and get their Christmas presents.

JUST REVERSED.

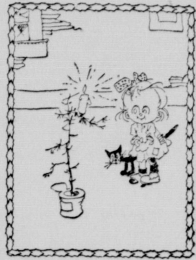


"I suppose your husband went to the Christmas dinner dressed to kill."
"No, he was killed to dress."

A Christmas Stocking.

It is not always the gift itself, but the way in which it is presented that commends itself particularly to the recipient. To the girl who thinks she is too old to hang up her stockings, send a pair of silk stockings, using one to fill, and roll up the other and stick it in the foot. The rest of the stocking should be filled with inexpensive trinkets—a home-made jabot, tie or collar, a handkerchief, some candy, nuts, raisins, crab apples, a card or a calendar, perhaps some little kindly hints at her hobbies that will amuse her. Each of these articles should be wrapped separately in tissue paper and red ribbons, and the excitement of opening the mysterious small packages will often exceed the pleasure taken in one large gift that would have cost no more than the numerous small ones.

ONE THING LACKING.



"Oh, Kitty! if we only had a piece of candy to put on it, wouldn't it be just lovely!"

DRA YING

DRAYING and all manner of Heavy Hauling is our Specialty. We use the utmost care in handling articles, and our hobby is "Prompt Delivery. When in need of such service call the old reliable,

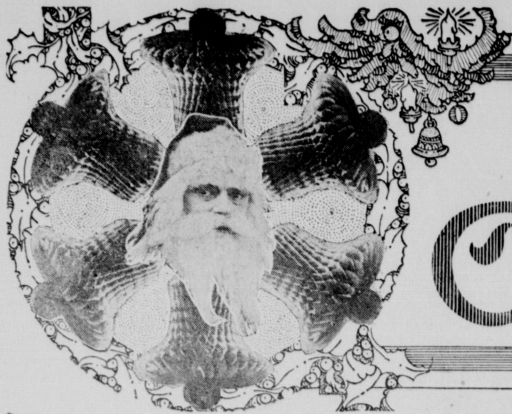
Geo. Allison

Mr. and Mrs. Christmas Buyer

Do you know it's only a few more days until Christmas? Just think of it! and we venture the guess that you have done nothing in the way of gift buying up to this good hour.

We are showing a large range of Novelties in the Holly Ribbons, Fancy Ribbons, Linen Handkerchiefs, Fancy Elastics, Head Scarfs, Auto Veils, Fancy Neckwear, Mesh Bags, and Vanity Bags, Mufflers, all styles, Suspenders, Belts, Gloves, and many more things that would be practical for Christmas Gifts.

R. B. Edwards Co.
1892 Oldest and Largest 1913



MERRY CHRISTMAS

The best place to trade and to buy your Xmas presents is at our store. When you think of Xmas, just think of our store, and the many "useful" presents you can buy from us.

"SEE MY TREE!"

FOR CHRISTMAS

Below we suggest a few articles that will be nice and durable for Christmas presents:

Silverware
 Knives and Forks,
 Spoons, Tools,
 Bird Sets, Bowls,
 Carving Sets,
 Cut Glass,
 Water Sets,
 Decorated China,
 Celery Trays,
 Cake Plates,
 Salt and Pepper Shakes
 Salad Bowls,
 Chocolate Sets in hand painted
 China



FOR CHRISTMAS

For boys---We have a complete stock of

Air Rifles,
 Express Wagons,
 Pocket Knives,
 Everything in Bicycle Supplies.

Aluminum Ware make nice presents for the women. If you buy the best you only have to buy once in a life time.

O-Cedar Mops
 \$1.50

It is close enough to the first of the year to make resolutions and why not resolve to buy your Hardware, Stoves, Builders Supplies, Buggies, Whips, Wire, Fencing, Lap Robes, Guns, Sporting Goods, Sewing Machines, Harness, and all kinds of Chinaware and Glassware, during 1914 of us? We are the pioneers in our line and solicit a continued patronage.

J. H. SELF & SON

WEST SIDE SQUARE

CROWELL, TEXAS

Christmas Comedy By Jeanette Cooper

Copyright



ULIANA was sociologically inclined. That was how it came about that she found herself one December afternoon sitting forlornly on her trunk and homewardly surveying an attic apartment containing a small hard bed, a lopsided washstand, and a mirror that assured her with untruthful persistency that she was not a pleasure to look at.

"Any way, it isn't business," said Juliana, glancing about her. Three promising places—promising from her point of view—had she refused because she could not command her courage to the point of sleeping downstairs. In this house there was no top-hatted bedroom and no attic rooms were given up to the cook and the housemaid. She reviewed mentally the apartments on the lower floor through which she had just passed, and compared them with this in which she sat; after which she got her notebook out of her bag and made a few hasty notes. Juliana was going to do a series of articles on the Domestic Service Problem and she was getting her material at first hand.

She felt very pleased with her notes. They were lightly satirical. When she had done her hair over before the malicious mirror she made some more notes. These were filled with a yearning cry of gloom. She felt a gratifying certainty that a half-column of pathos could always be secured by a few minutes spent before her trunk, pausing occasionally to add other heart-rending wails of a household cast away on a desert of top-hatted furniture, and when a final survey of herself reflected a cross-eyed face under the exaggerated pompadour she had substituted for her usual rather classic coiffure, and a lumpy and grotesque figure in a cheap lace waist, she had ready to tear herself from the room, so filled was she with gloom and satirical literature. Just outside the door she met Mrs. Wentworth.

"Oh, Julia," said that lady, who was a pretty and smartly groomed young person, "I quite forgot to tell you that I have ordered some new furniture for your room. We have just moved to New York and I have not been able to get it attended to sooner. The new things will be up tomorrow."

Juliana did not write up her notes that evening on the sleeping accommodations offered servants. But she made two notes on different subjects and underscored them. They read as follows: "The cook has been called home. I am to do her work this week as well as my own—with a Christmas dinner in prospect!" "But Wentworth expects her brother tomorrow, making—when Mr. Wentworth enters her face flushed and her eyes were bright."

stant rooms, and she decided to elaborate that line of thought for her first article. Not that it was a new thought, but all one needed was a new viewpoint and a feeling style, and surely she, with her experience before her, could count on these. She ran lightly down the back stairs, pushed open the kitchen door and came to a standstill. A young man sat at the kitchen table partaking of a generous piece of apple pie. He looked up at her and smiled. He was a large young man with a handsome mouth and nice eyes. "Good morning," he said. "Don't be frightened I am Mrs. Wentworth's brother. He surveyed her reassuringly and interestedly as he went on. The furnace man let me into the basement and I found the star door unlocked, so I did not have to choose between waking the family and walking the streets until a respectable hour." He smiled again and proceeded to make the most of what little pie was left. "It isn't



"But I Am Hired to Do It." Still Glancing to Her Side of the Pail.

just the thing for breakfast," he commented. "But it was the first food I saw." He had his eyes again on Juliana, who still stood breathlessly by the door. "I believe I really frightened you," he observed, "and I'm tremendously sorry. She knew perfectly well that he was trying to place her, doubtful of her being a guest down at that hour, and of her being the cook. He strolled across to the cupboard, evidently with the idea of filling in the period of uncertainty, helped himself to a couple of doughnuts and sat down on a corner of a table. "Can I offer you anything?" he said.

She did not answer. She went over and began to lay the fire. "—han't I say," he broke out, "isn't Mrs. Wentworth got a cook?" "I am doing the cooking for a few days," said Juliana. "I am the housemaid." Then by a flash of inspiration she added, "The cook has been called home." He scratched under the two pairs of watching eyes. She knew how Mrs. Wentworth was interpreting the blush and breathed a sigh of rage and indignation.

"There is a great interest in parsing pot-pourri as he observed. "Now notice the way in which Julia holds her head, Juliana, uncomfortably aware of her own lack of skill in the potato paring line, grew scarlet under the two pairs of watching eyes. She knew how Mrs. Wentworth was interpreting the blush and breathed a sigh of rage and indignation."

"I do not think Mrs. Wentworth would like it." She was too startled by anything except the first thing that occurred to her. "Why should she object?" he inquired innocently. "Surely I am better able to carry coal than a girl like me." "But I am hired to do it," still clinging to her side of the pail. He looked down at her hand. "But the point," he explained, "is that you should never have been hired to do it. The fault is in the economic condition that makes such a thing possible. Now, when we reformers get into power," he took the pail from her relaxed grasp and disappeared into the basement. "Anything else I can do?" he inquired cheerfully as he deposited the filled bucket beside the stove. "Part of our doctrine is to help a command, you know." "That is all," very stiffly. "Thank you." "Not at all," amiably. He looked at her an instant from the doorway and then went down the hall whistling softly to himself. Mrs. Wentworth was beaming on her brother when Juliana carried in the breakfast and she gave her all to myself this week, Kane," she said, "before your work begins."

carry, and the answering laughter from Mrs. Wentworth's eyes, and she was under discussion, and went about her work with a growing wrath within her and a paragraph seething in her brain about self-respecting working girls being subjected to the surreptitious and patronizing attentions of supposedly well-bred young men. Not that she was able to discern anything either patronizing or surreptitious in Mr. Farnsworth's behavior. He came out into the kitchen during the afternoon, cheerfully examining various doors behind him so that all the world might know where he had gone. "Faring potatoes for dinner, Julia," he said with great good humor. "I will help you."

"It is quite unnecessary," returned Juliana, looking very haughty, in spite of the overpowering pompadour and the lace waist. "Again you miss the point," he said. "It is not a question of necessity, but of ethics. Here am I filling, and you doing the work of two. He got a large apron and tied it carefully around his neck. Then he got a knife and seized a potato. "You understand, Julia," he said, unheeding the averted face and stony silence of his companion, "that all the work of the world could be done, and we doing it each person devoted four hours to it. Authorities differ somewhat as to the time, but four hours is the maximum. Now, you and I—"

Mrs. Wentworth entered. Her face was flushed and her eyes were bright. Juliana, to her great disgust, felt her own face flushing. Her eyes, after the first glance, she kept on her potato. Mr. Farnsworth spoke up cheerfully. "I was just explaining to Julia," he said, "that if we all worked four hours a day—"

Mrs. Wentworth interrupted. Her voice was quiet, but it was the quiet that is achievement. "Are you thinking of choosing housework as your career?" she asked. "Do the duty that lies nearest," he quoted, "not without an accent of virtue. I finished the potato and selected another. "I wanted you to help me hang some pictures in the library, said Mrs. Wentworth, "and now you are losing her cook and fear of losing her brother she was really a pathetic sight. Juliana felt strings of sympathy."

"In a few minutes," he said. "Having put my hand to the plow, in other words to the potato—"

"I would prefer to do the potatoes alone," said Juliana. "You pare them too thick." He looked at her accusingly and selected two pieces of peeling from the pan. "Exhibit One," he said. "Peeling removed by Miss Julia—" paused inquiringly, and getting no answer, repeated with a closing inflection, "by Miss Julia. Exhibit Two—"

"Kane," said his sister sharply. He gave her an innocent and inquiring smile. "There is a great interest in parsing pot-pourri as he observed. "Now notice the way in which Julia holds her head, Juliana, uncomfortably aware of her own lack of skill in the potato paring line, grew scarlet under the two pairs of watching eyes. She knew how Mrs. Wentworth was interpreting the blush and breathed a sigh of rage and indignation."

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her if she could, and go somewhere else. I must get my facts this week or I won't get home for Christmas. Mr. Farnsworth gets up and builds the kitchen fire. Wouldn't that make a fine item in an article on "Why Servants Won't Stay." I can't nudge him stop. Mrs. Wentworth is nearly wild, but she doesn't even know how to boil potatoes. She is a southern girl, and absolutely helpless. My Domestic Science lessons come in most conveniently just now."



Kane Farnsworth Sauntered Into the Kitchen in the Middle of the Afternoon to Tell Her About It.

starves to death. I'm not getting anything done, and in spite of all my efforts and Mrs. Wentworth's, Mr. Farnsworth continues calmly to spend the greater part of his time in the kitchen. She looked positively aghast today when she found him bringing up the coal. She will visit all the intelligible people tomorrow, I am sure. "This proved a true prophecy. Kane Farnsworth sauntered into the kitchen in the middle of the forenoon to tell her how to do it. He was sure, he said, but I compromised by taking the kid to that aristocratic day nursery he patronizes. I didn't feel equal to deciding from the looks of a lady whether she would cook."

"Oh, Mr. Farnsworth, do come and sing," she heard one of them say. "They are grave Juliana's cheeks. She stood a moment. Then she started swiftly for the back stairs. There was a limit to human endurance. No one, no one, was able to read the two pretty girls were crossing the hall and glanced in at her inadvertently without speaking. They were beautifully dressed and had holly in their hair. They went into the drawing room." "Oh, Mr. Farnsworth, do come and sing," she heard one of them say. "They are grave Juliana's cheeks. She stood a moment. Then she started swiftly for the back stairs. There was a limit to human endurance. No one, no one, was able to read the two pretty girls were crossing the hall and glanced in at her inadvertently without speaking. They were beautifully dressed and had holly in their hair. They went into the drawing room."

"You are doing well enough," he said soothingly. "Never forget that if everybody devoted four hours—" "Have you done your four hours?" sharply. He looked at her a little while before he answered. In fact, he had rather the effect of being too absorbed in looking at her to speak. Then he said, "No, I am going to begin now."

"But that is what I am here for." He looked after her as she turned indignantly away. "Why do you try to be coy? You know the cake board and gazed at him angrily across it. "I shall be greatly obliged if you would go away," she said. "You are simply hindering me. Your work in the kitchen doesn't amount to anything and I don't believe that your socialist doctrines prescribe any time spent in trying to flirt with the cook." "Oh, Juliana! How crude!" he sighed, his eyes dancing. Then he added softly, "I am not trying to flirt with the cook. The cook has wants you know." He sat a minute longer watching the fluttering hands and the tip of a little red ear. Then he went across to Mrs. Wentworth's room, and entered. "I know the best pretenses to ignore him. So, you think I am no earnest," he said, "but I am. I shall

like very much to marry you, Julia. If you would have me. Juliana dropped her spoon and the flour sifter and the egg beater, all of which she was holding without any idea of how she had intended to use them. "Unless you go away I am going," she announced. He stood looking at her, amusement, admiration and other things she did not stop to analyze, in his gaze. "You have much sweet unreasonableness, Juliana," he said; and then with another look he went away. "Christmas tomorrow," wrote Juliana a few days later, "and I am still here. I told Mrs. Wentworth that I came up to see her sufficiently to implore me to stay just over Christmas. Mr. Wentworth comes tomorrow. He was delayed somewhere on business. Mrs. Farnsworth spent the morning trying to make me tell where I live, but I was firm. I intend that they shall never know."

Juliana had her morning undisturbed. Mrs. Wentworth succeeded in keeping her brother employed until he triumphantly landed him in the carriage to accompany her and his small nephew to the station. Juliana got her Christmas dinner ready to the last detail, taking the greatest pains. At least Mrs. Wentworth should realize what a good cook she had lost. Then she ran upstairs to dress. She got out a tailored linen bought for an emergency and did her hair in the broad brown braids that in their simplicity added piquancy to the dainty charm of her face. Then she pulled it all down again and piled it up as she had done before. Suddenly she had effected since going out to service, and she put away the handsome gown and donned one which, identically adorned with lace, had cost \$3.98 ready-made. She was going to play fair with Mrs. Wentworth. Even then she parted from her reflection in the new mirror with a smile. But when she ran noiselessly downstairs intent on the finishing touches, the carriage had returned and Mrs. Wentworth's door was ajar. Her voice came from it, a mingling of horror and tears. Evidently she was seeking the first opportunity to pour her woes into her husband's ears. "And do you know," she said, "I actually want to marry her. Isn't it too awful? He actually wants to marry her."

Very scarlet were Juliana's cheeks when she reached the kitchen, and very dark and angry her eyes. "I shall go immediately after dinner," she said, "and I'll never see any of them again, never, never, never!" She went into the dining room to see that everything was in order. The two pretty girls were crossing the hall and glanced in at her inadvertently without speaking. They were beautifully dressed and had holly in their hair. They went into the drawing room.

"Oh, Mr. Farnsworth, do come and sing," she heard one of them say. "They are grave Juliana's cheeks. She stood a moment. Then she started swiftly for the back stairs. There was a limit to human endurance. No one, no one, was able to read the two pretty girls were crossing the hall and glanced in at her inadvertently without speaking. They were beautifully dressed and had holly in their hair. They went into the drawing room."



Mrs. Wentworth Spent the Morning Trying to Make Me Tell Where I Live.

don the linen dress but there was a simple and ravishingly becoming home gown of soft Indian red. In an incredibly short time she was in it. Next she hair came down and went up again in a hurried but artistic mass. Then Juliana, her eyes as brilliant as her cheeks, returned noiselessly to the kitchen just in time to hear the peremptory tinkle of Mrs. Wentworth's table bell. She seized the platter and with head held high pushed open the dining room door and entered. "For an instant she did not see her. Then she saw a man at the foot of the table. F"

instant he did not see her. Then he looked up and his eyes met. And into the soft babble of voices and laughter broke two cries. "Juliana Paville!" cried the master delightedly. "Billy Wentworth!" cried the maid amazedly.

As in a dream, Juliana saw the faded faces of Mrs. Wentworth and her guests. Then Billy took the platter from her, only to place it on the nearest chair, and was holding both hands. "I thought you were in England, Billy," she said helplessly. "Just back," said Billy. "Didn't let any of my friends know. Wanted to surprise 'em—sort of Christmas gift, you know. I've been five years away from this blessed country. Think of it. Told the firm I couldn't stand it another minute. Not but what England is all right in its place. I met Marion over there, you know. She was—by the way—with a sudden great increase of astonishment—"how



"I Thought You Were in England, Billy."

on earth did you and Marion become acquainted?" Juliana dropped her eyes to hide their shamed hilarity. "We are not exactly acquaintances," she said. "I am—working here." Mr. Wentworth's happy face fell. His troubled voice invited confidence. "My dear, dear Juliana," he said, "what has happened?" Mr. Farnsworth arose from his place and came across where they stood. "Don't worry, Billy," he said. "Miss Paville has been masquerading. It's up to you to make her give her reasons."

Juliana avoided a glance in his direction. Her answer was to Billy. "It was for articles," she said. "Magazine articles on the Domestic Service Problem. I didn't know this was your house, Billy." But Billy had gone off into happy and continued laughter.

Mrs. Farnsworth spoke, chagrin, resentment and relief—she knew who the Pavilles were—mingling in her voice. "Bring another chair, Kane," she said. "If Miss Paville—"

"Kane followed Juliana down the hall and closed the kitchen door behind them. "Will you marry me, Juliana?" he said. "Kane insisted for her to pass out before him. "Kane insisted for her to pass out before him. "Kane insisted for her to pass out before him. "Kane insisted for her to pass out before him."

Christmas Toola. Mrs. B.—My little boy wants a tooth chest for Christmas, and I suppose I must get him one. Clerk.—Yes, ma'am; here's our Christmas special. It's just the thing for you. Mrs. B.—These tools appear to be very flimsy, though. Surely, they can't be very strong. Clerk.—No, ma'am, that's just it; every one of 'em will break before the child can do much damage with 'em. A Personal Present. Mrs. Catter.—You surely don't give your husband a necktie every Christmas? Mrs. Athome.—Oh, yes, I do! And the poor dear never seems to know that it's the same one!"

WHEN CHRISTMAS TIME COMES ROUND

ST. KISER

When Christmas time comes round it seems
As though the long, long years
Roll back and take away our cares
And dry up all our tears.
I don't know why it is, but when
The great day comes along
I get to feelin' young again,
And kind of turn to song,
And while we go on just like
A boy and girl, 'Til he's found
The old world seems to brighten up
When Christmas time comes round.

'Tis tickled at the Jumps' Jack
And all them kind of things;
I like to watch the boys that play
By wadin' up the springs.
And somehow—don't know why it is—
Love seems to fill the air,
And I forget 'em everwhere;
Or troubles anywhere;
And every little while I sort
Of lanes for the sound
Of voices that have long been still,
When Christmas time comes round.

I wish that I was Santa Claus
And had a magic sleigh,
To visit all the children who
Look forward to the day—
The orphans and the cripples and
The poor folk everywhere—
All children that are good and kind
And don't forget their prayers;
I'll bet you that they'd all be glad
When they got up and found
Their stocker's fairly heartiest,
When Christmas time comes round.

Oh, happy time of twinkle' bells
And hills all white with snow;
Oh, joyful day that takes us back
To care-free long ago.
I wonder if up there above
Where happy souls roam
They do not get the same
The happy times at home,
And turn, in fancy, back once more
To lanes that have long been still,
When Christmas time comes round?

The News is a real newspaper

COTTON

The Red Gin wants your cotton to gin and will buy all that you have to sell at the highest prices--we positively won't be outbid, as we are fully determined to keep the cotton business that belongs in Crowell from leaving the town. We will also pay the highest price for seed. If you doubt this, give us a trial or investigate our prices. We can show you. Patronize the gin that boosts prices. That gin is the Red Gin.

Crowell Gin

M. J. DAVIS, Manager



H. A. Hunter LIVERY MAN

First class rigs and reliable drivers Transit teams a specialty
Cab Me'ts All Trains
Crowell, Texas

RADFORD'S PLATFORM

Ex-President of the Farmer's Union Outlines Legislative Needs of Farmers.

MARKETING AND HELPING THE TENANT FARMER THE PARAMOUNT ISSUES.

Fort Worth, Texas.—Replying to many requests to run for Governor, Peter Radford gave out the following statement:

"My duties with the National and State Farmers' Union, I consider, present a wider field for rendering public service than that afforded by the Governorship of Texas. Many things are possible through mutual co-operation that can not be accomplished through legislation and I consider it my duty to work in this broader field.

"Our government has been run by city men and agriculturists whose knowledge of farming has been acquired by looking through the windows of Pullman cars and while the farmer bears the brunt of taxation, owns the larger per cent of property and seventy-six per cent of our population lives in rural territory, he has little voice in government.

"I follow the plow for a living and my views are gathered from actual contact with the soil and are acquired from association with the great body of organized farmers of this State, and I think fairly represent the consensus of opinion of the farmers of Texas as a whole and embody the elements of constructive legislation needed in Texas today.

Agricultural Legislation Needed.

"The laws of Texas relating to business are wholly unsuited to the transactions of the farmer. While primarily based and admirably adapted to the needs of commerce and industry, they work a hardship upon agriculture. We must give the same care and consideration to a system of co-operative laws extending to the farmer the facilities adapted to his business that is now afforded corporations. We need to extend vigorously this unoccupied and fruitful field of legislative activity and install the machinery adapted to permitting and encouraging co-operative business concerns and facilitating co-operation between different lines of industry.

"In glancing over our statutes I find that most of our laws are aimed at the punishment of individual and corporate criminals and while approving the wisdom and applauding the efficiency of these laws, I do not believe government can hope to fully perform its duty toward all the people by addressing itself to the suppression of crime alone. I want to plead for the able and law-abiding citizen that consideration from government that is now accorded the incompetent and criminal classes.

Co-operation the Remedy.

"To meet the expectations and necessities of the farmers we must develop co-operative system of rural credits that will make money at reasonable rates of interest, constantly and easily available to maintain and expand their business. Farm tenancy is the greatest menace now confronting the State and can only be checked by affording the tenant and the laborer facilities for acquiring property and by reducing the high rates of interest which are now sapping the vitality of agriculture.

Opposed to Woman's Suffrage.

"It is the hand that shuffles the cards rather than the one that rocks the cradle that wants to cast the ballot. The line is the great contributor of women to the world and the hearthstone is her throne. Our social structure is built around her and social righteousness is in her

sharpe. Her beautiful life lights the skies of hope and her refinement is the charm of the twentieth century civilization. Her graces and her power are the cumulative products of generations of quietly conquest and her crown of exalted womanhood is jeweled with the wisdom of saintly mothers. She has been a great factor in the glory of our country and her noble achievements should not be marred or her hallowed influence blighted by the coarser duties of citizenship. Southern chivalry should never permit her to bear the burdens of defending and maintaining government, but should preserve her unscathed from the allied influences of politics, and protect her from the weighty responsibilities of the sordid affairs of life that will crush her ideals and lower her standards. The motherhood of the farmer is our inspiration, she is the guardian of our domestic welfare and a guide to a higher life, but directing the affairs of government is not within woman's sphere and political gossip would cause her to neglect the home, forget to mend our clothes, and mend our souls.

No Liquor Legislation Needed.

"I am a state-wide prohibitionist, have always stood against the saloon and do not use liquor in any form and I will always remain a life-long enemy to the liquor business. The home of the farmer is the hearthstone of morality and the fountain-head of all that is pure and noble in life and the farmer should ever stand for civic righteousness and the reduction of all forms of vice to the minimum. Not more than twenty-five per cent of our population ever tastes liquor and less than one per cent drink to excess. The delinquents we will always have with us, but the liquor habit affects so small a per cent of our population that I do not think it should be considered to the exclusion of important problems that affect the mass of all the people. Where liquor sends one man staggering home to his family, our system of marketing and of rural credits sends thousands of families reeling down the thoroughfares of poverty.

Anti-Trust Law Needs Strengthening.

"The farmers have felt the iron heel of the trusts and illegal combines and the vigilance of our state officials in policing industry is to be commended, but the benefit of these laws has so far been confined principally to lawyers, competitive concerns and politicians with inordinate ambitions. While we should hold all we have I favor extending the benefits of these laws to the producer and consumer and increasing their efficiency by control when the trusts can not collect their fines from the farmers through increasing the price of their products.

Railroads.

"Our railroad facilities should be improved and our mileage increased and I favor such amendments to our laws as in the wisdom of the railroad commission may hasten these results. I believe that all now conveyed to the railroad commission should be exercised exclusively by them and that neither the legislature nor the Attorney General should take the initiative in any matters relating to the control of the Railroad Commission. I consider dual jurisdictions confusing and unbusiness-like.

Education.

"I favor compulsory education extending over the entire school term. Our rural school system is inadequate to meet the requirements of our children. The difficult 'prop' of placing the children of tenant farmers who move from farm to farm is readily apparent. No matter which way we turn, in dealing with the problems in our district, we are confronted with the condition that one-half the population of the country is a floating one. The home and the school are closely allied and their success interdependent.

Labor.

"Labor is honorable whether performed by male or female. Skill and ingenuity should be rewarded, but no class of labor that uses energy, practices economy and lives a moral, upright life, should receive a lesser wage for their services than would enable them to lay up for a rainy day, for old age, to educate their children and place them in society to the best advantage to advance the citizenship and improve the same in the community in which they live. The farmer's family, as a rule, is the poorest paid of any laborer in proportion to the service they render for the general welfare.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CLEMENT & Co., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Clement for many years and we perfectly believe in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

W. T. BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists and dealers.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Train Schedule

K. C. M. & O. Ry. Co.

| | |
|--------------------|------------|
| No. 1, south bound | 11:30 p.m. |
| No. 2, north bound | 4:15 a.m. |
| No. 3, south bound | 12:50 p.m. |
| No. 4, north bound | 3:02 p.m. |

"Cured"

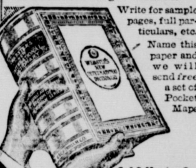
Mrs. Jay McGee, of Stephenville, Texas, writes: "For nine (9) years, I suffered with womanly trouble. I had terrible headaches, and pains in my back, etc. It seemed as if I would never be cured. At last, I decided to try Cardui, the woman's tonic, and it helped me right away. The full treatment not only helped me, but it cured me."

TAKE Cardui The Woman's Tonic

Cardui helps women in time of greatest need, because it contains ingredients which act specifically, yet gently, on the weakened womanly organs. So, if you feel discouraged, blue, out-of-sorts, unable to do your household work, on account of your condition, stop worrying and give Cardui a trial. It has helped thousands of women—why not you? Try Cardui. E-71

A NEW CREATION WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

THE MERRIAM WEBSTER
The Only New unabridged dictionary in many years. Contains the *verbs and essence* of an authoritative library. Covers every field of knowledge. An Encyclopedia in a single book. The *Only Dictionary with the New Divided Page*. 400,000 Words. 2700 Pages. 6000 Illustrations. Cost nearly half a million dollars. Let us tell you about this most remarkable single volume.



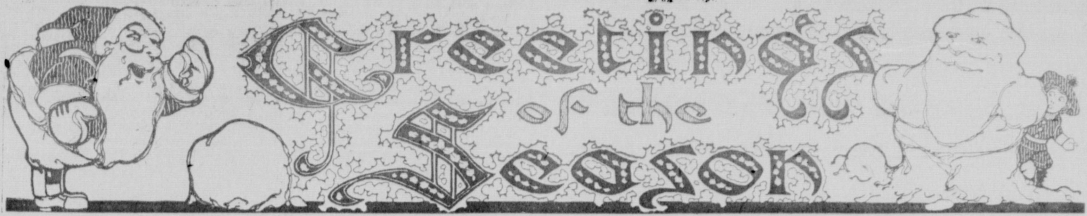
G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.

DR. H. SCHINDLER
Dentist
Bell Building
Phone No. 82 R/Rings

A. C. GAINES
JEWELER AND
WATCH REPAIRER
Owl Drug Store CROWELL, TEXAS

B. F. IVIE
Baggage and Express
Wagon

Headquarters at
McKown's store
Store phone 63
Residence phone 58



Almost from time immemorial it has been a custom among successful business men to extend to their friends, customers, and the public in general their best wishes. At the close of this eventful 1913, we wish to express our feelings of deep gratitude for the patronage that has been given us during the year now closing. And while we fully intend to conduct our future business along the same lines, we hope not only to profit by our past mistakes and shortcomings, but a still wider range of experience in the grocery business the better equips us to meet the demands of the public. Therefore, during the year now before us, we wish to say that

A Full And Complete Line of Choice Groceries

Will be found at our store at all times, and that if not already a customer, we feel that we can make it largely to the interests of both you and ourselves if you will buy of us during 1914.

We Handle the Following Celebrated Lines

The Famous Seal Flour,
 Nigger Head Brand of Canned Goods, None better,
 Empson's line of Canned Goods, Standard all over the United States,
 Hauley & Kinsella's Brand of Coffees and Spices, and Hunt's Canned Goods.

The G. C. Bain Grocery Company

Don't Get Mad

At the stove or the stove pipe, but call us, and we will come and polish your stove, and adjust your pipe. Save time, money and temper!

Let Us Repair

That Stove or those leaky gutters. We make anything that is to be made out of tin, sheet or galvanized iron.

Need a Stove?

If in need of a stove, let us show you what we have. Get the best by getting our own make of stove pipe.

T. L. HAYES

JESTS and RIDDLES of the CHRISTMAS SEASON

Dear Santa Claus: My mother she says what she wishes you'd bring me on Christmas is a heart that's kind. And—and—oh, yes, the wish to mind. And happy smiles for every day. And goodness that won't wear away.

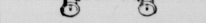
Dear Santa Claus, please won't you bring these all on Christmas—everything My mother wishes that you would? And—and a sled that's strong and good, And I would like to have a gun—The kind that scoots—an iron one.



My father told me if I'd write And ask you for it that you might Bring me the wish to study well And learn to read and write and spell, And if I can't have only one, Why, please, I'd rather have the gun. GEORGE.

Friend Santa, bring them all and I'll Be good and cheerful all the while; But if I can't have everything My parents say they wish you'd bring, And if I can't have only one, Why, please, I'd rather have the gun. GEORGE.

Christmas Boxes an Old Custom.
The besting of Christmas boxes is of great antiquity and was formerly the bounty of well disposed persons who were willing to contribute something toward the industrious. Later the gift came to be demanded as a right and became somewhat of a nuisance. In England the day after Christmas is known as "boxing day" from the Christmas boxes which used to be in circulation. In British museums can be seen boxes covered with green glaze, with a slit in the side for money and presents.



"HE'S BEEN HERE"



A Lucky Christmas.
Prognostications are made in England and also in this country, concerning the coming year, its prosperity, weather, etc., depending upon the day on which Christmas falls. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Saturday are usually reckoned ill omened days, while it is lucky to have Christmas fall on Wednesday, Thursday or Friday. One old time says: If Christmas day on Friday be The first of winter hard shall be, With frost and snow and with great food, But the end thereof it shall be good. Again, the summer shall be good also.

Give Him a Walking Stick.
A walking stick is always acceptable for a man whether he is young or elderly. He likes a collection, so that he may have different kinds for various occasions. Quite the newest and most unique styles have cigar lighters or tiny electric bulbs concealed in their handles. Such small lights often illuminate the vicinity of the keyhole on a dark night. If he rides a crop will delight him, for the horseman enjoys the possession of a variety.

Big Demand For New Coins.
Great demands are always made on Uncle Sam for new coins at the Christmas season. Last year \$25,000 in halves, quarters and dimes was washed and brightened by the treasury department, and this year the demands have been even greater. The banks throughout the country call on the treasury department for bright and shining coins in order to satisfy their customers.

Holly Used as Christmas Tree.
In the southern states holly is used almost exclusively for Christmas trees. This tree abounds in the forests, and frequently boys earn their Christmas money by cutting and selling them in the larger towns. Occasionally a cedar tree is used at Christmas time. Mistletoe also is plentiful in the south, but is difficult to gather, as it usually grows at the very top of the highest oak trees. Fir trees are seldom found in the southern states.

CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

By THOMAS L. MASSON.

"I WANT you to promise me that you won't give me any Christmas present this year," Mrs. Whittier looked at her husband emphatically. "I mean it," she asserted. "Absolutely."

"And you won't give me any?" replied Whittier experimentally. "Positively. Now is it understood?"

was just going out, shut the door, came back, and sat down in front of his wife.

"My dear girl," he said, "I am glad that you have brought this up, because we may as well settle it now as at any other time. You know that for years we have been doing this sort of thing every Christmas. About this time we both declare that we won't give each other anything, then, just before Christmas, we sneak out, and each of us buys the other a present. This year it will be the same. We will promise faithfully not to do it, but, just as sure as fate, we shall break our word."

"In view of this alarming fact, that we are apparently the slaves of a yearly habit, what have you to suggest?"

"Simply this—that we each of us agree now to buy the other a present."

"I know that you will get me something I don't want!"

"And I know that you will do the same; but isn't that what we have been doing all along?"

"Then I don't see that we have gained anything."

that it's probably the last thing on earth he or she wants. Would you rob us both of this fendish pleasure? Never! The only thing to do is to be natural. I therefore announce to you that I am going to surprise you with a present, and you must promise to do the same with me."

Mrs. Whittier considered. "Well," she said at last, "I suppose that is really the best thing for you to do, and I hereby agree to do it." When Christmas eve came, therefore—the time when the Whittiers were accustomed to "spring" their annual surprises—each of them bore that perfectly content and identically joyful air which usually preceded the presentation of something we think the other person has been longing for.

Whittier advanced with a smile. "My dear," he said, "I have the surprise of a lifetime for you."

"Oh, do tell me!" said Mrs. Whittier, with a hypocritical air of glee and anticipation, although inwardly she shrank from the ordeal. "I know it is something that I want!"

"What do you suppose it is?" her husband cheerfully inquired.

"Haven't the least idea."

"Well—it is—it is—guess!"

"Oh, I couldn't! Tell me, quickly!"

"Well, it's absolutely nothing. Now, isn't that a surprise?"

Mrs. Whittier burst into tears. "You horrid thing!" she exclaimed. "I shall never forgive you!"

"But—"

"Don't you know that it isn't the value of the thing, I might not have liked it, but the thought that you had tried to please me would have been everything. I didn't do that to you!"

Whittier, beside himself with sudden remorse, sprang to her side. "I was only joking," he exclaimed breathlessly. "Honest, I was only joking. What have you got for me?"

it is very much better to go on year after year giving each other things that we don't want than to attempt to break up an old habit, which, after all, foolish as it seems, is founded upon a genuine human sentiment." (Copyright by the Frank A. Munsey Co.)

Getting the Particulars.
"Oh, have you seen your Christmas present to me, dear?"

"No," he answered, "what did I give you?"

"This beautiful cabinet for the dining-room."

"It's beautiful, isn't it? How much did I pay for it?"

The Ever Lucky Boy.
THE Christmas tree all summer long is growing in the wood.

But only—so my teacher says— For children that are good.

Our good man he brings it round An' leaves it at the door. My father carries it inside An' plants it in the floor.

An' I can help if I don't tease At stringin' it with stuff. But I can't eat the popcorn much Or there won't be enough.

Nor bite the candles yellow, red Or white or green or blue. (The wax all colored up that way Makes dandy gum to chew.)

An' when there ain't no trimmin' left They wait until I'm gone. An' safe in bed, an' then they start An' tie the presents on.

Aw, what the teacher tells I know She only says to tease. That tree are meant for goodie kids Is mostly old not air.

For you can bet that every time There's lots of things for me. No matter though I've often been As bad as I can be!

IS YOUR BIRTHDAY ON CHRISTMAS?

There are many predictions concerning the luck of those born on Christmas day. It depends somewhat on the day of the week. An old belief was that those born on this day, when it fell on Sunday, would live to be great lords; on Monday, would be strong and keen; on Tuesday, strong and courteous; on Wednesday, wise, gay, doughty and crafty; on Thursday, wise of speech and reasonable; on Friday, long lived; on Saturday, wealthy and prosperous.

Why She Is Waiting.
Ethel—If you are not going to accept Mr. Kelly why don't you tell him to stop calling on you?
Charles—I will, right after Christmas.

The City Shaving Parlor

Solicits your patronage on the principles of competent service and courteous treatment.

We employ only the best labor, and make the interests of our customers our own.

Baths

We have a bath room in connection. Clean tubs and towels. Give us a trial.

Laundry

We represent the well known Haskell Laundry--none better, but few as good. Basket leaves every Tuesday.

C. T. Schlagal



There is once in each year when Santa Claus comes with his Merry Christmas Bells. That time is now here, and let us help you make your Christmas Happy

By selling you the following Groceries

The "WHITE SWAN" line of Mince Meat, Coconut, Teas, Coffees and Spices.

"IMPERIAL FLOUR" and "EMPSON'S" Beans, Hominy, Kraut, Beets and Pumpkins.

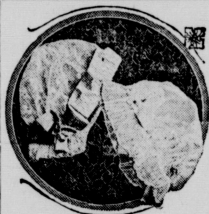
And all kinds of Fresh Fruits for that Christmas dinner, or it won't be complete.

We desire to thank our friends and customers for patronage in the past, and solicit their future grocery business. We wish one and all A "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year."

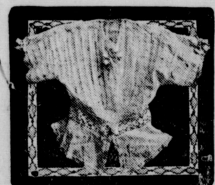
McKown Grocery Company

DRESSING SACKS AND OTHER DAINTY GIFTS

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
What could please a dainty woman more than the little dressing sacks made of mull or silk or any of the thin filmy fabrics of which there are so many? These fabrics are gay with printed flowers or covered with dots and embroidered figures. When a plain mull or batiste is used it is embellished with tucks, embroidery and lace. Ribbon rosettes and bows are used on all of these pretty morning



a half-yard of all-over lace and three-quarters of a yard of lace plaiting which is bought ready made. A circle having a diameter of 18 inches makes the crown. This is gathered into the bound edge of the ready-made plaiting. Two yards of ribbon an inch and a half wide forms a band about the face and neck finished with a little bow at each side. The plaiting is turned back about the face and tucked to place. The crown of the other cap is made of two strips of ribbon and three of



jackets and lace makes a dependable and harmonious finish for them. A dressing sack of India lawn is shown here, cut from a piece covered with half-inch tucks. It has the popular kimono sleeve with plain heading set in, through which an inch-wide ribbon is run. The body is set in to a belt of embroidery. The little basque, set on the belt, is plain and finished with a narrow hand-sewed hem. An edging of Val lace is whipped to the hem and finishes the neck and sleeves. Bows of narrow ribbon decorate the sleeves and are placed over the button fastening at the neck and waist.

The material for such a sack will cost anywhere from one to two dollars in good qualities. A short kimono jacket of silk or printed cottons costs next to nothing in the matter of material. Two yards of yard-wide goods is an ample allowance for it.

The woman who can sew neatly finds it possible to take the simplest materials—short lengths and remnants of goods that cost next to nothing—and convert them into just such pretty kimono and dressing sacks as are shown here. It requires very little expenditure of money, but some time and ability to make them up—but they are worth it.

Something pretty and useful as well as the best of all Christmas gifts to women friends. Here is a group of dainty feminine belongings all easy to make and costing anywhere from 50 cents to \$2 or \$3, depending upon the sort of lace used in them.

The bonnet-shaped cap is made of

SOME SELECTIONS IN COLLARS AND JABOTS

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
There are so many designs in neck wear to choose from! Here are a few of them which are so faithfully pictured by the camera that it seems almost unnecessary to describe them. They set forth some of the attractive styles that the season has brought into fashion.

The berthas and collars combined, made of net and lace, are among the



most popular of styles. Plain or dotted net alone, or net combined with shadow lace, makes the body of the collar and fichu as a rule.

Platings are usually of net and are unhemmed on many of the fichues. The finest and strictest machine made laces, as white as snow, in shadow lace and other patterns, make it possible to produce these neckpieces at a trifle of cost.

For wear with either dresses or coats the sailor collar with fichu ends is made in the designs pictured here. Plain fine net is liked for edging the all-over lace. It is used as a flat binding in place of a hem and the addition of a fine cord of silk make an elegant finish at the top of the binding. Little buttons, nearly always covered with silk, are liked on neckwear and they appear in all the designs.

Two jabots with silk turn-over collars are handsome designs for older women. These collars are boned at the sides and often adorned with small sparkling rhinestone buttons or silk-covered buttons matching the collar. Laces and nets are used for the jabots and when very sheer the platings are made double—that is, one falling over another, as shown in the picture.

High, close-fitting collars of net and lace are liked by young people. They are easy to make and a small bit of net and lace will furnish material for any one of a number of designs. They are usually finished with a tiny cravat bow of velvet or silk ribbon. Buttons,



too, play a part in their make-up. Such collars should be boned at the sides and back. They fasten either with tiny hooks and eyes or beauty pins.

Very elegant little cravats of velvet ribbon serve as a background for medallions of hand-crocheted lace. These are worn by all the grown-ups, young or old, and make most acceptable Christmas gifts. The medallions are in the Irish lace patterns and very durable. They will outwear the bit of velvet, and stand laundering week in and out. The same medallions may be tacked to cravats of different colors from time to time. Bright green velvet ribbon, black and also vivid red are favorite just now.

Small flat cravat bows of silk are liked. They serve as a background for the new brooches and bar pins in novelty jewelry.

Neckwear will help out the Christmas shopper and any one who has time to make up these attractive finishing touches to the toilette at home will be able to gladden many hearts at Christmas time with little expenditure of money.

PICTURE FRAMES OF CRETONNE.



Picture frames are cut out of heavy cardboard and covered with cretonne. The back is covered with a strong, plain paper. Rings are added by which to hang them, or they may be made with a support, hinged to the back by means of a pasted bit of cloth like an easel.

"Santa Claus'll Get Us."



Some Riddles For the Fireside Christmas Night

Which are the most contented birds? Answer—Crows, because they never complain without cause.

What is the difference between a spendthrift and a pillow? Answer—One is hard up and the other soft down.

What animal took the most luggage into the ark and what the least? Answer—The elephant, who had his trunk, while the fox and the rooster had only a brush and comb between them.

When is a candle in a passion? Answer—When it is put out or flares up.

When has a man four hands? Answer—When he doubles his fists.

Why is a wig like a lie? Answer—Because it's a false hood.

Why mustn't you call an owl a quail? Answer—Because you would be making game of him.

Why did the elderberry whine? Answer—Because he didn't get lemon aid.

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

While there are few civilized countries in which the plan of giving presents at Christmas time is not almost universal nowadays, this was not always the case. Indeed, the world has acquired many of the customs now in vogue at this period of the year from the Germans, who pay more attention to Christmas than the people of any other nation.

It is to them perhaps that we owe the inauguration of the gift giving as well as the beautiful institution of the Christmas tree. The presents equally with the tree have been popular among the Germans from medieval times. With the introduction of German customs (chief among which was the sparkling Christmas tree) into Great Britain at the time of Queen Victoria's marriage with the German Prince Albert in the middle of the nineteenth century the practice of general Christmas giving doubtless began among English speaking people.

To receive a copy of this paper is an invitation to subscribe.

The News, \$1.00 a year.

ALLISON'S HOLIDAY SALE

Continues With Great Vim And Vigor

One of the biggest successes of the season is Allison's Big Annual Sale. So great has been its success we have decided to continue it through the Holidays. They have written us and they have phoned us requesting us to do this, so eager are they to take advantage of our great bargains, but kept away on account of bad weather and impassable roads. But the great slaughter of prices continues and before the onslaught has fallen the "King of Poverty," and in its wake dawns the "Golden age of Opportunity. Don't miss it.

Prices That Talk---Values That Count---
Savings That Tell

Kirchbaum Clothes

- 1st. Every customer a satisfied customer.
 - 2nd Tailored by hand.
 - 3rd. Every suit will hold shape and won't fade.
 - 4th. Sewed with silk thread thru and thru.
 - 5th. The Kirchbaum guarantee makes us give you your money back without question if not satisfied.
- | | |
|--|----------------|
| \$25.00 Kirchbaum suits sale price | \$17.95 |
| \$20.00 and \$22.50 Kirchbaum suits sale price | \$14.95 |
| \$15.00 and \$17.50 Kirchbaum suits sale price | \$9.95 |

100 Men's Suits as Follows:

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------|
| \$18.00 suits sale price | \$9.95 |
| \$15.00 suits sale price | \$8.95 |
| \$12.50 suits sale price | \$7.50 |
| \$10.00 suits sale price | \$5.95 |

Every suit in the house at a bargain. Men's Youths', Children's and all—we want to sell them—we must sell them—we have got to sell them!

Extra Specials

- | | |
|--|---------------|
| 100 men's fine dress shirts each | 40c |
| 100 Beaver hats to sell at each | \$2.25 |
| 15 misses' \$3.50 cloaks each | \$1.85 |
| 50 men's odd pants, \$2.50 values, heavy weights, each | \$1.95 |
| 100 men's bibbed overalls the \$1.00 grade | 75c |
| 100 boys' Knickerbocker knee pants ages up to 17, each | 40c |
| 500 men's 50c heavy fleeced underwear | 40c |

These are not Stinky, Half-way Reductions
But Reductions That are Real.

Shoes

We have a \$5,000 stock of shoes, the largest in the county. Every pair will be reduced as the headline indicates—Reductions that will make your pocket-book smile.

| | |
|--|---------------|
| \$3.50 shoes, 300 pairs, per pair | \$1.95 |
| \$3.00 shoes, 300 pairs, per pair | \$1.85 |
| \$2.50 shoes, 400 pairs, per pair | \$1.50 |
| \$1.50 shoes, 100 pairs, sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4, for infants, per pair | 75c |

These shoes will be on the counters and will be in lots as advertised, and will include men's, women's children's and all kinds of shoes.

Skirts

- | | |
|--|---------------|
| One lot of 25 ladies' skirts, regular \$12.00 values | \$6.50 |
| One lot of 15 ladies' skirts, regular \$10.00 values | \$5.95 |
| One lot of 25 ladies' skirts, regular \$8.50 values | \$4.95 |
| One lot of 15 ladies' voile skirts, regular \$12.50 values | \$5.00 |

PREPARING FOR SANTA



Millinery

Prices that will move the remainder of hats now on hand even though they are not the 1913 models.

| | |
|--|---------------|
| 8 ladies' hats, from \$6.00 up to \$12.50, some are beauties, choice | \$3.50 |
| 6 ladies hats from \$3.50 to \$5.00 choice | \$1.50 |
| 35 misses' and children's hats up \$3.50. Choice | 40c |

Knock-out Drops

For Saturday, December 20, the First Day Of the Sale and Prices That's Sure To Draw The Crowds.

- | | |
|--|---------------|
| 25 yards of the best cotton checks for only | \$1.00 |
| 7 spools O. N. T. Thread for Saturday only | 25c |
| 3 papers of genuine brass pins for | 5c |
| 18 cedar lead pencils with rubber tips for | 10c |
| 35c window shades for only | 15c |
| 3 dozen pearl buttons for only | 5c |
| 3 skeins of silk embroidery thread, any colors | 5c |

Remember that we have complete lines of the goods advertised, but don't blame us if you come Monday or some day later and don't find what you want. The first fellow with the money gets 'em.

If Prices Talk, Then Here Is Where They "Holler."

Ladies' Suits

- 15 Ladies' suits is all we have, and we are going to sell them during this sale. Size 34 to 42. Prices that really do hollow, but won't hollow long, for they will be sold.
- | | |
|--|----------------|
| 4 suits, regular \$22.50 values choice | \$10.95 |
| 3 suits, regular \$20.00 values choice | \$9.95 |
| 5 suits, regular \$15.00 values choice | \$7.95 |
| 3 suits, regular \$12.50 values choice | \$6.95 |

Every suit guaranteed all wool, high grade and well made. If we can fit you, you are sure to buy one of these bargains.

All Sales are Good---Some are Better---
This Sale Is Best

Dry Goods

Every yard of everything on our dry goods side is on sale. Some merchants put on a sale of their junk and reserve the best. Not so with this sale—everything goes.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|------------|
| Calicoes, all grades, per yard | 4c |
| 12 1-2c ginghams, sale price | 9c |
| \$1.00 wool goods, sale price | 70c |
| 60c wool goods, sale price | 40c |
| 15c percales, sale price per yard | 11c |
| 12 1-2c flannelettes, sale price | 7c |
| 10c brown domestic, sale price | 7c |

J. W. Allison Dry Goods Co.

West Side Square Crowell, Texas

CECIL'S COST SALE

CONTINUES UNTIL DECEMBER 24

WE STILL have lots of good values to offer you. Our stock is large and well assorted and we must reduce this large stock of Dry Goods at once. So if you want good new Dry Goods buy them now from us. The reason we are continuing this sale is on account of its having rained so that people couldn't come to town, so we have extended this Cost Sale until Wednesday, December 24, 1914.

Dress Goods

| | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| Regular 10c gingham now only | 7 ¹ / ₂ c |
| Regular 12 1-2c Read Seal gingham now only | 10c |
| Fancy Brocaded suitings, 27-inches wide, regular 25c grade, now only | 19c |
| Fancy cotton suitings, regular 25c grade, now only | 19c |
| One lot of 36-inch wool dress goods, regular 50c grade, now only | 35c |
| One lot of fancy 36-inch wool suiting, regular 50c grade, now only | 42c |
| One lot fancy 42-inch wool dress goods, regular \$1 grade, now only | 75c |
| One lot fancy 42 and 44-inch wool dress goods, regular \$1 grade, now only | 82c |

Ladies Coats

| | |
|---|---------|
| Extra fine ladies' coats, all new styles | |
| One lot ladies' regular \$10 coat, now only | \$7.50 |
| One lot ladies' regular \$12.50 coat, now only | \$8.50 |
| One lot ladies' regular \$13.50 coat, now only | \$9.75 |
| One lot ladies' regular \$15 coat, now only | \$10 |
| One lot ladies' regular \$16.50 coat, now only | \$10.50 |

Misses Coats

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| Regular \$7 coats, now only | \$5.25 |
| Regular \$9.50 coats, now only | \$2.75 |

Men's Shoes

| | |
|--|--------|
| One lot of Packard's \$5 shoes, now only | \$3.75 |
| One lot Packard regular \$4 grade, now only | \$3.35 |
| Men's Florsheim regular \$5 shoes, now only | \$4.25 |

Mens Clothing

| | |
|---|---------|
| High Art suits, all new patterns and sold under a guarantee to give perfect satisfaction to the wearer. | |
| Regular \$16.50 suits, now only | \$11.65 |
| Regular \$18.50 and \$20 suits, now only | \$14.95 |
| Regular \$22.50 and \$25 suits, now only | \$18.50 |
| One lot of men's Sophomore regular \$15 and \$16.50 suits, now only | \$9.95 |

Boys Suits

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| Regular \$5 suits, now only | \$3.75 |
| Regular \$3.50 suits, now only | \$2.65 |
| Regular \$3 suits, now only | \$2.25 |

Auto Hoods

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| Regular 50c and 65c grade now only | 42c |
| Regular 75c grade, now only | 55c |

Sweaters

| | |
|--|--------|
| Regular 65c sweater, in red and navy blue, now only | 45c |
| Regular \$1.25 sweater, now only | 95c |
| Regular \$1.50 sweaters now only | \$1.15 |

Mens Shirts

| | |
|--|--------|
| E. & W. Dress Shirts, with or without collars, regular dollar shirts, now | 85c |
| E. & W. Dress Shirts, with or without collar, regular \$1.50 grade, now | \$1.15 |
| Men's wool shirts, regular \$1.00 grade, now only | 85c |

Hats

| | |
|----------------------------------|--------|
| Any \$3.00 Star hat now only | \$2.10 |
| Any \$3.00 Worth hat now only | \$2.35 |

Underwear

| | |
|--|--------|
| Men's Heavy ribbed underwear, regular \$1.00 suit, now only | 80c |
| Men's regular \$2.00 per suit underwear now only | \$1.70 |
| Men's all-wool underwear, regular \$2.00 suit, now only | \$1.60 |
| Ladies' regular 50c underwear now only | 40c |
| Boys' heavy fleeced union suits, regular 50c grade, all sizes, now only | 40c |

Blankets

| | |
|--|--------|
| Extra large, heavy grade, soft cotton Blankets, \$1.50 grade, now only | \$1.15 |
| Heavy cotton blankets, extra large and good, all colors, regular \$1.25 grade | 95c |

Comforts

| | |
|---|--------|
| Heavy, large comforts, regular \$1.25 comforts, now only | 90c |
| Regular \$2.00 comforts, extra nice and good, now only | \$1.50 |

Pants

| | |
|---|--------|
| Men's half-wool regular \$2.00 pants, now only | \$1.35 |
| Men's regular \$5.00 dress pants now only | \$3.95 |
| Men's regular \$4.00 all-wool pant now only | \$3.35 |

Ladies Shoes

| | |
|---|--------|
| One lot \$3 and \$3.50 shoes, now only | \$2 |
| One lot \$2 and \$2.50 shoes, now only | \$1.65 |

Cecil & Company, Inc.

HAPPY NEW YEAR RING OUT, WILD BELLS!



1913 1914

My Lady's Resolutions

Take away the tattered page
Of my erstwhile plea;
Din and soiled and outraged quite—
Mocked of bland society;
Resolutions such as 'I will
May greet the season with aplomb,
But when the year grows old and gray,
Time's not a crutch to lean upon
Of all that lofty sentiment,
I aim would close the vesting tale
And yet again experiment.

For like a bloom perennial
And roy tinted wade the dreams
Of all the mortals yet to come,
When life is really what it seems;
When tardiness and broken vows
And duties shirked for Pleasure's court,
And Mother Grandy's sad pow-wows,
And Fido's Fashion's mad report
Are strangers to my righteous heart—
Tear up the old and frame the new,
For I would make another start.

—Maude DeVorse Newton.

THE DAYS' NEW YEAR PARTY

His Coming of Age Marked by a Dinner to Which All of the Festivals Are Invited.

The Old Year being dead, and the New Year coming of age, which he does by calling law as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark, but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the Festivals in the year were invited. The Festivals, whom he deputed as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had seen engaged farms out of mind, they said in providing good cheer for mortals below, and it was time they should have a taste of their own society.

It was stiffly debated among them whether the Fasts should be admitted. Some said the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by Christmas Day, who had a design upon Ash Wednesday (as you shall hear), and a mighty desire to see how the old Dominic would behave himself in his cup. Only the Vigils were required, with their lanterns to light the gentlefolk home at night.

All the days came. Covers were provided for all guests at the principal table, with an occasional knife and fork at the sideboard for the Twenty-ninth of February. Cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the Hours, twelve little merry, whirling footpads that went all round and found out the persons invited, with the exception of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday, and a few other movables, who had lately shifted their quarters.

"Well, they all met at last, foul Days, fine Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but 'Hail, fellow Day! well met!' only Lady Day seemed a bit scornful. Yet she and the other Day cut her out, for she came all royal and glittering and Epipheneous. The rest came in green, some in white, but old Lent and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in dripping, and the Sunshiny Days laughing. Wedding Day came late, and Domesday sent word he might be expected.

April Fool took upon himself to marshal the guests, and May Day, with that sweetest pector to her, proposed the health of the host. This being done, the lordly New Year from the upper end of the table returned thanks. Ash Wednesday, being so called upon for a song, struck up a carol which Christmas Day had taught him. Shrove-tide, Lord Mayor's Day and April Fool next joined in a glee, in which all the Days, chiming in, made a merry burden.

All this while Valentine's Day kept courting pretty May, who sat next him, slipping amorous billet-doux under the table till the Dog Days began to be jealous and to bark and rage excessively.

At last the Days called for their cloaks and greatcoats and took their leave. Short Day went off in a deep black coat that wrapped the little gentleman all round. The Vigils—so watchmen are called in Heaven—saw Christmas Day safe home; they had been used to the business before. The other Vigil—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the Eve of St. Christopher—seeing Ash Wednesday in condition little better than they should be, whipped him over his shoulders pick-a-back fashion, and he went floating home singing:

"O, the Hat's Hack Do I Fly," and a number of old snatches besides. Longest Day set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold; the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but Valentine and pretty May took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set in.

GOOD AS NEW.



"My good man, I hope you've made some good resolutions."
"No, ma'am, not dis year. You see I've got a bunch of 'em I made last year I ain't never used."



Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more,
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times,
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out the false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kinder hand,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN ENGLAND.

New Year's day is kept very curiously in some of the old countries. In England the ringing of bells is about the only formal demonstration they show for the anniversary at the present time, though years ago it was as noisy as Christmas. The people in the rural districts go to have been in a civilized community. On the whole the new is quite as good as the old way, to my thinking. In Denmark the cannon booms, as a sound of joy to welcome in the new year. Every morning of the first of January, Copenhagen is shaken by this peaceful cannonading. The people in the rural districts go to the farmhouses and fire their muskets under the windows of the sleeping inmates, to inform them that a new year is at hand. The custom is not a very nice one; it smacks too much of old time roughness and rudeness.

New Year Resolutions.
I will try to be kind.
I will try to find good in others.
I will try to sunnshine with me, especially into the dark places.
I will try to make someone happy each day.—Woman's Home Companion.

what good ones he used to make himself.
"I know it," said Mehitable. "He wanted to make some himself, when we were first married, but I retorted that I wasn't going to have a man's merriment round makin' pies, and I wasn't going to have him eatin' of 'em after they were made. Pies ain't good for him. But I declare I don't see what does make him act so kind of spiritless. I told him today I thought he'd better make a resolution for the New Year and stick to it, and see if it wouldn't put some spunk into him."
"Pretty soon she went home. I could see she was real kind of troubled. She says she didn't see what does make her in spite of everything."

The next day was New Year's, and in the afternoon Mehitable came in again. She didn't have her usual air, she generally did, she was a very industrious woman. She just sat down and began twisting the fringe of her shawl as if she was real nervous. Her face was pookered up, too. "I dunno what to make of Lemuel," said she, finally.

"Why, what's the matter?" said L. "Kind of scared."
"He says he's made a resolution for the New Year," said she, "and that he's going to keep it."
"Well, what is it?" said L.
"I dunno," said she.
"Well, if it's a good one, you don't care, do you?" said L, "and it couldn't be anything but a good one if your brother made it."
"I dunno what it is," said she.
"Won't he tell?"
"No, he won't. I can't get a word out of him about it. He don't act like himself."

Well, I must say I never saw such a change as come over Mehitable and Lemuel after that. He wouldn't tell her what his resolution was, and she couldn't make him, though she almost went down on her knees. It began to seem as if she was fairly changin' characters with Lemuel, though she had a spell of bein' herself more'n ever at first, tryin' to force him to tell what that resolution was. Then she give that up, and she never asked him where he was goin', an' he could come in my house an' sit just as long as he wanted to, and she bought him a short-tailed coat and some store col-lars and he was goin' an' he looked like another man. He got to stayin' down to the store nights, an' talkin' politics



Mehitable She Bought All His Clothes.
with the other men real loud. I heard him myself one night, and I couldn't believe it was goin' an' he told me. Well, Lemuel he never gave in, and he never told till the next New Year day, when he'd said he would. He'd said all along that he'd tell her, but he'd got most as curious as Mehitable myse'f that time, and New Year's mornin' run over real early—they wasn't through breakfast. I knew the minute I saw them that he hadn't told. He said he wouldn't till he was through his breakfast. He was most through—was finishing up with a big piece of mince pie, and he'd made it himself, too. When he'd swallowed the last mouthful, he looked up and he laughed, real pleasant and sweet, and yet with more manliness than I'd ever seen in him.

"S'pose you want to know what that New Year's resolution was?" said Lemuel.

"I guess I can stand it a while longer," said Mehitable. "The time had come she didn't want to act too eager, but she showed out just what I felt."
"For the land sake, Lemuel Babbit, what was it?" said L.
Lemuel he laughed again. "Well, it wasn't much of anything," he said, "in his gentle drawlin' way. 'I didn't make no resolution, really.'"
"Was Lemuel Babbit?" cried Mehitable.
"No," said he; "I don't see nothin' of no sense to make. So I made a resolution not to tell that he hadn't made any."

CHRISTMAS FOR TWO



THOMAS L. MASSON

IT IS a common mistake to suppose that we are creatures controlled by reason. In reality, we are the children of impulse. Our environment often forces us to conclusions which seem to be based upon reason, but in reality, they are the result of our impulses.

If I had been a reasonable being, I should never have fallen in love with Miss Galbraith. It was an illogical proceeding, because it made my presidency of the Bachelors' club, which I had formed three years before, extremely uncertain—or, at least, it seemed to make it uncertain.

Nothing was more desirable than my club. We had every comfort, in addition to good fellowship; and the fact that we were all members did not preclude us from the society of women. Indeed, it gave a zest to that society, for it seemed to surround us with an additional safeguard.

Miss Galbraith's father had left her several millions. She owned the building in which our club was quartered. The agent had called on me only three weeks before Christmas to call me that we must either sign another three years' lease, or vacate on the 1st of January. There were twenty-two of us, and we had already agreed—it was in the constitution—that the club should be immediately disbanded if any member got married. We all knew Miss Galbraith and we were all in love with her; but as yet no man had been sufficiently disloyal—or successful—to break the spell.

I caught Pension, our vice-president, calling on Miss Galbraith one night; and afterward, in the club rooms, we had it out.

"Look here, old man," I said. "It seems to me that you are taking chances. Of course, you don't care about the money; but you can't play around here. Why the future of this club depends on your keeping away from that girl!"

"You're a nice man to talk," said Pension. "What in the world are you doing around here? You ought to set a better example."

"Of course, you ought," repeated Van Olcott, coming up. "Why, I had some sense of honor about it myself; but when I saw you going, I made up my mind that I might as well go, too."

"That's the way you fellows all reason," I said hot. "Why, during the week, the entire club is around at Miss Galbraith's. The other night we couldn't get a quorum to discuss the renewal of our lease. At any moment some member may get her."

I said this with out much fear. I had reason to believe that if the club was disbanded, it wouldn't be anybody's fault but my own.

"She's bothered to death," I added. "It's a shame—allows, for abbodevoted men like you to annoy a young girl like that!"

I felt so sympathetic about it, indeed, that the next afternoon I called on Miss Galbraith to learn the facts.

"Is it true," I asked, "that the fellows in my crowd come around here constantly? I suppose it must be so, as I meet them here all the time. That's the reason why I came this afternoon," I added softly. "The evenings are too crowded."

The dear girl looked tired.

"Yes, it is true," she replied. "You know that two young men, constantly succeeding one another, are rather trying on you, isn't it?" I said.

"Dreadfully," I am going away."

I experienced a sudden shock of pain.

"Oh, don't say that!" I exclaimed. "I'll do something about it. I'll make them pass a resolution that they aren't to call so often—say, one man a week during the year. Anything to keep you here!"

"Oh, I'm only going away for Christmas," she said. "Just for a rest. Dear old New York! I hate to leave it at this season, but I know how it will be. They never could keep away, and I shall break down if I don't get a few days off."

The thought made me boil.

"By Jove!" I exclaimed. "This is a pretty mess, isn't it? Here's a bachelors' club, sworn to remain single, and all of us working nights to go back on ourselves and to bother the tire out of you. We're actually driving you away from town at the best time of the year. It's a shame!"

"Never mind," she said softly. "I need a change, anyway. I am going to open up my country place, and have

a real country Christmas." She looked at me appealingly. "How would you like to run down there for the holidays?"

Her words went through me like an electric shock. So I was the chosen one! I had suspected it for some time.

"Do you really mean it?" I asked.

I could see even then the magnificent stretches of country surrounding her beautiful estate, and the stately mansion in the center. Everything was there that the mind or heart could wish, and I was to be lord of it all. Not that I cared for the money—I felt that she knew that.

"Certainly I mean it. You can run down the day before and stay over for a few days. My aunt will chaperon us. Now, you must go, as I have some business to attend to."

It seemed too good to be true. For the next week I went about as one in a dream. Luck was with me, even to the elements, for the day before Christmas dawned unclouded, and saved me the opportunity to run my car down to Miss Galbraith's instead of taking the train, which I detest.

It was only a seventy-mile run. I arrived at six o'clock. As I stepped into the hall, I noticed an unusual commotion. Suddenly, from behind a pillar, a form sprang forth. It was that of Pension.

"Hello, old man! All the boys are here!"

"The boys?" I exclaimed. "What the deuce do you mean?"

At that instant I gazed around me. The hall was piled with merchandise, like a warehouse. Boxes of candy of every conceivable shape mounted to the ceiling like a pyramid. A mass of the latest holiday books towered aloft on the other side, and in the center were flowers, ranged in geometrical masses. Her Christmas gifts.

"Good heavens!" I cried again, as from all the four corners of the establishment there issued, one by one the twenty-two members of my club. "Can it be?"

They sorrowfully grouped themselves about me, and Pension, burying his head on my shoulder, almost wept as he replied:

"Yes, old fellow. It is too true. She has invited every man Jack down here to spend Christmas with her, and an hour ago she skipped back to town all by herself!"

There was a solemn pause. The

crisis was painful, but we felt that we must meet it like men.

"Boys," I whispered, "we could follow her back; but, inasmuch as we are all in the same boat, I move that we stay here for the holidays and have a ripping old time, and that the secretary be immediately empowered to telephone her agent that we will take another three years' lease."

"Second the motion," said Pension. And it was carried unanimously.

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LOOKED THE PART.

Stranger (in the wild west)—Who acted as Santa Claus in your camp last Christmas?

Alkali like—Cherokee Charley. We tarred and feathered him fer hoss stealin'!

Rev. Dr. Talmage used to tell the story of a young man who annually devoted New Year's eve to a review of the year ended, concluding with resolutions which he seldom kept for any great length of time. Lying lazily back in a comfortable Morris chair, the young man would smoke a cigar, think over the year, and make his resolves. One New Year's eve he thought and smoked until, half dreaming, he fancied he saw in the smoke as it curled upward the word "resolutions." His fancy led him to serious consideration of how many of his resolutions had really gone up in smoke. He was astounded, and made one supreme resolve that they should no longer end in smoke.

Great Mystery Solved.

"Papa, what does Santa Claus do between Christmas?"

"Hides from his creditors."

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

Although Usually Broken They Often Result in Something Worth While to the Maker.

At the close of the year a great many men and women review the events and experiences through which they have passed, and resolve to profit by them during the coming year. Many a man "turns over a new leaf," and many a woman emphatically declares that she will abandon this folly and that. So many fall in their resolves that New Year's resolutions have become a subject of jest.

Yet while there may be a humorous phase of the subject there is certainly a more serious one than some appear to believe. It makes no difference whether it is New Year's eve or any other eve, there has to come a time in the lives of all when there is an ac-

counting with self. It is only through such accountings that men and women find themselves, learn to know themselves and, knowing, become what they should be.

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Now's the time to Buy Land

HERE never was a better time in the history of Foard County to buy land than at this season. For a few seasons crops have been short, and we will be frank with the public by saying that the values of land all over West Texas have depreciated, not because land is intrinsically of less value, but because of the unrest and dissatisfaction on the part of the people because of crop conditions. But watch the prices go higher than ever before within the next few months. There is already sufficient moisture in the ground to insure a bumper crop of all kinds the coming year, and if the future is to be judged by the past, we are due several prosperous seasons, for this country is something like the countries in the days of old—years of scarcity and years of plenty. The years of plenty are now due us, and they are coming.

I Have The Land

And it is land suitable for safe investment. I can sell it to you at a price which will be bound to net you a handsome profit within the next few months. I also have some excellent trading propositions. If you want to buy Foard county land, or if you have a trading proposition, or need an abstract, get in touch with me. I am here permanently, and have made hundreds of deals which made my clients satisfactory profits. Write me.

Plenty of Eight per cent. money to lend on Foard County Land

J. E. Bray Land and Abstract Company

Better Be Safe

HAVE your title abstracted by **OUR COMPANY** and some competent Attorney to pass upon it for you. There may be defects which you know nothing about, and now is the time to have them corrected.

IF you are buying land insist upon an abstract made by our firm, and let the other fellow bear the expense of perfecting title.

OUR books are up-to-date, and our manager has had more experience in title work than any other person engaged in the business in Foard County.

All Loan Companies Accept our Abstracts.

We have money to loan on farms and ranches.

Bell-Roberts Land and Abstract Co.

Crowell, Texas.

Neighboring County News

Hanson Arhold died at his home in Memphis Tuesday of Bright's disease.

John F. Hardison and Miss Fairy Heard, both of near Vernon were married last Thursday.

The big Ogden Ranch in Cottle county is to be cut up into small farms which will be sold to settlers.

At an election held at Amarillo last Saturday, that city voted to remain in the "dry" column by a majority of 161.

The bond issue for a \$40,000 school building carried at Memphis by a large majority at an election held in that city last Wednesday.

The three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Sims, who live about 4 miles west of Vernon, died at the family residence Tuesday.

W. P. Kirkpatrick, a prominent citizen of Hall county, died at his home near the Grammage school house last Friday of Bright's disease.

From the deep well at Quannah about 1200 feet of casing has been taken out and an effort will be made to put the well down to the depth of about 2000 feet.

W. H. Ratliff, the Quannah attorney, will remove to Dallas the first of the year where he will form a law partnership with the

firm of Beall, Templeton & Williams.

B. F. Walker, Jr., aged 14 years, son of B. F. Walker of Quannah, died at Austin last week of acute indigestion. His remains were shipped to Quannah for burial.

Tom York, well known to the old cow boys of West Texas, was killed one day last week on his ranch in New Mexico when the horse that he was riding fell, breaking York's neck.

John Rutledge, a Wilbarger county farmer, reports that the oats in his field are heading, and that in order to save them he will mow the entire field soon as the weather will permit him to get into the field.

The largest damage suit ever filed in Hall county was that of A. F. Tolbert who filed a suit of \$25,000 damage against the Memphis Cotton Oil Company for the loss of his arm while in the employ of said company.

The Quannah Observer says that the express business is very quiet at that place now on account of the recent laws having put a stop to the shipping of liquor to that town. Usually the express companies do a heavy business at that place just before the Holidays.

Rev. D. B. Clapp, for three years pastor of the Baptist church at Vernon, has been called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church at Palestine, at a salary of \$2,400 a year with a stenographer and a clerk furnished. Palestine has a \$40,000 church building, a \$4,000 pipe organ, and a membership of 800.

Meet me at Ferguson Bros.

Hit Or Miss Social

On last Friday evening at 7:30 December 12, the Senior Epworth League were entertained at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Clark. Most of the guests were dressed in lit or miss style. Miss Mable Crowell and Thurmond Tally won the prize for being dressed the nearest hit or miss fashion. About forty guests were present. Several games and contests were enjoyed by all. The quartette's "Old Folks at Home" and "Dixie" were one of the most interesting features of the evening. The hit or miss rotation delivered by Beaty Andrews was received with much interest. A hit or miss lunch was served, after which came the special, cake and hot chocolate. About 10:20 we bade our hostess good night, all expressing ourselves as having enjoyed the evening in this beautiful and pleasant home, and wishing to have the pleasure of returning in the near future.

And He Gets The Business

The Abilene Reporter, one of the leaders in the newspaper field of the west part of the state, recently came to our desk with additional pages, caused by a local firm, Campbell, the dry goods man, taking nine pages of advertising. We are not printing this to boost either the Reporter or Campbell, but to remark that that is some advertising for any paper at this season or the year. Most papers are quite content to get a one page ad from any-one merchant in their town these times.—Stamford Leader.

Marvello

An excellent remedy for pimples and blackheads preserving the skin and beautifying the complexion.

FERGUSON BROS.

Meet me at Ferguson Bros.

Baptist Ladies Aid
The meeting of the Ladies Aid will be held December 26. Subject—China. Leader—Mrs. T. N. Bell. Song—Love Divine. Prayer. Scripture—Col 1:3-23; Micah. 5:2. 4:1-7. Political events. Song—Joy to the World. Prayer of Thanksgiving for the Gift of Christ. Readings from Our Mission Fields: part two, page 2 to 47 to 53. Map Study—Mrs. Staton. Reading of leaflet—Chinese. Women and the Gospel—Mrs. Long. Prayer—Silent prayer for a real Christmas offering for China. Benediction.

Intermediate League
Subject—Jesus came as God's Messenger of good tidings to all people. Text—Malachi 3:1-4. Leader—Nona Olds. Who was meant by "my messenger" in Mal. 3:1—Suetta Gaffard. Jno. 1:23—Mazie Bray. Luke 3:3-4—Bess Harris. Who was meant by the messenger of the covenant coming suddenly to His Temple? Jno. 2 13-15—Edna Staton. What did Malachi say Christ was to do? Mal. 3:2-4—Josie Hill. Whom would he condemn? Mal. 3:5—George Self. Proof of above reference, Matt. 5:27—Mattie Page McKown. Matt. 5:33—Esther Griggs. Matt. 23:14-23—Litha Crews. Recitation—Gladys Benson. Benediction.

Big Rabbit Drive December 26
There will be a big rabbit drive out at Henry Gribble's farm south of town December 26. Henry says there are something like a million jack rabbits out in his part of the county, and if his friends want to share with him in the sport come out to his place on the 26 of December and he will guarantee that they will have the time of their lives.

Boy's League
Subject—John the Baptist. Leader—Henry Thompson. Scripture lesson—Mat. 4:5. Prayer. Works of John—Adrian Thompson. Imprisonment—Tom Beverly. Death—John Bob Shawver. Calling of roll.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found the announcement of Mrs. Agnes E. McLaughlin of this city for treasurer of Foard county, also an article over her signature relative to her candidacy. Mrs. McLaughlin is one of the county's highly intelligent women, and is well qualified for the position. If she should be the peoples' choice, the funds of the county will be in safe and responsible hands.

My Christmas Doggie
By W. B. HOLLAND.
I've the bestest Christmas present Any little girl could get. I like dollies, but I'd rather Have a real live pet to pet.



And I've got the pet I wanted; Got him with me here right now. How'd I get him? Well, I'll tell you, I asked Santa, that is how.

THE MAN WHO KNEW SANTA CLAUS BEST



VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced through their heads;
And Mama in her kerchief and I in my cap
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was what.
Away to the window I fled like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash;
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and Vixen!
On, Come! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away, all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys and Saint Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in furs from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;
His eyes—how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up in a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk
And laying his finger aside of his nose
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"



Illustration by W. B. Holland

THE FOARD COUNTY NEWS

J. L. MARTIN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

Entered at the Postoffice at Crowell, Texas, as second class matter

CROWELL, TEXAS, DECEMBER 19, 1913

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC—Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of The News will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the publishers.

With The News Paragapher

A Kansas City man can talk but won't, and hasn't for forty years. No, he is not married; no woman would marry a man unless he would talk back.

A Central Texas woman is suing for a divorce because her husband persists in lying on the floor. There are some persons who will lie on anything.

A Quanah man was accused of being a bootlegger because when arrested he was carrying eighteen pints of booze. The idea of such an accusation! That fellow was intending to stay at home, but celebrate Christmas in Fort Worth and Dallas.

A law has been passed in Paris which compels women to wear covers over the points of their hat pins. In America it appears as if the size of the hat—well, no matter how long the pin may be, the hat is always wide enough to keep the point from protruding to any great extent.

Copies of this paper will fall into the hands of some who never heard of Crowell before, and for their edification, we will inform them that it is the largest town of its size in the world. It has about 1200 of the best people on the face of God's green earth. Come and make your home with us.

If those poor flood sufferers of Central and South Texas will come to Foard county our people will receive them with outstretched arms. Plenty of rain here, but no floods. There is sufficient moisture in the ground already to insure a bumper crop the coming year. Come along; there are thousands of acres of fine Foard county land waiting for the willing farmer's plow.

The story comes from a Pennsylvania town of a man supposed to be dead who came back to life and kicked an undertaker in the stomach. Well, its no use to kick after a fellow is dead and buried, even if the undertaker did charge him too much for his coffin. Moral: If you have a kick coming, kick while you are alive, for it will be too late after you are too dead to kick.

A Kansas editor has recently inherited \$50,000, and he says that he can now do what he has long hoped to be able to do—spend a solid month fishing. Doggoneit! Some editors are lucky, and that's all there is to it! Let 'em take the money; it's "filthy lucre," but to inherit a wad of it is the only way that a country editor will ever be able to enjoy the pleasures of a fishing trip for a season.

Verily, "Every cloud has its silver lining." For instance, the big flood raised the little creek that flows through the city of San Antonio to such an extent that the oldest inhabitants of the city had a chance to see a real river. The flood also cleaned out Buffalo Bayou at Houston, and gave that city a chance to give its "ship channel" a try out when it sent boats up the bayou on a rescuing mission.

The Star-Telegram, in commenting on the Indiana man who went to sleep in church and choked to death on his false teeth, declares that persons having false teeth should remove them at the door and hand them to the usher to keep until they are ready to leave the building. And the News man would add that every user of tobacco should be compelled to remove his quid before entering a church and lay it on a rock or a log until after the services. It will be there when he comes back, for hog, dog, goat—nothing will bother it.

The Houston Post says that during the Elizabethan Epoch the seat of love was thought to be the liver, and that love-sick girls and boys died of fractured livers. It is the opinion of the News paragapher that people of that great age were not half the chumps that some people of today imagine they were. Lads and lassies today die of broken hearts instead of fractured livers, so many believe, but from the amount of gall that some of our love-sick youths possess today, we are led to believe that the liver is largely responsible for the common malady.

While we are somewhat proud of this issue of the News we know that it is not free from mistakes, because the only people in Crowell that make no mistakes are dead. Therefore in criticising this big issue, please bear in mind the fact that it was gotten out by two persons who did practically every bit of the work, besides assisting the regular office force with the regular issues. Besides all of this work, we took care of the usual run of Holiday job printing. So please deal with us gently, and if you find a few errors, "for the love of Mike" be reasonable.

A Fort Worth man shot and killed his daughter-in-law. Why? Because some weeks ago, the woman shot and killed the man's son? No. But it was because that in Dallas and Fort Worth a woman can kill her husband as this woman did, get a penitentiary sentence of one or two years, and given a stay of execution if she will promise not to do the same thing again until after she gets another husband. People of these two cities are getting tired of having their sons shot down by Amazonian wives, who for the crimes, go unpunished, and they have begun to take the law into their own hands.

One of our excellent exchanges was evidently "sore" last week because one of the business men in the town had sent away and had some envelopes printed. Forget it, brother; "you can't get all of the coons up one tree." There are fellows who send off for their printing, but when they have to have it printed at home, they are the ones who grouch at the work you do, and these same fellows advertise once a year, and when they do, they want their ad on the front page, or not at all. Every successful cattleman has his cattle banded, and so does every newspaper man know every specimen of the long-eared tribe in town. In time they get their reward.

THE PURPOSE OF THIS EDITION

How It Came to be Issued, And Some of the Facts and Figures Pertaining to the Gigantic Undertaking.

CROWELL AND HER LIVE BUSINESS MEN

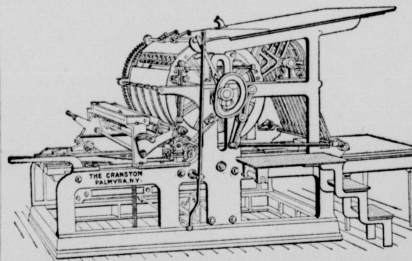
Since a copy of this 40-page edition of THE FOARD COUNTY NEWS will go into the home of every taxpayer in Foard county, saying nothing about the hundreds of other copies that will go to probably every state in the union, we feel that a few words of explanation concerning this issue and the town in which it was published will not be out of place.

The proprietor of this paper fully intended to issue a commercial edition this fall, but the unusually dry weather crippled business to such an extent that the idea was abandoned. Ever since the proprietor of THE NEWS has been in the newspaper business it has been our custom to issue a holiday number, and knowing that the business men of Crowell, most of them, know the value of publicity to a town, we conceived the idea of breaking all of our past records at issuing holiday editions by issuing a 40-page number in three colors. So great was the confidence that we had in our business men, we announced our plans even before we had said a word to anyone except the foreman in THE NEWS office. Our foreman expressing his faith in the undertaking, we carefully

has a handsome court house, churches, many nice homes and one of the best school buildings in this part of the state. It is situated in one of the best agricultural counties in West Texas, and is also noted for its wheat, cotton, fine cattle and hogs. Foard county having often taken premiums at National shows on wheat, while Foard county hogs carried off three premiums during the Fat Stock Show at Fort Worth in 1912, and in 1913. Wheat looks promising at present, and our large wheat growers say that present prospects point to a half a million dollar wheat crop the coming season.

Every Page Printed Here

Every page of this issue, even the front page, was printed in this office on our large Cranston press, a good cut of which is shown here. We are somewhat proud of this issue, and we believe that our fellow publishers would be equally as proud of such an issue from their office, for we believe this to be the most elaborate number, considering its number of pages, ever issued from a Texas town of 1200 inhabitants. Every publisher will readily know something of the vast amount of work that was necessary in order to produce such an issue, but to the average reader who knows but little of the work of getting out a number we will say that this issue contains, including the wrappers, etc., almost one thousand pounds of paper, and a 1 the sheets together went through the big press something like forty thousand times, besides every sheet in the issue had to be run through



Our Big Cranston Press on which Every Page of this Edition was Printed

selected our matter and all material needed, ordered it, and began the work of setting space in the great edition. Did our local merchants buy it? We will ask you to look over the pages carefully and see for yourself. You will find all manner of advertising, from a single line local to two-page advertisements in three colors, and we will add that we had no trouble whatever in selling space in this issue. First, it was wholly out of the ordinary for a country paper. Second, the business man readily saw the value of such an edition to his business, his town, and to his county.

Crowell a Town of 1200

Crowell is a town of something like 1200 people, and is the county seat of Foard county. It

Two Men Did the Work

Two men, the proprietor of the paper, and Mr. Chas. M. Church, who has been foreman in the office for a number of years, did all the work, setting every ad, making up, and feeding presses, etc., besides the work of assisting the regular force in getting out the regular issues that intervened from the time the issue was begun until it was completed, which was three weeks.

That Christmas Suit

Will need a cleaning and a pressing for the Holidays. Don't put it off until the rush, but bring it in now and let me put it in shape so that it will look as if it were new.

Or, perhaps, you may want a Christmas or a New Year Suit. We have the agency for the celebrated Ed V. Price Tailoring Company of Chicago, one of the largest and best in the world.

You will get a nice, neat, suit, with a fit guaranteed—no misfits if we take your measure and Ed V. Price makes the suit.

Geo. Hinds The Tailor

Lest We Forget

L. D. Phillips is "Still in the Ring" for a share of your Painting and Paper Hanging.

For Wall Paper he represents Alfred Peats Co., of Chicago; FOR PAINTS, he represents O. L. Chase, "The Paint Man" of St. Louis. Those not acquainted with Phillips will do well to investigate.

L. D. Phillips

Give Merchants Credit

We kindly ask our readers to give the business men of Crowell credit for this issue. Their money made such a number possible. All the credit that the proprietor and his faithful foreman claim is for the artistic merit that it may contain. For the work was largely designed by us. From a point of press work, symmetry of ads, arrangement, etc., we invite comparison, but do not fail to place the credit where it belongs—to the business men of Crowell, for it will be seen at a glance that it is preeminently a Crowell product. Crowell does not need the help of other towns to produce such an issue.

Our Request

If you get a copy of this paper, remember that it either is complimentary or some friend has paid for it. We only ask that you read it—everything in it, and then send it to a friend, or keep it. Don't destroy it. We also request that you remember those who have made this work possible by buying your Christmas goods of them. They have been bidding for your business and they deserve it, so show your loyalty to your town, and your appreciation of their enterprise by trading with them the coming year.

Fat Cattle Wanted.

I will buy your fat cattle at the best market price. Call, phone or write me if you have any to sell.
S-41 J. W. Bell

Don't ask me for "tailoring"—ask for Ed. V. Price & Co. tailored—to order clothes. Get the cream at the right price.—Geo. L. Hinds.

Candidates' Announcements

Formal announcements will be published under this heading till the Democratic Primaries for the following rates, payable in advance:

State offices.....\$15.00
District and County offices 10.00
Precinct offices..... 5.00

For County Treasurer

W. O. MILES
MRS. AGNES E. M'LAUGHLIN

For County Tax Assessor

G. A. MITCHELL

For Sheriff and Tax Collector

H. H. MURRAY

L. D. CAMPBELL

For County Judge

J. H. ROACH

For District and County Clerk

JOHN S. RAY

Christmas Trees

There will be three Christmas trees in Crowell this year. One at each of the following churches: Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian. Don't forget your friends and whatever you do, don't let the little fellow lose faith in Old Santa. Make their hearts happy; they will be little girls and boys but once, and childhood days are the happiest of ones' life.

Marvello

A wonderful toilet preparation for removing freckles moth patches tan etc.

FERGUSON BROS.

Institute in Session

School closed Friday for a two-weeks vacation. The county Institute is now in session, and is being well attended. This will give the teachers a little time to rest and visit before school work is resumed.

LOCAL and PERSONAL

Meet me at Ferguson Bros. Phone Ivey for your baggage. O' Cedar Mop. \$1.50.—J. H. Self & Son.

Electric Light globes at Ferguson Bros. Good second hand buggies—M. Johnson.

Miss Alice McClarty is home for the holidays.

See our ad on Lap Robes.—J. H. Self & Son.

Good second hand bicycle for sale.—J. H. Self & Son.

Miss Ruth Swan left Saturday for her home in Stamford.

All work called for and delivered.—Hinds "The Tailor."

I will finish your Kodaks in the best style.—H. T. Cross.

Work horses, mares and fillets for sale. See Sam Russell.

The Adelphton Club made \$67, 45 on their Christmas bazar.

Patronize the gin that boasts prizes. That is the Red Gin. If

Anyone wishing corn or maize see Long Bros., Thalia, Texas.

One good second hand buggy for \$35.00.—Allee-Henry & Co.

Raymond Ross of Margaret is attending the Institute here this week.

One good all purpose horse 7 years old, for sale.—Allee-Henry & Co.

D. M. Ferebee of Clarendon is here for a few days transacting business.

I have some good second hand buggies that are bargains.—M. Johnson.

We grind our own corn cobs. They are much better.—Bell Grain Co.

Remember well and don't forget that Tolley, the trilor blocks old hats yet.

Boys wagons and Velocipedes a special for Xmas.—Allee-Henry & Co.

Oscar Parker of Foard County was in our city Thursday.—Knox City Journal.

Just received, a car of fine alfalfa hay at the elevator.—Bell Grain Company.

Another big shipment of steel traps all sizes now on hand.—Allee-Henry & Co.

Harlan Halmark left for his home at Crowell Thursday.—Knox City Journal.

W. E. Halmark of Crowell is here on business for a few days.—Knox City Journal.

Lost, an automobile bumper. Finder please return to W. L. Power, Crowell, Texas. 28tf.

John Klepper came in this week from Midland to spend the holidays with home folks.

For Sale—Lot No. 3 in Block No 164. Write Geo. W. Hunt, Richwood Union Co., Ohio.

Lost, a cover for an automobile top. Finder please notify Steve Bell, Crowell, Texas.

Winter laprobes a large stock to select from and the latest patterns.—J. H. Self & Son.

The city of Houston alone raised more than \$3,000 for the sufferers in the flood district.

If you need a good harrow, we have a second hand one you can buy cheap.—J. H. Self & Son.

Edna Hunter left Monday for Quannah. She will also visit in Altus before returning home.

When times are hard, Talley the tailor is your best friend. Try him with your "old suit."

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Beaty of Margaret are visiting at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Hines Clark.

Don't fail to see the dinner set at Allee-Henry & Co. they will help make a nice Xmas dinner.

Misses Ora and Vinnie Centry, who are teaching in the Margaret school are here attending the Institute.

Mrs. T. A. Taggart and children left Monday for Saint Jo Texas, where they will spend Christmas.

Any one caught fishing or hunting in my pasture without permission will be prosecuted.—Furd Halsell. 29-40

There is nothing finer than hand painted China for Xmas presents, see ours now.—Allee-Henry & Co.

The girls of the Christian church will sell home made candy at the postoffice on Saturday, December 20.

The town of Harlingen remains in a "wet" column, according to the decision of a recent election.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Hix of Sterling City have been visiting relatives here. They returned home last Monday.

Don't fail to see the Xmas Special on dinner sets at Allee-Henry & Co. They will make nice Xmas presents.

"Slit-Trousers" in Crowell? Well yes. You can always find the very latest in men's clothing at Talley's tailor shop.

You can afford to buy clothes tailored to individual order by Ed. V. Price & Co. Get measured to day.—Geo. L. Hinds.

Jim Cates who has been working in the Owl shaving Parlor paid home folks a visit at Crowell this week.—Knox City Journal.

Community Silver is guaranteed for 50 years and we have a nice assortment of it for Xmas presents.—Allee-Henry & Co.

J. D. Simpson orders "The News" changed from Crowell to Wichita Falls. He will be away from Crowell for several weeks.

Farmers, we are boosting cotton prices. Bring us your cotton. We can prove to you that we want your business.—The Red Gin. 21tf

Moving Pictures! Moving Pictures! Until further notice there will be moving pictures at the opera house on Tuesday and Saturday nights.

Don't haul your cotton away from Crowell to sell it or to have it ginned, for remember that the Red Gin at Crowell positively won't be underbid.

It is reported that Minnick Bros. have divided their land. Will ranch on the land near Foard City, while Jim will retain the old headquarters.

Services at Christian Science Chapel Sunday 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. and Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. all are cordially invited to attend.

Miss Eva Halmark who has been visiting here for several weeks returned to her home at Crowell Wednesday.—Knox City Journal.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Y. Grimlan from Vivian, are at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Hix. Mr. Grimlan is under the care of a Physician here.

Prof. W. B. Schimmelpfennig, a teacher of music at Baylor University, Waco, died at his home in that city last week at the age of fifty years.

The Methodist Ladies will serve an all around dinner Saturday, December 20, in the Ringgold building. Prices 50c for adults 35c for children under 12 years.

D. P. Beaty was here from Margaret this week. Mr. Beaty is being urged to make the race for treasurer, but he has not yet made up his mind as to whether he will enter the race.

While attempting to "stick" a hog that he had shot, Ed Johnson of near Taylor, was instantly killed last Friday when the hog gave a lurch, causing the knife to enter Johnson's heart.

C. P. Sandifer returned last week from quite an extended trip to Dallas, where he had gone on business. While there, he also renewed his contract as agent for the Overland cars.

A. Y. Beverly, who is attending school at Clarendon, is home for the holidays. A. Y. was exempt in all his studies so did not have to take the exams. We are proud of our boys when they make a record like that.

Three men, T. H. Stephens, A. C. McKinzie and E. R. Shelton, laborers, were buried under eleven feet of earth at Waco last Tuesday when the bank of a creek across which they were building a bridge caved in.

Latest reports of the great Texas flood confines the area to a strip along the Brazos and Colorado rivers from Dallas and Waco south. West Texas was visited by heavy rain, but no damage was sustained, except the bursting of a few dams impounding the water supply of two or three cities.

Albert Magee entertained the "younger set" at his home in West Crowell Friday night. Quite a number were present and all report a most enjoyable time.

Hugh Strickland came in from Clarendon Monday. He was bitten by a poisonous insect a few days ago which developed into blood poisoning, causing him to return to his home in this city.

B. J. Glover foreman of the Shawver ranch, brought his son Duncan to town Sunday afternoon to have his hip reset. Duncan was running on the playground at school and making a sudden turn threw his right leg out of place at the hip joint.

During the recent flood, a Mexican preacher preached to a band of Mexicans all of whom, with himself, were huddled together on the roofs of houses. Every member of his congregation was expecting to be swept away at any minute.

A. G. Whittington of San Antonio has been elected manager of the San Antonio division of the International & Great Northern Railroad. Mr. Whittington is only 41 years old and is said to be one of the youngest railroad managers in the United states.

Mrs. Etta Miller, who shot and killed her husband, John Miller in Fort Worth a short time ago, and who was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary but paroled, was shot and killed by Joe Miller, father of the woman's husband, on the streets of Fort Worth last week.

Misses Essie and Tennie Ricks entertained a few of their friends with a slumber party on last Saturday night. An eight course dinner was served at midnight. Those present were Mesdames Clyde McKown and Paul Shirley; Misses Ringgold, Collett, Stratton, Ray, Mitchell, Self, Brian, Cleo and Leona Burk.

L. D. Campbell
In the proper column in this issue will be found the name of L. D. Campbell of this city as a candidate for re-election to the office of sheriff of Foard county.

Although Mr. Campbell has served three terms as sheriff, because of his highly efficient and satisfactory service during his incumbency, his friends from all over the county have urged him to make the race for another term, his strongest recommendations being the fact that for the three terms he has served in the capacity of sheriff, his work has been almost above the mildest criticism, and this being perhaps the most responsible office at the hands of the people of the county, Mr. Campbell's friends are supporting him upon the principle that whenever you get a competent man who has been tried and found true, it is not always safe to place so responsible a position in the hands of one who is inexperienced in the duties devolving upon the holder of a position carrying with it so great a responsibility.

Mr. Campbell is almost a Foard County Pioneer, having been a resident of the county for 24 years, and knows personally almost every man in the county.

He is pleasant, affable and broad in his views, and although firm and positive, he is conservative and is in no wise officious in the discharge of his official duties.

He has been a life-long Democrat, and he is asking for re-election at the hands of the people of his favorite party.

Senior League
Subject—Christmas Story. Leader—Miss Mayme Allen. Text—Isiah 9:1-7.

The significance of this prophecy—Mr. Spencer.

Condition of the nation at the time of this text—Beaty Andrews.

This prophecy not fulfilled in the fashion of Isiah's vision—Mattie Klepper.

Beginning at Bethlehem—Lily Goode.

Old Testament portrait of the Messiah—Leader.

Benediction.

Overland Cars
Have Proved Their Efficiency

There are more Overland Cars in use in Foard County than any other make, and there is a reason---The Best Value for The Money.

I brought six Overland Cars to Crowell in one shipment last year, and every one has given entire satisfaction. Ask any Overland owner---he will say, "D-e-l-i-g-h-t-e-d" every time.

If you have any notion of buying a car, let me tell you about "Overland Superiority"---the only car made that is being made better but selling for less each year.

C. P. Sandifer

Crowell, Texas

Exclusive Overland Agent for Foard County

About Our School

The News man had the pleasure Monday of looking at the fine specimen of work done by the pupils of the schools of this city. The work consists of drawing maps, outlines, note books, reviews, quotations, and in fact, a complete exhibit of work that is being done in the excellent schools of our town. It is surprising what children can do when directed by men and women whose hearts are in sympathy with the work of training and directing the minds of the girls and boys. It would be a wonderful revelation to many parents of the county if they would but come to our school building and see what is being done here. There are many parents here in Crowell who have not manifested their interest in our schools and in their children by going and viewing the work now on exhibition. Our schools are the pride of our little city, and it behooves every parent to exert his every effort in upbuilding them. Under the present faculty the schools of Crowell have grown out of a chaos, and they will soon be numbered among the best in the state.

The Results of Advertising

The editor of a certain Texas newspaper called on the merchants of his city for the purpose of selling him advertising space. The merchant refused and said that advertising was alright for some people, but it was not adapted to his business. He furthered his argument by saying that either himself or his clerks knew every one in the city and that his store did its advertising through personal conversation. The editor inquired if every one in town traded at his store. The merchant answered in the negative and the conversation soon ended. The editor had won his

point and secured a small contract. The merchant soon learned that a little newspaper advertising was alright and that more of it was still better. His newspaper ad now reach thousands of listeners where his conversation publicity formerly had an audience of one or two. Ten customers buy where only one talked before and this merchant is convinced that publicity is the thing.

Good Roads

The greatest chasm between the producer and the consumer is the mud hole.

The highwayman takes your money in spite of yourself. You help bad roads to take it.

Without good roads, there can be no development that will be permanent and enduring.

The elementary principle involved in improved highways are social and domestic happiness and business economics.

Man is made of dust, and to dust he must return, but if he lives on a bad road he must have dust or mud all his life.

Three things that should receive attention in road making are: First, grades; Second, system; Third, maintenance.

Night Trains Discontinued

Owing to the awfully bad condition of the track, night trains on the Orient have been discontinued for awhile. This was a wise step on the part of the Orient management. Never before in the history of the state have railroads suffered from floods as they have during the past two months. Every road in the state has suffered, and the "Orient" appears to have received just a little more than its part of the trouble. The heavy rains have washed out track, trestles and bridges and made the roadbed so soft that travel was dangerous. Never

before have we seen a road work as hard as the Orient has to take care of the public's business, and never before have we seen a road come as near doing such a thing as it has considering the difficulties under which it has labored. On some of the old roads where the roadbed is firm and ballasted, trains have been five days late, and many annulled completely, but the "Orient" has managed to get trains through every day or so even when conditions were at their worst.

Religious Unity

One highly commendable characteristic on the part of the religious people of Crowell is the church harmony that prevails. For instance, members of one denomination are not continually backbiting and questioning the sincerity of another. On the other hand, however, members of the Baptist B. Y. P. U. take a part in the Epworth League services of the Methodist church, and vice versa. And this is the true religious spirit. Show me a town where ecclesiastics are carried to the extremes and I will show you a town with church conflicts, civic disorder, brawls and discords, but very little true religion. It is perfectly all right for one to be loyal to his church, he should be, but when one becomes so narrow that he can see no religion except in "his" church, you can set it down then and there that that fellow's religion has destroyed all of his christianity. A town with too many such persons needs a few missionaries. The people of Crowell are broad in their religious views, and some have accordingly termed them indifferent; but if such religious harmony is indifference, for goodness sake, let me remain "indifferent," for I would prefer being religiously indifferent to that of religiously narrow.

A Christmas Vereciter

By Viola Justin

But look where Mulcahy emerges half an hour later, the inner man lulled by the succulent cabbage and beef, but a melancholy gnawing at the outer man, whose clothes are slight protection against the increasing wind.

As the day drew her portals slowly together he fell to trembling again. How was he going to face the night?



Gazed Longingly at the Graystone Pen.

AS THE boat pointed its nose toward the city, the solitary man at the prow turned his back on freedom and gazed longingly at the graystone penitentiary, which seemed to be slipping away from him and growing smaller and cooler as distance lent the enchantment of perspective to his loneliness.

For Mulcahy, dazzled by liberty, was very lonely indeed. Every moment that the water widened between him and the prison, it lessened the distance from the city, and in two minutes more the man knew that the metropolis, bristling with antagonism, cold and strange, and busy with the holiday season, would be upon him, and it filled his heart with a nameless dread.

But, after all, he had only himself to blame for his liberty. "Good behavior"—that was the thing that had turned him loose from a comfortable home, three square meals a day, and his companions of the quarry.

If he had only transgressed a few laws, broken a simple rule or two, all might have been different. He might have eaten Christmas dinner with Jerry the Spike, Bottles, Hank and the whole zappy crew who had contrived to spend another Christmas in the "pen" through trifling indiscretions committed in defiance of the keepers.

These reflections were interrupted by the sharp teeth of the wind snapping at his legs through the thin trousers and the threadbare coat.

He shivered as the boat docked, and then took a long breath as he walked the gangplank and out into—as this freedom striking terror to his soul? Why was he trembling? He was free at last, but free to do what? Free to kill himself before he started to death, free to wander the uncompanionable streets and gaze upon the happiness that showed itself in the faces of fugitive passers-by.

He was only free to go anywhere; but these people had their homes to go to, each his separate "penitentiary," where there were warmth and food and human things to talk to.

He shut his eyes for an instant and started bravely up the hilly street that led to First avenue. This cramped a strange thing happened. He forgot his misery and his wretched homesickness. At first he couldn't realize what the influence was, then he recognized the soothing and thirst-inspiring smell of hops and poured over him like a hot breath from the brewery on the next street. This cramped a thought which was immediately followed by a sharp movement.

Mulcahy milled him of the faded five-dollar bill he had in his pocket, the last bounty of the good home across the river. He pulled it out and looked at it.

It represented two weeks and a half of life; that is, he calculated that while he was looking for a job it would provide food and shelter for him. If he couldn't find a job—that thought ended with a look toward the river; and again he saw the "pen," and another thought occurred to him. If he didn't find anything to do, he could go back to the "pen" and beg them to take him in. No, he couldn't do that. He would make a man's shoulders as if trying to rise superior to the thought, for there was a remnant of pride in Mulcahy, albeit it was a desperate struggle to keep his feet on the globe had frayed its edges.

All alone in one of those ten-cent beds which promise so much to a weary body that soon discovers the egg-shell substance of the promise! He shuddered and hurried down a side street of American-basement houses, with their dainty Boston ferns and yew, pretty windows with costly curtains that sealed happy homes from the profane eyes of the public. And this atmosphere gave Mulcahy hope. The inspiration born of despair took root.

He intended to abandon all thoughts of getting work until warm weather. It was worse than hopeless to think he could get work now—why, the weather, his age, all were against it. He would go back to the "pen" if he had literally to "steal" his way back. The thing to do now was to conjure up some reasonable offense, some trifling transgression that would open the iron gates of the prison, as difficult of entrance as it was of exit, and tide him over the winter months.

But what could he do? Not a single misdemeanor suggested itself to his overwrought brain. If he could only steal something long enough to get arrested and sent to the island! But how? When, and above all where? Broadway and Thirty-third street, with its triangle of shops, answered that question. It was very late, but he knew that a week before Christmas the shops would be open until past midnight. Here he would contribute their help toward arousing the suspicions of the store detectives, he quickened his steps feverishly.

Inside the shop was warm, brilliant, and jammed with people. The incoming and outgoing crowds jostled and pushed Mulcahy as if he were a rubber-washer between the hub of a wheel and the linch-pin.

Presently he found himself at the notion counter, swept there by the tide of customers. He wondered at the confidence of the storekeepers, who took no trouble to protect their wares set forth in little compartments.

Now he was backed into a little cage of toothbrushes. He felt his fingers close on something, mechanically; he placed the thing in his pocket, and then let himself drift along with the crowd.

He had stolen something! Was it a cake of soap—perhaps; but with a sickening sensation of impotence he remembered that one cake of soap might not unlock the iron gate of the "pen."

were concerned, but these were carefully protected by glass cases. True, there were some little trays of gold-filled pins and bracelets, scarcely worth the effort of attainment. And yet a handful of these trifles, flagrantly abstracted, might attract the attention of a detective.

Perhaps there were no detectives, after all. This thought smote to him in the act of reaching out a trembling hand toward a delicate gold-filled bangle. Then he paused, and in that moment of hesitation he felt a twitch at his coat, and, turning to face what he felt must be authority either in plain or blue clothes, he perceived at his side a very pretty little girl. She was well dressed; and after the first shock he felt on looking into her clear blue eyes, Mulcahy saw a beautiful locket and chain clasped around her neck.

In the mean time she has possessed herself of his coat-pocket as if it were his hand, and clung to him as she asked: "Have you seen my mama?" Her voice was smothered by the crowd that pressed around her, and Mulcahy had to lift her up in his arms to make himself heard.

"No," he replied, his face close to her pretty neck and ear. "Shall we go and look for her?" he added, touched by the sudden moisture that blurred her eyes.

As he spoke he carried her to the revolving-door. Once out in the street, she told him that she had been shopping with her mother and had got lost. She lived, she said on Fifth-street, between Madison and Fifth avenue. She didn't know the number but there were green trees at the door, and it was a white house.

The man assured her that they would find it together.

You must think that this escape diverted Mulcahy from his original scheme. Only he wanted to be of use to the child, and he also saw a much better way of obtaining his arrest and entrance to prison.

The locket and chain he knew would serve his purpose, for he intended stealing them as soon as he had found her home. There were four dollars and ninety cents left from the "pen's" munificence, but he spent enough of it in a candy-store to have provided for himself for two days.

Over a congenial glass of ice cream soda the little girl gave him her name—Violet Van Twiller. The telephone book did the rest in the matter of locating the Van Twiller mansion, whither Violet was escorted by her ragged friend.

Afterward, when Mulcahy left her standing at the door of her home waving at him and smiling in her sweet frank way, he wondered how he had found it in his heart to steal the necklace; but there it was in his hand, still warm from contact with her throat.

Then he darted away from the street, and clasping the locket tightly, flew to the first police station and gave himself up.

The Longest Road Is Not Far To G. A. Mitchell's Feed Store

Crowell, Texas.

All Kinds of Feed and Grain at The Lowest Living Prices. Give Him a Trial

had seemed a fad on that dreadful day he was set at liberty.

Between mouthfuls of fat turkey and cranberry sauce he boasted to Jerry the Spike, Hank, and Bottles of how he had hoodwinked justice.

When he reported for work, a few days later, the keeper who presided over the men engaged in breaking stone remarked casually to a fellow keeper:

"I see Mulcahy is back on the job."

"Yes," the other replied; "he was liberated a week ago, and now he's back again. I tell you this place is a cinch for those fellows. They're doing life on the installment plan. If you dumped the whole cabbage into the East river and told them to swim to New York, they'd all turn like a lot of rats and squeak to come back to the 'pen.'"

Notice in Bankruptcy

In the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Texas.

In the matter of C. T. Bowers & Brother, Bankrupts, in Bankruptcy No. 727.

Bankrupts' petition for discharge, filed the 24th day of September, 1913, including the firm known as C. T. Bowers and Brother, composed of C. T. Bowers and J. E. Bowers, and the said individuals respectively, and as follows:

That C. T. Bowers and J. E. Bowers of Crowell, Foard County, Texas and said District, were on the 12th day of August A. D. 1913, adjudged bankrupts (as a firm and as individuals) under the Acts of Congress relating to bankruptcy, that they and each of them have duly surrendered all their property and rights of property, and they and each of them have fully complied with all the requirements of said Acts, and of the orders of the Court touching their bankruptcy.

Wherefore, they, and each of them, pray that they and each of them may be decreed by the Court to have a full discharge from all their debts provable against their estates under the said bankrupt acts, except such debts as are specially excepted

by law from such discharge.

The said petition is executed and in due form, and by the said parties respectively.

Wherefore, considering the said petition, it is ordered that the creditor who has, proved his claim and other parties in interest desiring to oppose the discharge of the said bankrupts or either of them as prayed for in said petitions shall, on or before the 14th day of January, 1914, file with the undersigned Referee in Bankruptcy, at Fort Worth, Texas, notice in writing of such opposition to such discharge, and after filing opposition shall be filed with the Referee within ten days from the date on or before which opposition may be filed.

Given This 12th day December, 1913.

W. B. PADDÖCK,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

J. H. Roach For County Judge

We are authorized to announce in the columns of the Foard County News the name of J. H. Roach of this city as a candidate for the office of County Judge, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Mr. Roach has been a resident of Foard county for a number of years and for three years has served as assessor of the county, which office he has filled in a highly capable manner. His work in connection with this office has made him conversant with the affairs of the county, and in the meantime he has been giving considerable of his time to the study of law, thus equipping himself for the position to which he now aspires.

For a number of years, Mr. Roach was a teacher, and not only is he qualified for the position of county school commissioner, but his experience in the work only the better identifies

him with the work of looking after the schools and educational interests of the county.

There is no one, we presume, who would question the qualifications of Mr. Roach for this highly responsible position, but on the other hand his many friends, having full confidence in his ability, are gladly pledging him their support in the coming campaign.

John S. Ray For Re-election

In this issue we announce the name of John S. Ray as candidate for reelection to the office of Clerk of Foard County. Mr. Ray has held but one term of the customary two terms, and viewing his candidacy from the highly satisfactory manner in which he has handled the affairs entrusted to his care, it is not probable that he will have any opposition. Mr. Ray is too well known to the voters and taxpayers of the county to need any introduction through the columns of this paper, but suffice to say, Mr. Ray has held other important county offices, and the official seal and signet of office under his administration has been commensurate with his high qualifications and with the unmarked escutcheon during his tenure of office as well as in his daily walks in life. Mr. Ray deserves to be reelected, and there is but little doubt that he will be.

Junior Girls League

Subject—The Birth of Christ. Song service. Leader. Scripture reading—Luke 2:7-14. Story of the visit of the Shepherds. Story of the visit of the Wise Men. Recitation—Why do bells for Christmas Ring? Recitation—His Christmas Wish. Benediction.

Brought to Jerry, the Spike.

Going to Need Lumber?

If you are contemplating building the coming season, let us figure with you on your next lumber bill. All that we ask is a chance. We believe that we can make it to your interest to examine our stock and investigate our prices. We carry a good stock of Good Lumber and Builders' supplies. Don't place your order until after you have consulted the "Old Reliable."

H. H. Hardin Lumber Co.
J. L. Strickland, Manager.

What Other Towns are Doing

Pecos—Several commercial organizations and irrigation districts in this section of the state are leading a fight to secure recognition in the new currency measure for Texas irrigation bonds as securities in which National banks may invest and issue currency on. It is expected that the proposition will receive much attention from the committee on banking and currency and something definite determined within a short time.

Houston—Reorganization of the Texas Mid-Coast Congress is proposed at a meeting to be held in Houston December 16th and 17th. The Congress will also consider a proposal to make this city its permanent headquarters at this meeting.

Freeport—The first solid trainload of sulphur to be shipped from this place went forward this week over the Houston & Brazos Valley Railroad for eastern points. The train consisted of 25 cars and the shipment was estimated at 1,000 tons, with a money value computed at \$25,000.

Bishop—All of the new road grading machinery and equipment ordered for building 40 miles of macadamized highways in this district has arrived and is being put in working order. Work will be in full swing as soon as the roads are dry.

Waco—More than fifty Texas youths enlisted in the United States army during the month of November, according to E. A. Stewart of the Second Artillery, and who is in charge of the Four recruiting stations located in Texas, in the cities of Waco, Fort Worth, Dallas and Denison. This is the largest number that has enlisted for army service in some time and this increase is

attributed to the critical conditions that exist in Mexico.

Galveston—The Santa Fe Railroad will expend \$1,000,000 during the next twelve months for new equipment for Texas passenger trains, according to information received here. The new equipment consists of 58 all steel passenger coaches, 24 chair cars, 30 smoking cars, and 35 day coaches, 15 "Jim Crow" cars, 15 steel diners, 10 parlor cars and 10 composite cars.

Houston—A million dollar Presbyterian Sanitarium is proposed for this city, the movement being launched by prominent Houston Presbyterians. Over fifty local physicians have volunteered to serve on the staff of the institution, and it is understood a large part of the money necessary has been raised.

Bellville—The Santa Fe Railway has just completed a new \$29,000 depot at this place and opened it to the public. This is one of the prettiest brick buildings in the city and adds considerable beauty to the civic attractiveness to this thriving town.

Beaumont—The candy factory recently established here by a Louisiana concern has begun operation and is busily engaged in the manufacture of popcorn, peanut and pecan bars and other dainties. This new enterprise will make its products from materials grown in Jefferson County.

Port Aransas—The Bowers Southern Dredging Company has begun its work of deepening the harbor at this place. The harbor will be increased from its present depth of twenty feet to twenty-five feet.

H. H. Murray For Sheriff

In our announcement column this week will be found the name of H. H. Murray of Foard City as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Foard County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

For a number of years, Mr. Murray has been a resident of this county, and has made many friends who will be glad to support him in securing the nomination for this important office. Mr. Murray is now constable of his precinct, which position he has held in an able and fearless manner, and if the old saying, "That he that is faithful in that which is little, will also be faithful in that which is much", means anything, Mr. Murray deserves at the hands of the people of Foard county a better office than that of constable. There seems no doubt but that he possesses the necessary qualifications in the making of a competent officer, and if he be the choice of majority he will no doubt fulfill its duties in the most competent manner expected of him by his many loyal supporters.

A Large Eagle Caught

One of the largest eagles ever seen in this part of the country was caught south of Thalia one day last week, by Lem and Tip Roberts. The boys were trapping near north Beaver and upon going to their traps one morning they found the eagle in one of the large traps they had set for a wolf. After some trouble they succeeded in binding him and brought him to Thalia, where Mr. Roberts resides. The monster bird measured over 7 feet and 2 inches from tip of his wings and stands about 21-2 feet high. He seems to have been in a trap before as he has one toe gone which, no doubt, was cut off by a steel trap. His claws are very long and he could in the writer's opinion, put up a very nasty fight. X.

To The Voters of Foard County Gentlemen: In this issue of the News you will find my announcement as candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Foard County, subject to the action of the Democratic primary next July. I am a native Texan, daughter of an ex-confederate soldier and have been a resident of this county twenty years.

While I recognize and appreciate the honor the choice of the people carries with it, in placing one in a position of trust, yet it is not this which prompts me to enter this campaign, but owing to the misfortune which befell us five years ago, the support of my family has fallen on me since that time and I ask the voters of this County to elect me to this office, thereby enabling me to maintain this support.

I am aware that it is out of the ordinary for a woman to ask for office in this part of the state but not so in other parts, for at the last General election in Texas there were eight women elected County Superintendents; two District Clerks; two County Clerks; one Tax Assessor; and ten County Treasurers.

Trusting that you may give my claims a careful and just consideration and if elected, I will show my appreciation by services properly rendered.

Yours Respt,
MRS. AGNES E. McLAUGHLIN.

G. A. Mitchell for Assessor

In the proper column in this issue will be found the name of G. A. Mitchell of this city as a candidate for the office of Assessor of Foard County.

Mr. Mitchell is one of the early settlers of Crowell and Foard county, he having removed here in 1890, twenty-three years ago, when the country was new; in fact, he has "grown up with the country," and has always used every means within his power to help advance the interest of his town and county, which meant the promotion of the best interest of the people among whom he lived. The efforts of Mr. Mitchell, both of a moral and financial nature, have had their effect upon the country and its people which will live and bear fruit even after such men as he and other pioneers of his class have long since gone to their reward.

Mr. Mitchell has never held any office of a public nature, except that of Public Weigher, a position which he held to the satisfaction of all. As a school man, he is perhaps one of the most enthusiastic in the county. He is president of the Board of Education of this city, and it is a well known fact that he has been one of the strongest factors in building our city schools up to the high place which they hold today among the better schools of the state. His having been so closely identified with the educational work of the town and county, only the better qualifies him him for the office to which he now aspires, and should he be the peoples' choice, there is no doubt whatever but that he will serve his constituency in a manner that will reflect credit upon both himself and the office which he would hold at the hands of our people.

Accident at Elevator

Saturday morning as W. L. Ricks was starting the big gas engine at the elevator of the Bell Grain Company, a premature explosion in the cylinder caused a back fire which broke the main shaft, which in turn tore the engine base into smithereens. The engine is a valuable one, costing something like \$1,200, and the damage to it is considerable, saying nothing about the elevator having to be closed down on account of the breaking of it. The grain company, however, has a good supply of feed and will take care of their trade until the engine can be repaired.

Margaret Items

Uncle Joe visited Crowell one day last week.

Mrs. D. J. Wilhelm visited in Quanah last week.

The Munroe's have moved to the Bledsoe residence.

Miss Elizabeth Munroe visited the Hembrees last week.

The literary at Ayersville was well attended Friday night.

Mr. Clarence Ross will return home this week for the holidays.

Mrs. Pearl Meeler is here on an extended visit to home folks.

Mr. Ross and family have moved to their home in the country.

They have organized a "volley ball" team in the high school here.

The Margaret school dismissed for two weeks Christmas Friday afternoon.

Mrs. D. P. Beaty and children are spending a few days in Crowell this week.

Quite a number of friends and relatives of the Margaret people are coming in to spend the holidays.

Mrs. Jimmie Ross reports that her brother Webb will visit them this week and during the holidays.

Mr. Jimmie Jameson Jr. visited his relatives here this week. He says there is no place like Matador.

The high school of Margaret have organized a literary. Let us make it a success. We have plenty talent in the literary line.

We learn that the young people of Mr. Smith, living on the Lauderdale place, came in this week. We are glad to welcome them to our community.

We learn that Mr. Bradford has sold his business to a Mr. Dillingham of Oklahoma the latter will move here some time this week. Mr. Bradford will continue living in town.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Russell an eight pound boy. Mother doing well and Tom says "that is the most wonderful baby ever." Here's hoping that he will make a strong man mentally, morally and physically and some day be as great as his fond parents want him to be.

Mr. Abner Dunn and Miss Agnes Bond were united in the holy bonds of wedlock Wednesday, at the bride's home. Abner was reared here and is esteemed by all, while his lovely bride has visited here the past year or so and has won a host of friends. We wish for them the greatest happiness their hearts may desire and may their life be a long one.

OCASIONAL

Notice To Live Stock Owners

This is to serve notice that The special Live Stock Quarantine goes into effect in the East part of the county January 1, 1914. No stock will be permitted to come into Foard county from the East until they have been dipped according to the Sanitary Rules and Regulations.

H. M. GOODE,
L. S. S. Inspector of Foard County.

I have on hand some second hand implements that I will sell at a bargain; listers, planters and cultivators. If you are going to need anything of this kind it will pay you to buy now. —M. Johnson.

To My Customers

I wish to express my thanks to one and all of my customers for the patronage they have given me during the past season, and I also use this means of informing the public that I will be on hand the coming season with a stock of Millinery of the latest prevailing shapes and styles, and will be glad to serve you.

I wish one and all A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

Miss Emma Perkins

RASOR HOTEL

The Traveling Man's
"Home"

Clean and neat. Good service in every respect. No better meals found in any hotel in West Texas, or in any hotel of its class in the state.

We are prepared to take care of the Commercial trade. When in Crowell be sure to stop at the RASOR HOTEL one block east of the Public Square.

W. T. Rasor
Proprietor
Crowell, Texas.

Justifiable Extravagance

Millions of dollars will be spent this season for presents and gifts, that will perish with their using, yet there are millions of people who will make sacrifices, and will deny themselves of useful and necessary things in order to purchase them. Some claim that electric lights cost too much, and that they are not able to use them. Fine mattresses cost more than shuck beds; coal oil lamps and kerosene cost more than tallow candles; binders and harvesters cost more than reap hooks; steam and electric power cost more than the old-time horse power, and automobiles cost more than ox carts, too, yet you have discarded those ancient ways and things and have been enjoying some of the luxuries of this modern age. If there ever was a justifiable luxury it is

Electric Lights

They are the safest; no explosions; no odor; no danger of fire from their use; they are clean; they are handy; they are brighter, and in fact, they are the most practical light ever invented. Modern people are using them. At one time business was run pretty well without telephones and electric lights, but discard them to-day for one hour and you will stagnate the business of the whole commercial world. Get out of the dark, and don't stroll along behind the procession of modern times until you are actually run over by the wheels of Progress, but let us

Wire Your House To-day

Call us and we will be right on the job. You will be pleased, and so will we, and another star will be added to the crown of Crowell's glory.

CROWELL LIGHT PLANT