

The O'Donnell Index

Vol. 1

O'DONNELL, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FEBRUARY 1, 1924

No 21

Tahoka School Faculty Makes Big Hit with Play

Notwithstanding the short time given for advertising, the school auditorium was packed by an eager crowd Friday night to witness the rendition of the play "The Wren," by the Tahoka public school faculty. From the time the curtain went up until the close of the last of the four acts, the players held the undivided attention of the audience, and had it not been for the fact that everyone knew they were our neighbors, the cast would have been taken for professionals. Each knew his or her part perfectly and the ease and grace in which they portrayed their characters showed histrionic ability of no small degree. "The Wren" is considered a simple play, yet it has a range from extreme pathos to side-splitting comedy and the players brought out the fine points to the fullest extent. Mrs. G. H. Mahon, in "Mammy," was the personification of an old Southern darkey and the audience voiced its approval of her makeup and acting by hearty cheers each time she appeared on the stage. As an interlude, Miss Miles sang "Marcheta" in a charming manner and showed a cultured voiced of splendid range and technique.

Mrs. O. E. Stevenson, Jr., gave as a reading, "That Old Sweet-heart of Mine," and held the audience spellbound by the beautiful delivery of this popular ballad. One would have to search for and wide, even among professionals to find Mrs. Stevenson's equal in dramatic art and oratory. She has appeared before audiences in some of the largest cities in the state and the critics have been quick to recognize her ability and had she cared for the spotlights of publicity she could have had national fame as a reader and impersonator. Lynn county is to be congratulated upon having as a resident one of Mrs. Stevenson's ability.

"Mrs. Bastas Johnson at the Wedding" by Mrs. G. H. Mahon was a scream and it brought a hearty encore. Mrs. Mahon responded with a dialect telephone conversation in which she accepted a proposal of marriage after which she asked, "Who am dis talkin'?"

Any time the faculty of the Tahoka school will return with another play, they are assured of a crowded house.

The proceeds of the play go toward the purchase of a library for the O'Donnell public school and nice sum was realized.

Class in Stock Judging Organ- ized for Boys

Prof. J. A. Stark teacher of vocational agriculture in the Tahoka school, came down Monday and met with about 100 students of the O'Donnell school and organized a stock judging class, the boys ranging in age from nine to nineteen years. The class will be given a short course of study in this fine work and will be given actual judging experience in the stock pens, the first contest will be held on Friday, February 8th, at one of the stock yards where cattle, horses and hogs will be provided by the farmers for this purpose. Prof. Stark says the course will be entirely separate and apart from the regular school work and will not interfere with boys' studies in any manner. The practice work will take place on Saturdays.

It is proposed to have a trained team representing each school in the county meet at the time of the county inter-scholastic school meet in the spring when all will take part in stock judging for the championship of the county.

Superintendent Fletcher and Principal Brown are lending full co-operation in this work, believing it to be a fine study for the boys. It is not amiss to say that Prof. Stark is doing this work voluntarily and without remuneration.

O'Donnell Girls Winners in Ball Game

Two games of basket ball were played on the home grounds between Tahoka boys and girls and the High School boys and girls Friday. In the girls' game the home team had everything its own way from the start, easily outplaying the visitors in every stage of the contest. The score was, Tahoka, 4; O'Donnell, 24. This is the third game for the girls and they have been victorious in each.

The line-up of the local team: Aline Line--Guards--Oma Fairley Mildred Wyatt--Centers--Alta Rogers Hattie Wyatt--Forwards--Lois Pugh

The home boys were out-classed in paying the Tahoka team and lost the game by a score of 44 to 18. The home team has some good material and with hard practice could whip itself into winners in any class of players.

Loses Hand in Well Machine

While working with a well drilling machine Monday morning, William Koen from Mills county, Texas, got his left hand caught in the machinery and badly mangling the member. The injured was rushed to town and after being given first aid by Dr. Tate and Dr. Collins was taken to Lubbock to a hospital. After a thorough examination it was found necessary to amputate the hand at the wrist. Dr. Tate, who accompanied Mr. Koen to Lubbock, states that he was rapidly recovering from the shock.

Mr. Koen has been here only a short time.

Pam Panga Philipino Quartet Coming February 9

The advent of the Pam Panga Filipino Quartet promises the subscribers to the local Lyceum course a treat at once novel, entertaining and instructive, when they appear here on the evening of February 9th at 8 o'clock.

The members of this unique organization are graduates of the Spanish conservatory at Manila, the leading musical school of the Philippines, and have acquired from their foreign masters a thorough knowledge of the best modern music.

Moreover, each of these young artists has been interested in the folk music of their native country and delight in nothing more than to acquaint their American audiences with the haunting melodies, the romantic love songs and the ballads of battle that were played and sung in these Isles de Oriente centuries before they became the possessions of the

conquering Spaniards.

Travelers to those distant shores tell us one of the most characteristic sights of the Philippines is that of a native family resting under the tall palms that fling their shadows over wayward streams and listening in the moonlight to the father's guitar as there wells from it the ancient airs that are still the precious heritage of the people.

Their quaint and wierd instruments give forth a sound that is fascinating to the unaccustomed ears of Americans, and never fails to fascinate. There is the "Guitara nga Bootot," the hunch-backed guitar, the twelve-stringed Banduria, the Bajo or bass guitar, and the Laud, or small guitar. The novelty of this instrumentation, as well as the luxurious melody evoked from it, is always a delight to the audiences before which this quartet appears.

Marr to Open New Barber Shop in Old Bank Building

J. W. Marr, who has been employed in the Tomlinson Barber Shop for the past several months, resigned his position Friday. Mr. Marr announces that he has leased the building now occupied by the First State Bank, and as soon as the bank moves to its new quarters he will open a barber shop to be known as the White House Barber Shop. He states that he has ordered all the fixtures and they will be in harmony with the name--white. The shop will be equipped with two chairs of the latest pattern and everything will be strictly sanitary.

In engaging in business for himself, Mr. Marr states that the growth of O'Donnell has reached the stage when another shop is

necessary to take care of the trade, and that he will do everything possible for the comfort of patrons to merit a part of the business.

Cotton Season Drawing to Close

As the cotton season closes the gins are running only on Tuesdays and Fridays, but quite a bit of cotton is still coming in. Weigher Busby states that his books show that he has weighed 7,274 bales and expects Friday's run to go over the 7,300 mark. Some straggling bales will be coming in for a few weeks as the high price of cotton is inducing the farmers to get every pound in their fields.

G. A. Haney is drilling a well on his town property preparatory to erecting a nice residence.

Box Supper At Newmoore Nets Neat Sum for School

More than 150 people attended the box supper at Newmoore Friday night and a neat sum was realized for the purchase of playground equipment for the school. This was the first entertainment to be given at this newest town in the county, and it was in form of a get acquainted affair. As each of the newcomers arrived at the school building his or her name was written on a card and pinned on the breast this, answering for the introduction, most of the people in that neighborhood be-

ing strangers to each other.

Judge Prosser acted as auctioneer and it was partly his fine art of persuasion and witty remarks that made the sales run high, although the boxes were beautiful and original in design and had they been empty, they would have tempted a hungry man to eat the box.

It is the plans of this thriving community to have a number of entertainments during the school term and they are sincere in their invitations to the people outside the district to attend.

G. O. Newman returned from a two-weeks' visit to Dallas Saturday.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH 1924?

We now stand on the threshold of a New Year--a year of Opportunity a year of Destiny. What are we going to do with it?

This is a question that each of us must answer for himself. We can waste it by haphazard spending and thriftless ways; Or, we can turn over a new leaf, travel the recognized road of Success, and make 1924 bring us nearer to the goal of our ambitions.

You Want 1924 to be Your Best Year--
Let Us Help You.

FIRST STATE BANK
O'DONNELL, TEXAS.

FRITZ DRUG STORE

The new

REXALL STORE

Toilet Articles - Rubber Goods
Soaps, Face Powder, Brushes Combs
Full Line of Prescription Drugs

All Prescriptions are filled by a Registered Druggist
Pure Narcotics - Patent Medicines

Or any of the hundreds of articles sold in every Rexall Store, you will find them here, and then some.

Try the Rexall Store first

Fritz Drug Store

The Kitchen Cabinet

A kingdom falls and a monarch dies—
But there's always need for lemon pies
And jelly rolls and the bakery cart
Hobbling its way from house to mart.

WINTER SPECIALTIES

The fireless cooker is just as useful for the busy housewife in the winter as in the summer. A meal may be prepared, put to cook and left for several hours with no further attention. If a dish needs to simmer one hot stone placed in the bottom of the cooker will be sufficient; for faster cooking, place another on top of the dish. To begin with the beginning, a good, substantial breakfast is needed to sustain one until the noonday meal.

A dish of cereal, with top milk or thin cream, following a dish of prunes or a sweet orange, then a dish of cakes, a cup of coffee for the grownups and a glass of milk for the children.

Buckwheat griddle cakes are always enjoyed, if well made. To prepare them take a yeast cake, dissolved in water, using a pint; add enough buckwheat flour to make a rather thick batter; add salt to taste; beat well and set away early in the morning. Set in a warm place at night, and in the morning remove a cupful or more for a starter for the next day; add more water and buckwheat and set away until night. The remainder left in the mixing bowl is used for the morning's cake. Add enough sour milk to make a thin batter; add soda and beat well, then fry as usual. Use all of the batter, as the soda and sour milk will soon spoil the flavor.

A bit of sausage or bacon, or a thin slice of ham is always an acceptable breakfast meat, and is especially good with griddle-cakes. For a winter dinner or luncheon, or even a supper on a cold night, there is nothing more filling and tasty than a good, hot chowder.

True courage is not incompatible with nervousness; and heroism does not mean the absence of fear but the conquest of it.—Van Dyke.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS

For a simple, delicious dessert without eggs this is a good one:

St. James' Pudding.—Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; add one-half cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of milk, one and two-thirds cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, one-half teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice, nutmeg, and one-half pound of dates, cut into pieces. Steam in pound baking-powder cans for two and one-half hours.

Australian Fillet.—Pound a fillet of beef flat, rub it well with salt on both sides. Chop one-fourth of a pound of bacon, add three or four boned sardines, mix with pepper, a pinch of ginger and several teaspoonfuls of bread crumbs. Spread this dressing on the meat, roll up and tie. Heat some butter or drippings in a frying pan, put in the meat and brown it on all sides. Add five or six tablespoonfuls of sour cream and heat it a few moments longer over the fire. Cook in a fireless cooker, using two radiators for two hours.

Ham With Cream Gravy.—Remove the skin from a slice of ham. Let stand twenty-four hours in good vinegar. Drain and brown in a hot frying pan, adding enough fat to cook and a little of the vinegar, a sliced onion, ten peppercorns, a chopped carrot, a teaspoonful of capers, a teaspoonful of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of sour cream. Cook slowly two hours. Thicken with flour, adding another tablespoonful of sour cream. Bake apple sauce in a stone-covered dish, using brown sugar for sweetening, and see what a delicious sauce will result.

Chestnuts in Timbal Cases.—Cook the large chestnuts after shelling and blanching, until they are tender; make a rich white sauce, well seasoned, and serve with the chestnuts in timbal cases.

Mountain Dew.—Take one cupful of cracker crumbs, the yolks of three eggs well beaten one-half cupful of sugar, the juice and rind of a lemon, three cupfuls of milk. Bake twenty minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar spread over the top and bake until brown.

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Nellie Maxwell

It Was a New Game for Them

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

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Nineteen average young folk were playing a game. One sat in a chair looking like either an early Christmas-martyr or a congress candidate hearing news he has won. This according to the current letter. Players had each to love their love with a letter, no repeats allowed, and keep at it to the end of the alphabet. Not so bad at first—easy to love your love because it is amiable, affectionate, affable, aspiring and so on; likewise to love because of beauty, bounty, blood, breeding, brightness, but as the lovers lengthen there is often agony, as when a pretty girl has to be loved because of her big foot, her bouncing, her buttermilk, her battercakes, her best young man. A budding Adonis may be in even worse case—loved because of his breeches, his biddness, his black eye last Christmas, his bluster, his bad taste, his black looks, bad manners, marksmanship or memory. Fun for the listeners, except when they turn orators, so perhaps after all the game is really worth the candle.

Beth did not find it so. She was coquettish, seventeen, pretty as a pink, likewise as sweet, lively yet of a delicate modesty and fathoms deep in love with the new schoolmaster, who had a terrifying degree from his college. By good luck she had got down as far as T without any wholly awful experience. She had been close up head at first—the rule of changing places had put her almost at the end. Thus the gentleman had been loved for his teeth, his truth, his tears, his trousers, his tiptoeing, his tennis, his teasing, his tongue, his tenderness that was winged with a thrice-languishing look, his troubles, his tripping, his two-ising—another glance here—his touch—he was faintly musical—his tractableness, teacherableness, tone, toughness—here whoops of laughter—cudgel her brain as she might only one T word remained unused—desperately she shrieked: "I love my love with a T because—because he has a bad temper."

Such a shout over that! It broke up the game, which had grown a bit tedious to those active spirits. The circle broke into pairs and trios which swiftly became clots, whence sounded loud chatter and louder laughter. "That fool game! I wouldn't play it again for—forty-nine cents," Ab Sexton announced magisterially. Top Wilson tweaked Ab's ear, saying: "No wonder, ol' timer, you're a champion dunce; now I call it a hummer. Wonder what Prexy Ryerson thinks about it? Bet my hat he never was at a play-party before."

"Bet two hats he's been at wasser and wickeder ones," Ab retorted. "But he's got every gal here tonight faded clean as a whistie. Funny how a strange feller, no matter what, can take his pick as long as he stays strange; then get mittens enough to last him two winters. When he's got so well known he's just ordinary middlin'."

"H'm! You ordinary middlin'?" Top asked musingly. "Son Abner don't be peeved, nor jealous—might spile your beauty if there'd happen a quick freeze. Be a man, even if he has cut you out. Eh, Beth?" turning sharp on a blushing, almost tearful Beth shrinking behind fat Mrs. Dean, her married sister. Before she could answer Ryerson was in front of her saying with a feint of anger: "So you love my bad temper. Oh, Miss Beth! And I thinking you were my best friend here, no less my first."

"—I—that was—just—the play," Beth stammered, wishing she could evaporate. Ryerson smiled the least bit, but shook his head at her, then drew her hand upon his arm, saying, "Come along, I know how to punish girls that sass the poor teacher. Make them stand by, hungry and watch all the good things get swallowed—that is unless they say 'please' their very prettiest. Then maybe, they can have half portions of anything they want."

"Stick ter the half portions, professor. Such a little-bitty creeper ain't got room fer whole ones," a round, very red elder rumbled, pinching Beth's cheek. She slapped his wrists with a pretty pretense of fury; he was her bachelor uncle and chief of that clan that had spoiled her ever since she was born. Miraculously, the earnest efforts had been fruitless. Beth was as full of sunshine as the summer and as comforting as her own smile. Some touch of heaven and infancy lingered in her blue eyes. Stars in sea water, Ryerson called them in his heart. Actually he was but eight years her senior, spiritually they were decades apart. Yet she had taken absolute possession of him at the very first

glance, therefore he had held himself hard in her presence. She would be his pupil for a year yet; he must not let her dream he thought of her any otherwise. Above all, he must keep his enthrallment hidden from her world.

So half way to the supper table he laid hold upon Sandy Buckner and Davis Carr, saying with a twinkle: "Here's a nice little girl who needs some nice little boys to play with her. Run along, youngsters—and grab the best of everything. Can't learn that too early in the game, if you want to get there."

Beth had nothing of the tragedy queen about her. She played adorably with the boys, though there was a dull hurt deep in her heart. Of course Phillip—so she called him to herself—had had to leave her for older company. But a staff of savage pain shot through her when she saw him walk away with Julia Snow, tall and twenty, and beautifully dressed, hanging affectionately on his arm. Also it did not ease the stab to have Top Wilson say in passing, his eyes following hers: "You had better have loved him for his bad taste, Betsy—I can't stand that bunch of rags and hair and airs, no way I look at it."

"But—she is—so—so—stylish," poor Beth faltered.

"So sly, you mean," Top said under breath.

"She wasn't a bit keen for the game we had—I'll bet my boots, though, she'll try her best to start another before the night's done—and the name of it is—blindfold."

It looked a bit like it. All evening Julia managed to keep Ryerson at her elbow. No great feat—cards, like dancing, were forbidden at Hillman parties, the Hillmans being conscientious objectors to both. Conversation was the thing, varied by "speaking pieces" now and again. There, Sonny, the Hillman hope, delighted to oblige. Ab Sexton made his array of shadow-pictures—the rabbit, the ass wagging long ears, the flopping buzzard—all with no more than his two hands. Everybody knew them by heart—notwithstanding laughed at them. But attempts to hang a sheet over a lighted doorway, and let shadow-portraits be thrown on it met with stern reprobation; it was next thing to play-acting. So the company yawned and gossiped till 11 o'clock—then came the bustle of departure. Floods of rain had made quagmires of clay road—now a crisp wind was making them rougher than rocks. Only stout farm wagons could get safely over them—they were not so bad, heaped with clean, sweet hay, and overflowing with robes and blankets. You sat any way—without scandal to the most critical. Julia had schemed to go in the wagon with Ryerson, but Top Wilson had blocked her game. Top drove the wagon, leaving later-gnomish in humor he might be—yet he had a kind heart. He had sensed Beth's misery, wherefore he bundled her beyond recognition and slapped her down by Ryerson, crying: "Hold this tight. No time for spillin'." Ryerson obeyed. But at his touch the bundle quivered—there came from it a soft, choked sobbing. In half a breath he was holding it tight, searching out its face with tremulous fingers—and when found, kissing it as became a man, whispering between kisses: "My darling baby!" Top overheard in spite of the wagon clatter. Grinning, he chirped in Ryerson's ear: "Blindfold's a fine game—if you get the right sort." To which Ryerson replied: "I know—the sort that takes you straight to heaven."

Temperature in the Earth
Scientists used to think that temperature increased at a fairly regular rate with descent into the earth's crust, and they figured that a temperature would soon be reached where every known substance would be melted. Recent facts have upset this theory. For instance, in a South African mine the temperature at 8,000 feet is only 102 degrees, while in the Kalgoorlie mines of Australia practically no variation of temperature is shown between 1,400 and 2,000 feet. The old earth may be solid, after all.—The National Geographic Magazine.

What No Artist Ever Read
Two impecunious artists marooned in a distant city, while awaiting funds, were not even able to buy the daily papers. One of them read an old edition continuously for a week. "You must have read that paper very thoroughly, Titian," remarked his companion.

"I have. I have probably read what no artist ever read before."
"What may that be?"
"The business chances."

Desperate Measures
In his announcement on a Sunday morning the vicar regretted that money was not coming in fast enough—but he was no pessimist.

"We have tried," he said, "to raise the necessary money in the usual manner. We have tried honestly. Now we are going to see what a bazaar can do."—Savannah News.

MOTHER!

Child's Best Laxative is "California Fig Syrup"



Tongue Shows if Bilious, Constipated

Hurry Mother! Even a fretful, peevish child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

A Bit Early

He—"Suppose it would be quite improper for me to kiss you on such a short acquaintance." She—"Yes, but it's quite early in the evening yet."

WOMEN CAN DYE ANY GARMENT, DRAPERY

Dye or Tint Worn, Faded Things New for 15 Cents.



Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes" even if you have never dyed before. Druggists have all colors. Directions in each package.—Advertisement.

The Flivver

"I just had a terrible shake-up."
"Bad news?"
"No—bad springs."—Town Topics.

STOMACH UPSET, GAS, ACIDITY, INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapepsin" is the quickest, surest relief for indigestion, gases, flatulence, heartburn, sourness or stomach distress caused by acidity. A few tablets give almost immediate stomach relief. Correct your stomach and digestion now for a few cents. Druggists sell millions of packages of Pape's Diapepsin.—Adv.

As Many Think

"Experience is a great teacher."
"Too much extraneous stuff in the curriculum."

A Lady of Distinction

Is recognized by the delicate, fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the pores followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Advertisement.

Tact is the ability not to look solemn when a rich relative gets off an alleged joke.

One Trial Will Convince You

that Alcock's Plaster is by far the quickest, safest and most certain remedy for all local aches and pains.—Adv.

Even a man who is color-blind knows when he is feeling blue.

Mrs. Ollie Flint



—Mitchell Studio

Every Woman Can Look Well If in Health.

Fort Smith, Ark.—"I had been almost a physical wreck for nearly twelve months. I had stomach trouble and feminine trouble, was down and not able to go when I began taking Dr. Pierce's medicines. I took the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Favorite Prescription' at the same time (alternately) and began to feel better in a few days. I continued to gain in weight and strength and in a short time was entirely well and am still enjoying good health."—Mrs. Ollie Flint, 513 North Eighth St.

Obtain these medicines of Dr. Pierce's now from your druggist—tablets or liquid. Send for free medical advice to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. Enclose 10c if you desire a trial package of any of Dr. Pierce's medicines.

Avoid & Relieve

COLDS INFLUENZA MALARIA

BY TAKING WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

It is a Reliable General Invigorating Tonic

EYES HURT?

Don't ignore the danger signals of aching eyes, red lids, bloodshot eyeballs. Mitchell's Eye Salve removes irritation, reduces inflammation, soothes pain.

CALL & ORDER 347 Waverly Pl., New York

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Itchiness—Stops Hair Falling—Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—Sells at 25c at Druggists, 50c and \$1.00 at Dealers.

HINDERCOX'S Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at Druggists. Hindercox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Green's August Flower

The remedy with a record of fifty-seven years of surpassing excellence. All who suffer with nervous dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation, indigestion, torpid liver, dizziness, headaches, coming-up of food, wind on stomach, palpitation and other indications of digestive disorder, will find GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER an effective and efficient remedy. For fifty-seven years this medicine has been successfully used in millions of households all over the civilized world. Because of its merit and popularity GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER can be found today wherever medicines are sold. 30 and 90 cent bottles.

CURES COLDS IN 24 HOURS

WORLD'S MOST STANDARD CASCARA QUININI

CURES LA GRIPPE IN 3 DAYS

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 5-1924.

Why are people so foolish as to want their own way when yours is so much better?

CONSTIPATION

Take a good dose of Carter's Little Liver Pills—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and Regulate Your Bowels. Mild—as easy to take as sugar. Genuine bear signature—Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Two pleasant ways to relieve a cough

Take your choice and suit your taste. S-B or Menthol flavor. A sure relief for coughs, colds and hoarseness. Put one in your mouth at bedtime. Always keep a box on hand.

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

Texas Items

Condensed Austin News

A new police alarm system is being installed on the downtown streets of Palestine.

A nutrition and health education program is being conducted in Hays county under the auspices of the Parent-Teacher Association of San Marcos.

National banks in Texas may act as guardians and administrators, according to an opinion of the attorney general's department, which reverses a former opinion.

The special election held in the Crockett road district to determine whether bonds to the amount of \$240,000 would be issued carried by almost 4 to 1.

Decatur has been selected as the place for the 87th semi-annual meeting of the North Texas Medical Association. The date of the meeting has been set for June 24-25.

State Treasurer Terrell has made a call for payment of registered warrants up to and including No. 10500, there being \$212,619 in the general revenue fund to make such payment.

The gin report for Shelby county shows there were 16,666 bales of cotton ginned in Shelby county from the crop of 1923 prior to January 1, 1924, as compared with 13,139 bales ginned to January 1, 1923.

All dairies operating inside the city limits of Houston must move out by July 1, when a new city ordinance becomes effective. Any place keeping two cows or more and selling milk is defined as a dairy.

License to do business in Texas in 1924 has been granted by the state department of insurance to the Amicable Life Insurance Company of Waco. This company, its statement says, has \$820,000 capital stock and \$824,434 surplus.

According to information received Lavaca County commissioners court has awarded the contracts for the construction of a section of highway No. 3-B, from Hallettsville to the Fayette County line, the consideration being \$124,964.

The Texas blue sky law applies to the sale of stock authorized prior to enactment of the law, but placed on sale after passage of the act, according to an opinion of the attorney general's department rendered this week to Secretary of State S. L. Staples.

This state may look forward to the most prosperous year in its history because the farmer has money in his pocket and has liquidated most of his debts as the result of a billion-dollar crop produced in 1923, Bert Beall of Greenville, president, said in his annual report recently to the convention of the Texas Hardware and Implement Association at Fort Worth.

The 59,000 acres of land recovered recently from the Capitol Syndicate in the northwest part of the Pashanahle will be offered for public sale next September, provided the court's decree on the partition of the land is entered in time, according to announcement this week by J. T. Robison, commissioner of the general land office. This land has been recovered by the state out of the original 3,000,000 acres given for building the capitol.

The Texas state capitol building, with its grounds of eighteen acres, is worth \$7,500,000, according to an inventory of the state board of control, compiled by W. J. Womack and W. A. Holland of the auditing department. The capitol cost the state 3,000,000 acres of Northwest Texas land when it was constructed in the eighties. The governor's mansion, which was used by President Sam Houston, is now valued at about \$75,000, and the land which it occupies is valued in the inventory at \$320,000.

At a special meeting of the DeWitt County commissioners court, an order was passed for the creation of road tract No. 5 and a bond election of \$135,000 to be held on March 8, the same date of the Nixon-Smiley bond issue in Gonzales County for the financing of the highway, the Glacier to Gulf highway, designated as a state and federal aid route.

The temporary executives in charge of the Texas centennial celebration have been very active since the conference of the Texas Centennial Exposition survey committee, held in Austin Jan. 8, at which time temporary plans were made whereby Texas will be given the opportunity on Feb. 12 of deciding whether or not a huge Texas centennial celebration would be given at some point in the state at a near future date.

Public utility electric power plants in Texas during 1923 produced approximately one billion kilowatt hours of electric energy, according to the Texas Public Service Information Bureau. This is about ninety million kilowatt hours a month. Only 10 states exceeded this record.

Burglars robbed Joe Keon's jewelry store of \$3,000 worth of diamonds and watches.

The Commissioner of Banking granted a charter to the Guaranty Trust Company of Houston, having a capital stock of \$100,000.

For the second time in two days the Austin City Commission rejected all bids to sell the \$850,000 of city improvement bonds and asked for new bids.

State Treasurer Terrell made a call to pay 1,350 State warrants aggregating \$212,619, and up to and including No. 10,500, which was issued Oct. 11, last. This left the net deficiency \$5,033,198.

H. C. Clark of the United States Geological Survey, who has been engaged in the reclamation survey work in Texas, has resigned. He will enter the Dallas office of the United States Bureau of Mines.

Dr. W. S. Sutton, acting president of the University of Texas, has gone to El Paso to make his first visitation of the State School of Mines, an adjunct of the University. He will inspect the institution and note its needs for future recommendation to the regents and Legislature.

Travis County ballots will not be available for examination in the Paddy-Mayfield United States senatorial contest. These ballots, together with all others cast in the election, were destroyed last October. They were burned by the janitor of the county courthouse during the course of cleaning up the building.

Atty. Gen. Keeling denies that there are any negotiations under way for settling the anti-trust suits against several oil companies because of alleged exclusive pump and sales contracts. The rumor of possible settlement was started by an attorney of an oil concern, not a defendant.

Flimsy wooden shacks dotting the campus of the University of Texas, which may fall down or burn up any minute, according to officials, are soon to go if plans laid by the University Board of Regents to sell \$1,000,000 worth of bonds are successful. The bonds are to be offered to the highest bidder, if approved by the Attorney General.

Former Lieut. Gov. Lynch Davidson, candidate for Governor, was in Austin, enroute to his home at Houston, after a speaking tour in North Texas in the interest of his campaign. Everywhere he was given an enthusiastic reception and his campaign is progressing satisfactorily, he said. While in Austin, Mr. Davidson made a social call on Acting Gov. T. W. Davidson, also a candidate for Governor.

By the time the State Board of Control awards contracts for three months' supplies for the various State eleemosynary institutions, it is expected the State Treasury will have returned to a cash basis, and that bidders for the contracts will offer minimum prices. The contracts are to be let the latter part of February. Predictions are made that the treasury will be on a cash basis on March 1, the date the contracts become effective. All articles will be for immediate delivery.

R. B. Walthall, newly appointed Board of Control member, addressed letters to the superintendents of every State institution, requesting an inventory of dairy and stock cattle and hogs, as well as poultry. He proposes to have the institutions produce their own perishable supplies as far as possible, as one of the new policies of the State and as part of the program is sending a full supply of garden and field seeds to the institutions. He has also purchased 400 pullets for the orphans' home for breeding and egg-laying.

George B. Terrell, Commissioner of Agriculture, has just returned from a week's visit to the lower Rio Grande Valley. Mr. Terrell's visit was for the purpose of looking over the citrus inspection and vegetable inspection work being carried on by the Department of Agriculture in the valley. He said: "The valley is very prosperous. The citrus industry is assuming large proportions and a very good crop has been made the last season for which they are receiving good prices."

GIRLS! A GLEAMY MASS OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR

85-Cent "Danderine" So Improves Lifeless, Neglected Hair.

An abundance of luxuriant hair full of gloss, gleams and life shortly follows a genuine toning up of neglected scalps with dependable "Danderine."



Falling hair, itching scalp and the dandruff is corrected immediately. Thin, dry, wispy or fading hair is quickly invigorated, taking on new strength, color and youthful beauty. "Danderine" is delightful on the hair; a refreshing, stimulating tonic—not sticky or greasy! Any drug store.—Advertisement.

To Protect Stored Fruit

A wrapping paper chemically treated with bordeaux mixture is now being used to protect fruit from fungus infection during the storage period.

Skin Malady on Decline

Ever since the perfection and introduction in this country of the wonderful Black and White Ointment, skin specialists say that such troubles as pimples, blotches, bumps, rash, tetter, eczema, "breaking out," etc., are becoming fewer every year.

Wide distribution of Black and White Ointment has made it possible for millions of people to get the benefit of its wonderfully quick effect in clearing disfigured skin, and making it smooth and good to look at. Dealers say it is selling faster than anything of a similar nature they have ever handled, and they attribute this popularity to the low prices at which it is sold, as well as its dependability. The 50c size contains three times as much as the 25c size.—Advertisement.

As a rule women are better than men, but that isn't saying much in their favor.

Nothing Better for Constipation than one or two Brandreth Pills at bed time. They cleanse the system, purify the blood and keep you well.—Adv.

Some people take a melancholy satisfaction in always being prepared for the worst.

You never can know how superior is Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" for Worms until you have tried it. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

A man may build a palace, but it takes a woman to convert it into a home.

Demand BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER" when you buy—Genuine Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuralgia Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

Genuine Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Makes Better Varnish

A process that has been discovered in New Zealand for cleaning kauri gum, largely used in varnishes, delivers the produce about 98 per cent pure as against from 80 to 85 per cent with other methods.

Don't forfeit the sweetness of life by keeping your nose forever on the grindstone of toil.

Good health depends upon good digestion. Safeguard your digestion with Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills and you safeguard your health. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

Impulsive eloquence is the kind that flows from the cannon's mouth.

Don't try so hard to coerce people into better moral behavior. Set them an example.

CHILDREN CRY FOR

Fletcher's
CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Most headaches due to lack of internal cleanliness

WHEN you are constipated, poisons form in the accumulated food waste. These poisons, absorbed by the blood, are carried throughout the body. Headaches follow. Biliousness, sleepless nights, lack of energy, all result from constipation. Each of these takes away piecemeal something of your health and strength. In time, intestinal poisoning due to lack of internal cleanliness may cause the breakdown of some vital organ.

Medical science, through knowledge of the intestinal tract gained by X-ray observation, has found at last in *lubrication* a means of overcoming constipation. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste and thus hastens its passage through and out of the body. Thus Nujol brings internal cleanliness.



In constipation, say intestinal specialists, lies the primary cause of more than three-quarters of all illness including the gravest diseases of life.

Physicians Favor Lubrication

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world. Nujol is not a medicine or laxative and cannot gripe. Like pure water it is harmless.



More Important Than Soap and Water

Laxatives Aggravate Constipation

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome constipation, says a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury.

Get rid of constipation and avoid disease by adopting the habit of internal cleanliness. Take Nujol as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. For sale by all druggists.

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Internal Cleanliness



THE INDEX

Published every Friday by
T. J. KELLIS
O'Donnell, Texas

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
In first zone\$1.50
Beyond first zone..... 2.00

Advertising rates on application

Entered as second-class matter September 28, 1923, at the post office at O'Donnell, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

LOCAL ITEMS

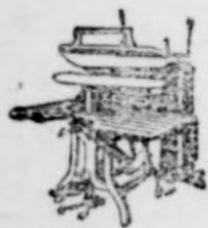
J. F. Copeland of Mitchell county, had heard so much about Lynn county in general and O'Donnell in particular, that he could not stay away and live happy. He arrived this week and will become a citizen like a big bunch of his neighbors.

FOR SALE—One guaranteed Lloyd Woves baby buggy, good as new at a bargain. See Mrs. Lee Cargile, Route 1.

W. S. Moore is another of those Roscoians to arrive and purchase land. He has a quarter section near the Reynolds school and will place the larger part of the land in cultivation this year.

C. E. RAY,
Tailor

We wish to announce
We have just installed a new
Hoff-Man Steam Pressing Machine



and are better prepared than
ever to do your work with
neatness and dispatch

Suits made to order
Satisfaction Guaranteed

We make a specialty of
Cleaning and Pressing
Ladies' fine Suits

We call for and deliver
your work

Rubber Stamps, pads and ink
for sale by the Index.

**"THE
SUDDEN
SERVICE"**

Hamburgers, Cold Drinks,

Cigars and Cigarettes.

Ernest Cooper

WEST SIDE.

**NOTICE TO SCHOOL TAX
PAYERS.**

All taxes in the
O'Donnell School District
are past due and
must be paid at once
or a penalty will be
attached.

School Board.

**RED PEP'S
PHILOSOPHY**



You will find them
at our store :-:

? ? ? ?

Pure Drugs
Toilet Articles
Face Powder
Soaps, Perfume
Hair Brushes
Tooth Brushes

"When your short comings are
advertised, the other fellow
buys the space."

In fact, you will find any-
thing carried in a first class
Drug Store.

Make our Store your
PRESCRIPTION STORE

Accuracy and Pure Drugs make the proper combination
and that is what we offer

Christopher Drug Store

2 Big Tractors 2

At your service for
BREAKING LAND

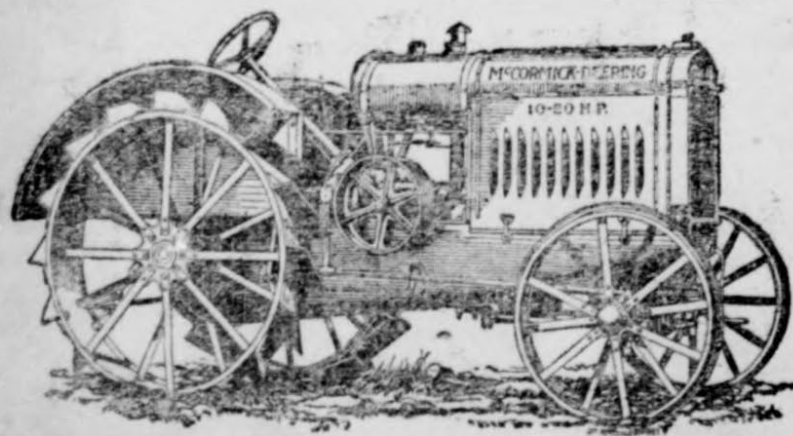
I am equipped with two Tractors and two 5 Disc Plows and will
make contracts to break land in any size tracts. See me for terms

All work guaranteed to be satisfactory

ROY H. ROBERSON

O'Donnell, Texas

Box 133



The main bearings and crank shaft of the McCormick-Deering tractors are guaranteed during the life of the tractor

High Grade Roller and Ball Bearings Used At 28 Points

Experience shows that ball and roller bearings reduce friction and add to the life and efficiency of a tractor. This is the reason why the McCormick-Deering Tractors are built with high grade ball and roller bearings

There are a number of other superior features in the McCormick-Deering tractor that you will find in no other tractor on the market today

Come and see this tractor and we shall be glad to demonstrate for you at any time on your farm

O'Donnell Merc. Co.

For **WINDMILL REPAIRING,**
WELL WORK or **TOWER BUILDING**

SEE

Jackson Brothers

Fifteen years experience Satisfaction Guaranteed

O'Donnell Filling Station

**FREE
SERVICE**

Gas, Oil, Accessories,
Tires and Tubes

Your Every Need

FOR

Shoes and Staple Groceries

A Complete Stock of **NEW STUFF.**
We Save You Time and Money.

J. B. Curtis & Son

(Successors to J. N. Schooler & Co.)

General Merchandise

PHONE NO. 78

Let the
White House Cafe

Save you the trouble and expense of baking that cake for
your Sunday dinner or your party. We are exclusive
agents in O'Donnell for

HOSSESS CAKES

These cakes are the products of the United Bakeries.
Are pure, wholesome and inexpensive. We have them in
all flavors and suitable for all occasions.

BROWN BROS., Props.

Hotel O'Donnell

Good Meals-Nice Rooms.

BOARD BY DAY OR WEEK.

RATES REASONABLE.

Wimberly & Pugh

Shoe and
Harness Shop.

First-Class Workmanship.

WEST SIDE.

THE FAMOUS Red Star Oil Stoves

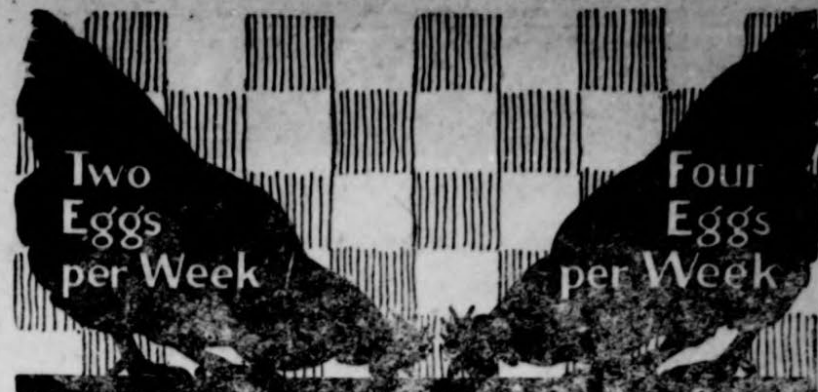
They Cook Better at Less Cost.
No Wicks; No Substitute Wicks.



Cooks
as
Fast
as
Gas

SEE THE RED STAR: See it in operation.
Inspect its cooking ability. There is a type
for every home and a price for every purse.

SINGLETON'S STORE
PHONE 12 O'DONNELL, TEXAS



Same Hen--
Fed Differently

Ordinary "chicken feed" will make a good hen lay two eggs a week. Purina will make the same hen lay four eggs a week.

So don't ask for "chicken feed." Demand PURINA CHICKEN CHOWDER and PURINA HEN CHOW in checkerboard bags.

Please do not feed Chowder without Hen Chow or Hen Chow without Chowder--to do so upsets the scientific balance and loses you extra eggs. Feed as directed on the instructions with each bag and get more eggs.

O'Donnell Feed and Coal



For WINDMILL REPAIRING,
WELL WORK or TOWER BUILDING
SEE

Jackson Brothers

Fifteen years experience Satisfaction Guaranteed

Population of County Increasing Rapidly

Judging from the report of Dr. C. P. Tate for the past week, Lynn county could soon populate itself without having to draw up on the outside world for people to purchase and farm its lands and everyone of them would be husky citizens and vote the democratic ticket at the proper time. Born to Prof. and Mrs. Taylor at Pride, a fine boy. Mr. and Mrs. Allen of O'Donnell, are the proud parents of a boy, born Wednesday night. Mr. and Mrs. Ray Dinsmore, who live six miles east of town are happy over the arrival of a little girl, born Monday night. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, who live northeast of town, were made happy Tuesday night over the arrival of a boy. Mr. and Mrs. Brigham, ten miles east of town will date the birth of a daughter from Saturday night, while Mr. and Mrs. Joiner, who live on the Rogers place, have a little girl, born Monday night. Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Faries, a girl on Wednesday.

Boy Taken to Lubbock Hospital

The young son of Prof. and Mrs. Fletcher was taken ill first of the week and sent to a hospital in Lubbock. Shortly after arriving there, his parents were notified that his condition demanded their presence, and left at once for Lubbock and after spending two days with him, they returned and reported the lad improving.

News Notes from Newmoore

Mrs. Carl Clark and Mrs. Ires Prosser came in Sunday, their husbands having already preceded them and built homes on their farms, and had everything in readiness for their better halves.

"Shorty" Greenfield and Miss Bonnie Smith of Post, Texas, visited his sister, Miss Jewell Greenfield, the teacher of Newmoore School, on Sunday at the Newman-Moore Headquarters.

Thirty-three homes in 30 days is "going some" for the Newmoore community, others to follow. This many homes erected in the past thirty days means a great deal in the community, and the comers are busy, beginning to plow and get their lands ready for crops.

Thirty pupils in attendance at the Newmoore school. The Garage is built, and another school house is started on Section 24, Block O.

NOTICE TO SCHOOL TAX PAYERS.

All taxes in the
O'Donnell School District are past due and must be paid at once or a penalty will be attached.

School Board.

Farmer Finds Turkeys Profitable

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Gillespie were in from their farm near the Plainview school Tuesday on a hopping expedition. They stated that that part of the county was settling up rapidly. In one locality where only cattle grazed last year, there were sixteen new houses on the land. Mrs. Gillespie experimented in raising turkeys last year and found it so lucrative that she will raise a large flock next spring.

Invests in O'Donnell Property

L. W. Hardcastle, a late arrival from Williamson county, has purchased the fixtures of the Antz Cafe as an investment. The place will be operated by Floyd Kyle. Mr. Hardcastle will operate the farm this season out near Newmoore.

FOR SALE—Pure bred Bronze turkey gobblers at \$5 each. I also have a practically new 120-egg Wisconsin incubator for sale for \$8. See or write Mrs. H. E. Gillespie, Route 1, Box 11, O'Donnell, Texas.

Another Prospector from Roscoe

S. E. Boyce followed the trail made by his neighbors from Roscoe and arrived this week to see if the country was as good as had been reported by those who had preceded him. He has not purchased land yet, but he will if he wants to live among his old neighbors and friends.

Real Estate Firm Sells Land

Frost & Bailey report the sale of 160 acres of raw land to Sam King at \$25 per acre; to Will Brown for T. W. Wilson 200 acres for \$7000, and a quarter-section of the Hugh McLauren land to Perry Caviness of Grace-mont, Okla.

Sunday Services At Newmoore

Rev. Curry will preach at Newmoore on the first Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock. Rev. Eldridge will preach on each fourth Sunday at 4 o'clock p. m. The people of this neighborhood extend a cordial invitation to everybody to attend these services.

FOUND—A lady's purse. Owner can obtain same by addressing the undersigned and describe purse and contents.—R. E. Townzen, Box 1, O'Donnell.

An Apron Social was held for the benefit of the Library fund at the school building last Tuesday night in which \$20 was realized.

Among the new arrivals from Roscoe this week were, Alfred Barnes and two sons, C. P. Hudson and a Mr. Handy. They will build homes on Section 26, Block H, near Wells school.

W. E. Marr of Haskell, has purchased the interest of Jim Carr in the West Side Hamburger stand. Mr. and Mrs. Marr arrived this week and are now living in the quarters vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Carr.

Dallas Man Believes Town Has Great Future

M. Blakely of Dallas, has been a visitor this week. He is representing the Rumley tractors in this section and went out to Newmoore Monday night to look over the machines at work on the big farm being put in cultivation by the Newman-Moore interests. Mr. Blakely was agreeably surprised at the rapid growth O'Donnell has made since his last visit here, and even at that, he thinks the town is far behind the country in matter of growth. "You are destined to have a little city here in a short time," said Mr. Blakely. "You have the finest country in Texas to back up your town's growth, and with this, nothing can hold the town back. If you have not got a Boosters' Club in O'Donnell you should organize one and let the world know what you have and what you want and men with money will come on the jump."

PIANO TUNEING.—I will be in O'Donnell from Feb. 1st, to 10th. Leave your orders for piano tuneing and repair work with J. W. Boyle & Son or Christopher Drugs. All work Guaranteed.
F. D. Barnes.

NOTICE—H. C. Waggoner, an Income Tax expert, will be at the First State Bank on Saturday, February 22, where he will assist anyone in making out their Income Tax reports.

L. V. Mallon left for Dallas Wednesday where he will visit his family for a week.

It Was Dad's First Christmas

By ETHEL COOK ELIOT

Children Decided It Was Time to Return the Joy He Had Given Them for Years He Just Didn't Want a Thing, but He Was Made Very Happy

F COURSE it wasn't the first Christmas Dad had lived through. It couldn't be, since it happened in his seventeenth winter! But, as he afterward phrased it, it was the first Christmas "as was a Christmas" to his thinking. This is how it happened:

About a month before Christmas last year Dad and Mother called us on the long-distance to ask about the kiddies, who, poor lambs, had whooping cough. It is rather expensive calling away from home, and I knew they could ill afford it; so I talked fast and did all I could to make the call a brief one.

But after Mother had said "good by," Dad wanted a last word, although it had been he who had opened the conversation in the first place. A hundred miles away I heard him knocking over a chair in his nervous haste to get to the receiver, and Mother's sharp but kindly, "Take care, Father! They'll wait."

And all he wanted to say in this telephonic P. S. was, "Now, Bessie, don't you and Harry get me anything for Christmas this year. I really don't want anything—not after all you spent on theater tickets when we were there Thanksgiving!"

"What makes you think they're planning to give you anything, anyway?" came Mother's tart protest from somewhere back in that familiar sitting room, a hundred miles away. "Hang up, Father! Don't be foolish!"

"Now, remember, Bessie. Nothing for me—not a thing!" and Dad did hang up, but not before I had heard Mother's decisive step approaching him.

"Well, Harry, Father says we're not to give him anything for Christmas." I told my husband, going to sit on the arm of his chair, and at least share the newspaper, since it hadn't been offered me outright. "And I don't know but that that lounging jacket we had thought of will be rather an extravagance on our part. What do you say to postponing it till another year, when you'll have your managership, and getting a tie or something instead?"

But, to my amazement, Harry, who is the mildest of men, snatched the paper, which I was holding lightly, by the corner, out of my fingers, threw it on the rug, and himself took the proverbial stand of the bossy male before the hearth. But his look was quizzical, not irritated, as his sudden motion had suggested.

"Now, Elizabeth, hasn't your father said that to us every single year, all these ten we've been married?"

"Yes. And he always said it when we were growing up at home. He's so unselfish, you see, he just hates having us spend money on him."

"But he always spent it on you, didn't he, even when he didn't have it to spend? Why do you suppose?"

"Why, just because he is so ridiculously fond of us all. He wanted to."



"He Knew What That Kind of Wanting Means."

"Yes. But think beneath that for a minute. How do you suppose he knew it would please you so to get all the nice things he gave you? Why did he spend so much time and thought, as well as money? Why, just because he imagined what your pleasure would be. And how could he imagine it unless he himself in his secret heart looked forward to Christmases just as you did, and cherished a secret hope that he might get a few of the things he rather wanted himself. Knowing his sneaking hope, he could imagine yours! Why, that's why he gave you that impractical pearl gray handbag last Christmas! He knew you wanted it, even against your own good sense!"

"Oh, Harry! You needn't go so deep as all that for Dad's reasons. He'd heard me say I coveted that handbag,

impractical as it was. 'Twasn't imagination on his part—just a matter of knowledge."

"That's all very well." A steady light of determination beamed from Harry's eyes, as he spread his legs farther apart on his hearth rug. I could see that this was no idle argument with old Harry. He was deadly serious, and had been planning this conversation in its every detail.

"That's all very well, wife of mine. But without imagination he would have taken your word for it that the handbag was impractical—you insisted on that every time you mentioned it—and given you something else. No, sir, he didn't just hear your light words about always having wanted such a foolish folderol. He did hear them, all right. You saw to that! But he imagined, too. He knew what that kind of wanting means."

"And believe me, your old dad, when he has waked on all these dozens of Christmas mornings of his life, has hoped that he himself would find just such a long-wanted folderol in his sock. And instead of it, what has he found? Say, what has he?"

I hung my head. "Neckties, socks, handkerchiefs, calendars and writing paper."

"Huh! And what has he hoped he'd find?"

"A phonograph, a genuine meerschau, a five-pound box of chocolates, house slippers (Mother never would let him go shuffling round in slippers, though!), a seal ring for his little finger (Imagine!), a full set of Dickens. Oh, lots of things that he really didn't need, you know, and some that would have been ridiculous!"

Finishing, I looked up at my loving husband. Speechlessly, he was pointing one long finger at me. When our eyes met, he burst forth:

"And you knew all this, and never took the pains to imagine how he felt! A fine daughter! All of you, fine, unselfish people! Well, his son-in-law can't give him all those long-wanted folderols—not this year—but you bet he's going to give him the lounging jacket, a blue velvet one with gilt braid, and a cord with tassels. His loving daughter may give him a tie—if she's absolutely sure he needs one—and she can find one suitable for an aged man of seventy!"

But Harry's sarcasm, by now, was being wasted. I had caught his point some seconds before. For the first time I saw Dad in a new light. Why, he had never had a proper Christmas, poor dear; never in his whole life. And we, all of his children, had been brought up on perfect Christmases; all our hearts' desires bulging out of our stockings and shining from the tree! And he had done it for us—simply because he knew the hidden, childish disappointment of almost seventy Christmas stockings filled with practical, sensible gifts! His parents had been really poor. Christmas on their barren little farm in Canada had been of necessity a slim affair. And his early married years had been a struggle, too. An innocent, child-hearted youth making his way against odds, selling insurance in a stiff-necked old town!

But these later years—things might have been different. He had made good. There was a comfortable home all paid for to the last mortgage, and a sufficient income from "renewals"—now that all of us children had down to nests of our own. Yes, things might have been different now.

"And they shall be different this Christmas," I cried out of my sudden waking. "We'll give Dad a real Christmas, the kind—sly, dear old fox—he's always dreamed of!"

"Where are you off to, Elizabeth?" shouted my husband, for I had jumped from the chair-arm and was out in the hall, talking to myself as I went. "I'm going to get my writing paper." I sang back from the landing at the first turn of the stairs.

And when I had fumbled for it through the desk in our dark room (I was too impatient to find the switch) and returned to the sitting room, I explained.

"We can't do it alone, Hal. Not a regular, bang-up Christmas like he deserves! I'm going to write to my brothers and sisters, all six of 'em, and say they must come in. We'll just not give presents to one another at all this year. We'll concentrate on Dad. And Mother, too, of course. Only we always did give her nice things anyway."

"Bully for you! I'll say you are quick in getting an idea, Elizabeth! You know you—" But I'd best leave out all that. Harry is an old dear, and entirely overrates his perfectly ordinary little wife!

So that is how Dad's first Christmas came about.

Harry and I and the children got home for it. The others, unfortunately, live too far away to come. But they had all fallen in with our scheme, and we found their exciting-looking bundles for Dad there, hidden by Mother safely in the attic. Their bold "Don't open till Christmas" inscriptions glared out at us from the attic twilight.

But it didn't seem fair that all of us

shouldn't have had the fun of seeing Dad the next morning, in his bewildered delight!

On Christmas Eve, after we had stuffed the children's stockings, and then hung up our own, and put our bundles for each other around them, or in them, Dad eyed his curious and bulky packages keenly.

"Those don't look like handkerchiefs and socks," he said, with almost a quaver of eagerness. "And how can there be so many! Haven't you mixed my pile with Mother's?"

But we reassured him, on tiptoe ourselves, like children, with expectation of his surprises of the morrow.

Then, he suddenly began his old song: "Now I really don't want anything this Christmas, children. I do hope you haven't gone and spent a lot of money foolishly. I do need some socks, and I've lost my last handkerchief, since mother took to sending our clothes to the steam laundry. But I don't need anything else."

But we laughed down this ancient protest, as we said "good night." At last, thanks to Harry, Mother and I had had our eyes opened about Dad!

In the bedroom, with our door closed, I whispered to Harry, "What do you bet Dad lies awake a while tonight thinking of those big, queer-shaped bundles? Why, it's going to be more fun watching him tomorrow morning than watching him the children, I do believe! There was a look in his eye—"

"Yes," agreed Harry, "there was a look in his eye! And last Christmas, when he opened his boxes of handkerchiefs and socks and so forth, there was a look in his eye, too—one that made me feel cheap. I can tell you. I was noticing especially. Don't know what made me; but it was sort of disappointed, his look. Do you know, wife of mine, I think he's been almost hoping every single Christmas that some day, somehow, somebody would get foolish and spend a little imagination as well as money on him! I think so!"

And the next morning the family found Dad sitting, flabbergasted, in his blue velvet lounging jacket, surrounded by his new reading lamp (the kind you carry around anywhere and stand by your chair right at your elbow), his



Found Dad Sitting, Flabbergasted, in His Blue Velvet Lounging Jacket.

genuine meerschau, his seal ring, his new steel trout rod, his five-pound box of chocolates, his phonograph, with a heap of records of all his old favorites, his house slippers, his whole new set of his old friend Dickens, done in rich red bindings and gilt edges—in fact, all the things his family, when they set their imaginations to work, knew he wanted—well, all I can say is that Christmas morning held no disappointment for us!

Dad finally found words.

"Bessie," he said sternly—that is stern for Dad, which, of course, is only an approach to sternness—"Bess, your children shouldn't have gone and spent all this money on me! It was foolish. And anyway you know very well your mother will never let me wear these slippers around the house, or the lounging jacket either. She'll call it shiftless."

Mother had heard. "Yes, I will, too, Father," she cried. "Why, just thinking of wearing them has made you look ten years younger. I'm going to reform, and not be so old-maidish!"

"Why, why! Whatever—" But Dad never finished. He laughed with us instead, for suddenly he knew that he had been found out.

So Dad, at the age of seventy, celebrated his first Christmas, the Christmas when his secret dreams came true.

And since then it has often come to my mind that most dads are like my Dad. It's those somebody woke up and played Santa Claus to them, to them who have played Santa Claus to us so long. What about your Dad?

Oh heavens! A new thought breaks. What about Harry? Is THAT how he knew?

(© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE DAY TO GO HOME
Christmas! The day we all go home—in thought and spirit, if it is impossible to actually go in the flesh.

KEEP THE SPIRIT
All the country needs is an all-year extension of the Christmas spirit.

Children Cry for



MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

SHINOLA

AMERICA'S HOME SHOE POLISH
Black - Tan - White - Ox-Blood - Brown
SHINOLA preserves leather as paint preserves buildings.

Quick and easy to use.
SHINOLA HOME SET
Makes Shining Easy
Genuine Bristle Dauber
cleans around the sole and
applies the polish thoroughly.



Shines in a hurry.
Lamb's Wool Polisher
just fits the hand. Brings
the brilliant Shinola shine
with a few strokes.

It is easy to get anything you want—if it happens to be something that nobody else will have.

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER AND BOWELS—10c A BOX

Cures Biliousness, Constipation, Sick Headache, Indigestion. Drug stores. Adv.

"RAIN TREE" SUPPLIES WATER

Beautiful and Common Tree in Tropical America Holds Liquid in Leaves.

The name "rain tree" has been given to a beautiful and very common tree of tropical America. The name is probably due to the fact that the tree has the habit of closing its leaflets before and during rains, and not to any tendency to shed water from the leaves.

The original rain tree story, as found in the narratives of early voyagers back as far as the fifteenth century, located the tree in the island of Ferro, one of the Canaries. This island has no springs and a scanty rainfall, but, according to the story, derived an ample supply of fresh water from a single tree.

The natives say that the famous rain tree that once supplied the whole island was blown down in a storm.—Detroit News.

Few tips come to the waiter who sits down and waits.

Where does the line of modesty stop and timidity begin?

A beautiful truth is so apt to be a mere abstraction.

Smarting, scalding, sticky eyes relieved by morning if Roman Eye Balsam is used when retiring. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

MUST HAVE GOOD MEMORY

Checker of Hats in Hotel Can Give No Adequate Explanation of His Power.

The checkers of hats in large hotels have remarkable memories. Doubtless many young men were employed and discharged before one was found who could learn to take 300 hats from men entering the dining room and distribute them as the diners left, without checks and without an error. In a city luncheon club with nearly 400 members, for example, says Edgar James Swift, the usual method of paging a man who is wanted has been changed to asking the colored man in the hat room whether the man in question has arrived. And a glance over the hat racks gives accurate information.

Conversation with those who display this wonderful and peculiar memory has always brought essentially the same reply. They have no system. They talk vaguely about something which, in psychological language, is association between the appearance of the hat and the face of the owner.—Scribner's Magazine.

Custom in infancy becomes nature in old age.

Jazz is what democracy will do to music.



The Winter Breakfast

which includes Grape-Nuts with cream or good milk, will have one dish that has both engaging flavor and true nourishment.

Grape-Nuts is more than "something good to eat." It is a building food in most digestible form; rich in proteins, carbohydrates, mineral elements and vitamin B—all vitally essential to the daily rebuilding of every part of the body.

It pays to keep oneself in the highest physical condition, for with the strength and vigor that go with health you can "do things" and be happy.

There's a way—and
"There's a Reason"

for **Grape-Nuts**



LOCALS

Well Dressed men and women have their clothes pressed at our place.—O. I. Luellan, The Tailor.
Perry Caviness of Gracemont,

Okla., who purchased land a short time ago, has improvements under way. He has a well of fine water and is well pleased with his buy.
C. Millsap is a new arrival and

he has come to stay. He has rented a farm a mile and a half west of town.

E. Browning of Gracemont, Okla., was a prospector here last week.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Ben T. Brown has been very ill the past week, but is reported improving.

Mr. Smith, of Wills Point, is a new arrival looking for a house to live in. He is agent for Lowden and Mebane cotton seed.

C. F. Weidenback and wife came in Tuesday from Roscoe and will engage in business in O'Donnell.

CEDAR POSTS—For good cedar posts, cheap, see Lightfoot & Fairley, at Fairley Real Estate Co's office.

The child of Mr. and Mrs. George Lightfoot has been very ill with pneumonia but is now reported rapidly regaining its strength.

We clean every day.—O. I. Luellan, Phone 52, West Side

Jim Christopher moved his family in from the ranch this week and they are now comfortably ensconced in their new home.

We have some good horses and mules, to sell. Terms, payment down and balance payable next fall.—J. W. Boyle & Son, O'Donnell, Texas.

A Sunday school was organized last Sunday at Newmoore with 22 charter members. The election of officers will be held next Sunday. Song books and literature has been ordered for the school.

LOST—Fox Terrier, white, left ear black, bob-tailed, collar with tag bearing my name. Dog strayed from my wagon on streets of O'Donnell on January 3. Finder please notify, D. G. Phipps.

Mr. and Mrs. Quincy Haney have moved into their new garage where they will be at home to their friends until their home is completed.

Ladies' work a specialty.—O. I. Luellan, The Tailor, Phone 52.

TOMLINSON'S BARBER SHOP

Located on West Side
Satisfactory Service Guaranteed
Call and see us

C. L. TOMLINSON, Prop.

Absolute Guarantee
COOK'S
E&D
ECONOMICAL DURABLE
HOUSE PAINT
is the most Economical and Durable Paint to use.
Every Gallon Guaranteed
See us for full particulars
SORRELLS LUMBER CO.

We make pleated work a specialty. Phone 52, O. I. Luellan, The Tailor.

Misses Janet and Bertha Marr left last week for Guthrie, Okla., where Miss Janet will teach and Miss Bertha finish her high school course.

Isaac Ledbetter, a student in the Fredway school, had his arm broken the first of the week while engaged in a game of basket ball.

LOST—\$5 reward for envelope of notes made in my favor, believed to be lost near the post office. C. A. Miller.

H. M. Fetherston of Goldthwaite, arrived last week and has accepted a position in Tomlinson's barber shop. Mr. Fetherston will move his family out soon.

REWARD—Will pay suitable reward for returned of Scotch Collie dog, yellow markings with ring around neck. Please deliver to office of Frost & Bailey or notify D. J. Bolch.

When in need of anything in Farm Implements, Hardware and Groceries, see Hal Singleton Lumber Co.

Cleaning, Pressing, Altering and Dyeing. Phone 52.—O. I. Luellan West Side.

Rev. Joseph E. Eldridge left Sunday afternoon for Crosbyton where he will conduct a revival meeting. He will be away for about two weeks.

HOGS FOR SALE—I have a number of hogs suitable for porkers and brood sows for sale. Pigs cheap. See me at once.—Hal Singleton, Jr., at Singleton's Store.

PROGRAM

—At—
State Theatre

FRIDAY

A big Western With
Franklin Farnum

In the

Lariat Thrower

A dandy good picture

0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-

SATURDAY

William Farnum,

A real star in a real picture that will please every one.

Moonshine Valley.

another FOX production.

O. E. S. No. 725.

Order of Eastern Star meets every first and third Wednesday at 7:00 p. m. All local and visiting members cordially invited.

Mrs. M. C. Hamilton, W. M.
Mrs. Fjeta Allen, Sec.

Dr. L. D. STEPHEN

Dentist

TAHOKA, TEXAS

Office over First National Bank.

Subscribe for Your Home Paper
The O'Donnell Index
\$1.50 the Year and Worth It

For Millinery, ready-to-wear, ladies furnishings, notions and novelties, also stamped goods, see me in Curtis building on west side.

MRS. G. A. HANEY.

STATE THEATRE

Showing only the best in high class Motion Pictures.

We Strive to Please

W. J. SHOOK

Fresh Meats

We keep on hand at all times a complete stock of high-class FRESH and CURED MEATS.

BREAD received daily from Lubbock.

City Meat Market.

All Kinds of Feed

AND

The Highest Quality

Colorado

Domestic Coal.

O'Donnell Feed & Coal.

FROST & BAILEY LAND CO

Farm Land,

Ranches,

Loans and

Insurance.

List your land with us

O'Donnell, Texas

O'Donnell Tin Shop

EVERYTHING IN

Sheet Metal, Tanks, Gutter and Metal Flues.

We Repair and Build or Recore all kinds of Radiators.

Call and see our new Tin Shop.

JOHN HURT, Proprietor.

To Our FARMER FRIENDS

Let us make this year a

Rock Island

and

Avery

IMPLEMENT YEAR

Where crops are grown, the Rock Island and Avery farming tools are favorites

Single and Double-Disc Plows
Planters, Listers, Cultivators, Godevils

In fact, everything the farmer needs on the farm. Come in and let us talk over farming implements with you and explain why you can make no mistake in buying our line

MANSELL BROS.

Hardware Co.

Sorrells Lumber Co.

COMPLETE STOCK OF BUILDING MATERIAL

Star Windmills and Piping

Barbed Wire and Posts, Poultry and Hog Wire

Paints, Oils and Varnishes

A Pleasure to Serve You

Is Your Car Balky?

Bring it to us or Call and we will come and put it in First-Class shape.

We have expert mechanics for your service.

Russell's Garage

Pack Tubes, Tires, Tools and Accessories.

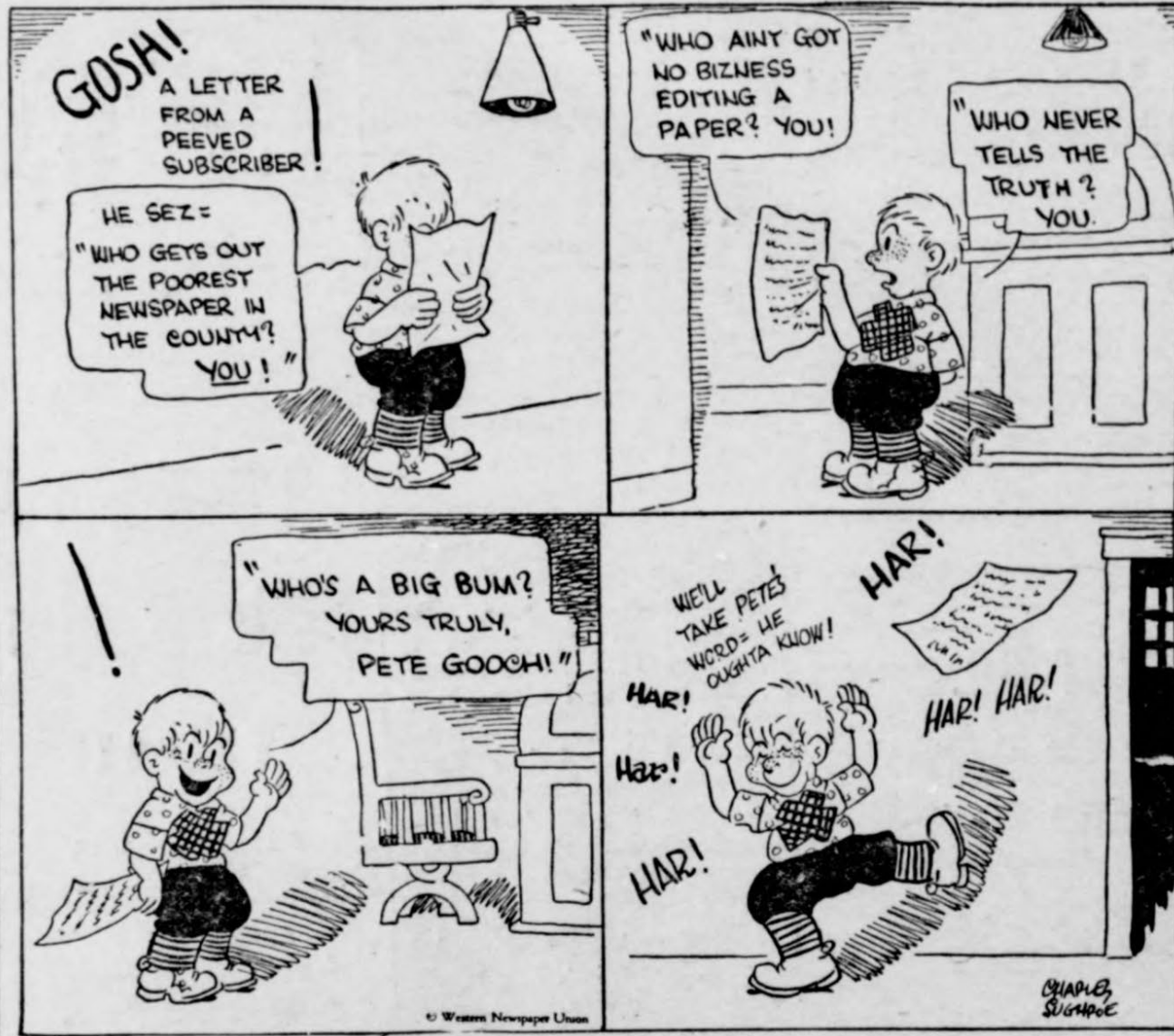
OUR COMIC SECTION

Along the Concrete



(Copyright, W. N. U.)

Pete Nominates Himself



© Western Newspaper Union

CHARLES SUGAR

Take It at Night
Makes Morning Bright



St. Joseph's
LIVER REGULATOR
for BLOOD-LIVER-KIDNEYS
The BIG 25¢ CAN

Grove's
Tasteless
Chill Tonic
Makes the Body Strong.
Makes the Blood Rich. 60c



INFLAMED EYES
Use Dr. Thompson's Eye-water.
Buy at your druggist's or
1261 River, Troy, N. Y. Booklet.

Relief
for
coughs
Use PISCO's—this prescription quickly
relieves children and adults.
A pleasant syrup. No opiates.
35c and 60c sizes sold
everywhere.

Yes, What?

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who never thought of anything deadlier than scratching a man's face?

DEMAND "BAYER" ASPIRIN
Take Tablets Without Fear. If You See the Safety "Bayer Cross."

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 23 years. Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin. Imitations may prove dangerous.—Adv.

Reliable Remedy

"What is the surest cure for love at first sight?"
"Second sight."

For true blue, use Red Cross Ball Blue. Snowy-white clothes will be sure to result. Try it and you will always use it. All good grocers have it.—Advertisement.

Broke Again

"What's the news from your boy at school?"
"Mostly financial."—Town Topics.

"DANDELION BUTTER COLOR"

A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents.—Adv.

There is no rose without thorns, and no society bud without pins in her dress somewhere.

Guard Against "Flu" With Musterole

Influenza, Gripe and Pneumonia usually start with a cold. The moment you get those warning aches, get busy with good old Musterole.

Musterole is a counter-irritant that relieves congestion (which is what a cold really is) and stimulates circulation. It has all the good qualities of the old-fashioned mustard plaster without the blister.

Just rub it on with your finger-tips. First you will feel a warm tingle as the healing ointment penetrates the pores, then a soothing, cooling sensation and quick relief.

Have Musterole handy for emergency use. It may prevent serious illness.

To Mothers: Musterole is now made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. 35c and 65c, in jars and tubes.



HIS CHOICE.
First Mouse—I'm very fond of Dickens!
Second Mouse—Well I find these encyclopedias more to my taste!



SNUBBED.
"Does she bow to the inevitable?"
"No, she cuts it dead."

Power From Glaciers

Recent investigations of the water power resources of streams in the basin of Colorado river by the Department of the Interior have shown glacial lakes on the west slope of the Wind river range near the continental divide have a combined storage capacity of more than half a million acre-feet of water and may be utilized as reservoirs for use in irrigation or in generating power. Ten power sites are found which range in capacity from 120 horsepower with the natural flood of the river to 2,500 horsepower with regulated stream flow.

Odd Rents in England.

Many properties in England are still held on what seem to be the oddest of rents. The rent of one estate in Sussex, for instance, takes the form of a pound of black pepper each year, while another estate in Leicestershire is paid for by a garland and three roses.

Just Like That!

In moral reform, all men are this way: They say: "We don't mind your making experiments, just so you don't make 'em on us."

A TEST.

Mr. Hardfax—If you don't think two can live as cheaply as one let's try it.

Miss Man-chaser—Oh! This is so—!
Mr. Hardfax—You name one woman and I'll pick out two men and lay you two to one on the men.



APPRECIATIVE.

What do they say about her fiancé?
They tell me he is very devoted, he thinks almost as much of her as she thinks of herself.



NERVOUS, RUN-DOWN MOTHERS

Worn Out Caring for Children and Housework—See how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helps

Indianapolis, Indiana.—"I was in a very nervous and run-down condition while nursing my baby, and hearing some talk of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I began taking it. From the second bottle I noticed a big improvement, and I am still taking it. I am not a bit nervous now, and feel like a different person. It is a great medicine for any one in a nervous, run-down condition and I would be glad to give any one advice about taking it. I think there is no better medicine and give you permission to publish this letter."
—Mrs. ANNA SMITH, 541 W. Norwood Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.



The important thing about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is that it does help women suffering from the ailments common to their sex.

If you are nervous and run-down and have pains in your lower parts and in your back, remember that the Vegetable Compound has relieved other women having the same symptoms. For sale by druggists everywhere.

YOUR BODY NEEDS STRENGTH OF IRON

THIRTY years ago physicians began to prescribe Gude's Pepto-Mangan because it provided a form of iron which was easily digested and did not affect the teeth. Now is the season when you especially need it. Your druggist has it, in both liquid and tablets.

Free Trial Tablets. To see for yourself the health-building value of Gude's Pepto-Mangan, write today for generous Trial Package of Tablets. Send no money—just name and address to M. J. Brettenbach Co., 53 Warren St., N. Y.

Gude's Pepto-Mangan
Tonic and Blood Enricher

COLDS

"Pape's Cold Compound"
Breaks a Cold Right Up

Take two tables every three hours until three doses are taken. The first dose always gives relief. The second and third doses completely break up the cold. Pleasant and safe to take. Contains no quinine or opiates. Millions use "Pape's Cold Compound." Price thirty-five cents. Druggists guarantee it.

Long-Headed Bill

Angri Waldo—"If you wuz actually obliged to work, Bill, w'ot would you sooner be?" Beery Billings (thoughtfully)—"Well, I t'ink in a case like dat I'd sooner be a barrel uv elder."

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER AND BOWELS—10c A BOX

Cures Billowness, Constipation, Sick Headache, Indigestion. Drug stores. Adv.

The Lightning Conductor
The omnibus stops. It is raining hard.

Old Lady—Any sitting room?
Conductor—No, ma'am; but there's a bathroom upstairs.

Just say to your grocer Red Cross Ball Blue when buying bluing. You will be more than repaid by the results. Once tried always used.—Advertisement.

Learning Improves Mind
The mind of man is improved by learning and reflection, and is led forward by the pleasurable enjoyment of the eye and ear.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

THE RED LOCK

A Tale of the Flatwoods

CHAPTER XII—Continued.
—15—

By DAVID ANDERSON
Author of "The Blue Moon"
Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The sitting-room door opened, and the portly form of the housekeeper appeared on the porch.

"There's Mis' Curry," the girl cried, seizing her father's arm and inviting the preacher with her eyes. "Breakfast's ready, and our bouquet not half finished."

She was the life of the little group that assembled a few minutes later in the gloomy old dining-room, with the candles flickering over its bare walls and waving a losing battle with the shadows lurking in the corners. Only for her, the scene and setting might have been sadder enough—the stark walls, stiff old furniture, decorations and ornamentation severely in keeping with the taste of a day long gone; the grim gray figure that presided at the head of the table.

Banker Collin was a man out of whom life had squeezed most of the finer sensibilities and coined them into gold. The dreams of boyhood, the romance of youth, the glory of manhood—gone—bargained away for a price. Sitting there at his gloomy breakfast table, a disappointed, weary old man, his soul cried out to rue the bargain; to trade back with fate. But none had learned the lesson better than he that fate trades not back; that there he was doomed to sit, a hopeless mourner over the dead ashes of the might-have-been.

The forenoon he spent in the small room, busy with his papers, or in meeting people who came to pay him money—or borrow it.

In the afternoon he tried to take a nap, but so long had his mind been set to its daily grind that it now ran on in spite of him—a sort of mental engine whose clutch could no longer be released.

Rest; a quiet nap—they were no longer his. He had sold them—part of the price he had paid for—what?—the privilege to pocket interest money; to collect rents; to write his check. Cheated again. The devil never loses in a trade.

It would be a hopeless task to trace his thoughts as he thrashed about over the bed and fidgeted the hours away. His business; the farms; his squandered years all passed in review. And what was left? To sit by a musty window and pile up wealth—for somebody else to spend. He couldn't spend it himself. He didn't know how. He had toiled so hard to make it that he had never learned how to spend it—an infinitely finer thing to know.

Sleep—he was never wider awake in his life. He floundered off the bed at last, less rested than when he lay down, and stormed out to the porch—only to stand drumming a restless tattoo upon a post with his long bony fingers.

The voices of Texie and the preacher were borne to him from the rustic seat under the giant maple at Whispering Spring. He mildly wondered at it; reflected that the genial day had probably for once lured the young man from his studies, and sauntered back to his easy chair in the sitting-room.

As he sat there, with the pulse and purr of the wonderful May day borne in through the open door, his mind groping back over the distant past, a memory held him in far-flung retrospection. Minutes long it held him; until it smoothed the lines on his face and softened his hard old eyes.

He rose from the chair at last; paced back and forth across the floor a time or two; went into the small west room to his safe, unlocked it; with a noticeable effort swung the heavy door open; fumbled inside and drew out a large envelope of stout manila paper; unsealed; fumbled deeper and brought out a small locket of gold; closed the safe, without locking it, and went back to his easy chair.

A long time he sat, with his elbow propped up on the chair-arm, his chin in his palm; finally with fingers that trembled, he pressed in the catch of the locket. It sprang open. There were two pictures inside—a woman and a man. But the face of the woman was not the face over the mantel in the sitting room; it was the face of the woman beneath the draped flag in the cabin under the crimson rambler—what it had been in her girlhood. And the face of the man in the locket was not the upstanding soldier above the sword and spurs, in the uniform of a colonel of Mounted Rangers; it was the face of Simon Collin—what it had been in the days of his young manhood.

The old man gazed at the beautiful, highborn face of the woman in the locket again and again laid it to his lips, held it close against his breast—suddenly, with a gasp, snapped the locket shut.

A mighty spasm of pain had gripped his side. He clutched it with his hands; fought for breath. When it

was over and he was able to breathe again, his lips were blue, and clammy sweat stood heavy on his craggy brow. Still clutching his side, he opened the locket, with its secret, trying not to see the beautiful face, lest it turn him from his purpose; took out both pictures; struck a match, set them alight and watched them burn to ashes.

As he sat staring, gradually he seemed to grow aware of the envelope lying in his lap. He picked it up and gazed at it absently, as if his mind still dwelt with the dead ashes of the past—the past with its disappointments, its misunderstandings, its tragedy.

In a bold hand that wavered slightly—unmistakably the hand of an old man—the big envelope was addressed, curiously enough, to Jack Warhope, with the legend—"Not to be opened until his twenty-first birthday."

After a moment the old man fumbled some legal-looking papers out of the envelope; read them through with great care; replaced them; sealed the envelope and put it in his pocket. Then he walked to the safe; dropped the empty locket behind some papers at the very back of it; closed the door; locked it and strayed aimlessly out to the porch again.

The shadows of the fine old trees in the yard were creeping well eastward. The preacher, still a truant from his studies, was with Texie at the spring. Just over the brink of the decline where the yard dipped to the park-like orchard, he could see them—the girl on the rustic seat, the tall form of the young minister lounging against a fork of the huge maple.

The drone of their voices carried up to the lonesome old man, at a loss how to spend the hours of his enforced idleness, and the splintered ruins of what had once been a smile for a moment chased the weariness from his craggy old battlement of a face. He dragged a chair to a sunny spot of the porch and sat down.

The girl, hearing the scrape of the chair, sprang up.

"Father!" she cried. "He's up." Springing over the gnarled, exposed roots of the great maple, she hurried to the yard, half laughing back over her shoulder at the preacher's mincing steps as he followed.

She flew to the porch, and in a moment her arms were around the weary gray figure in the chair.

"Forgive me, father—I didn't know you was up 'r I'd 'a' come sooner."

"Aw, that's all right," he drawled. "Can't expect young folks t' waste their time on old ones."

"No, no! Not waste." She smoothed his hair. "I'm so sorry I forgot—your good day at home, too."

The old man patted her face and reassured her, in a voice that the people who borrowed his money had never heard.

"W'y, child, I got up only a little bit ago, an' thought I'd jist set out on the porch a while. It's kinda—lonesome in the house."

"And do you feel better after your nap?" the girl asked, glowingly happy at his endearments—endearments that had been all too rare.

"Oceans," was his answer, with a grimace at the idea of the nap—a grimace that he suppressed just in time to keep her from seeing. "Good as new. I be'n wonderin' why you never tuck Mr. Hopkins hossback ridin'. You ain't even showed 'im your new saddle boss, have you?"

"Brownie? F'r a wonder, I hain't. But this is the first time he's ever be'n here, except at night—and he's traveled s' much and knows s' much that I didn't 'low he'd care about hosses. We've jist be'n talking about—Ken—"

The old banker bent his head and fumbled with a loosened screw of the chair-arm. The girl gazed out across the wide bottoms to the river. The preacher took out his handkerchief; nervously brushed away a speck of dust from his coat sleeve; put it back.

"Brownie," the girl repeated after a time, her eyes turning back from the river to the piously pensive face of the preacher, "would you care t' see 'er?"

"It would give me the greatest pleasure," was his answer, in the studied and faultless though somewhat stilted diction of the period.

"I could talk you t' death about 'er." "I should die happy," he answered.

The girl was so artless and unspooled that the flattery, trite as it was, half pleased her. The native cheerfulness, subdued for a moment by thoughts of her hapless brother, brightened again in her eyes. She threw her arm about her father, dragged him up out of the chair and led the way to the barn.

Brownie, a beautiful dark sorrel,

with a single small patch of white in her forehead, hearing the girl's voice, came trotting up out of the pasture lot—the same through which Jack had trilled the unknown prowler the night before. A tall, clean-limbed gelding, bright bay, with one white hind foot, followed her almost up to the gate, where he stood back and half jealously watched the girl caress his mate.

"Come, Rex," the girl called, reaching out her hand and coaxing the tall bay. But the horse kept his distance. It was only after the two men had drawn back a few steps that he came up to the gate and put his nose against her face.

"Do you ride, Mr. Hopkins?" she called over her shoulder.

"Not especially well," he answered, "though I do like a good horse. You ride, of course?"

"Everybody rides in the Flatwoods—you must learn."

"W'y, yes," chimed in the old banker, "there's Rex jist sp'illin' f'r work, now that I don't ride any more sence these blasted fainty spells got t' comin'. Ther's nothin' t' hinder you from takin' a ride every day—I reckon we've still got my saddle an' things, ain't we, daughter?"

"Saddle and bridle and all," she answered. "And it will be such a pleasure," she went on, turning to the young preacher, "t' show you around over our beautiful Flatwoods."

"With such a guide, I am impatient to go the earliest moment possible," the preacher exclaimed effusively, "this afternoon—now—if you will."

The girl glanced at her father.

"Why not?" he nodded.

"I don't like to leave—you."

The old man tossed up his hand and laughed—a raspy sort of laugh—all that the years had left him.

The girl turned back to the preacher.

"W'y, yes—if you wish," she said—"only you must promise not t' run away from me; Rex is ever s' much faster than Brownie."

The preacher turned to look again at the tall bay, standing a few feet back from the gate, where he had withdrawn step by step as the minister advanced.

"He certainly appears to possess great speed."

"Speed!" the old banker repeated, a note in his voice common to the throat of every man in the Flatwoods when speaking of his horse or dog, "next t' Jack's Graylock at the homestead yonder, he's the fastest in the Flatwoods."

"Graylock—Warhope"—the tired eyes pinched together thoughtfully—"a remarkable young man."

"Scarce as hen's teeth, his breed," the old man returned warmly. "I'm doubtin' if ther's anybody slong the Wabash that knows the woods like he does, unless it might be ol' Nick Wifles. I've alwys be'n glad he tuck to 'em the way 'e did, and I've encouraged 'im. Ther's nothin' like the woods t' make a man of a feller."

"Some professors came up her fom down the river t' study what they called 'Native Flora' on the homestead last year—you know, ther's two thousand acres of it, most of it layin' jist as the Indians left it, and he keeps coaxin' me not t' 'low an ax laid to a single sound tree. There'll be a fortune in that oak and walnut some day. Jack, he'd be'a writin' to these professors, and they'd be'n sendin' 'im hocks—anyhow, they come up and tramped around f'r aigh a week."

"One day one of 'em was talkin' t' me, and he said Jack knowed more about the woods than all the rest of 'em put together. Well, that's him, every time. I never did know 'im t' try anything but what he got it down about as fine as the next one."

The old banker glanced up at the sun slipping down the west and turned to his daughter:

"Well, if you're goin', you better be startin'."

Long years of active business life had taught Banker Collin the value of promptness and decision—had so ground these traits into his nature that they had come to function automatically.

Talking as volubly about the relative merits of Rex and Brownie as if he were an agent trying to sell them, and rubbing his bony hands in delight at having his restless mind set once more to a definite task, he led the way to the lot and turned the horses into the barn.

The saddle and bridle were somewhat stiffened from disuse when he tried them on Rex, but he had then limbered up and came leading out the horse almost as soon as Texie had Brownie ready.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Carrier Pigeons.

Carrier pigeons normally fly at the rate of about thirty to thirty-six miles an hour, but when "homing" they can reach a speed of sixty miles an hour or more.

EXECUTE FIVE MEN IN JUAREZ, MEXICO

ONE OF VICTIMS HAD LOST AN ARM FIGHTING FOR VILLA; OTHERS MERE BOYS

CAPTURE MUCH AMMUNITION

Occupation of Esperanza, Strategic Position Near Vera Cruz, Also Reported

El Paso, Texas.—Five men have been executed by a firing squad in the Juarez, Mexico, cemetery following the alleged discovery of a plot to turn Juarez over to Mexican revolutionary chiefs.

Col. Ramon Lopez, commander of the Juarez garrison, announced that a large quantity of rifles and pistols, together with ammunition, was found after the plot had been uncovered.

Four of the men were barely 21 years of age. The oldest, a former follower of Francisco Villa, had but one arm, the other having been lost while fighting for the bandit chief-tain.

The men were taken from the ancient stone jail in Juarez and marched to the cemetery, followed by a crowd attracted by the grim aspect of the party.

Little time was lost after the cemetery was reached, the condemned men being acquainted with their fate during the march.

Following the usual custom of reading their sentence, the men were ordered to prepare for death. Some stood mute. Others removed their hats, took out their handkerchiefs and faced the squad.

One at a time, as their names were called, the men walked in front of the adobe wall of the grim guard house in the cemetery and stood at rigid attention.

At the command of fire the limp form of the prisoner would fall to the ground in death throes. Immediately after the volley a "mercy shot" was administered.

Mexico City, via Laredo Junction.—The death of Gen. Fortunato Maycotte during the fighting which preceded the capture of Esperanza by federals has been reported in messages received at railway headquarters.

Maycotte was military commander of Oaxaca and revolted with Manuel Garcia Vigil, Governor of Oaxaca, shortly after De la Huerta initiated his movement at Vera Cruz early in December. Since then he has taken a leading part in rebel military operations in the States of Puebla and Vera Cruz.

The town of Esperanza, considered the most important strategic position on the railway between the capital and Vera Cruz and described as the key to Orizaba, was captured late Saturday by the federal forces under Gen. Martinez, according to an official statement made by Under-Secretary of War Manzo.

PASTOR HURLS DEFI AT JUDGE'S ACTION

Ministers Score Jurist for His Re-buke After the Courts Criticised

Kansas City, Mo.—Preaching to a "standing room only" congregation, the Rev. Baxter Waters Sunday defied Judge Thad Landon, who lauded him before the bench last week because of his criticism of the courts.

The minister repeated without alteration the statement about the courts for which the Judge had rebuked him.

The text of his sermon was: "My Summons to Court."

Dr. Waters' sermon consisted of a blanket attack on any individual, order or organization advocating the abolition of free speech in the pulpits.

"I shall criticize conditions here as long as I am here and they warrant it," he declared. "My trip to the court has not frightened me in the least. It is a minister's duty to comment on affairs of public interest."

"Judge Landon's charge that a great many members of my congregation would be found with liquor in their homes if an investigation were made by me, I believe is very unfair, unless he has himself made this investigation."

"He cautioned me to return to my pulpit and document only on matters about which I had facts. I do not believe he has a right to tell me what I can comment on and what not."

"I repeat again that the conditions in the courts are deplorable. I beg all my listeners to co-operate in everything which will correct these conditions."



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"Yes! Yes!" murmured he, absentlv. "So I've heard! So I've heard."—Ghost.

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Construction of New Brick to Be Started at Once

The contract for another brick business house was let this week by the First State Bank. The building will be erected between the new bank building and the O'Donnell filling station, closing the gap of 75 feet. The building will be of brick and tile and will be divided into three rooms, 18x25 feet each. According to the bank officials, the rooms have all been leased. Frost & Bailey will occupy the one next to the bank, Mrs. McCormick of Tahoka, will occupy the center building with a grocery store, and Mrs. G. A. Haney will have the room on the north side. Nugent & Smith were given the contract to erect the building.

Young Man Suffering from injured Knee

Eoyd Helm, who has been working at the Newmoore farms, is laid on the shelf for repairs resulting from an accident while trying to catch a moving car last Saturday. In the fall he sustained a badly cut knee, requiring several stitches to close the wound, and it will be some time before he is able to work again.

Former Resident Selling Star Cars

Mr. and Mrs. James Carr, having sold their interest in the lunch room on west side of the square, are now living in Tahoka, Mr. Carr having accepted a position of salesman for the Star cars. They were in town Monday with a demonstration car and talking business to prospective purchasers.

News Items of Interest in T Bar Community

I come again to tell the Index how we are progressing at T Bar. Some have had colds but nothing serious. We have four cases of measles, but hope no more will develop as no one has been exposed.

Less Crows had the misfortune of falling under his tractor and has a very badly bruised leg.

Mr. Crews family arrived last week from Hall county and will make their home on W. L. Kuykendall's place recently vacated by Dolph Cleveland, who moved to Lubbock. We were very glad to see Mr. Crews' family at Sunday school.

Our literary society is progressing nicely, especially the part taken by the school children. Five of our school boys volunteered to take part in the debate. Jay Moore, aged 12, made a good start Friday night when one of the boys failed to respond to the call to debate. Jay took his place and made a good talk for one of his age. We had one original play written by Beulah Estes, an eighth grade pupil, and at our next meeting we will have another written by Vera Nichols. We are proud of our boys and girls.

Wells school will be here Friday night to spell against the T Bar. Come on Wells, you may beat us so badly that we may never want to spell again, but nevertheless, we will spell against you.

Most all the T Bar young folks attended a party at Mr. Slaughter's and all report a good time.

Misses Bird, Coatney, May and Velma Waldrip, Esther Nichols and Gladys Moore visited D. M. Estes Sunday.

Miss Alma Hunter visited Eva and Beatrice Moore Sunday. Miss Hunter has moved her boarding place from D. M. Estes to Mr. Nichols, as Mr. Estes is contemplating moving soon.

Booster Walker has moved into his new dwelling which he has erected on the land purchased from Perry Clayton. Booster says all he lacks now is a good cook. Girls, remember this is Leap Year. Don't let a good chance like, this slip.

Mr. Champion has moved to his new home north of Mr. Waldrip's.

Mr. Ellis has moved to Mr. Wood's place, vacated by Mr. Champion.

Fay Slaughter is working for Albert Fraiser this week.

I must say good by.
Reporter,
Roscoan Leases Antz Restaurant

Floyd Kyle of Roscoe, came in this week and has leased from L. W. Hardeastle the cafe formerly operated by A. B. Antz. Mr. Kyle is an experienced restaurateur and states that he will endeavor to cater to the hungry public in a manner that will make the place popular from the start.

Subscribe for the Index.

Knox Countyans Buying More Land

After reading the Index the other day a man remarked to the editor that he believed that Knox county people and the blue weed were going to take Lynn county. Old-timers give out the information that the blue weed is not a pest and can be handled easily. The Index man can speak authoritatively in regard to the Knox county people as he spent a short season in that county and knows them to be the salt of the earth, and they know a good thing when they see it. That is why so many are coming here to live and grow rich. Through Frost & Bailey, W. R. Coley of Knox City, bought a half-section this week, as did his neighbor, whose name the Index failed to obtain. These farmers will start improvements right away.

Oklahoma People Pleased with County

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hancock of Gracemont, Okla., who were here on a prospecting expedition last week, have returned to their home. Lynn county yet may have these people as citizens, as they were very favorably impressed with the country.

Former Resident of Lamesa Dies in Dallas, Tex.

C. B. Kilgore, manager of the O'Donnell Business College, was called to Dallas Saturday night by a message stating that his father, W. G. D. Kilgore, was not expected to live. Mr. Kilgore left immediately and arrived in Dallas two hours after his father's death. The body was taken to Coleman county and buried besides that of his wife.

Mr. Kilgore was 74 years of age and had been making his home with a daughter, Mrs. O. G. Campbell. He had been ill for about six months with leakage of the heart. Besides Mrs. Campbell, he leaves three other daughters, Mrs. D. Birdwell of Lamesa and Mrs. R. W. Cline of Duncan, Okla.; and Mrs. J. W. Galloway of Friona, and two sons, Dixie and C. B. Kilgore of Lamesa.

The deceased was a pioneer resident of Coleman county, having lived there for fifty years. He had resided for several years in Lamesa, where he had many friends who will be grieved to learn of his passing.

J. E. Etter will move to town next week.

Enroll Now in O'Donnell Business College and Save Money

I am pleased to announce that the enrollments in the O'Donnell Commercial College are coming on splendid. On account of my father's death I was called east for several days, so the school will probably be a week later in opening. However it is up to you for I will open the school just as soon as I get twenty five enrollments and some eight or ten have already enrolled, we

ought to reach our required number by Saturday night. Remember that if you wait until the school opens to enroll you can not get the benefit of the reduced price. We must have your enrollment by Feb. 6th or else we can have no way of estimating the amount of kind of books to order.

See Manager or Mr. Kelis at Index office.

Yours to please,

Charles Kilgore, Mgr.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

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