

How To Send Christmas Presents To Soldiers In France.

The method by which Christmas packages are to be sent to American soldiers in France by friends and relatives was announced recently by the Red Cross. Under orders of the War Department, the American Red Cross will be the only medium through which Christmas packages can be sent abroad.

Each American soldier "over there" has been given a conventional gummed "sticker" upon which he has written his name and location with the American Expeditionary Forces. All soldiers in France who expect packages from home will send these stickers to their relatives, who must present them to their local Red Cross chapter, where they will receive specially prepared cartons which are to be used in sending Christmas presents. No boxes or cartons except those furnished by the Red Cross can be used for this purpose.

All packages must be ready for shipment by Nov. 20, and the American Red Cross will defray the expenses of transportation. The plans of the Red Cross are being worked out so that the boxes will reach the men for whom they are intended on Christmas Day, and for those American soldiers in France who fail to receive Christmas packages, the American Red Cross will "play Santa Claus," so that each man with the expeditionary forces can spend a happy day.

Give to U. W. W. F.

NOTICE.
These boxes are now ready for you in the Red Cross work room at the Farwell Court House.

Churches in Texico-Farwell Will Resume Services Sunday.

The church people will welcome the news that the Influenza epidemic has subsided and that upon next Sunday the churches will resume their services of worship.

For six Sundays the church doors have been closed and the various pulpits from which came the spoken Gospel have been silenced.

The churches should all be filled upon next Sunday. After so many weeks of enforced and necessary vacation we should assemble ourselves together at the appointed time in the spirit of the Psalmist: "I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let's go into the House of the Lord.'"

Give to U. W. W. F.

Gives \$5,000,000 To War Work Fund.

New York, Nov. 9.—A contribution of \$5,000,000 to the United War Work Campaign, said to be the largest gift ever made to such a cause, was announced here today by the United States Steel corporation. The same corporation gave \$2,000,000 to the Red Cross during its last campaign.

In making the contribution, Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the company's board of directors said that the steel concerns of the country "should contribute at least \$10,000,000 to the organizations that are furnishing the soldiers what they need above everything else to assure physical and moral health, strength and comfort."

Give to U. W. W. F.
Come across and do your part. Give to the United War Work.

THEY ARE DYING FOR THE FLAG.

They are dying for the flag in the trenches over there, They are giving up their lives with the murmur of a prayer.

They are facing gas and sulphur and the huge guns round them roar. In that awful hell of thought, in that world-wide freedom war.

Are we doing what we should do, What we could do, for them here, Are we idling, are we talking, Is your purpose plain and clear?

They are dying for the flag every day 'mid battle's ruin, And we sit here talking programs who should play a different tune, Who should waste no precious moment doing all that should be done,

For that brother over yonder, for that father and that son, Are we doing it? Let's ask it Till the answer can be made, And the lads we love have answered, Every sally, every raid.

They are dying for the flag on the seas that suck them down, They are dying for the flag when the airships bomb a town; They are dying over there for the flag they fight to save.

They are dying that their flag till eternity may wave, Are we helping, are we fighting To send over all they need? Are we backing them or backing? Is it words with us or deeds?

They are dying for the flag in the trenches of Loraine, Are they dying for it wisely, are they dying but in vain? Are we answering as we should do our own call to duty here,

That the lives they give for freedom may exalt the world and cheer? Let us answer every question That the high hour asks today With our sacrifice and service For those boys so far away.

—Author Not Known.

THE WHISTLES BLEW LAST NIGHT.

The whistles blew the news last night as whistles never blew before; They blew the news that peace had come and bloody war would be no more.

They blew the news that murdered babes and world unhappiness Had been avenged and all the world is free from Hunnishness.

The whistles blew the news last night, The whistles blew the news last night as whistles never blew before; They blew the news that trenches now will not be filled with gore.

They blew the news that every man in this old world is free; They blew the news that freedom is for everyone—including you and me.

The whistles blew the news last night.

Baptist Church.

We will begin services Sunday. Sunday School at 10 o'clock A. M. Preaching at 11 A. M. Other announcements will be made at the church. Be sure to come out Sunday, we shall expect you.

J. F. NIX, Pastor.
Give to U. W. W. F.

Red Cross To Hold Election Of Officers.

We will hold the regular annual election of officers of the Texico-Farwell branch of the Red Cross, on Tuesday next, at 2:30 p. m. This election has been postponed for several weeks on account of the prevailing epidemic.

All members are urged to be present, as items of interest will be discussed and plans for the future will be made.

The Red Cross activities will be more necessary now than it has ever been before.

—United We Serve—
Judge J. D. Hamlin is the possessor of a six-cylinder Buick this week.

Another Pneumonia Victim.

On Wednesday morning, November 13, 1918, at six-twenty o'clock, the Angel of Death hovered over the home of W. F. Loden. In departing, this messenger carried away the spirit of the much loved little A. C., who had been ill for several days from pneumonia.

So beautiful was the departure of this tiny sufferer as he was quietly and peacefully ushered into the arms of Jesus, that those who watched could but quote the words of the Savior:

"Suffer little children to come with me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The family is bereft of their darling for a while, but wonderful is the consolation—"God will take care of us."

With two little brothers gone on before, he will await at the portals of Heaven the coming of his loved ones, ready to greet them with the open baby arms and caresses they now miss so greatly.

The sympathy of all friends and neighbors is offered to the stricken family.

A FRIEND.

Texico-Farwell Celebrates.

The citizens of Texico-Farwell gave vent to their feelings Monday and celebrated the great and glorious news of the Armistice being signed, and the ending of the greatest war in history.

A movement is being made to make November 11 a world holiday forever in remembrance of the great event.

As permanent and as world-wide, and as much a part of the life of all nations as Christmas, it is proposed to make the new holiday an internal one, and not limited to any one country, as are the Fourth of July, Memorial Day, Labor Day, etc., in America, the Queen's birthday in England, and Bastille Day in France.

Give to U. W. W. F.

Schools Will Open Monday.

After having been closed for the past six weeks, on account of the Flu epidemic the schools of Texico-Farwell will resume their duties again Monday morning, November 18th.

Texico school will observe the time we are using now and classes will be taken up at nine o'clock.

Give to U. W. W. F.

Notice to Subscribers!

If your subscription date has expired, please call at News office and renew, or mail your check in as we WANT you on our mailing list. But, according to the new Postal ruling, we will have to discontinue your paper if not paid up.

Give to U. W. W. F.

Unable Seaman—When I come to the surgeon 'e says to me, 'I'm blooming sorry, mate; I don't know what I was thinking about,' he says, 'but there's a sponge missin', and I believe it's inside yer.'

'What's the odds?' I says. 'Let it be.' And there it is to this day. No, I don't feel no particular pain from it, but I do get most uncommonly thirsty.' —Cassell's Saturday Journal.

YOUR MONEY IS NEEDED FOR UNITED WAR WORK

Yes, it's needed here too, of course, but let's take care of that other proposition first. Make your contribution in one lump for the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army, the Y. W. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, and the Hebrew war-workers. The big drive begins next Monday and ends November 19. You have read about what great work these associations are doing among our soldiers—back them up—give a dollar for each member of your family—more if you can. It's a good cause—one of the best ever conceived. Take hold, NOW.

FARMERS STATE BANK OF TEXICO, NEW MEXICO

WICHITA VALLEY REFINING CO.
F. J. DOOSE, DISTRIBUTOR
Oil, Gasoline and Lubricants
of All Kinds.
PHONE 8 FARWELL, TEXAS

BUY SENSIBLE GIFTS FOR YOUR SOLDIER BOY

The boy over there is burdened with a heavy essential equipment, so don't send him useless things which he will be compelled to cast aside. Send things which he can really enjoy and use. A list of suggestions may prove valuable to those who wish to send gifts:

BRUSHES, FOUNTAIN PENS, RAZORS, TOILET ARTICLES, CIGARS, CIGARETTES, PIPES, POCKET KNIVES, WATCHES, ETC.

Another suggestion is that you include some Kodak pictures of loved ones and home scenes. Our line of photo supplies is complete. Gifts for the boys in France should be forwarded soon.

Red Cross Pharmacy
TEXICO, NEW MEXICO

Texico-Farwell News

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

TEXICO, NEW MEXICO

C. G. HUDSON, Editor and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, PER YEAR, \$1.50

Minimum Advertising Rates, 15c per column inch on 500-inch contract.

Cards of thanks, resolutions of respect, obituaries, etc., other than the usual news mention, charged for at regular advertising rates.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 27, 1916, at the Post Office at Texico, N. M., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Friday, November 15, 1918.

The snow on Oct. 26th is said by the old timers to be the first time in all the history of the plains that they had seen snow in the fall before any frost had come.—Slatonite.

Candy dealers have been requested by the Food Administration to limit sales to one pound. The five-pound candy box for Christmas will therefore not be much in evidence this year.

Just when we thought we had the biggest sweet potato on record, in came A. M. Watson Monday with a sample specimen that weighed a little over nine pounds when it was dug out of his garden on his farm south of Slaton. Nine pounds of sweet potato all in one piece is the most sweet potato we ever saw, and we believe that this one will hold the record for a long time. It is perhaps the largest sweet potato grown in West Texas this year. If there is a bigger one, we would like to see it.—Slatonite.

United We Serve

Their First Greeting.

A transport arrives at a port in France. Down the gangway is a long line of the fighting men from America. It's a strange feeling, this—landing in a foreign land. But the first sight that greets their eyes is a red Cross canteen. American women are here to welcome them, to give them refreshments, to make them feel welcome and at home and eager for the adventures that await them in the field of honor.

United We Serve

Snobbish.

A Sunday school teacher was questioning her class of boys on the strength of their desire for righteousness.

"All those who wish to go to heaven, please stand," she said. "All got to their feet except one small boy.

"Why, Johnnie," exclaimed the shocked teacher, "do you mean to say that you don't want to go to heaven?"

"No, ma'am," replied Johnnie promptly, "not if that lot is going."—Tit-Bits.

United We Serve

Stand up and back up the President until we win the war.

Professional Cards

DR. G. A. FOOTE
General Practice And Surgery
EYES TESTED.
Glasses fitted correctly.
Office: Red Cross Drug Store
Phone 20 Residence 16

V. TATE,
AUCTIONEER
Civics, New Mexico
"Guarantee My Work"

O. N. ROBINSON
General Auctioneer
P. O. Texico, New Mexico
Res. Farwell, Texas.

W. S. WILLIAMS
Live Stock & General Auctioneer
Hereford, Texas.

20 years experience in the Sale ring. Will give all of my commission of first sale in Mexico to Red Cross Chapter of that

FAIRFIELD FACTS.

We have had no Sunday School or Church since the flu has been raging but hope to have Sunday school next Sunday evening.

A small crowd of young folks and old folks met at the home of Mr. Blair Sunday night and had singing. Also a crowd of young folks met and had singing at the home of Mr. Brown Sunday night.

T. A. Boone and family spent Sunday with E. E. Lewis and family.

Mr. Houston is on the sick list this week.

Miss Mildred Heglar spent the latter part of last week with her sister, Mrs. R. R. Williams.

Miss Della Boone spent Sunday night with Miss Belle Lewis.

If nothing happens to prevent, school will start again at Fairfield next Monday, November 18th.

CROSS-EYED LANE.

Give to U. W. W. F.
SUDDEEN SERVICE
J. R. MEASON, MEMBER CO.
Phone 22.
On to Berlin

LOCUST GROVE GEMS.

Well, it tried to rain just a little bit Wednesday night just to show us what rain looked like.

Mrs. Ira Taylor's mother, Mrs. Dobbs, of Portales, visited her Sunday.

Mr. W. F. Greer shipped a car of cattle last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Williams of Fairfield visited Mr. and Mrs. Ebb Randol Sunday.

Thomas Vaughan, who recently joined the navy, returned home last week. He was discharged on account of physical disability.

Messrs. Ira Taylor, Sam Randol, Barto Osborne, and Miss Dovie Taylor and Mrs. Todd went to Portales Wednesday.

Silas Ross returned the last of this week from Kansas City, where he shipped his cattle and also, where he got acquainted with the flu.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Randol visited at Mr. Vaughan's Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. S. C. Hunter was in this community Wednesday in the interest of the "United War Work Campaign."

SNOW BALL.

Give to U. W. W. F.
SUDDEEN SERVICE
J. R. MEASON, MEMBER CO.
Phone 22.
On to Berlin

The Mournful Brassards.

The Bureau of Supplies has on hand a limited stock of mourning brassards. Chapters are to order these as needed from Bureau of Supplies, 817 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., at a charge of 53 cents each. Parents and widows of soldiers and sailors are to be given brassards, free of charge. Other relatives (i. e., sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles, cousins, etc.) must be charged 65 cents apiece for them.

United We Serve

Better or Worse.

At a certain police court a woman presented herself before the magistrate and asked for a separation order against her husband.

"On what terms do you want the order?" queried the magistrate.

"Because my husband snores so loudly that I can't sleep," was the reply.

"But didn't you take your husband for better or for worse?"

"Yes," said the woman, "but I didn't take him for a brass band."—Exchange.

On to Berlin.

Preparedness.

This is the slogan of the wise man. Stock are continually exposed to cuts, wounds, scratches, etc. The man who is prepared has his healing remedy on hand to stop all chances of blood poisoning. Farris' Healing Remedy is Highly Antiseptic. It is economical. One 50c bottle makes \$2.00 worth of a healing oil or ointment. Money refunded if you are not satisfied.

For Sale By J. H. Nabors.

A Letter From Andrew Hudson, Sept 14, 1918.

Dear Folks:
It is Sunday a driver says, and I guess he knows, but I don't!
Have received no more mail, but know it is on the way. We go toward Berlin too fast for it to catch up. Would like to see some of the Texico-Farwell papers.

Am having splendid luck with cars, trucks and motorcycles. I am now chief mechanic, although some guy may get it later. Don't see why I couldn't have been doing this work the other year I was in the army.

By the time you get this letter you will know all about what the Americans did to the Kaiser. I think it will be a great Thanks giving by this year.

There is a spirit in the American army that was never seen in the world before. It is great. Haven't heard from Tom, so don't know his address.

When you read of shell torn France in the papers, that only gives you a vivid imagination. It is sure a pitiful sight to see I have passed thru towns and villages where there was not a single building left standing.

There is a French electrician here. He is studying English. He is a nice guy but has a habit of trying to break him off, that is, of coming up with his coat pockets full of hand grenades and throwing it down on my bench. He thought it was a joke to slip a couple in my bunk, but I don't appreciate his sense of humor. By pulling a lever they go off from 12 to 30 seconds afterward. One alone, if thrown in a crowd, will kill 50 men, altho they are just big enough to fit the palm of the hand.

I don't know much to write, only the weather is favorable, and every boom is bringing Hoboken nearer!
Hope all are well. Love to all,

ANDY.

On to Berlin.

Another Letter

Oct. 26, 1918.

Received a letter from you about two weeks ago but have not had a chance to write until now. Am back trying to recuperate after spending some two weeks (more or less) on the front. I was up pretty close, in fact close enough to see the Dutch on the retreat and it was pretty hot where I was, but I came through all safe and sound.

Just read where the Fourth Liberty Loan was over subscribed, that sure sounds good. I think that will be the last one, as the Boche are about ready to quit. Austria-Hungary and Turkey have already quit.

It is getting chilly so will stop as there is no fire in here.

Have received all your letters and I certainly appreciate them. Keep on writing even if I don't, as I may be where I can't write for weeks at a time.

I would sure like to have one of those typewriters you are knitting, but by the time it got here, the war will be over.

I have been about half sick for the past week, my stomach is on the bum from eating so much canned stuff, but am feeling much better now.

It sure seems good to get back where there is a Y. M. C. A. and you can hear a piano or a phonograph once more, and better still, get some candy and cakes.

The news we have been receiving about peace lately, has made all the boys feel pretty good, but today when we all received a coupon good for a three pound Christmas package from home, it was a wee bit too much for some of them to stand. It is about the best piece of news I have received since I landed in Sunny France.

Am sending you the coupon as Andy and Tom may send theirs to mother, and then it may be hard for her to get all three off in time. If they should happen to think the same way as I, you would have them all, but I don't think they will both do that. I suppose you would like to know what I want, well, you can fill it with C-A-N-D-Y! Any kind will do, but be sure and get three pounds in, don't leave any space unoccupied, as you well know we have to Hooverize on space. I would like to have a little of that home-made candy

like you sent me at Camp Meade, but I know it is impossible for you to get the sugar, so just send some kind of candy. Read coupon carefully and be sure to get the right sized box, also have it on the way by Nov. 20th.

Will have to stop as paper is thin. With love to all,

Your brother,
Pvt. Robert M. Hudson,
Give to U. W. W. F.

"His Pal."

Private Peat, a Canadian soldier, who is now lecturing in the States, was recently asked, "What is the most tender thing you ever saw a soldier do?"

Here is his answer:
"After the first gas attack at Ypres, in April, 1915, I was knocked out for a while and was in the clearing station at Merville. One day, when I was lying there on a stretcher, a poor, miserable soldier came in. He was covered with mud and blood. He was minus his overcoat, and his tunic was torn by shrapnel. He was soaked to the bone, for it was raining, and he was shivering with cold and pain. The nurse hurried to him and asked him what had become of his overcoat.

"Oh, he said, his teeth chattering, 'my pal was killed back there, and he looked so cold, lying there in the rain, I took off my coat and put it over him.'"

Give to U. W. W. F.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Baptised on the Run.

This story has passed the censor, but isn't verified at that:

A long line of dust-covered Yankees were pushing their way through a shell battered village near Chateau Thierry toward a ridge of hills from which came the rumble of artillery fire. At a cross-roads they came upon a chaplain, waiting beside a broken-down side-car. One of the doughboys fell out of line and walked rapidly up to the cross-roads.

"Say, Chaplain, baptize me quick, will you?" he urged.

"Well, be in the line tonight."

The Chaplain walked away from the side-car. "Do you believe?" he began.

"Yes, sir, I believe in anything," interjected the boy; "but I've got to catch my company. Can't you make it quick?"

In less than a minute the ceremony was over and he was running up the road.—Detroit Free Press.

On to Berlin

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

Miss Ellis, the primary teacher at School No. 41 of this city, permits the children to select a song after the usual music lesson, says the Indianapolis News.

"Please," piped a little miss, "let's sing, 'O, Come Tumble the Jam on the Ocean.'"

Miss Ellis, who is an interpreter of rare ability, at once led the "babies" on a spirited rendition of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

On to Berlin

Bribed the Sentry.

As mosquitoes are thick at this end of camp, Private Eaton discovered a new way to enter camp without a pass. The following conversation was overheard one morning at 2 o'clock:
Sentry—Halt! Who goes there?

Eaton—Friend of the camp, with a bottle of mosquito dope.
Sentry—Advance and be recognized.

Long silence.
Sentry—All right, friend; pass on.—Camp Lee Bayonet.

On to Berlin

Poor Man's Rice Pudding.

Two quarts milk, one cupful rice (scant), one-half cupful sugar, salt and cinnamon. Put all the ingredients into a large baking dish and cover. Bake in a very slow oven for four hours. Increase the heat of the oven, remove the cover from the pudding and brown for ten or fifteen minutes. This pudding requires no sauce and can be eaten warm or cold, according to the season of the year when the desert is served. It is the slow, even cooking of it which makes it so delicious, the rice and milk blending into a rich cream when properly done. Instead of cinnamon, grated nutmeg or lemon extract may be used for flavoring.

State Bank Serial No. 71.

STATE BANK REPORT

Report of condition of "Farmers State Bank of Texico" at Texico, in the State of New Mexico, at the close of business on Nov. 1, 1918.

Resources

Table with 3 columns: Resource Name, Amount, and Total. Includes items like Loans and discounts, U. S. Bonds, Bonds and securities, etc.

Table with 3 columns: Resource Name, Amount, and Total. Includes items like Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, Undivided profits, etc.

State of New Mexico, County of Curry, ss:
We, C. W. Harrison, President, and H. Y. Overstreet, Cashier, of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

C. W. HARRISON, President
H. Y. OVERSTREET, Cashier.

Correct Attest:
D. H. HARRISON
Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of Nov. 1918.
MARTIN M. CRAIG.

My Commission expires February 18, 1920.

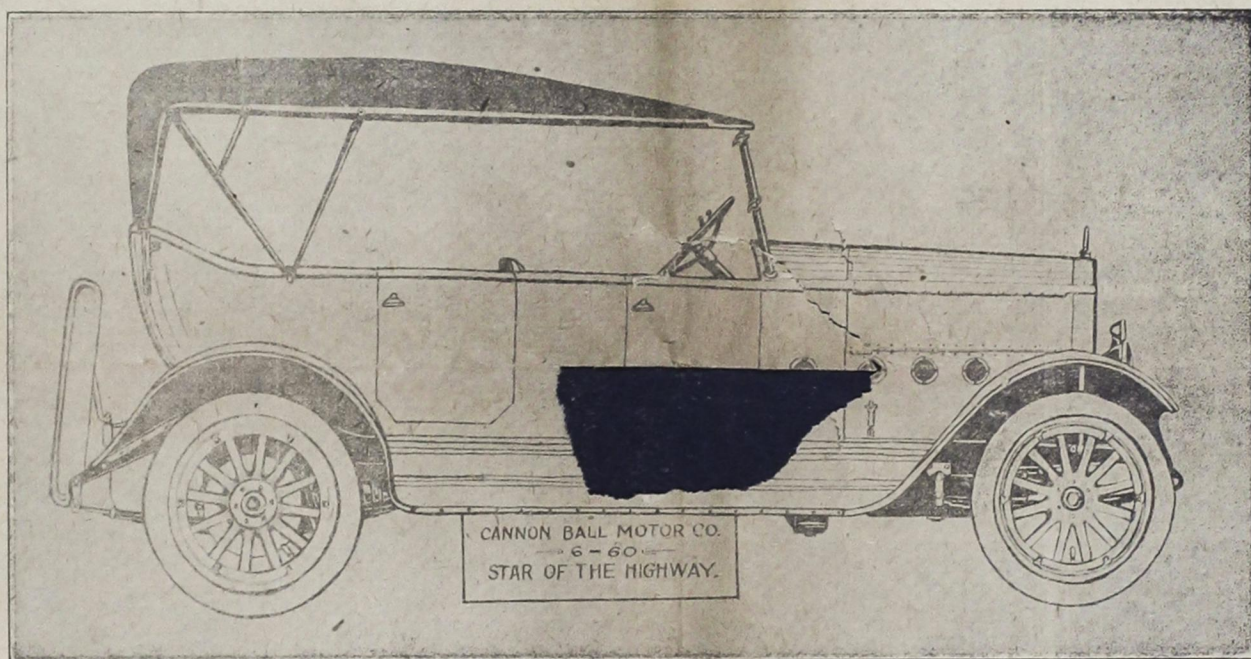
In English Eyes.
Chairman Padgett of the house naval committee tells of a recent trip to Old Point Comfort, with some English officers. They were watching the bathers and one of the visitors commented on the brevity of the bathing suits. "Yes," replied Padgett, "we economize on even there. Every individual is doing her bit. 'I see,' was the reply. 'Less skirt and more individual.'—Los Angeles Times.
—W. S. S.—
Cash for your sale notes, if you employ O. N. Robison to Auction your sale.

The Following is an Illustration of the
CANNON BALL SIX-60

adv

"STAR OF THE HIGHWAY"

Which Has Just Been Finished and Will
Be Delivered at Texico Next Week



"THE STAR OF THE HIGHWAY"

The Cannon Ball Motor Company Will Arrange to Begin The Assembling of these **HIGH CLASS CARS** at Texico, New Mexico, soon after the first of the year in such numbers as will take care of small market demand.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS EARLY

CANNON BALL MOTOR CO.

TEXICO, NEW MEXICO

SOLDIERS NEED SUGAR

TO THE FIGHTING MAN SUGAR IS NOT A LUXURY BUT A NECESSITY. WARFARE IS THE HARDEST WORK THERE IS. WHEN THE CALL FOR ACTION COMES THE MEN MUST RESPOND AT ONCE, AND OFTEN THEY MUST KEEP UP FOR LONG PERIODS THE MOST EXHAUSTING EFFORTS WITH THE BRIEFEST RESPITES. IT IS A FOOD WHICH IS QUICKLY CONVERTED INTO HEAT AND ENERGY. IT ALSO PROVIDES THE NECESSARY FLAVOR TO MAKE THE SOLDIER'S RATION IN THE FIELD PALATABLE.

SUGAR MAKES QUICK ENERGY

SAVE SUGAR FOR THEM

TRIPLETT BROS.

DRY GOODS GROCERIES SHOES

Missionary Society To Meet.

On next Thursday afternoon at 2:30, the Missionary Society will be held at the Methodist Church.

Owing to the fact that the members have not met for more than a month, there is much to be done at once, and so it is urged that every member be present promptly.

On to Berlin

C. A. Roberson left Thursday by auto, for points in Oklahoma, Kansas and Colorado, in the interest of the Cannon Ball Motor Company.

FOR RENT—Carce Blacksmith Shop. By J. N. Watson. See J. D. CROSS, TEXICO, N. M. 11 15 4tp.

Miss Edna Twadell, who has been very ill with typhoid fever for the past four weeks is reported to be improving.

If you have a spite at yourself and want to leave the country, O. N. Robison will cry your sale.

On to Berlin

Card of Thanks.

We take this method to thank our friends who so kindly administered to us during our illness.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. GREEN & FAMILY.

Local and Personal

Roy Peterson has gone to Muleshu to do some painting this week.

SUDDEN SERVICE
J. R. MEASON & COMPANY
Phone 22

George Graham, of Claude, New Mexico, was in Texico-Farwell Wednesday, and called at News office.

Plenty of good Coal on hand. Better buy now.
K. K. RENNELS.

News is glad to report Mr. R. F. Green's family are all just about recovered from the flu and are again able to be up.

Rev. L. L. Thurston has recovered from his attack of the flu, but we are sorry to report his little girl is still confined to her bed with fever.

Lawrence Overstreet, who has been ill with pneumonia at the Canyon Normal, is now able to be up again, and is expected home to spend the week-end with home folks.

NOTICE: Benkin's Hotel for rent. Also house hold goods for sale. C. W. FLEMING.

Mrs. Bob Haley and daughter from V. V. N. Ranch were in town shopping Wednesday.

FOR RENT—One modern three-room bungalow with lights and water, in Texico.
J. W. KNOWLES.

A. H. Watson left Thursday morning for Trinidad, Colorado, after having spent a week with friends here.

F. R. Neal came in Sunday from Belen, New Mexico, to spend a few days with home folks.

FOR SALE—One house 18x22, boxed and shipped. New. Bargain at \$150.
C. G. HUDSON, at News Office.

FOUND—A bunch of keys on ring, between News office and Mr. Baker Faville's home. Owner may have same by describing them and paying for this ad.

Miss Rose Childress of Abilene, Texas, but formerly of this place, was in town this week seeing after business interests.

Mrs. Dr. W. Dunn and Jack returned home last week from Ft. Sill. Jack is home on furlough and looks fine in his uniform.

C. A. Roberson returned Sunday from a trip to Colorado and Ottawa, Ill.

Plenty of good paint on hand. Better buy now at the old price.
K. K. RENNELS.

J. D. Aldridge, the new sheriff is driving a new six-cylinder Buick.

FOR RENT—I want to rent 100 acres of land to be seeded to wheat.
J. H. KAYS, Texico.

Do your part in the United War Work Campaign and let the solicitors have your donation at once.

—W. S. S.—
Influenza Epidemic Has Reached Residents of Alaska.

Nome, Alaska.—Nome has been stricken with influenza. About three hundred white residents are reported suffering and Eskimos in nearby villages are said to be dying by scores. The weather has been below zero for several days.

—On to Berlin—
Card of Thanks.

We want to thank our friends for their kindness shown us during the sickness and death of our darling baby, A. C. LODEN.
MR. and MRS. LODEN AND FAMILY.

Letter From Lucifer H. Satan To William Hohenzollern.

The Infernal Region, Dec. 10, 1917.

To Wilhelm von Hohenzollern, King of Prussia, Emperor of all Germany, and Envoy Extraordinary of Almighty God.

My Dear Wilhelm:—I can call you by that familiar name, for I have always been very close to you, much closer than you will ever know.

From the time that you were conceived I have shaped your destiny for my own purposes.

In the days of Rome I treated a rough-neck known in history as Nero; he was a vulgar character and suited my purpose at that particular time. In these days a classic demerit and efficient super-criminal was needed, and as I know the Hohenzollern blood, I picked you as my special instrument to place on earth an annex of hell. I gave you abnormal ambition, likewise an over-supply of egotism that you might not discover your own failings. I twisted your mind to that of a madman with certain abnormal tendencies to carry you by, a most dangerous character placed in power; I gave you the power of a hypnotist and a certain magnetic force that you might sway your people. I am responsible for the deformed arm that hangs helpless on your left, for your crippled condition embitters your life and destroys all noble impulses that might otherwise cause me anxiety, but your strong sword arm is driven by your ambition that squelches all sentiment and pity. I placed in your mind a deep hatred of all things English, for of all nations on earth I hate England most. Wherever England plants her flag she brings order out of chaos and the hated cross follows the Union Jack; under her rule wild tribes become tillers of the soil, and in due time practical citizens; she is the great civilizer of the globe, and I HATE HER. I planted in your soul a cruel hatred for your mother because SHE was English, and left my good friend Bismarck to fan the flame I had kindled. Recent history proves how well our work was done. It broke your royal mother's heart, but I have gained my purpose.

The inherited disease of the Hohenzollerns killed your father (just as it will kill you), and you became the ruler of Germany and a tool of mine sooner than I expected. To assist you and further hasten my work I sent you three evil spirits—Neitzschke, Treitschke and later Bernhardi—whose teachings inflamed the youth of Germany, who in good time would be willing and loyal subjects and eager to spill their blood and pull your chestnuts—yours and mine; the spell has been perfect. You cast your ambitions towards the Mediterranean, Egypt and India and the Dardanelles and you began your great railway to Bagdad, but the ambitious archduke and his more ambitious wife stood in your way. It was then that I sowed the seed in your heart that blossomed into the assassination of the duke and his wife, and all hell smiled when we saw how cleverly you saddled the crime onto Serbia. I saw you set sail for the fjords of Norway and I knew you would prove an alibi. How cleverly done—so like your noble grand-father, who also secured an assassin to remove old King Frederick of Denmark, and later robbed that country of two provinces that gave Germany an opportunity to become a naval power. Murder is dirty work, but it takes a Hohenzollern to make a way and get by.

Your opportunity was at hand; you set the world on fire and bells of hell were ringing; your rape on Belgium caused much joy. It was the beginning of a perfect hell on earth, the destruction of noble cathedrals and other infinite works of art was hailed with joy in the infernal regions. You made war on friends and foe alike, and the murder of civilians shrouded my teachings had borne fruit. Your treachery toward neutral nations hastened a universal upheaval, the thing I most desired. Your undersea warfare is a master stroke; from the smallest mackerel pot to the great Lusitania you show no favorites; as a war lord you stand supreme, for you have no mercy; you have no con-

sideration for the baby clinging to her mother's breast as they both go down into the deep together, only to be torn apart and leisurely devoured by sharks down among the corals.

I have strolled over the battlefields of Belgium and France. I have seen your hand of destruction everywhere; it's all your work, super-where; that I made you. I have seen the fields of Poland, now a wilderness for prowling beasts only; no merry children in Poland now; they all succumbed to frost and starvation. I drifted down into Galicia, where formerly Jews and Gentiles lived happily together; I found but ruins and ashes; I felt a curious pride in my pupil, for it was all above my expectations. I was in Belgium when you drove the peaceful population before you like cattle into slavery; you separated man and wife and forced them into hard labor in trenches. I have seen the most fiendish rape committed upon young women and those who were forced into maternity were cursing the father of their offspring, and I began to wonder if my own inferno was really up-to-date.

You have taken millions of dollars from innocent victims and called it indemnity; you have lived fat on the land you have usurped and sent the real owners away to starvation. You have strayed away from legalized war methods and introduced a code of your own. You have killed and robbed the people of friendly nations and destroyed their property. You are a liar, a hypocrite and a bluffer of the highest magnitude. You are a part of mine and yet you pose as a personal friend of God. Ah, Wilhelm, you are a wonder! You wantonly destroy all things in your path and leave nothing for coming generations.

I was amazed when I saw you form a partnership with the impossible Turk, the chronic killer of Christians, and you a devout worshipper in the Lutheran church. I confess, Wilhelm, you

are a puzzle at times. A Mohammedan army commanded by German officers, assisting one another in massacring Christians in a new line of warfare. When a Prussian officer can witness a nude woman being disemboweled by a swarthy Turk, committing a double murder by one stroke of his saber, and calmly stand by and see a house full of innocent Armenians locked up, the house saturated with oil and fired, then my teachings did not stop with you, but have extended to the whole German nation. I confess my Satan-soul grew sick, and then and there I knew the pupil had become the master. I am a back number, and, my dear Wilhelm, I abdicate in your favor. The great key of hell will be turned over to you. The gavel that has struck the doom of damned souls since time began is yours. I am satisfied with what I have done; that my abdication in your favor is for the very best interest of hell—in the future I am at your majesty's service.

Affectionately and sincerely,
LUCIFER H. SATAN.

—On to Berlin—
Write Him A Letter—It Is Better Than Food.

Our head sergeant gets on a box with his arms loaded with letters and calls out "Mail!" It goes along the line like wildfire. Where it usually takes the men about five minutes to assemble for drill call or police duty, and about two or three minutes for mess call, I'll bet that within thirty seconds the whole company is assembled when they hear "The Mail's In." Then they all stand as silently as if it were a funeral so as not to miss a single name as the sergeant calls them out. Some go leaping and yelling with joy with two or three letters, or perhaps with one. The more unfortunate ones often leave with tears in their eyes. The day the mail comes is a bigger day than pay day.—A Soldier's Letter.

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