

CHRISTMAS ISSUE
The Baird Star.

"On The Bankhead Highway"
"The Broadway of
America."

Our Motto—"Tis Neither Birth, Nor Wealth, Nor State, But the Get-Up-and-Get That Makes Men Great."

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR.

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**A
MERRY
CHRISTMAS**



ALL YOU GOT
TO DO
IS TO WISH
HARD ENOUGH!

Best Gifts Not Always on Christmas Trees

By ELEANOR CLARAGE
(Cleveland Plain Dealer)



MISS BEEBE was one person with the real Christmas spirit. Ordinarily she was perfectly content to occupy her small single room at the Augusta P. Scudder Home for Business Women, but weeks before December 25th she began to exhibit a certain sort of restlessness.

She was the first in the house to bring home a wreath from the 5 and 10-cent store and hang it in her window. A sheaf of holly came next, bought on a street corner and pinned on the wall over her dresser. She talked wistfully of the shoppers in the downtown stores and of the children telling department store Santa Clauses what they wanted.

That was why it seemed only fitting and proper that to Miss Beebe would come the blessed privilege of being invited out for Christmas dinner. Her employer, to whom she had been an efficient secretary more than twenty years, got wind of her loneliness and had his wife telephone Miss Beebe, urging her to come and eat turkey with them.

"I declare," said Miss Beebe to the "girls" at the Scudder Home, "it doesn't seem right for this to happen to me, when the rest of you have to stay here."

Pretended Gayety

But the "girls" told her not to be silly. They'd get along all right, they assured her, pretending to be awfully gay at the prospect of being cooped up there on Christmas Day. Besides, Miss Tally, who was a nurse, had left word at the registry that she'd be glad to take a case over the holidays. She always did that at Thanksgiving and Christmas time, as she said that when you were busy looking after a sick patient, you just didn't have time to feel sorry for yourself.

That would leave Mrs. Rice and Miss Edwards alone, but they would be grateful for each other's society, they said. It was Mrs. Rice's first Christmas since the death of her husband. She had sold her furniture and come to the Home for Business Women, casting her lot with the spinsters there. She used to comfort herself by saying that at least she had the joy of being happily married for a while, so that her life seemed rich and romantic compared to theirs. She and Miss Edwards worked in a big downtown store, so they had known each other for years and were good company for each other.

Christmas Dinner at Home

There was no dining room at the Scudder Home. Each floor contained a kitchenet where the inmates could cook their own meals if they felt so inclined. Usually they dined out; but Christmas was different. Mrs. Rice and Miss Edwards didn't want to eat in a restaurant that day. They'd fix their own dinner at home and relax after the turmoil of the December shopping rush.

Then Miss Tally didn't get a call, after all, so she had to stay there, too. ("Can you beat it?" she said. "If I wanted Christmas off, there'd be a flu epidemic or something!") So the three of them decided to chip in and buy a nice thick steak. The oven wasn't big enough to hold a turkey, and, anyway, they said it didn't matter what you ate if you weren't sentimental about Christmas.

When you came right down to it, Miss Beebe was the only sentimental one in the crowd. She surprised them, on Christmas Eve, by setting up a synthetic Christmas tree in the combination kitchenet and dining room. They could enjoy it while they ate their

Christmas dinner, she told them, and then she almost cried, to think how lucky she was to be spending the day in some one's home.

Dressed in Her Best Black Crepe

They saw her off after breakfast, dressed in her best black crepe with the embroidered net collar. If they envied her good fortune they kept silent about it, lest their envy detract from her happiness. But they spoke of her often throughout the day, contrasting the glamour of her surroundings with the tiny kitchenet that was the scene of their holiday dinner.

Mrs. Rice grew reminiscent about last Christmas. "It was silly, having a big turkey for just the two of us,"

lived in a small town, and our Christmases were like that, too. We used to have lots of snow in those days, and all us children went tobogganning with our new sleds after dinner. Seems as if Christmas was different back in those days."

They got busy with the thick, juicy steak then, and Mrs. Rice beat the potatoes to a state of light, fluffy perfection. She had baked a pie for them, too, and it wasn't such a bad meal after all. Miss Beebe's tiny tree stood in the center of the table and added considerably to the festivity. They ate and ate and talked of other Christmases, sitting over their empty plates late in the afternoon.

The End of a Perfect Day

As they sat in Mrs. Rice's room listening to the radio along about 8 o'clock there was a knock at the door and Miss Beebe peered in at them.

"Well, for pity's sake," shrieked Miss Tally, "what are you doing home at this hour?"

Miss Beebe came in and sat down on the bed. "I thought I'd come back and see how you are making out," she told them. They demanded to know all about everything. What kind of a time had she had? Was the boss' wife nice and was their home pretty?

"Yes, indeed," she said. "It was just gorgeous. The boss' wife is very stunning, and they have a butler. It was all very grand. But—"

"But what?" "But I didn't have a very good time," said Miss Beebe. "I don't know—I can't explain, exactly. They had a big Christmas tree that touched the ceiling, and lots of bells and holly wreaths and everything, but there just didn't seem to be much Christmas spirit. I'll bet you girls had more fun right here."

"Well, I never!" breathed Miss Tally.

"Oh, I don't mean to be ungrateful," Miss Beebe said, hurriedly. "They were just lovely to me, and their home is the most beautiful place I've ever seen. It must have cost at least \$50,000. I guess I missed you girls."



A Surprise

"Well, if you aren't the limit," murmured Mrs. Rice, but you could see that she was pleased. She got to her feet and said, "By the way, is anybody hungry? Cause I've got a surprise for you." She vanished into the kitchenet and when she came back, she was loaded down with plates filled with salad, slices of cheese, cookies and what not. "The coffee will be ready in a minute," she told them. "I figured we all might want something so I sneaked out and fixed this stuff up a while ago."

Miss Tally looked out the window and cried, "Look, girls, it's snowing!" She threw the shade up and drew back the curtains. "It's like a real old-fashioned Christmas," she said, softly.

Miss Edwards, busy with the food on her plate, said grudgingly, "Well, I must say I've spent worst Christmases."

Indignantly, Miss Beebe said, "Why this is a lovely Christmas! What more could anyone ask? Here we are together, the four of us, all good friends, and the snow and the music and everything—"

From the radio came the voices of carolers singing that beautiful old Christmas song, "Silent Night, Holy Night," and the music drowned out the rest of Miss Beebe's sentence.

"What was that she was saying," asked Mrs. Rice.

"I didn't catch it," Miss Tally told her. "It was poetry, I guess—something about fine houses and money not always filling one's heart with the true Christmas spirit."



"They ate and talked of other Christmases."

she told them, "but Carl loved good food. We went to a show after dinner, and when we came home he looked so tired that I made him lie down. I guess I should have known then that he wasn't well; but I—"

Miss Tally broke in diplomatically as she noticed the tears in Mrs. Rice's eyes. "I was raised on a farm," she said, "and talk about eating—! Well, I just wish you could have seen our Christmas dinners. Such stacks of food, you can't imagine, and relatives driving over in their sleighs, through the snow—"

"I know," Miss Edwards said. "I

Bethlehem Chimes to Ring Over World

By ARTHUR SETTEL

THE little town of Bethlehem, where Christ was born, snuggling in the hills of Judea, five miles south of Jerusalem, again prepares to bring its Christmas message of peace and good-will to a world ridden with war and ill feeling.

Once more, as many times before in the course of the years, this picturesque hamlet with its cobbled streets and ruddy, blue-eyed women who wear the steeple-crowned head-dress of their Frankish ancestors of crusading times, gets ready for the role it plays every year at Christmas time.

To the world, David's Royal City, as Bethlehem is still known, brings its annual, eternal plea to humanity for a better world.

This year, in accordance with newly established custom, the bells of the belfry of the Church of the Nativity will be broadcast over the whole surface of the globe.

Thus, the good tidings will literally be heard by Christians—man, woman and child—in many lands the world over, from Alaska to the farthest

corner of Africa.

Townfolk Astir Early

The townfolk of the little hill city of Bethlehem are early astir on Christmas Day.

Married women wear their flowing veils, pinned under the chin and falling backwards over the shoulders. The veil hangs from a little tower held upright like a fez by two cords which tie beneath the chin.

The men wear their gaily colored lafi, the orange-colored turbans bound round their turbans.

Wrapped against the chill air of Christmas-tide, in their sheepskin firwas, they bend their sturdy wrapped shoulders against the bitter wind, swirling down from the mist-wrapped Frank's mountain on the summit of which is the tumbled, desecrated tomb of Herod the Great who once oppressed and harried the little town.

No broad tower or fine dome lends dignity to the austere basilica of the ancient Church of the Nativity which covers the hillside grotto of the Christ Child's birth. Its charm is veiled, its grimness resembling that of a fortress.

East and West Meet

But life moves apace in the forecourt

which a few years ago was still rough-paved. Camels drink from its ancient well. Caravans and motor cars mingle and bronzed Arab sheiks in native costume chat with dapper Europeans in modern suits and pith helmets.

Arab boy scouts with floating veils, entering the church on a pilgrimage to the Nativity grotto, are prominent in the constant procession of people mov-



ing in the court. This is the one and only entrance to the church. It still bears visible signs, two deep grooves, which pilgrim feet of many centuries have worn deep into the stone.

From a high-ceilinged room in the church, fitted with broadcasting apparatus, a group of British engineers gaze

down upon the abrupt valley below where a foot-path winds away toward stony Tekoa, birthplace of the Prophet Amos.

Some Still Dwell in Tents

For those British engineers are preparing to send the Bethlehem chimes around the world on sound waves from a broadcasting station.

Primitive people dwell in tent communities on the hilltops, as in the days of the patriarchs, growing their grain, herding their flocks, and entirely unaware of the miracle science is performing right before their eyes.

Monks tread along the stone-flagged resounding corridors, in the belfry a brown-robed, girdled Jesuit Father is directing the five bell-ringers at their task, which lasts in all but seven minutes.

The chimes are treble; also, tenor, light bass and heavy bass, and they mingle into a triumphant melody, clanging over barren hills, echoing across a great divide and bringing a message of peace and good will to millions of people.

His beauty, the Latin Patriarch, comes in state to Bethlehem at about 1 p. m. on Christmas Day, and after being welcomed by the Franciscans, en-

ters the Church of St. Catherine, adjacent to Church of the Nativity, for pontifical vespers at 1:30 p. m.

Y. M. C. A. Holds Service

In the afternoon about 4:30 p. m. a party from the Jerusalem Young Men's Christian Association goes to the shepherd's field to eat an al fresco meal and hold a short service with carol singing.

Since the World War the Orthodox Patriarch has courteously allowed the English-speaking community to assemble in the private courtyard adjacent to the Basilica of the Nativity to sing familiar carols.

The carols are sung at 9 o'clock in the evening, followed by a reading of the gospel for the day in Greek and English at the Orthodox Chapel of St. George nearby. A midnight Eucharist service follows at St. George's Cathedral in Jerusalem.

In the meantime the Latin Church of St. Catherine, next to the basilica, is filled with reverent crowds who have come to celebrate the feasts in the traditional manner.



Several Good Suggestions for Your Holiday Decorations

By ELIZABETH MacREA BOYKIN

YOU can practically talk yourself into believing in Santa Claus this year . . . the Christmas decorations are so wondrous and altogether enchanting. Just dangling shiny balls from a step ladder and thumb tacking holly around the house is enough to make you dismiss your doubts and give yourself up to the delicious excitement of the holiday.

Here's one gay and glittering idea for making the place look festive with comparatively little effort. Make clusters and garlands of bright glass Christmas balls and hang them all around the room—the garlands can hang from the mouldings and the clusters can go at the corners of the room. Then have big bowls heaped with the same kind of scintillating balls and make your wreaths of Christmas greens accented by these bright balls. You can have them all in one color—red, green, blue or silver or you can combine balls of two or more colors.

Different and Debonair

Another kind of garland and wreath that is different and debonair is one

made of Christmas greens and real fruit—oranges, lemons, bananas, apples, pineapple, and whatever else you can get, strung on copper wire into an abundant festoon. This makes a rich though perishable Christmas decoration. Copy a Della Robbia wreath motif if you decide on this idea. Or have Viennese Christmas decorations—gild your pine cones or big oak acorns for the merry occasion, especially if you are going in for tinsel and glitter . . . and when all is said and done, that's the most Christmasy effect of all.

There are perfectly stunning artificial leaves and garlands in white and silver that are smartly impressive in certain interiors, and many dramatic versions of naturvistic wreaths and garlands are to be bought in the stores. And, of course, nothing could be nicer than masses of scarlet poinsettias—real ones if you are opulent, artificial ones if you're celebrating on a budget. The whole tree can be trimmed with artificial poinsettias if you want a variation of design. Another way to trim the Christmas tree would be to use big silver bows with silver ribbon looped around the tree like tinsel, add shiny

red glass bells for accent.

Two Young Couples' Version

An urbane young couple with a modern living room hung a cluster of large Christmas bells in one rather austere corner of their room. Then they cut huge music notes out of heavy colored



paper and attached these to the walls and curtains adjacent to the bells.

Another young couple searching for a new version of Christmas decorations cut out large white paper snow flakes and fastened them all around the dark walls of their dining room. Then they stretched white domestic over the floor, sprinkled artificial snow about and set up their Christmas tree here. In the candle light the effect was nearly as nice as a winter's woods, and the illusion was enhanced by the boughs of evergreens that hung from the chandelier and over the doors and windows. If you don't have dark walls, you can get the same effect by stretching dark green tulle over the walls, then adding the snowflakes. Or nearly as much fun would be to fasten the snowflakes on dark draperies, then hang evergreens about the walls with large snowflakes dangling from them. Or paste snowflakes on the window panes . . . they'll look fantastic and lovely on a snowy night.

There are many of the most appealing Christmas angels in the stores for Christmas decorations. Some of them are chaste and ethereal looking; others,

especially the modern ones, are quite worldly. But all are appropriate for Christmas, the choice depending on the mood of your celebration. Here's one effective way to use them . . . have small holly nose gays in four little crystal vases down the center of a rectangular table, then a row of angels across one end of the table. At the other end use tall candles.

For your living room you could have a grouping of sophisticated angels on the mantel or on the library table . . . a delightful alternative for a Christmas tree is to make a huge candle out of cardboard in white or red. You might make it around the base of a floor lamp, then make a crepe paper "flame" at the top which could be illuminated from the light globe of the lamp. Then heap the Christmas gifts around the base of the candle.

Only one thing is against the rules—you mustn't get cynical about Christmas because you'll miss a lot of good times if you do. A Christmas tree bauble is more than just a bit of tinsel . . . it's a gleam of laughter and the sparkle of holiday good wishes.

CURRENT (EDITORIAL) COMMENT

By R. L. PASCHAL
409 E. Weatherford St., Fort Worth, Tex.
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Christmas Is Worth While

CHRISTMAS is hastening the time when "man to man, the world o'er, shall brothers be for a that." We recognize now, more than at any other time, that men are brothers. We have a kind word, possibly a material gift, for the lowly and abandoned. We visit the prisoner in jail and take food to the hungry. We realize we are all children of the same dear God, and to do a kindness to any one of our brothers will bring its reward. We read in Holy Writ that Jesus Christ was born in a manger; that the humble shepherds, and the three wise men, bearing gifts of "gold, and frankincense, and myrrh," came to adore Him; that later He included them, and all who did a kind act, among his brethren.

He must be an old Scrooge—a grasping, grinding, covetous old sinner, who does not lose a portion of his selfishness and cynicism at Christmas time—a time that betrays the most churlish into a kind look, more precious and important than any material gift to a world so in need of kindness and appreciation.

The Christmas spirit is now uppermost in our hearts for a longer period than formerly. The newspapers are largely responsible for this; they have revealed the beauty, the significance of Christmas, and have done a great service by admonishing us to "shop early." Long before the holidays, merchants advertise their wares in the newspapers and display them in shop windows. These window displays add much to our interest and happiness. If we have no money to buy the fine things, we can have the pleasure of letting their beauty sink into our souls and wish that

some one more fortunate may have the joy of ownership. In anticipation, the influence of Christmas comes into our hearts earlier than formerly and abides longer. It lingers with us well after New Year. May the time soon come when the spirit of Christmas will abide with us throughout the year. As it is, no one can overestimate the value of harboring kind thoughts for our fellow beings. The influence of the season makes us permanently better and nobler.

At Yuletide we delight in the eager shouts of children—their cheerful faces and beaming eyes radiate the joy they feel. Seeing and hearing them, petting and loving them, begets again that golden time when we were children. As we enter into their playful mood and share their happiness, we once more are children ourselves.



Christmas Gifts

What shall I give for Christmas? That, of course, depends. If you give just to be giving, send grandpa a ball and bat, grandma a doll, and the preacher a toy balloon. None of them will probably have any use for your gift, and will know that you have not put yourself into it. "The gift without the giver is bare." It would be better to send them an inexpensive Christmas card, or better still, a written word of greeting if you can put your heart into it.

If we make gifts it may be useful to analyze them in order. They are of three kinds—something to keep, something to use, and something to use up.

Be a little slow about giving something to keep, for it may be a white elephant on the hands of the receiver. We heartily indorse the thought of

Alexander Woolcott, the famous author, who said:

"If you are planning to give me a present this Christmas, I beg of you not to make it something indestructible, which would only add to the litter of my life. Eventually, I would shove it up into the attic and be haunted every time you came to call for fear you'd notice it was nowhere around. . . . The gracious and truly modest gift is always something perishable."

A good book, ranging from Mother Goose to the latest best seller, is an ideal gift if we have regard to the age and capabilities of the one for whom it is intended. Bibles and dictionaries are all right if people would only use them. Just why we do not know, but we appreciate a friend more if, when we call upon him, we find an unabridged dictionary on the stand and a well-thumbed Bible on the table. So give grandpa a Bible with good large print that he can read easily and be relieved of eye-strain.

Of things to use, we can think of no better gift for a friend who does not take his county newspaper than a year's subscription to it. The local newspaper is the only medium through which one can keep up with what his neighbors are doing—or people in the county, the State, and the nation are doing. You will have to make this gift only once, for after a year your friend, being a man of sense, will take care of his own subscription. Many of our best magazines make special effort to have them sent as Christmas gifts. A newspaper or other periodical given at Christmas recalls Christmas every time it comes to the recipient.

If you can give nothing else, give a merry Christmas greeting. A cordial greeting adds cheer to Christmas.

Covetousness

The last, but not the least, of the

Ten Commandments is, "Thou shalt not covet." We are also told that "the love of money is the root of all evil." We doubt whether any other sin is so often denounced in the Bible. The covetousness of nations has been the cause of most wars.

According to Dr. James A. B. Sherer, it is covetousness, the greed of five great Japanese families, that is responsible for the war in China.

Dr. Sherer is well acquainted with Japanese affairs; he has spent many years in Japan as economic advisor, a service for which he was decorated by the emperor.

In a recent speech to the World Affairs Institute, meeting in Pasadena, California, he declared that the militarists of Japan had betrayed the people through trickery, playing upon their veneration for the emperor, who "is used as a tool" by the militarists.

"The concealed Mussolini of Japan," said Dr. Sherer, is General Jiro Minami, Governor General of Korea. Minami is backed by five big families who control half the wealth of Japan, apart from the emperor. . . . they control the political parties and even co-operate with the imperial household itself in seeking new outlets for their enormous capital. And now they co-operate with Minami and his Fascist army in trying to conquer China.

"The vast body of the Japanese people, who are pitifully poor, are being ground under heel to finance a campaign of ambition and greed."

He also asserted that the Japanese have already more land than they can settle in a hundred years, but that the military are simply greedy for more power, the big families for more wealth.

Italy has gobbled up Ethiopia, Japan has seized Manchuria and is now trying to get more of China; Germany wants colonies and is casting covetous eyes on the Ukraine, the great wheat-producing section of Russia; both Italy and Germany want access to the iron and coal mines of Spain. Communism is repudiated by America, but it is a credit to the powers in Russia that, along with the great democracies of the world, they do not covet the lands of other peoples.

Queer Foods and Longevity

We are amused with the story of the Irishman who, during Lent, asked the waiter in a restaurant for shark, swordfish, whale, and other fish not served to customers. When told none of these were available, he said: "Well, bring me a nice, juicy steak; the Lord will not hold it against me, for He knows that I've tried to get fish." Had he been in Italy last spring his order for shark would probably have been filled, as a matter of course, for now Fascists eat great quantities of shark steaks shipped to them by Norwegian fishermen. Shark is said to be so good that the people of democratic countries will soon be eating it.

A few Americans have eaten crow and say they like it. Some of our Indians find dog meat a savory dish. We have heard of people who ate cat with a relish under the mistaken notion that it was 'possum or 'coon.

The Chinese eat the nests of a certain bird; our old geography had a picture of a Chinese rat catcher, who did a thriving business with those who like rat meat.

The Americans and the English have long poked fun at the French for eating snail. The French taught the world to eat mushrooms. Now, they are telling us that toadstools growing on decayed trees make steaks more delicious. Many fungi are poisonous; we shall await developments before we try toadstools.

A menu in a Chicago cafe offers rattlesnake steak at 70c. Now comes an Englishman recommending cockroaches, saying that the white flesh is not only nutritious but has a pleasant flavor as well.

The English used to avoid eating rabbits, for it was believed their flesh would make one melancholy. Physicians of the present day fight bodily diseases of patients by putting them on diets. They find some people are "allergic" to foods on which others thrive.

In modern times, with our means of

transportation, refrigeration, and canning, we can find in the market almost anything that the doctor may prescribe or that our taste may desire. With all this variety of food and with the stress laid on diet by doctors, we ought to stay young and live longer, but it baffles us to keep up with food theories, which change capriciously.

We are certain of one thing—to promote long life and good health it is as essential to keep an open and lively mind as keeping a healthy stomach. There is probably no defense against serious organic disease, but all of us can look around and see that, chronic disease apart, those who age early have one-track minds or have sat down to vegetate. Ivon Brown, a noted Englishman, has said: "To have queer and constant and stimulating food for thought is at least as important as to have food for the month, which has been approved by the entire faculty of medicine—if any such there be."

Fine Cattle and Fine Boys

A news item from Kansas City informs us that a steer shown by Robert Johnson, Cambary, N. M., took first prize in the junior yearling Hereford class at the American Royal Livestock Show. In the 4-H Hereford calf class, Troy Whately, of Groom, Texas, captured first prize. Several other boys in the agricultural high schools of Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico won prizes for their exhibits.

It is becoming so common for our cattle and horse breeders to take first prizes at great shows in the North that we take it as a matter of course. It stirs our pride in the Southwest to know that this section, once the home of the longhorn, can and does produce as fine cattle as any other section.

We are proud to know, too, that our agricultural high schools are giving our country boys a chance. That these boys appreciate such schools and are taking advantage of the education available through them and other agencies like the 4-H clubs is indicated by the success with their entries in various shows. This, however, is only a small part of the evidence. Anyone who will talk to our farm boys about their work and aspirations will detect an attitude different from that of a few years ago. Then they wished to rise above the business of their fathers; now they wish to rise in that business. This is all to the good. There is nothing more hopeful for the future of society, urban and rural, than for a large part of our most intelligent boys and girls on farms and ranches to equip themselves for making better farmers and ranchers.

Another Eminent Woman Scientist

Madam Curie, along with her husband, discovered radium, one of the chief means by which physicians combat cancer. Now another woman, Professor Jean Broadhurst, bacteriologist of Columbia University, has successfully isolated the virus that causes measles.

It will hereafter be possible for doctors to detect measles in a patient several days before the characteristic rash appears. The doctors tell us also that many people, immune themselves to measles, carry the virus around with them and transmit it to others. In this way we may account for the mysterious outbreaks of measles when there has been no known exposure. Hereafter it will be possible to rid these carriers of the germs and to relieve children of the menace of contracting the disease from them. Better still, the doctors hope to perfect a preventive vaccine that will make measles as rare as diphtheria has been since Behring's antitoxin came into general use.

Probably Prof. Broadhurst's discovery means more for the health of mankind than does that of Madame Curie. Comparatively few of us have cancer; nearly all of us have measles. In 1934, the last year for which we have statistics, there were in the United States 799,435 cases of measles, compared with 256,000 of chicken pox, the next most common disease.

Since Pasteur's discovery of bacteria about 80 years ago, our physicians have found how to prevent and cure

anthrax, hydrophobia, diptheria, malaria, cholera, typhoid fever, yellow fever, tuberculosis, and a host of other diseases caused by germs. Perhaps future generations will rank the achievements of the scientists and physicians in safeguarding the public's health as of importance as great to the welfare of mankind as the achievements of great inventors for the past three-quarters of a century, for they have greatly prolonged the expectancy of life.

We hope that the isolation of the virus of measles will result in all the good that doctors expect from it. If so, the name of Prof. Jean Broadhurst will be imperishable.

Grass Root Reveries

By JOE GANDY
Winnboro, Texas.

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SCIENTISTS claim it is possible that the earth will change its position and the ice age, or glacial period, return. I wouldn't be the least surprised if this should happen. The earth is very beautiful, but most of us seem dissatisfied with it—wherefore the Lord, in his infinite wisdom, may decide to wipe it out.

A woman in California is suing another woman for \$2,000,000 for alienating her husband's affections. I didn't know there was a husband in the world worth \$2,000,000. While real good husbands may come pretty high, I suspect there are wives who would sell theirs for less than \$2,000,000.

One of the drawbacks of this generation is too many things to worry about. A man said he lay in bed the other night and counted 27 different things to worry about—ranging from old debts and a balky mule to gas on the stomach and the special session of Congress.

Forty-two years ago there were only four automobiles in the United States. Today there are 27,000,000. Half of them are parked and the other half are trying to park at the curb. We have to build more curbs or build fewer automobiles. This parking problem reminds me of a Poland-China sow that farrowed 17 pigs and had but 14 teats.

The first motor driven vehicle I ever rode in was an auto buggy, chain driven and steered with a straight stick. At top speed it could go 30 miles an hour.

I got a far greater thrill out of that ride than my first airplane ride, although the airplane made 200 miles an hour. We had better slow down a bit or this fast living will take all the thrills out of life.

Some churches have installed automatic electric organs to play their music. I object to mechanizing the churches. I still like to watch the pretty organist play old-time gospel hymns.

The popular movie picture, "Wake Up and Live," may be all right when applied to Broadway. But with us farmers it is "Wake Up and Work."

They tell us that lightning rods are coming back. I hope they do—not so much for protection from lightning, but because they look kinda prosperous.

Since a neighbor put lightning rods on his house I am not bothered any more with solicitors.

We have seen some of the new autos that can be bought with a small down payment and they look swell. It isn't the down but the up payments that hurt—paying up the notes, paying up the interest, paying up the upkeep and paying up the depreciation when car gets old and has to be sold.

A method has been discovered to make wool out of sweet milk. What we need most is for some one to find a way to convert spinach and squash into ice cream and cake.

A lady friend, discussing the merits and demerits of another woman who fortunately or unfortunately had never married, said: "She just as well have

a man to worry about, for she can't get along with him or without him." Now is this, or is it not, a compliment to man? Maybe State Press can answer.

When a lot of us get to the pearly gates—if we do—will we go there dressed up in our best Sunday clothes? My guess is that all clothes will look alike to St. Peter. Up there charity will come nearer covering a multitude of sins than clothes.

Some tall rat stories have been going the rounds. One man said that rats turned on the lights of his car one night so they could see how to read directions on a can of rat poison. Another man said that rats turned on his radio so they could listen to an old fiddlers' contest.

In the mad scramble to get more money it would be a good idea to check up to see whether or not we haven't lost some of those fine things that money can't buy.

Pretty soon the political pot will start bilin'. Let 'er bile. It is one of those things that breaks out periodically like rash. There will be solemn promises of tax reduction and government economy. But when the tumult and shouting is over the taxpayer will hold the bag and be right where he was before.

I have a hunch that wife will buy me one of those stylishly "loud" neckties for a Christmas present. She likes to see me wear things that make me look young. I need a new hat and may please her by buying a smart rakish model, the kind now worn by gay young blades. About the best way for wives to make husbands look younger is to tell them that as they get older they get handsomer. Of course, it's a lie, but we husbands love to hear them say it.

Ho! ho! for the holly and the mistletoe! It's near to Christmas time and we must help get things ready for the children and the grandchildren. My wish for every one is a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

FRITZI RITZ



Just Making Sure



By Ernie Bushmiller



BRIEF TEXAS NEWS---from Over the State

ACTIVE IN BUSINESS AT 87
T. A. Wiley, of Saint Jo, (North Texas), is still actively engaged in the lumber business at the age of 87. Recently he and his wife celebrated their 67th year of married life.

WOMAN SHERIFF
County commissioners of Montague county (North Texas), appointed Mrs. Jim Clingsmith sheriff, to fill the unexpired term of her husband who died recently.

TO SELL POWER DIRECT
A dispatch from Austin says that the Colorado river authority officials have announced a policy of selling cheap power direct to Texas cities and towns with municipal power and light systems.

WIDOW, 107, SURVIVES HUSBAND, 105
Teofilo Martinez, of Moore, Frio county, age 105, died there November 2. Martinez, a native of Mexico, had lived in Moore 50 years. He is survived by his wife, 107 years of age.

CHURCH SELLS DRILLING RIGHTS FOR \$23,500
Members of the First Presbyterian Church, of Kilgore, voted to sell an oil company drilling rights on the church's lot for \$23,500. The church will buy another site upon which to erect a new church building.

KILLS BUCK WITH BOW AND ARROW
San Antonio Light: "Elbert Wheeler, San Antonio archer, killed his first buck of the season with a bow and arrow. Wheeler shot the deer, a three-point buck, with a 65-pound cedar bow. The arrow pierced the deer's heart and struck the leg on the other side of the body."

WARNS HUNTERS
Will J. Tucker, secretary to the State Game Commission, estimated that about 100,000 hunting licenses would be issued this season. He warns deer hunters to exercise the utmost caution and suggested they wear a piece of red cotton on arm or cap to avoid being mistaken and killed for a deer.

HOPE FOR FEWER ACCIDENTS
State safety officials hope the amended driver's license law, put in operation in November, and the addition of 138 highway patrolmen, who are graduates from training schools, may have some effect on irresponsible auto drivers and reduce accidents on Texas' 22,000 miles of highway.

NEW BRIDGE OVER OLD FERRY
Time marches on. A \$218,000 steel bridge, 1,462 feet long, was opened November 9th in Sabine county (East Texas). It marks the site of Pendleton's ferry, across Sabine river, between Texas and Louisiana. The first settlers who came to Texas from Southern States used this old ferry while traveling the old historic San Antonio road.

LARGEST GYPSUM DEPOSIT IN U.S.
Five miles south of Falfurrias (South Texas), is said to be the largest gypsum deposit in the United States. It covers six acres and has been worked to a depth of 55 feet. Owned by the Gulf Gypsum Co., the plant turns out from 300 to 400 tons of pure crushed gypsum each day. Many by-products are made from gypsum, including plaster of paris, lime, cement, wall board, calcimine and fertilizer.

PREDICT REORGANIZATION OF ARMY
Complete reorganization of the army on the basis of an infantry division of a wartime strength of about 10,000 men is an almost certain result of two months experimental field tests concluded near San Antonio.
The reorganization, which is expected to start late next year or in 1939, officers said, will "modernize" the army and modify its organization probably to a far greater extent than at any previous period in our peace time history.
The army of tomorrow, as predicted by the far reaching experimental tests started in Texas early in September, will be a mobile, fast moving, hard striking "army on wheels," in which the motorized streamlined division—small flexible, and swift—will be substituted for the ponderous 22,000 man (war strength) division of today.

WOMAN BUTCHER
Sometime ago Beaumont surprised the world with an ice woman who delivered ice to customers in her own truck. Now Corpus Christi reveals a Miss Flora Fernandez, 24 years old, who owns a butcher shop, and cuts and weighs meat for customers. She bought the shop from her brother from whom she learned the business.

TEXAS COTTON MILLS
Texas cotton spinning mills had 213,470 spindles operating in September, the department of commerce reported. One of the mills turns out a fine grade of sheeting and pillow slips.

821 LICENSED PILOTS
The rapid progress of airplane transportation in Texas is indicated by a report of the Commerce Department's air bureau which showed that 821 pilots in the State had been issued licenses to operate airplanes.

97 YEARS OLD AND NOT A CITIZEN
Frank P. Olivaries, 97 years old, of Waxahachie, has lived in Texas since it was a republic, but recently made application for citizenship. He came to Texas from Argentina in 1842.

MONUMENT TO COLONEL JAMES BOWIE
Bowie county has dedicated a monument to Colonel James Bowie, Texas patriot and hero of the Alamo. The statue and pedestal, 13 feet in height and weighing 7½ tons, represents a twice life size bronze figure of the colonel and was erected in a park at Texarkana.

TRIPLETS BORN TO COUPLE 75 AND 45
Triplets were born to Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Guyer, near Bangs, Brown county. Guyer, a farmer, is 75 years old and Mrs. Guyer, 45. The babies, two girls and a boy, were brought to a Brown-wood hospital where physicians said they had a good chance to live.

DRILLS 50 ACRES OF WHEAT AT 70
A. F. Bond, farmer living near Perryton, Ochiltree county, is reported to have drilled 50 acres of wheat on his 70th birthday. The veteran farmer, who has been in the Texas panhandle 37 years, has sown 200 acres of wheat for the 1938 harvest. He is also preparing a large acreage for feed crops.

\$29,937.50 CHECK AND NOTE FOUND
Clifton H. Tupper, Sr., former newspaper man, found a check for \$14,937.50 and a note for \$15,000 lying on the sidewalk at Broadway and Travis streets, San Antonio. He returned them to the owner before their loss had been discovered.

INMATES CHEW AND SMOKE MUCH TOBACCO
Inmates of State eleemosynary institutions, exclusive of the prison system, are expected to chew 25,108 pounds of tobacco in the next six months.

Superintendents of these institutions estimated the tobacco needs of inmates for that period and the Board of Control has contracted for its purchase.
In addition, it authorized purchase of 2,354 gross bags of smoking tobacco for the same purpose.

CLAIMS TO HAVE FILLED 205,100 PRESCRIPTIONS
John S. Cravens says he has a record of filling 205,100 prescriptions during his 35 years of service as pharmacist at Whitesboro, (North Texas). Many persons, with temporary ailments, consult Mr. Cravens for "something" to ease their pains.

MEMORIAL TO TEXAS PIONEERS
Gonzales, rich in Texas history and traditions, is to be commended for setting aside an entire day—October 30th—to dedicate a \$68,000 memorial building erected there in honor of her 32 citizens who responded to Travis' appeal for help in defense of the Alamo, and who were the last reinforcements to enter the doomed fort. The dedication also included 18 other Gonzalians who took part in the first battle of the Texas revolution and defied a Mexican army to come and take their only cannon.

COWBOY ACTIVE AT 83
Hiram G. Craig, of Brenham, is one of the oldest active cowboys in Texas. At the age of 82 he rides and ropes cattle with the younger cowboys. He helped drive cattle over the famed Chisholm trail from Texas to Kansas.

SAY CATS FORECAST WEATHER
Amarillo's official weather man, H. T. Coleman, says house cats are forecasters of weather. "When a cat puts on heavy fur in fall you can look for a hard winter. When a cat wants to eat all the time it's a good sign a cold snap is on the way. But if the cat-eats little, or refuses to eat in winter months, it's a good sign of continued warm weather," said Coleman.

VALUABLE HISTORIC DOCUMENT
Dr. William E. Howard, of Dallas, has one of the most valuable collections of historic documents in the United States. Included in this collection are documents issued by Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand, of Spain, and 57 letters written by General Sam Houston and 30 letters written by Stephen F. Austin. The documents are kept in steel cabinets to prevent deterioration.

BLAST CROWS WITH BOMBS
The commissioners' court of Taylor county has employed an expert to kill crows by placing bombs on tree limbs where they roost and exploding the bombs with electric-charged wires.

DUCK RANCH A SUCCESS
Mrs. Lon Carr has a duck ranch near Rockdale. She began the business with 60 ducks and 15 drakes and now owns a flock of 600. Besides a living from the sale of ducks, she has saved \$190, she said.

200-ACRE PECAN ORCHARD
W. T. Evers is owner of a 200-acre pecan orchard near Denton. His orchard 20 years old, will produce this year about 20,000 pounds of thin-shell pecans, which he expects to sell at an average price of 22½ cents per pound. The more prominent varieties grown on the 200 acres are: Burkett, Halbert, Jersey, San Saba Improved, Texas Schley and Delmas. Mr. Evers said that in some years one variety will produce more pecans than another variety, depending on weather conditions. About 12½ per cent are top-worked and the remainder are set-out trees.

CAPTURED 8-POINT DEER ALIVE
San Antonio Express: "En-route from Eagle Pass to Laredo with a load of feed, the driver of one of Olen McDonald's trucks, with a companion, discovered an eight-point buck deer with his horns entangled in the wire of the fence along the highway, west of Carrizo Springs. The man extricated the deer, tied it securely with ropes, loaded it in the truck with the feed and delivered it still bound to the game warden at Catarina to be disposed of in whatever manner game laws provide."

PROPOSED TABLET FOR SAN JACINTO MEMORIAL
The bronze tablet which the Colonial Dames of America, Chapter No. 8 of Texas, plan to have erected in the San Jacinto Memorial Monument, which is nearing completion at the San Jacinto battle grounds, near Houston, bears the followings inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF THE HEROIC ARMY OF SAN JACINTO
This tablet is erected by the Colonial Dames of America, Chapter 8 of Texas.

CUTTING THIRD SET OF TEETH
Mrs. L. J. Norwood, pioneer Wichita county resident, is cutting her third set of teeth. The new teeth began appearing a year ago and are now too large to permit the use of her false teeth.

OIL WELL EVERY 45 MINUTES
A total of 9,800 oil producers were completed in Texas from January 1 to October 1, 1937, according to compilations released in Austin. This rate of development is equal to one well completed every 45 minutes, day and night, in the nine months in review. At present there are 74,911 producing oil wells in Texas, with an average production of 10.56 barrels per well daily.

SOME HAT LIFTING
Grantland Rice, the well known sports editor, wrote this tribute in the New York Sun about T. C. U.:
"You can lift your hats to T. C. U., playing the hardest schedule in football from September 25 to November 20, and still strong enough to beat Rice, a team that had been clicking for the last three weeks. This was T. C. U.'s ninth tough football game without a resting spot, played out with a green backfield and two green ends. And T. C. U. was in the middle of the fight in every game, including Fordham, which barely escaped with a one point margin. T. C. U.'s all-season record can compare with any one's."

OWNER OF 25-YEAR-OLD FORD
Owner of a model T Ford that he bought for \$785 in 1912, Henry E. Blackham, 4022 Huco Street, El Paso, still drives the car to and from his work. He estimates it "has traveled 585,000 miles without a serious breakdown."

RELIGIOUS DRAMA LIBRARY LARGEST IN U. S.
Baylor University, Waco, claims the largest library of religious drama scripts in the United States, and the only unit of its kind in the world offering free service. It is under the auspices of the Baptist Student Union.

GRAPEFRUIT OUTPUT
Texas grapefruit output has jumped from 1,530,000 boxes in 1929 to 9,231,000 in 1936. About 75 per cent of Texas' bearing trees are from five to ten years old, having not yet reached their peak of production. Fruit processing plants use about 25 per cent of the total production each year.

FIREMEN BUILD OWN TRUCK
The Cleburne fire department needed a new fire truck, but the city did not want to spend any money for a truck, so the fire boys got busy and built a truck from used parts, mostly donated.
"The cash outlay was less than \$30 and it's not worth a cent less than \$3,000," Fire Chief Patterson declared as he admired the job.

CAT PLAYS ROLE OF HERO
Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Diamond, of Alta Vista, Houston, probably owe their lives to an ordinary house cat. They were awakened at night by the cat jumping on their bed, mewing and scratching. The house was on fire and the couple barely escaped the flames that were sweeping toward them. Firemen arrived too late to save the house.

66,000 VOLTS PASS THROUGH BODY
Port Arthur News: "Sidney Diamond, 16, who was badly burned and shocked at Waco, November 16, was given a 50-50 chance to recover, physicians said. "Young Diamond, playmates said, climbed an 85-foot T. P. & L. tower and 66,000 volts of electricity went through his body. He was rescued by an ambulance driver and a photographer."

HELPED TO HAUL STATE CAPITOL CORNERSTONE
William James Keneson, 91 years old, who resides four miles southeast of Fannett (Jefferson county), helped to haul the cornerstone for the State capitol at Austin. "It took 32 head of good mules to pull that cornerstone from the Burnett mountains after it was quarried," said Mr. Keneson. "The contractor imported 60 stone cutters from Scotland to do the work of carving the granite into shapely blocks for the capitol walls. Convicts were used as laborers, the contractor paying the State 50c per day for their service."
Keneson is a veteran of the war between the States, an Indian fighter and trail-driver. He lives with his daughter, Mrs. Elmer Adams.

PRIZE DEER STORY
The Hereford Brand says: "Nominated as the best story of the week, the following tale comes from Dick Walker. He brought the story back with him from the Black Mountains of New Mexico, where he has been hunting for several days; he also brought back his buck."
"There were 20 fellows in the party and each of them got his deer," Walker said. "Here is how one man did it:
"He was out hunting squirrels with a .22 rifle when a big buck suddenly jumped up in front of him. He shot the deer in the head and the animal fell. Elated, he rushed up and put his tag on the deer. Then the buck, which had only been stunned, jumped up and sped over the adjoining hill. The fellow took out in hot pursuit.
"Just as the man topped the hill a Mexican saw the deer and shot it. Both men arrived at the same time, and the Mexican was somewhat irritated when our man said the buck was his. He told the Mexican he had tagged the buck with his tag. The Mexican found the tag, looked bewildered and said:
"Guess he yours, alright. I ain't gonna argue with anybody who runs fast enough to trot along side a deer and tie on his tag."



CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carole play,
And wild and sweet
The word repeat,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South
And with the sound
The carole drowned
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said:
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead, nor does He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

—By Henry W. Longfellow.

LOCAL HUNTERS BAG ELK
Members of the BPOE lodge of Texarkana were surprised when two local hunters showed a 14-point antler from a buck elk one of the men had killed during a two-week's hunting trip in Montana. The two hunters, Frank Mathis and Jewel Atkins, as positive proof the elk had been killed, brought the head of the animal home in their trailer.

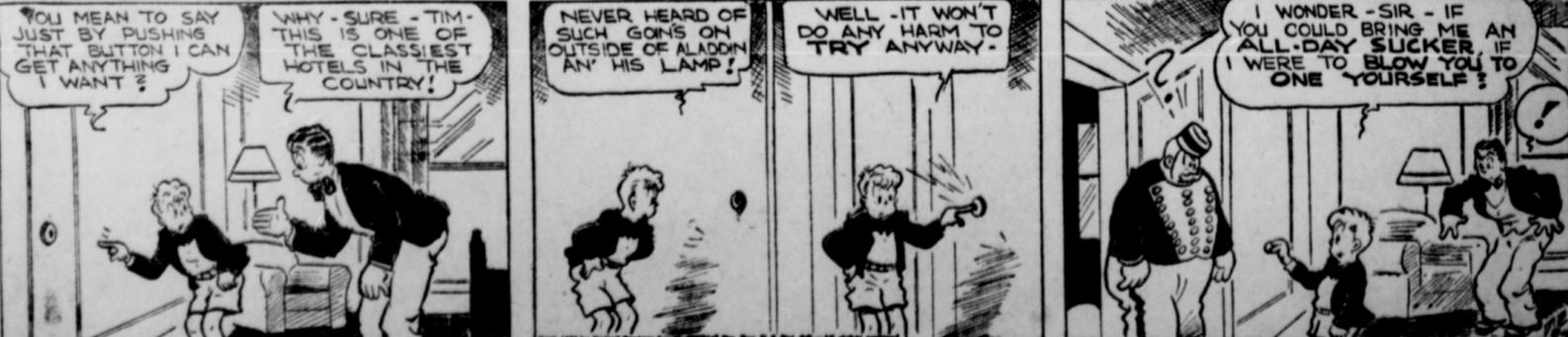
TEXAS PORTS SHOW INCREASED TONNAGE
Texas ports handled 46,688,666 short tons of waterborne commodities during the first six months of 1937, compared with 37,520,392 tons the first six months of 1936, according to figures compiled by the headquarters of district army engineers at Galveston. Houston led in tonnage with Beaumont second and Texas City third.

INSISTS THAT SPIDERS DO BARK
Dr. J. A. Rickles, of Eagle Pass, flouts the opinion of scientists and is emphatic in the statement that a certain species of spiders which hang from the ceiling of his home bark and "kept him awake nights all summer and fall." Dr. Alexander Petrunkevitch, of Yale University, said the spiders couldn't bark, because, like all spiders, they had no noise-making organs.

LOOY DOT DOPE

A Tremendous Request

By Bernard Dibble



YOU MEAN TO SAY JUST BY PUSHING THAT BUTTON I CAN GET ANYTHING I WANT?

WHY - SURE - TIM - THIS IS ONE OF THE CLASSIEST HOTELS IN THE COUNTRY!

NEVER HEARD OF SUCH GOINGS ON OUTSIDE OF ALADDIN AN' HIS LAMP!

WELL - IT WON'T DO ANY HARM TO TRY ANYWAY -

I WONDER - SIR - IF YOU COULD BRING ME AN ALL-DAY SUCKER, IF I WERE TO BLOW YOU TO ONE YOURSELF?

The Baird Star

Our Motto—"Tis Neither Birth, Nor Wealth, Nor State, But The Get-Up-And-Get That Makes Men Great."

FIFTY-FIRST YEAR

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1937

NUMBER 3

B. H. S. Annual Football and Pep Squad Banquet

After taking their annual Saturday night bath, and putting on their best bib and tucker, the students of dear old B. H. S. headed for the Methodist Church where the makings of a banquet were quickly getting underway.

One entering the church the students were confronted with one of the most beautifully decorated banquets B. H. S. has ever had. The main centerpiece was a small Christmas tree decorated with blue and silver. In the middle of the long tables were green ferns covered with artificial snow running from end to end with three large silver reindeer on each table. The room was decorated in Red and White and white crosses on each side of the piano. The lights were red bringing out the Christmas atmosphere. The favors were small Santa Clauses and the place cards were small red and white cards in the shape of magnaphones signifying the menu and the program. The menu was as follows: Cocktail, turkey and dressing, peas, potato salad, relish and rolls, pie and coffee.

The program was as follows: Kickoff, Loyce Bell; First Quarter, Nat Williams; Piano selections by Melba Foy; Half, Wyoma King, Ellen Nunnally, Bill McCoy Bob Austin presenting the Football Captains of 1938; Grover Wiley and Mike Hughes, Third Quarter, Senior Trio! Dean Bogie of McMurry College; Fourth Quarter, Miss Lawrie presenting the Pep Leaders for 1938, Margie Houston, Lula Mae Asbury, La-Vern Chrisman.

The banquet ended with everyone standing and singing the school song "Joyous and Ever Loyal".

—Bear Facts.

Griggs Hospital News

Alex Shockley, 3 year old son of Alex Shockley, Jr., is a patient suffering from bronchial trouble.

James Webb, of Sulphur Springs was a patient Monday suffering from ruptured ulcer of the intestines.

O. B. Brown had major surgery Friday.

Mrs. Oscar Gray of Albany and baby left the hospital Monday. F. M. Cody of Denton was able to leave the hospital Monday following surgery.

Clyde Blair a patient for several weeks suffering from injuries received when a horse fell with him returned to the Owen ranch Monday.

Tom Cawley was able to return to his home at Cross Plains Monday following surgery. Mrs. Johnnie McClellon and baby of Baird left the hospital Monday. Lee Pool of Eula is convalescing and will be able to go home in a few days.

C. V. Jones, Jr., was dismissed from the hospital Friday following an appendix operation.

Tom Odom, son of Dorse Odom of Denton left the hospital Sunday following pneumonia.

Geo. Hooker of Baird was dismissed from the hospital Friday following an appendix operation.

F. W. Miller seriously injured in a car wreck near Clyde last week is reported some improved.

Grandma Griggs is feeling much better.

Goodfellows Of Baird Remember Thirty Families

The Good Fellows of Baird are busy today packing and delivering into thirty homes of the city fruits, candies and gifts for children.

This is the smallest number of families listed with the Good-fellows in several years.

Putnam Man Dies Of Accident Injuries

Injuries he received in an auto mobile accident near Putnam Tuesday night claimed the life of W. H. Boswell, Putnam resident at 6 o'clock Wednesday morning in a Cisco hospital.

Mr. Boswell was working on the lights on his automobile when it was struck by another machine. His own car ran over him and he suffered internal injuries in addition to having both legs broken. The funeral was held at Spring town Thursday. Mr. Boswell had moved here only a short time ago. He survived by his wife and several married children.

Methodist Church

By Hamilton Wright
Following a luncheon served by women of the church an old fashioned 'pounding' was administered to the new preacher and his family at the Methodist Church Wednesday evening Dec. 15.

Sandwiches, coffee, pies, cakes and chocolate were served. Judge L. B. Lewis was master of ceremonies, presenting the pastor with the heaped-up-table of 'goodies', consisting of flour, meal, coffee, canned goods, preserves, sugar, meat, pecans, chocolate candy and what not—mostly whatnot. Rev. Hamilton Wright, the new pastor, and his wife responded, profusely thanking the donors. Piano music was furnished by Billy Wright.

Beginning after the Yuletide the Methodist pastor desires a thorough reorganization of the Epworth League. Already 12 have signified intention to identify themselves. Officers have been elected and a regular program will be carried out each Sunday evening at 6:30.

First quarterly conference scheduled for the evening of Dec. 26 has been postponed. Dr. Bickley, new presiding elder, will give this church an hour on either the evening of Jan. 16 or 26, but proper announcement will be made.

Offering for the Waco orphan age was taken Sunday. The campaign will be continued through the remainder of the month. If you have not made your contribution, see the pastor or W. O. Wylie, Jr., secretary-treasurer. The home has 400 children. Some of the buildings need repair. Church offerings are the only source of revenue to carry on this philanthropic endeavor.

Rev. J. A. Scoggins, former Methodist pastor, reports a fine reception—large attendance on services, a 'powerful' pounding. He and his wife are starting on a fine year at Loraine.

The pastor has been appointed Conference Publicity Director of McMurry College Endowment Campaign to be instituted in the next week or ten days. It means that he will have considerable extra work thrust upon him. This institution soon enters a campaign to raise \$250,000 for endowment of the college.

At a meeting of district stewards held recently at Abilene, the Baird pastor was elected publicity director of the Abilene district.

Rev. A. F. Click, new pastor at Clyde, reports things starting well. He was given a fine 'pounding' recently. His church will have a Christmas tree Friday evening.

The pastor makes a New Years suggestion—Get the Go-to-Church Spirit. Our Sunday School attendance Sunday was considerable over a hundred, but there ought to be 200. Evening services held at 7 o'clock—and we promise not to keep you over an hour.

Remember we are at your service. As soon as we can, we shall try to visit the homes of the people. Our church is open to all and we welcome you to all our services.

Dr. R. L. Griggs was called to Harrah Okla. Monday to see his brother Gus Griggs who was quite ill. He was accompanied by Fred Maner. They returned Wednesday accompanied by Dr. Gus who is improving.

Judge Otis Bowyer Suffers Slight Stroke

Judge Otis Bowyer, is confined to his room suffering from a slight stroke of paralysis suffered Tuesday Judge Bowyer was in his office when he felt the attack but walked home. His condition is not considered serious. Mrs. Leache of Fort Worth and Otis Bowyer, Jr., of Dallas arrived Tuesday night to assist in caring for their father. Judge Bowyer has always enjoyed good health and in spite of his 85 years, was remarkably active, taking long walks daily and swimming when the weather permitted.

Kiddie Free Picture Show At Plaza

Manager Pawkett, of The Plaza Theatre announces a free picture show for all children 12 years of age and under, on Christmas Morning beginning at 10 o'clock and cordially invites all children within this age to come.

One show only, beginning promptly at 10 o'clock Saturday—Christmas morning.

Bill White, of Cross Plains, Accepts Place As Athletic Director In Baird School

Bill White of Cross Plains, has accepted the position of high school Athletic Coach and history teacher in the Baird school succeeding Bennie Rundell who went to 6666 to succeed the late Arthur Neuhur, also former Athletic coach of Baird. Mr. White will begin his work here at the opening of school on Jan. 3rd, following the holiday vacation.

Mr. White is a graduate of Daniel Baker College, Brownwood and has been athletic coach at Cross Plains since 1935.

With Baird Baptist

Well we had a really good crowd last Sunday, and we are looking for another next Sunday, come in friends and help us make a great year. You know so many people just go to church to be helped, they want to be entertained and if the preacher does that to them they are satisfied and go home, or where ever it is they go, thinking the preacher was fine. They think all there is to religion is getting them to heaven, if they feel that they are safe that way they think their religion is a success, well all I have to say is that Christian religion means much more than that, Jesus said: "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." He also said: "As the Father sent me into the world, so send I you into the world". We are not to belong to the church, and attend its services in order to get all we can out of, but rather we are to belong to the church and attend its services that we may help do what is needed to make the world better, I tell you we are not saved by service, we are saved to serve, man what a privilege, lets not fail the Master in his noble purpose in our lives. We will look for you next Sunday. Next Sunday will round out 12 years that I have been pastor of the Baird Baptist church, I am sure I have preached at least 2000 times and that means 2000 different sermons, for I have not repeated but a very few. Next Sunday morning I am going to preach on, Looking back, This will be a brand new one I have never even thought of preaching it before, come and see if you like it.

I will preach at Dudley in the afternoon and will be quite well pleased to have a large audience, over there I will preach on the birth of Jesus. This question: What happened when Jesus became the Son of man, lets be careful now to do right during the holidays.

Joe R. Mayes

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Martin, of Amarillo, visited Mr. Martin's sister, Mrs. Sophie Hill this week.

Ross B. Jenkins, Co. Callahan Co. H. D. Agent Transferred To Blanco County

Ross B. Jenkins, who has served Callahan County as County Agent for the past four and one-half years has been transferred to Blanco County and will assume his new duties the first of the new year.

Mr. Jenkins will be succeeded by Ross Bryson, of San Saba County. Clarence Tisdale of Blanco County, succeeds Bryson in San Saba County.

Mr. Jenkins has served Callahan County well as county agent. He has been untiring in his work which has been most efficient in the county where he has had the confidence and cooperation of our people. He is interested in his work and is well qualified to do efficient work. Mr. Jenkins is young and ambitious and The Star predicts greater things in his chosen work for him. He has made many warm friends in Callahan county who regret to have him and his family leave us.

Joe Glover, Jr., of Baird, is assistant county agent of Blanco county, having been appointed to that position a few months ago.

About Town

(By Otto B. Grate)

Christmas Eve gift - yah, yah, I got you first so shell out with a nifty present. Here's a tip if you know what to get - I need something nice and snugly to go around my neck. A good strong rope? No, no, no, you've got the wrong idea, and I thought you meant that - com' mon let's get goin'.

Of all the Holidays Christmas gets my vote for being the merriest, busiest, and well, grandest of them all. To-night Saint Nick, the chief of all G (give). Men will be scouting down your chimney to bring you everything you've wished for and in the morning a chorus of songs from a thoroughly satisfied audience will assure him that his performance was well appreciated.

Sure, lets celebrate the yule season. Lets go to the show, Huh? The Christmas Eve midnight show will be "Danger Love At Work" but in case you doze off and miss the final clinch you can go back and pick it up at the Saturday matinee. The Sunday and Monday offering will be "Lost Horizon" Just how Baird will respond to the somewhat unique plot of the new James Hilton story remains to be seen. It deals with the plight of four airplane passengers stranded in the mountains of China. The group is rescued by a strange people who possess the secret of youth eternal, and who carry them to a land of happiness and perfection. How longing for the outside world causes them to lose sight of this perfect place is unbound in the story. "Ala Baba Goes To Town" coming Thursday and Friday is of a much lighter mood. It pokes fun at the new deal, its enemies, and the Economic world in general but does so in a way that offends no one and makes swell film fare for you and me.

Its about time to sign off now oh yes, I knew there was something I wanted to say - Merry Christmas to you and yours from your town reporter who is so glad you've found time in the past year to tune in on this bit of weekly chatter.

Mrs. M. L. Teeple, 94, is seriously ill at her home. Mrs. Teeple has been in failing health for some weeks. Mrs. Arthur Young, of Lamesa and Mrs. W. E. Lowe, of De Leon, are with their mother.

GREETINGS

We wish at this Yuletide Season to express our sincere appreciation to all for patronage and good will extended us during the year now closing and to wish for all, the joys of Christmas and the New Year.

Eliza Gilliland
Haynie Gilliland

Delphian Chapter Annual Luncheon

The Alpha Delta Delphian Chapter held their annual luncheon Dec. 12th in the home of Mrs. A. B. Hutchison.

The living room and dining room were decorated in the festive holiday colors of red, blue silver and green. The dining room table was centered with a mirror surrounded by cedar with little reindeers grazing into the limpid depths of an imaginary lake. At each end were large red candles in modernistic crystal holders. The banquet cloth was hand embroidered and real lace. Favors were tiny sprays of mistletoe tied with red and green ribbon.

Places were laid for six, the guest of honor, Mrs. Leona Christie Barnes of Santa Anna, honor guest, Mrs. V. E. Hill, Mrs. Ben F. Russell, Jr., Miss Berna Warren, president of the Junior Wednesday Club, Mrs. Carrol McGowen, president of the Delphian Chapter, Mrs. Bob Norrell, secretary and Mrs. Hutchison, hostess. Other members present were Mesdames, T. P. Bearden, Ross Jenkins, E. H. Adams, Gus Hall, A. L. Cook, C. H. Siadous, Earl Johnson, E. C. Fulton, S. L. McElroy, Ray Cockrell, Ashby White Irving Corn, Nat Williams.

There were four small tables laid with red and green candles in crystal holders in a bank of green. Invocation was led by Mrs. E. C. Fulton.

Mrs. Hill played two selections "Aue Marie", Schuberts and "Holy Night" on the accordian. Then Mrs. Barnes read selections from her books of poems, "Silver Century" and "Purple Petals". Mrs. Barnes is a well known poetess having received honors for her book of poems "Purple, Petals". She is a member of the National Poetry Association, a British Society and was invited to attend a tea given in honor of the coronation.

Her poetry shows great beauty of thought, understanding of life and descriptive ability.

Mrs. Hill then played "Santa Claus Is Coming", after which Mrs. Hutchison acting as Santa Claus presented from a beautiful Christmas tree gifts to all.

Mrs. Barnes received a beautiful leather bound scrap book. Mrs. Hill's gift was book ends of alabaster. "Auld Lang Sayne" was sung accompanied by Mrs. Hill on the accordian.

HOLIDAY NOTICE!
The First National Bank of Baird will close at 2 p. m. today and will also observe Christmas and New Year's Day as a holiday.

No Paper Next Week
We will not issue a paper next week, but will take the opportunity to catch up on job work and straighten up the shop, preparatory for work in the coming year.

LEGAL NOTICE!
Notice Of Hearing On Guardian's Application To Lease Real Estate of Isabelle Isenhower And Otis Isenhower, Persons of Unsound Mind.

Notice is hereby given of a hearing before the County Court of Callahan County, Texas, on the First day of January, 1938, at the courthouse of Callahan County in Baird, Texas, on the application of Wm. M. Isenhower, Jr., guardian of the estate of Isabelle Isenhower and Otis Isenhower, persons of unsound mind, for permission to execute a mineral lease covering the three fourths (3-4) undivided interest of said wards in and to the following described tract of land: The North one half of the T. E. & L. Co. Survey No. 2978, in Callahan County, Texas.

W. M. Isenhower, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Cage Heslep of Houston visited Mrs. Heslep's brother, Geo. Crutchfield and family the past week end. They were enroute to Jal New Mexico.

MARRIED
Ed Odom of Denton and Mrs. Nettie Smartt Miller were married on December 11, 1937 and will make their home in Abilene. Mr. and Mrs. Odom are both members of pioneer families of Callahan County.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Rev. J. A. Walker, will hold regular services at the Presbyterian Church Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Mrs. Fulton Hostess To Missionary Society

The Presbyterian Missionary Society met Monday with Mrs. E. C. Fulton as hostess. The meeting was opened by singing Christmas carols. Devotional was led by Mrs. W. T. Hensley. Mrs. Lee Estes leader, gave a splendid talk on "If I Be His Deciple". Mrs. Lee Ivey gave a talk on the Foreign Topic.

Miss Ada Powell of Washington, D. C. gave a most interesting talk on Missions. Miss Powell donated a book to the society. Special prayers for the Missionaries by Mrs. Frances Meyers.

The members were invited into the dining room which was beautifully decorated with yuletide colors. The center piece being Santa Claus and his Reindeer's, flanked with holly. Misses Marion Olivia Vestal and Helen Fulton poured coffee from a venetian laid lace covered table. The yuletide colors were also carried out in the refreshment plate.

Those present were: Mesdames Willie Barnhill, Price McFarlane, T. E. Powell, Mary Kehrer, W. T. Hensley, Joe McGowen, Roy Hamby, R. L. Elliott, R. L. Elliott Jr., Lee Estes, Lee Ivy, Frances Meyers and Miss Ada Powell.

Florence-White Wedding Announced

Mrs. Ode Berry announces the marriage of her sister, Mrs. Mae Ivy White to Mr. J. A. Florence, the marriage taking place at the Methodist parsonage in Anson, on Thursday Nov. 14, 1937, with the pastor Rev. Armstrong officiating.

Mrs. Florence is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jolly Ivy, pioneer residents of the section. She has served as librarian at the county library for the past several months. Mr. Florence is local agent for the Texas and Pacific Ry. here.

MAYOR H. SCHWARTZ ILL
Mayor H. Schwartz has been confined to his home for more than a week by illness. He is reported some better.

FOOTBALL BOYS HONORED WITH BANQUET

The Callahan County Business Club entertained the Baird High School Football Boys with a banquet at the Quality Cafe Thursday evening of last week.

Jones-Beasley Wedding

Claxton-Jones and Miss Arthur Muriel Beasley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Beasley of Admiral were married Saturday evening, December 18, 1937 at the Baptist parsonage with Rev. Joe R. Mayes, the pastor officiating. The groom is a son of Erwin Jones also of Admiral.

The young people were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Beasley the brides parents and the grooms father and sister Erwin Jones and Miss Emogene Jones and Mrs. L. O. Pickett, grandmother of the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones will make their home on the Beasley ranch north of Admiral.

Miss John Faye Hays Hostess To Personality Club

Miss John Faye Hays was hostess to the Personality Club of Baird High School girls Monday night.

The living room and dining room was decorated with holly cedar and mistletoe suggestive of Christmas. Contests and games were the diversion of the evening followed by the distribution of Christmas gifts from a beautifully decorated tree.

Wafers and hot chocolate was served.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK... By Lemuel F. Parton

NEW YORK.—A new youth movement is sweeping the world, and the oldsters are mumbering in their beards. New York city ousts aging policemen. Governor Aiken of Vermont clamors for new young blood in the Republican party.

When Leslie Hore-Belisha, war secretary, passed over fifty elderly generals to up the younger and more vigorous Viscount Gort to the high command, he incurred sharp criticism and challenge in parliament and loosed a vast amount of tongue-wagging all through conservative England.

They don't object to his being Jewish. They have had too many brilliant Readings, Sassoons, Disraels, and Samuels in their government to worry about that. What disturbs them is the fact that Mr. Hore-Belisha is a bit of a gate-crasher, an added starter from scratch with no powerful alliances or backing, given to spoofing and heckling his elders on occasion—as he repeatedly did in parliament.

He was a newspaper man after he left Oxford with his M. A. degree, and he knows the uses of publicity. Indignant septuagenarians in the clubs whisper to each other, "Nulla dies sine linea"—"not a day without a line of publicity." This writer has no familiarity with London clubs, but he is told that a snappy Latin gag line runs through them like a prairie fire.

At the age of twenty-eight, Hore-Belisha was elected to parliament as a Liberal. He was taunted for his youth and that started him badgering the graybeards, and he has been at it ever since. At thirty-one, he gained much kudos by scheming a way to let the Liberals into the new national government. When he was thirty-four, he became parliamentary secretary to the board of trade, and, at thirty-five, financial secretary of the treasury.

DR. WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON, consulting psychologist, formerly of Harvard university, says that, sooner or later, women will run this country. He thinks they are just beginning to get their hand in, in business and politics, and there'll be no stopping them when once their superior equipment is demonstrated.

Dr. Marston, while spoofing the inspirational psychologists, urges all comers to "live, love and laugh," and to "try living." He has made searching studies on comparative emotional sensitivity of blondes, brunettes and red-heads. He invented the sphygmomano-meter, or lie detector, based on blood pressure variations.

He was a teacher at Radcliffe college, but romped through law school, practiced law, stirred in a dash of psychology with the Blackstone and became professor of legal psychology at the American university at Washington. From 1926 to 1929, he was lecturer on psychology at Columbia university.

He is likely to bob up any time with some new provocative idea, and he never calls his shots.

SUBJECTS of Charles Keck's earlier monumental sculpture were Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, James Madison and Stonewall Jackson. Now he's going to do Huey Long—twelve feet high on a thirty-foot pedestal, with the legend, "Share Our Wealth," and a marble winged pegasus, denoting the vaulting aspirations of the slain statesman. There will also be symbolized Huey Long's benison of school books, roads and bridges.

Mr. Keck, prolific in heroic design for nearly forty years, could easily take all that in his stride. His great friendship monument at Rio de Janeiro is much more complicated, memorializing statesmen clashing hands and flags intertwined.

He is a native of New York, for five years a pupil of St. Gaudens, winner of the Prix de Rome. Farfung is his memorial sculptures throughout the country—statesmen, equestrian statues, architectural sculpture, war memorials, all of sound classical design.

The whimsical John J. Raskob was the only patron who ever led him astray. He had him do a rollicking Pan and some sportive cherubs for a fountain. New York knows him best for the imposing lady reading a book at the gates of Columbia university.

Consolidated News Features, WNU Service.



DAUGHTERS OF THE RISING SUN Get into the Swim

WHILE their men war against China, Japanese girls seek to free themselves from the traditions and customs of the Far East. Nowhere, perhaps, is the trend more noticeable than in the world of sports, for Nippon would like to see her daughters show up the rest of the world if the scheduled Olympics are held in Tokyo in 1940.

Above: Girls learning to swim in a Tokyo Y. W. C. A. pool.



Tokyo girls are fast becoming expert in the art of archery. Note that the three girls on the firing line illustrate the positions in inserting an arrow and aiming it. Their fellow marksmen stand by, ready to take turns at hitting the bull's eye.



Even the women in Japan can handle a shootin' iron. This young lady's favorite sport is hunting, and here she proudly exhibits the spoils of a day in the woods.



Full sail ahead! Progress is the watchword of modern Miss Japan.

Picture Parade

After Removal of Appendix

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

A HUMOROUS story of about ten years back is of the individual who had a printed sign across his abdomen which read, "In case of accident please do not cut out my appendix; it has been removed three times already."

What about these individuals who have had their appendix removed; can they still have attacks of appendicitis?

There is no question but that nausea and vomiting and pain in the appendix region occur in a considerable number of individuals whose appendix has been removed. And they will tell you that the pain and other symptoms are similar to those which they suffered before the appendix was removed.

Dr. M. Feldman, Baltimore, in Radiology tells of encountering a large number of adult patients whose appendix had been removed because of having had a number of attacks of appendicitis yet still had their appendicitis symptoms.

X-Ray Examinations Urged. Naturally the patient may wonder if appendix were really removed, or whether there are adhesions (lining wall of abdomen and covering of the organs sticking together); or a partial obstruction present.

"A thorough painstaking X-ray examination of the stomach, small intestine, gall bladder, large intestine, and, if necessary, of the kidneys and bladder also, should be made in every suspected case of chronic appendicitis.

"In a study of 115 cases of so-called chronic appendicitis, following the removal of the appendix, the X-ray examination showed other conditions responsible for the symptoms in stomach and intestines. Peptic ulcers (ulcers of the stomach and small intestine) were responsible for 36 per cent; gall bladder trouble for 26 per cent, and kidney and bladder trouble for 6 per cent."

Remember, these cases were old or chronic cases of appendicitis, not the acute case where, if operation is not performed in time, the patient may die.

It is gratifying then to know that the X-ray examination of not only the stomach and intestines but of the gall bladder, kidneys and bladder is now being more generally used before operating on these cases of so-called chronic appendicitis.

Why Weight Is Important.

The man and woman of average weight in good health cannot understand why so much is said about the dangers of overweight, and to a less extent about underweight. There are men and women who will tell you, and it is absolutely true, that they eat what they like and yet their weight has not changed in 10 to 20 years. Thus to see those who are overweight struggling bravely to reduce, and others struggling just as bravely to increase weight is a source of amazement and often of amusement to them also.

However, with the figures of insurance companies before us, it is easily seen that underweight up to the age of thirty is a handicap and a liability to health and life, and overweight after thirty is even more of a handicap and liability.

We have all noticed some of the characteristics of the thin individual. He or she is usually very nervous, jumps at the least noise or sound, tries to do everything and seems to put the last ounce of energy into doing the simplest and most unimportant tasks. They keep tensed so much—nerves and muscles—that they are soon tired or even exhausted. Naturally they have to eat to live but they are so tired or tensed when they eat that they have no appetite for food, and the tiredness or tenseness interferes with the proper flow of the digestive juices. There follows often therefore constipation usually and sometimes diarrhoea, which weaken the system and allow wastes to accumulate in the blood.

Thus with tiredness and weakness, there is not the strength to withstand the common ills of life and so thin blood (anemia), and tuberculosis most often develop in thin individuals.

With those who are overweight the opposite conditions are found. They are not energetic, anxious to work or exercise, and as their overweight interferes with getting around easily, they become content to sit around and let the world go by. With less exercise and a good appetite (they are so often healthy individuals), the weight continues to accumulate and they become less inclined toward mental and physical work. Naturally the food not being used for work must be stored somewhere and is stored as fat on the surface of the body, around the organs, and unfortunately sometimes replaces the normal tissue of an organ. This means a great amount of extra work for the heart, blood vessels and kidneys.

DORIS DENE'S COLUMN

Mature Lover Must Protect the Girl He Wants to Marry.

DEAR DORIS DENE: I am thirty-six years old and am about to divorce my wife on the grounds of desertion. We are parting on amiable terms however and are both satisfied with the arrangement we have made.

Now I have fallen in love with the girl aged nineteen, who helps with my office work and also acts as day-housekeeper in my home. She is the girl I want and when I proposed to her she told me that she couldn't marry me because of the difference in our ages. She likes her young boy friends, her parties, dates, etc. I agreed with her that she should have some fun before settling down. I know once she did settle down she would be a fine wife and a good mother.

I look fairly young and am interested in many forms of enjoyment besides parties. The girl in question won't let me take her to a show or anything of the sort. Do you think I will overcome her objections to marriage? I know she is growing fonder of me daily. I am deeply in love and would make any sacrifice which would lead to her happiness.—H. K.

ANSWER.—The man who is deeply and tenderly in love with a girl much younger than himself has a double difficulty to deal with. He must on the one hand follow the natural dictates of his heart, and propose to the lady; and he must not forget, on the other hand, to protect the girl he loves from making a mistake out of her inexperience and youth.

It is perfectly human that a suitor should rejoice in the fact of seeing his affinity daily and welcome the signs of her greater love for him. Sometimes the girl in the case knows her own mind so definitely that her much older sweetheart can rely on her judgment to make the right decision. If she is the quiet, steady, sober-minded sort of girl who is honestly anxious for a home and for the responsibilities of marriage—she may marry the man twenty years older than herself and make a success of the job. But when a girl indicates plainly that she is still interested in being popular when she knows her preference for young men and their ideas of a good time then her more mature admirer must take his place in the background and wait for her to make up her mind—without any persuasion from him.

Because you are looking so eagerly for signs of the sort you want, H. K., you are able to discover indications that your sweetheart is going to make an excellent wife and a perfect mother, once she has settled down—if she isn't ready for the matrimonial undertaking she will be a disappointment to you and her married life will be a bitter disillusionment to herself. Cease trying to convince her that you are her best hope of happiness. Your more mature brain and your greater depth of experience may make it possible for you to sway the feelings of your lady entirely in your direction but if her mind and heart are not truly won over to marriage the result of your victory will be bitter defeat.

DEAR DORIS DENE: I was married a little over a year, and my husband was good to me. Then suddenly one night he came home to tell me that married life didn't suit him and that he wanted to be free. I pleaded with him not to leave me but he went. When he was sick in the hospital I went to see him and he treated me as a friend. He has now filed suit for divorce. Sometimes I think his mother is responsible for this situation. I still love him. What can I do?—B. H.

ANSWER.—Whether your mother-in-law was somewhere in the background directing her son's movements or not, it seems obvious that the man you married was a bad matrimonial investment. For no man in the world could be weak enough to let his mother ruin his marriage—not if he loved his wife as he should.

It is no infrequent occurrence for a man to marry without ever having given a serious thought to what marriage means. He has simply decided that he is sufficiently in love to want one particular girl around the house all the time. Having achieved this he is literally amazed to discover that all sorts of rules and regulations have come into effect since he murmured a few unconvincing words to a parson.

However heartbreaking a wife may find her husband's desertion she can count herself lucky if she makes her discovery about his brand of devotion, early in marriage—while there is yet time for her to free herself of a hopeless entanglement and begin life over again.

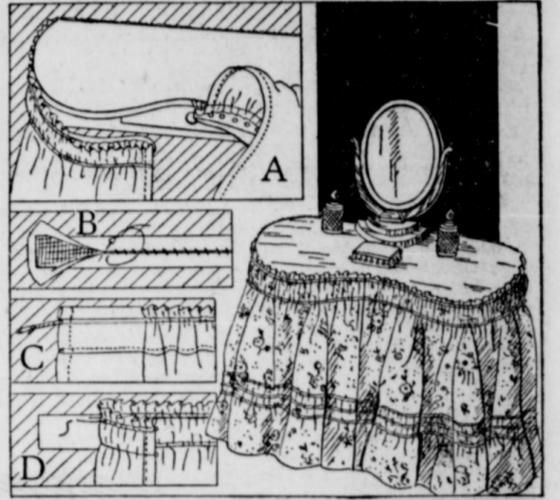
If she's wise she'll accept the fact once and for all that some men are not suited to marriage—that they blunder into it—with only the vaguest intentions of good—and that unless they discover their mistake in time, they can ruin the lives of their wives and children.

If your husband, B. H., has told you the truth and you are convinced that he is simply unable to stand marriage, take his decision as final and make up your mind to get something out of life more satisfactory than the job of trying to make a weak irresponsible husband stick to a marriage contract.

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HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



A Dressing Table Skirt With Corded Shirrings

THIS dressing table skirt has a curved front and hinged arms on which to mount the skirt so that it can be opened to permit access to the drawer. To mount the skirt it must first be sewed to a band of covered buckram. Cut the buckram in a strip 2 1/2 inches wide. Cover it with a straight piece of material as shown here at B.

Make the heading at the top of the skirt just the depth of the thickness of the table edge so that it will cover the edge of the table when the arms are closed. Use 1/4-inch cable cord for the shirring. This is sewed to a safety pin and run through tucks stitched in the material as shown here at C.

The top of the ruffle is also shirred with cords. When the shirrings are all finished, sew the top of the skirt to the covered buckram strip as shown at D and then thumb tack it in place as at A.

Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' new book, SEWING. Forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions for making

Ask Me Another A General Quiz

- 1. How many bachelor Presidents has the United States had?
2. What does the abbreviation "non sec" stand for?
3. How does a twelve-year-old dog correspond to age in a human being?
4. What is wind?
5. Who was the Greek cynic philosopher who lived in a tub?
6. What is the procedure when a bank certifies a check?
7. What was the last federal territory to be admitted into the Union as a state?
8. What states have women as secretaries of state?
9. In what year did the first financial panic in the United States occur?

Answers

- 1. Two—James Buchanan and Grover Cleveland, but Cleveland was married while he was in the Presidential office.
2. Non sequitur (it does not follow).
3. A dog twelve years old is as old as a man at eighty-four.
4. Air naturally and horizontally in motion with a certain degree of velocity.
5. Diogenes.
6. It withdraws the amount of the check from the drawer's account, and holds it for the purpose of paying the check which it guarantees.
7. Arizona.
8. There are two women who are secretaries of state, the Hon. Goldie Wells of South Dakota and the Hon. Elizabeth F. Gonzales of New Mexico.
9. In 1791, following the boom in business after the close of the Revolutionary war.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Salt and Pepper Shaker.—A large shaker containing six parts salt to one part pepper and kept on the stove will save steps when seasoning cooking foods.

Watch Your Step.—Painting the bottom step of the cellar stairs white makes it more conspicuous and often helps to prevent accidents.

Preventing Rust in Oven.—After using the oven, leave the oven door wide open, to allow it to cool down thoroughly. This allows all moisture to escape and prevents rust.

Home-Made Flower Holder.—If you cannot buy a flower-holding frog (the stand with holes pierced in it to steady flowers in a vase) to fit an oblong vase, a block of paraffin will serve the purpose very well. Holes may be made with a heated ice pick or some other round instrument.

Lining a Coat.—When lining a coat, put the coat on inside out. Have the lining all ready stitched up, and slip it over the coat. It will fall into position naturally. Pin it in place, and finish in the usual way.

Baking Escalloped Mixtures.—Time and fuel will be saved if escalloped mixtures are baked in shallow, wide dishes or pans.

Sliding Dresser Drawers.—Rubbing a candle stub or wax along the sliding edges of dresser drawers will make them move in and out much more easily, even when heavily loaded.

Constipated?



What a difference good bowel habits can make! To keep food wastes soft and moving, many doctors recommend Nujol. INSIST ON GENUINE NUJOL.

WNU—L 51-37

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO

5¢ PLUG

The Housewife...

"Research Professor of Economy"

SHE'S not a Ph.D. or an LL.D. She hasn't a diploma or a cap and gown. Her research is not done in the laboratory or the library. As a matter of fact, her findings are made, usually, in the street car, in the subway, in the suburban commuter's train.

She reads the advertisements in this paper with care and consideration. They form her research data. By means of them she makes her purchases so that she well deserves the title of "Research Professor of Economy." She discovers them after them, as the years roll on, combining high quality with low.

It is clear to you at once that you... and all who make and keep a home... have the same opportunity. With the help of newspaper advertising you, too, can graduate from the school of indiscriminate buying into the faculty of fastidious purchases!

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

DRAFTING
Drafting, first 3 lessons, \$1 per lesson, other lessons 50c each.

MISCELLANEOUS
3 CIRCUIT TRICKS YOU CAN Teach Your Dog at Home ONLY 8 1/2c A TRICK

Initials on Linens Stamp You as Chic

It's smart to "be personal" when marking linens, for towels, pillow slips, sheets and even personal "dainties" make known your ownership when embroidered with your very own initials.



and French knots, either in a combination of colors or the same color throughout. Pattern 1553 contains a transfer pattern of an alphabet 2 1/2 inches high, two 1 1/2 inches high and one 3/4 inch high.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

"Quotations"

Men are not free to love their fellow men when they are consumed by love of gain.—Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown.
Men seldom, or rather never for a length of time and deliberately, rebel against anything that does not deserve rebelling against.—Carlyle.

GET RID OF BIG UGLY PORES

PLENTY OF DATES NOW... DENTON'S FACIAL MAGNESIA MADE HER SKIN FRESH, YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL
Romance hasn't a chance when big ugly pores spoil skin-texture. Men love the soft smoothness of a fresh young complexion.

Watch your complexion take on new beauty Even the first few treatments with Denton's Facial Magnesia make a remarkable difference.

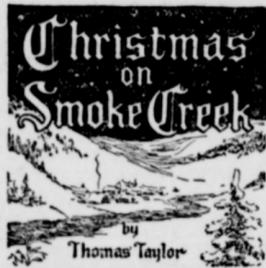
EXTRAORDINARY OFFER — Saves You Money
You can try Denton's Facial Magnesia on the most liberal offer we have ever made—good for a few weeks only.

DENTON'S Facial Magnesia
SELECT PRODUCTS, Inc. 4402 — 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Form for coupon: Name, Street Address, City, State.



WHEN SANTA COMES



Christmas on Smoke Creek
THERE was not to be any Christmas tree at the little church at the head of Smoke Creek that year.



He Noticed Something Like a Card Tacked on Hathway's Door.
A little "settlement." His wife and only child, a son of seven, had died, and his nearest neighbor was Joe Hathway.

As he sat dreaming his eyes happened to rest upon his rifle standing in the corner of the log room. "That gun or Joe Hathway's will some day tell the tale," he said to himself.

While Jim was thus dreaming, Joe Hathway sat in another log cabin but a few yards down the stream. By chance Joe's attention was called to a book on a shelf.

On Christmas morning when Jim Knox went out to the spring for a

pail of water he noticed something like a card tacked on Joe Hathway's door. He saw no smoke from the chimney.

"Dear Jim: You will find me gone. I was reading some last night in 'The Christmas Carol' and in the Bible. I read that verse that told of peace and good will to man.

And as another result of "The Christmas Carol" two mountaineers were better men, and though they had no Christmas cards or presents, and no holiday programs, the pines on the hillsides seemed a bit greener and the music of the streams seemed sweeter.

Boxing Day Is Time for Making Christmas Gifts

THE first weekday after Christmas, Boxing Day, is a legal and bank holiday in England, Wales and Northern Ireland but not in Scotland.

The name "Christmas box" is often applied there to the ordinary gift at this season of the year, apart from this usage. References to the "apprentice's box" and "butler's box" as far back as the Sixteenth century indicate that these gratuities were at one time placed in an earthenware box, which could be opened on Boxing day only by breaking it.

Chambers' Book of Days states that the institution of "Christmas boxes" evidently is akin to that of New Year's gifts and, of the ancient Romans who at the season of the Saturnalia, practiced universally the custom of giving and receiving presents.

The Yule Sing



Bells of Christmas
TOM MADSEN sat beside the fireplace and gazed moodily at the blazing logs, as the sparks spiraled upward.

"Peace," Tom muttered. "Was there such a thing on earth? Not for him, anyway." He had staked everything on his boy. Been both father and mother to him—given him the advantage of the best schools, with a law partnership waiting for him in his own office.

Young Tom had choked a bit as he saw the look on his father's face. "I'm sorry, Dad; I do appreciate all you've done for me, but the hand writes and moves on, and it's all settled. Be a good sport, Dad, and come to our wedding and give us your blessing." But he had turned on his boy. "Never!" he cried. "See my son married to a



"I'm Sorry, Dad; I Do Appreciate All You've Done for Me."

cheap dancer; a common"—Young Tom's face was white. "Stop, Dad, or I might forget you are my father!"—and he had rushed out of the house.

That had been three long months ago. An eternity for him. He had been too hasty; had been governed by his prejudices. One couldn't measure the present generation by the one of his day. Tom, Jr., was no fool; he should have trusted him to do the right thing; what right had he to interfere; to say how any life should be lived?

Improved Uniform SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

Lesson for December 26 CHRISTIAN CONSECRATION

LESSON TEXT—Philippians 1:12-25. GOLDEN TEXT—For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.—Philippians 1:21.

Consecration is one of the words expressing Christian truth which has been so much used and so often misused that it has lost its savor. The writer remembers many a "consecration service" which meant nothing to those present except the fulfilling of a certain formula or program.

Paul the apostle knew nothing of any theory of consecration. He knew and lived and proclaimed such an abandonment of self to Christ and his cause as really required no statement in words—it was his life. We close today a three-month series of studies in the Christian life.

Men give themselves thus to the building of a fortune, to the propagation of a political or social theory, to the pursuit of an occupation or profession. The lights burn late in the research laboratory of the scientist, in the counting room of the business man, and at the political or social gathering. Why should not the Christian give himself in like measure for Christ and his holy cause?

Paul, in the verses of our lesson, shows that spirit and boldly declares that he follows Christ regardless of trying circumstance—he does so now, "in the body," not later in glory. And it matters not whether it be by life or death—"Christ shall be magnified."

I. "What Then?" (v. 18). Paul was imprisoned for the gospel's sake. Did that stop him? No; he made the very guards who were assigned to watch him in his house into missionaries of the cross. He won each one as he took his designated period of service and sent him out as a testimony to "the whole praetorian guard and to all the rest" (v. 13 R. V.).

Then, some of his Christian associates taking advantage of the fact that he was imprisoned, went out to preach just to show that they were as good as he. They made their very preaching an expression of their envy of his popularity and hoped to heap more sorrow upon him. Did he get angry and bitterly fight back? No; he thanked God that Christ was preached. We need more of that spirit in our day.

II. "In My Body." One of the glaring fallacies of human thinking is the idea that at some favorable time in the future we shall be able to enjoy life, do mighty deeds or serve the Lord. For example parents fail to enjoy their children because they are always looking forward to the next stage of their development. The time to enjoy and help our children is now. The time to serve the Lord Jesus is now. The day will come when we shall be glorified with him, but it will then be too late to speak to our neighbors about Christ. It is in the body that we are to serve him and to glorify his name.

III. "To Live is Christ and to Die is Gain" (v. 21). Humanly speaking when a matter is one of "life or death" it is a question whether death may not intervene. The hope is that this may not be the case and every effort is made to prevent it. How different with Paul. He rightly points out that to a Christian death means entering into perfect fellowship with Christ and unlimited service for him. Every human limitation will then be put aside—knowledge, service, communion, will all be perfect and complete.

He would not, however, turn away from his present privilege and duty. Since it is God's will that he should abide in the flesh he will do it in such a way as to make it literally true that to him "to live is Christ." Every life has a purpose and that ruling passion which controls and directs a life is what should be written into the sentence, "To me to live is . . ." What is it—money, position, pleasure, sin? Or is it Christ? If he is your life, then you enter into the New Year with the assurance that it will be full and satisfying, and gloriously useful.

False Accusation A false accuser is a monster, a dangerous monster, ever and in every way malignant, and ready to seek causes of complaint.—Demosthenes.

Catch Up on Chic



IF YOU'RE a bit behind in the thrilling game of Sew-Your-Own, Milady, why not take advantage of the holiday season and catch up? Today's trio is especially right for "vacation sewing" because it consists of simple practical pieces that require little time and trouble.

Streamlined Styling. The slip at the left is all you could wish for from the standpoint of styling. It offers superb lines from the moderately thin cut V neck, through the dart-fitted waist right down to the very hem. The clever overlapping back is light proof and provides an action pleat so necessary for complete satisfaction.

Modern Home Dress. When it's home you're thinking of you naturally turn to a frock like the slip, heavy on style. The defined waist is effectively young as is the flowing skirt and little round collar. It is just the frock to give one lots of git-up-and-git for the second semester, or "to break the ice" whenever one is anxious about one's appearance.

Uncle Phil Says: Respect Due Precedent
Respect for precedent has a solid basis. Don't be contemptuous of precedent, but study its claims to authority.

HELP KIDNEYS
To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste
Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood.

Doan's Pills
LIFE'S LIKE THAT
By Fred Neher
MRS. PIP'S DIARY
Copyright by Fred Neher

LIFE'S LIKE THAT



like the third member of the trio at the right. This button-all-the-way model is different enough to delight you and simple enough to set you sewing at sight. It is cut for comfort but with an ever watchful eye on that elusive little thing called chic.

The Patterns. Pattern 1946 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 44 bust). Size 16 requires 3 1/4 yards of 39 inch fabric. One yard of ribbon is required for shoulder straps.

Pattern 1404 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. Pattern 1390 is designed for sizes 34 to 48. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 inch material.

666 checks COLDS and FEVER
LIQUID TABLETS first day SALVE, NOSE DROPS Headache, 30 minutes.

A Sure Mark
Well-arranged time is the surest mark of a well-arranged mind.—Pitman.

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste
Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By Fred Neher
MRS. PIP'S DIARY
Copyright by Fred Neher
"That feels better . . . but it's still a little snug."

THE BAIRD STAR

Established by W. E. Gilliland, December 8, 1887

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W. E. Gilliland, Editor and Publisher Haynie Gilliland, Asso. Editor

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County Agent's Column

By Ross B. Jenkins, County Agt.

To the people whom one has learned to think a great deal about one never says goodbye because that carries with it the idea that probably one will never meet with them again. That is not our hope today but on the contrary we mean only, "so long, I'll see you again."

It doesn't seem that it has been very long since one hot June day in 1935 I came here but in reality four and one-half years have slipped by since first we met here in and over Callahan County. Together we initiated a new series of economic relationships never before attempted among the farmers. During these years the people of Callahan have helped me to successfully end each of the A. A. programs that has been offered by Congress. I think it is fitting at this time to say that our county has been among the

top few to receive the benefit checks first and that this has been accomplished by having a set of committeemen who were sincere and who were willing to study the programs and then due credit should go to the farmers themselves who after having heard the programs discussed, entered into them and carried them out to completion. After this work was done the thing that actually caused the programs to receive prompt attention at the state office was due to the correct handling of the necessary forms by the office personnel here at Baird. I think no county has ever assembled a more loyal, more efficient, and a more gracious group of helpers than these men and women who have helped during these four and a half years. The one I am thinking of especially are Mr. A. L. Cook, Assistant in Agricultural Conservation, Mrs. Myrtle Corn, who has been my secretary for the past three years, having succeeded my sister Mrs. J. H. Rhodes, who efficiently served during the cattle buying and plow program, and Mr. Burford Tyson, who has been in the office a little more than a year. Then there are those girls who have helped only

at odd intervals, Misses Edith Lewis, Mary Mae Tyson, Frances Mayfield, Maxine Williams, Lula Mae Hart, Mrs. Shelba Hollingshead, and Mrs. Ruby Young. One other individual who was connected with the office in various programs such as the drought relief purchasing program, the wheat program, and the recent measuring of the farm is James C. Asbury. He has been a friend whom I have called upon many times and always in whom I found ready response, able help and efficient service. These people will remain in the office to assist the new county agent. They know and like the work and at any time the farmers of this county may receive prompt and efficient service by stating the problem to any of them in the office. I think it is the best organization that can be found anywhere.

As we look back over the seemingly short period we remember that very little Extension work had been done heretofore. People had not learned the value that might be received from Extension Service. There were no 4-H Clubs today 132 boys show on the enrollment cards and 32 of these boys received emblems this year in recognition for having finished their year's work and others are yet planning to make their reports. About \$650,000 has been earned by the farmers and ranchers of the county during this period through A. A. benefits. I

was estimated that about 500 acres were actually under terraces in 1933 but today upwards of 12,000 acres have standard broad base terraces constructed in the main, by county machinery. New varieties of grapes have been introduced onto old stocks that have been completely revamped various vineyards in the county. Much budding and grafting of pecans and Walnuts has been done. About 100-00 acres of range land has been incorporated in a game preserve which was launched for the first time this year. More than 75 markers have been constructed and bought by the men who signed their land under this voluntary arrangement. Some fifty range tanks have been constructed this year for which the county may receive about \$35,000 in helping to defray the expense of their construction. There were no trench silos in 1933 but today 15 are known to the agent with a capacity of 1,000 tons of feed. All in all the agricultural situation, we feel, is much brighter than it was four years ago. What little part we have had in seeing these things materialized has been a sincere pleasure.

I have tried to see that every individual received the maximum amount of government benefits from his cooperation. I have appreciated every act and expression of courtesy that has been extended to me while here. If the same cooperation is given to the new county agent I believe the programs will be still more successful than they have even in the past.

I am going to a location that abounds in beautiful flowing streams and woodlands that are populated with, reputedly, the largest deer in Texas. Naturally I am going to expect to see some of you coming that way in search of genuine sportsman's pleasure. If the weather permits I hope to see every farmer in the county before I leave on January 3rd but, if not, it has been a genuine pleasure to have served you and now, so long.

Ross B. Jenkins
Callahan Co. Agent

TWENTY THREE CO. CHOSEN FOR TENANTS TO BUY OWN LAND

The Farm Security Administration announces that 23 counties in Texas will receive loans with which tenants may buy their own homes. As was feared Callahan County is not one of the 25 but the Administration plans that every county in Texas will be included by the end of the next three years. The counties and the amounts that will be spent in each are as follows: Bexar, 8 farms at \$2500 each; Hidalgo, 5 farms at \$4250 each; Reeves, 5 farms at \$1200 each; Nueces and Baylor, 10 each at \$7500; Johnson, 8 farms at \$8000; Dallas, Falls, Hunt, La Marr, Williamson and Dewitt, 18 farms at \$6000 each; Bowie, Cherokee, Houston, and Van Zandt, 32 farms at \$5,000 each; San Augustine, 10 at \$3400; Wharton, 5 at \$7400. A total of 1464 will be bought in Texas at a total cost of \$820,250.

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We are offering a splendid clubbing rate on The Baird Star and Semi Weekly Farm News at this time:
The Baird Star, per year...\$1.50
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THE BAIRD STAR

News From Washington

Congressman Clyde L. Garrett

Merry Christmas—I wish to extend to all my constituents and to the publisher of this newspaper, cordial and hearty greetings at this holiday season for a most Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. This hearty greetings conveys my sense of appreciation to all my good friends at a time when the air is full of good cheer and of holiday activities. At such a time, I am wishful to do and say the things that are in my heart. The best I can think of is an echo of the past - at first an indistinct whisper, then gaining in volume and cadence until it bursts forth in a thunderous Peace On Earth, Good Will Toward Men and I take up the theme with a joyous shout of Merry Christmas to all of you, and with a sincere and hearty hand-clasp for 1938. I wish to say—Good Luck To You.

Farm Tenant Plans—The first county in the 17th district to be chosen for organization under the Farm Tenant plan is Jones County. The choice was made on the basis of per centage in tenancy. Jones County ranked sixth in the State at the census with a per centage of 68. Only thirty counties were allotted to Texas under the set-up for the first year. On the same basis about seventy more will be added next year sometime.

Aid To Unemployed—After the First of the year, the unemployment in 22 States and the Dist. of Columbia will be assured of compensation if thrown out of a job. After that date, if a worker loses his job he goes to the State Employment Service where he puts in an application for work and then files for a claim of unemployment insurance. The worker has to wait about three weeks before this given compensation. If at the end of this time, he is still out of work, he is given his first check for unemployment insurance.

Relief—350,000 people will be put on the WPA Relief Rolls because of the increase in unemployment due to slump in industrial activity and regular winter decline in activity. There is, according to Administrator Hopkins enough funds in the amount already appropriated for relief to take care of the extra number. A bill, however, has been introduced for additional relief appropriations of a half billion dollars.

World Business Also Slow—Not only has business dropped in the United States but throughout the rest of the world. Great Britain is showing a slack in business, and a rise in unemployment. Italy and Germany show a fall also. South America is having difficulties due to declines in prices of commodities produced over there. Japan of course, and China we know their situation.

U. S. Savings Bonds—Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau announced that United States Savings Bonds cash sales passed the billion dollar mark. This billion investment represents a sale of approximately 4,500,000 bond units which were purchased by about 1,200,000 people. As U. S. Savings Bonds are sold on a discount basis and mature at the end of ten years for 33 1-3 per cent more than their purchase price, this sale expressed in maturity value amounts to \$1,334,088,242.60 or a daily average maturity value sale of \$1,571,364.24 for each of the 850 business days, which have elapsed since March 1, 1935 when these bonds were first offered.

S. S. Leviathan—Approval of the sale for scrap of the S. S. Leviathan by the United States Lines Company for \$732,000 to the British ship breaking firms of Metal industries, Ltd. of Glasgow, Scotland, and Thomas Ward of Sheffield, England was announced by the United States Maritime Commission. The Commission's approval of the sale was necessary under the terms of the blanket mortgage which it holds on the liner and nine other vessels operated by the United States Lines Company. The Leviathan, formerly the S. S. Vaterland, was seized from Germany by the U. S. during the World War. The vessel is now 24 years old and has been laid up at Hoboken, N. J. for over two years.

Poor rCops on Poor Land—Planting poor crops continuously on poor land may eventually lead to the poorhouse, according to Soil Conservation service men. Soils subjected to continuous cropping of corn, cotton, tobacco, and other clean cultivated crops are impoverished by erosion, become thin from the standpoint of fertile topsoil and often are unable to produce profitable yields. When this happens farmers are apt to

try the next best thing. They choose a less desirable crop and try to make at least something off the land. Usually this is the first step in a downward cycle. Usually it is not long before the impoverished soil fails to produce anything. That's when farm lands are abandoned and when soil erosion is allowed to complete the ruin. The remedy for excessive cropping is to retire the badly eroding areas to grass before the damage has gone to far.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Whereas, by virtue of Alias Execution issued out of the County Court of Callahan county, Texas, on a Judgement rendered in said court on the 3rd day of October, 1934, in cause No. 1069, in favor of The Farmers & Merchants National Bank of Abilene Texas, a private corporation, against J. B. Conlee, defendant, I did on the 1st day of December, A. D. 1937, at one o'clock, p. m. levy upon the following described real estate, situated in Callahan county, Texas, the same being all of the interest of J. B. Conlee in and to 133 1-3 acres of land, more or less, being all that portion of that 533 1-3 acres, more or less, out of and a part of the James Simpson Survey No. 779, patented to Paschal B. Hamblin on August 6, 1861, by patent No. 319, Vol. 7, which 533 1-3 acre tracts lies partly in Brown county, Texas, and abstracted under Abstract No. 825, and partly in Callahan county, Texas, and abstracted under Abstract No. 543, and this levy is to cover and does cover all of the interest of the defendant, J. B. Conlee, in and to all of said land as lying in Callahan county, Texas, all fully described by field notes in my return on said Execution to

which reference is here made, and located about 3 miles South of Cross Plains, Texas, and generally known as the old Conlee Homestead and on the 4th day of January A. D. 1938, being the first Tuesday in said month, between the hours of ten o'clock A. M. and four o'clock P. M. on said day, at the Court House door of said county, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said J. B. Conlee in and to said property.
R. L. EDWARDS, Sheriff
Callahan county, Texas.
By C. R. Nurdyke,
Deputy.

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If you want trees, good trees, fresh, vigorous and true to name, go to Wolf's Nursery at Stephenville. Courteous salesmen, prompt service, trees while you wait, ready to take home in your car. Choose from 400,000 plants of evergreen, roses, hedges, shade trees, vines, flowering shrubs, nut trees, and fruit trees. Visitors welcome week days, Sunday afternoons. No Nursery has better trees, none sell cheaper. Forty page catalogue n colors free. Free fruit trees with every order.
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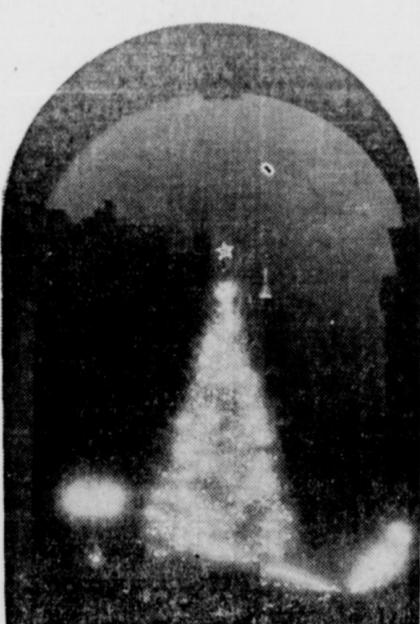
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Merry
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**Clarence Pretz
Writes from Far,
Away Samoa**

The following interesting letter was received by Rev. Willis P. Gerhart, of Abilene, from Clarence Pretz, who is in the medical corp of the United States navy: Dear Mr. Gerhart:

This is from me—6,000 miles or so away down in the South Seas.

I've had a very fine ocean voyage, with all expenses paid, on a huge passenger liner running to Australia. The stop at Honolulu, Hawaii was a real treat. This harbor is claimed to be the most beautiful in the Pacific.

This island is about 20 miles long and about 5 miles wide at the broadest part. It is the remains of an old extinct volcanic crater with one end "fell in" to make the entrance to the harbor. There are worlds of coconuts, avocados, papaias, limes, mangoes and many other fruits and native vegetables growing without any cultivation.

This island is the largest of the American Samoa group. There are about 200 whites (mostly government) people and 10,000 Polynesians in American Samoa. I've been over a good part of this island and there seems to be a bit of civilization done, principally by Catholic fathers and sisters, Mormons, and other lesser groups of white christians. Their work has done a lot of good for the natives and the natives in turn have shown great reverence for the Deity and His teachings. There are many ruins of missions and churches that show very early efforts were made to bring Christianity among them.

Where I am is at the Samoan hospital, a real native affair. The doctor two of us pharmacists mates and four Navy nurses are the only white people there. There are about 45 native girls training to become Graduate Samoan nurses (4 yrs.) It is strange, and yet it is interesting, that although these girls have learned to wear uniform dresses they remain barefooted like the other islanders.

We don't have much interference from the rest of the world—no radios, no newspapers, no cables, not even by transportation! Once a month a liner stops a few hours on its way to the States and the next day (this Friday and Saturday) another drops anchor on its way to Australia. Away from this island is not even that. And I have 18 months of it. I see now what missionaries have to go thru.

This next week I'm going over to British Samoa for a few days.

An interesting example of native Samoan industry is the manufacture of tapa cloth.

The native strip off the bark of the tree, soak it in fresh stream water for two days, remove the outer bark skin, place the soaked fibers upon a flat piece of log and beat upon it with huge clubs until the pulp has grown white. It is starched with a fine white powder obtained from the masoa bush, dried, and made ready for designing. A dye paint is prepared from the resin of the oa tree—the desired dark brown color is made by allowing evaporation and the lighter shades of brown made by the dilution of varying strength of water. Designs are cut in wooden blocks, the design painted with the color, then pressed upon the dried tapa cloth firmly. After this, the sheeps are placed in the sun to dry. From there it has various uses: clothing (principally lava lava—a piece wrapped around the waist and the upper outside tucked in) table coverings, curtains, for export and many ornamental purposes in their fales (native huts).

In another cover I am sending a sample to add to your collection of interesting souvenirs. It makes excellent book and pamphlet covers.

There are many oddities of custom which I should be glad to tell you when I go back there. Their simplicity is amusing as well as interesting.

Merry Christmas,
CLARENCE PRETZ.

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DAMP WASH
20 Lbs for 50c
We Furnish Everything
Will Call Monday, Wednesday and Friday of Each Week.
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Personal

Mrs. W. J. "Cook" returned yesterday from Colorado where she was called by the illness of her mother.

Mrs. Edna Elms and son Gerald from Gila Bend Arizona visited Mr. and Mrs. M. D. McElroy the past week.

Miss Schillings and Miss Goodrich, foreign missionaries will be at the Presbyterian church Dec. 23 and will speak and show moving pictures of their work.

Jones Price of Van Horn spent several days here the past week. He was accompanied home by his brother Bob Price and little daughter, Bobbie Jane.

Mrs. J. F. Holding and son Junior of Comanche Okla. arrived Monday to spend Christmas with her sister and brother, Mrs. M. L. Kinney J. A. Florence and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Holmes and son C. B. Jr. and Mrs. Gussie Surles of Austin are here to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bearden and other relatives.

Mrs. H. Austn and little daughter, Frances left Monday for Hattisburg, Miss. to spend Christmas with Mrs. Austin's parents and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Austin have returned to their home in San Angelo, Pat Jr. their little son is recovering from an attack of appendicitis.

Judge and Mrs. Clarence Russell of Plainview, visited Judge Russell's uncle, Judge B. L. Russell and other relatives here this week.

Magazine subscriptions make most acceptable Christmas gifts. I have nice club offers.
Eliza Gilliland.

Louisiana Bullfrog Large
The Louisiana bullfrog is one of the largest species. He gets his name from his croak or bellow. It's supposed to be something like the yodel of a bull. Only the male chatters. The female is too busy laying eggs—10,000 a year.

**Journey to Bethlehem
Not Like Today's Travel**

ACCUSTOMED to our swift and modern transportation, it is difficult to visualize the hardships of that journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem, or the great fatigue and weariness suffered by Mary and Joseph. Consternation filled their hearts at the decree of Caesar; yet there was nothing to do but obey the summons. They must make the long, tiresome journey, and at once!

No shining motor car waited outside their gate; no silver-winged plane stood throbbing in a nearby field; not even the meaneast ox-cart was available. While others rode by in gorgeous caravans, a patient little donkey was their only means of transportation. We can imagine the tall and bearded Joseph leading the animal along, glancing back every now and then with words of cheer and encouragement for Mary, or pointing out some landmark along the way.

Behind them now was the Sea of Galilee and Mt. Tabor. Through the plain of Estraelone they labored; then came the rough and uneven trail through Samaria, where even the sure-footed donkey stumbled at times. To the west, the Jordan ran its course, to empty farther south into the Dead sea. Along their way they passed many places whose names would be known and revered around the world in the dim future.

Did Mary have a vision as she went by that one day the Son whom she was about to bear would go up and down this country preaching a new Gospel of love and peace and hope for man, and that His birth would be held in happy and blessed remembrance by all the peoples of the earth until time would be no more?—Katherine Edelman.
© Western Newspaper Union

**First Christmas Carol
When Christ Was Born**

CHRISTMAS is the time when men are drawn together in a great unity. Much of this may be attributed to our response to familiar songs, sung year after year to commemorate the advent of a little Child on earth. The first Christmas carol ever heard, we like to believe, came over the field of Bethlehem, when Christ was born—"Glory be to God on high, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."

But it was 1,200 years later that

St. Francis of Assisi and his followers took up the singing in public of carols at Christmas to combat the unbelief of their time. With lighted tapers they went about the streets of the small Italian village pouring out their hearts in songs of praise. In the 800 years since then the singing of Christmas carols has gone around the world. Wherever Christianity is known carol singing follows.

The simple vision of a mother lulling her babe to sleep gives Christmas music its strength. Some sing as a tribute to their religious faith, others as a custom they enjoy. But whatever the reason, the important thing is that more and more people do it. From such widely different sources as churches, theaters, schools, clubs, radio stations, come the words of "Away in a Manger," "Silent Night," "Joy to the World," "Little Town of Bethlehem," "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," and "Come All Ye Faithful," sung by soloists, choirs, choruses or the voices of school children. So each year new joy is expressed through old channels. — Frances Grinstead.

"Little Mac"
The nickname "Little Mac" was applied by the soldiers of the Union army during the Civil war to Gen. George B. McClellan.

Haddo, Name for Salmon
The local name for the humpbacked salmon on Puget Sound is Haddo.

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Try "Rub-My-Tim"—World's Best Liniment

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What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Vanishing Wild Life.

WARNER PLANTATION, Tex.—Thanks to wise legislation, the wild fowl are coming back to this gulf country. True, the flocks may never again be what they were; yet, with continued conservation, there'll again be gunning for one and all.

But when I think back on the ducks I saw down here 10 years ago—in countless hosts—I'm reminded of what Charley Russell, the cowboy artist said to the lady tourist who asked him whether the old-time r's exaggerated when they described the size of the vanished buffalo herds.



Irvin S. Cobb

"Wellum," said Charley, "I didn't get up to this Montana country until after the buffaloes started thinning out. But I remember once I was night-herding when the fall drift got between me and camp and I sat by and watched 'em pass. Not having anything else to do, I started counting 'em. Including calves, I counted up to 3,009,065,294, and right then was when I got discouraged and quit. Because I happened to look over the ridge and here came the main drove."

Becoming a Head Man.

LET an unshorn dandruff fancier claim he's divine and, if nobody else agrees with his diagnosis, the police will jug him as a common nuisance and the jail warden will forcibly trim his whiskers for him or anyhow have them searched. But if enough folks, who've tried all the old religions and are looking for a new one, decide he is the genuine article, then pretty soon we have a multitude testifying to the omnipotence of their idol.

Let another man think he is a reincarnation of Julius Caesar or Alexander the Great, and if few or none feel the same way about it he's headed for the insane asylum. But if a majority, which is a large body of persons entirely surrounded by delusions, agrees with him that he is what he says he is he becomes a dictator and rules over the land until common sense is restored, if at all.

Let the writer of a daily column begin to think his judgments are perfect and his utterances are infallible—but, hold on, what's the use of getting personal?

Grandma's Togs.

WE LAUGH at our grandmothers who believed that, for a lady to be properly dressed, she should have a little something on anyway.

Maybe those mid-Victorian ladies sort of overdid the thing—bustles that made them look like half-sisters to the dromedary, skirts so tight they hobbled like refugees from a chain gang, corsets laced in until breathing was almost a lost art, boned collars so high they seemed to be peeping over an alley fence. Still, wearing five or six starched petticoats, the little woman was safe from Jack the Pincher unless he borrowed some steamfitter's pliers.

And later when, for a season, blessed simplicity ruled the styles, her figure expressed the queenly grace that comes from long, chaste lines. Probably the dears never figured it out. Just the natural cunning of their sex told them 'twas the flowing robes which gave majesty and dignity to kings on the throne and judges on the bench and prelates at the altar—and shapely women-folk.

How old-fashioned those times seem today when every dancing floor is a strip-tease exhibit and every bathing beach a nudist show; and a debutante, posing for snapshots, feels she's cheating her public unless she proves both knees still are there.

Reading Dickens.

I'VE been reading Dickens again. This means again and again. I take "Pickwick Papers" once a year just as some folks take hay fever. Only I enjoy my attack.

Dickens may have done caricatures, but he had human models to go by. He drew grotesques, but his grotesques had less highly-colored duplicates in real life. And readers recognized them and reassured them as symbols of authentic types. The list is almost endless—Sam Weller, Sairy Gamp, Daniel Quip, Uriah Heep, Mrs. Nickleby, Mr. Micawber, Mr. Pecksniff—oh, a dozen more.

What writer since Dickens has been able to perpetuate one-tenth so many characters? There is Tarkington with his Penrod and his Alice Adams; there was Mark Twain with his Huck Finn and Colonel Mulberry Sellers. There lately has been Sinclair Lewis with two picturesque creations to wit: Babbitt—and Sinclair Lewis.

IRVIN S. COBB Copyright.—WNU Service.

News Review of Current Events

JAPS SINK U. S. SHIP

American Gunboat Panay Bombed by Japanese on the Yangtse . . . Stern Protest by Roosevelt

Edward W. Pickard SUMMARIZES THE WORLD'S WEEK

Latest Jap Outrages

JAPANESE aviators, strafing fleeing Chinese, bombed and sank the United States gunboat Panay on the Yangtse river above Nanking. The boat's storekeeper and an Italian journalist were killed.

At the same time and place the Japanese attacked and sank three Standard Oil steamers.

Several British gunboats speeding to the aid of the Panay were shelled, one enlisted man being killed and a number wounded.

Washington and London lodged stern protests in Tokyo.

Tokyo apologized with expressions of deep regret.

In America and Britain there was intense indignation over the latest outrages. No responsible person hinted that the United States or Great Britain should go to war with Japan on their account; but the man in the street felt there should be some way, short of war, by which the Japanese could be forced to cease their murderous attacks. Apologies may satisfy the diplomats but they do not restore lives.

President Roosevelt's protest was directed through Secretary Hull to Ambassador Hiroshi Saito with the request that it be sent to the Emperor Hirohito of Japan. It demanded apologies, full compensation and guarantees against repetition of similar attacks. The British foreign office was in touch with Washington by cable but Foreign Minister Eden denied that the British would take the lead in international action.

Even Tokyo was stunned by the attacks on American vessels, and the planned celebration over the capture of Nanking was called off.

Before the American protest reached Tokyo the Japanese officials and commanders began apologizing and explaining. To prove its sincerity the government promptly recalled Admiral Teizo Mitsunami, in charge of naval aviation and relieved him of his post. He immediately resigned.

Survivors of the bombing, most of them wounded, told how the Panay went down with colors flying and its gunners firing to the last at the Japanese airplanes. They agreed that the attacking planes were flying so low that it was impossible for their pilots not to know they were bombing foreign ships. They said the Japanese excuse that visibility was poor over the Yangtse hat day was false.

Early Tax Revision

SUMMONING house ways and treasury economists to a conference in the White House, President Roosevelt directed that revision of the taxes that oppress business be carried through as soon as possible. Those called were Robert L. Doughton of North Carolina, chairman of the house committee; Fred Vinson of Kentucky, chairman of a subcommittee on taxes; Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau and Undersecretary Roswell Magill.

On leaving the White House Mr. Doughton gave out the cheering assurance that the best possible tax bill would be formulated quickly and that the taxpayer would be given every consideration.

If the contemplated measure can be rushed through congress it may be made effective on January 1, starting out what business and industry hope will be a Happy New Year for them and for all the nation.

In his press conference the same day the President gave business additional encouragement, asserting that the interstate commerce commission should take action to preserve the solvency of the railroads. He declared himself in favor of private ownership and operation of the railroads, but said receiverships of the lines cannot continue without financial adjustment.

Shortly after this the commerce commission put in a sour note by overruling the carriers' petition for 15 per cent immediate increase in freight rates.

First Flight Celebrated

FRIDAY, December 17, was the thirty-fourth anniversary of the epochal air flight of the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk, N. C., and the day was fittingly observed by all aviation interests in the country. Under orders from the army general staff every military flying post sent up all its available aircraft at the exact hour when the two inventors first made their plane fly. About one thousand fighting planes were in the air at the same time.

Steel Workers Meet

MEMBERS of the Steel Workers Organizing committee, affiliated with the C. I. O., opened their first convention in Pittsburgh and



Hugh R. Wilson (pictured above), a veteran of the American diplomatic service and now assistant secretary of state, is to be our new ambassador to Berlin, succeeding William E. Dodd, whose resignation was submitted to the President.

were asked by Chairman Philip Murray to give their officials full powers to negotiate wage agreements to replace those expiring February 28 with 445 firms.

Murray said he had "every reason" to believe 100,000 steel workers out of 125,000 now working in sheet, bar, plate, sheets and black plate mills will be displaced by machinery.

Sloan's Great Gift

ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR., chairman of General Motors corporation, announced he was donating securities worth approximately \$10,000,000 to the Alfred P. Sloan foundation with the hope of promoting a wider knowledge of "basic economic truths."

In his announcement Mr. Sloan said he deemed it proper to turn back part of the proceeds of his industrial activity to aid in bringing about "a broader as well as a better understanding of the economic principles and national policies which have characterized American enterprise down through the years, and as a result of which its truly marvelous development has been made possible."

Once the proper understanding is achieved, he said, the people may promote "the objectives that all have so much in mind." These he listed as: More things for more people, everywhere. An opportunity for achievement. Greater security and stability. Mr. Sloan established the foundation on July 6, 1936, incorporating it in Delaware as a non-profit membership corporation.

Hungary Pays A Little

ONLY eleven nations defaulted on their war debt payments to the United States due on December 15. Hungary lined up with Finland in the honest list and sent to the treasury a check for \$9,828 as partial payment. The installment due from Hungary was \$51,240; her total debt is more than \$3 millions.

Finland made its customary semi-annual payment to the treasury. A check for \$232,142 was turned over to this government by the Baltic republic.

Pope Pius Anxious

AT A secret consistory in which he created five new cardinals, Pope Pius read an allocution expressing his "grave anxieties" because of the wars in Spain and China, and his fears for the future "because of the upheavals which are the natural concomitants of armed conflicts."

The new cardinals are: Archbishop Giuseppe Pizzardo, vatican undersecretary of state; Archbishop Ermengildo Pellegrinetti, papal nuncio to Jugoslavia; Archbishop Giovanni Piazzi, patriarch of Venice; Archbishop Pierre Gerlier of Lyons, France, and Archbishop Arthur Hinsley, Catholic primate of England.

Italy Leaves League

ITALY finally made up its mind to quit the League of Nations. No one was surprised when Mussolini announced this decision of his Fascist council, and no other nation expressed any regret over the action. The Duce in a characteristically bombastic speech told the people about it, and delighted cheers greeted his defiance of the opponents of fascism. For some time Italy has taken no part in the doings of the league, and her resignation really is not of much immediate importance.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF



"A Battle With Steel"

By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

You know, boys and girls, I used to say we had all kinds of people sending in their adventures to this column. "The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," is the way the old saying goes, and that's literally true. Here, for instance, is the baker—Joseph A. McMurtrie of Newark, N. J. Joe was a baker's apprentice when this thing happened to him. It was the summer of 1929, and Joe, trying to turn his school vacation into something useful, had signed up to learn the baker's trade in a pie and cake factory. It was the sort of job that caught Joe's interest and like most youngsters, he was anxious to find out just how things were done. He studied the routine of the plant closely, watched the bakers at their work, and monkeyed around with all the big machines in the plant.

The machines, especially, interested Joe. He never missed an opportunity to get a look at the inside of one, to find out how it worked. He didn't get a chance to do that often, though. Some of those machines were dangerous. Most machines are, anyway—to anyone who doesn't know how to use them. And the bosses around the plant didn't encourage Joe to fool around with those big mixers.

One Saturday afternoon, though, Joe got the chance he had been waiting for. The boss came to him about 4 o'clock and told him that all the bakers were going home—that Joe, whom he was leaving alone in the store, would be in complete charge until closing time.

He Investigated a Big Mixer.

Joe didn't mind a bit. He sat out front in the store until everybody had gone, and then, along about 6 o'clock, when people were eating dinner and business in the store had dwindled off to nothing, he began to think about the machinery in the back room—particularly the big mixers which he had been told not to touch.

Joe went into the back room and straight to the biggest of those mixers. He opened the top—looked inside. There was a crate of eggs in it—



Joe Was Being Drawn Into the Machine.

lying right on top of the machinery. He took it out, wondering, at the same time, why anyone would put a crate of eggs—crate and all—into a dough mixer. He found out later that it had been put there for the particular purpose of keeping him out of that machine. But by the time he did find out the damage was done and it was too late.

Joe took the crate out of the mixer and looked inside. The machine hadn't been cleaned out. All the moving parts were covered with some sort of goo, and Joe couldn't see how they worked. Well—that problem was easily solved. He'd clean that mixer out himself. He got a big towel and scraper and went to work.

Couldn't Get His Hand Loose.

There was a big rotator inside and Joe started cleaning that. He cleaned half of it and then found he couldn't reach the other side, so he started the motor to turn it over. The motor whirred. Joe released the brake. The rotator began to move, and then—it happened!

As Joe released the brake with his left hand, he placed his right—for some unknown reason—on top of the rotator. And in a split second he found himself being drawn into the machine. "Something," says Joe, "was clutching my hand. I tried to work it loose, but I couldn't. A cold, stinging pain was shooting up my arm. That steel had a chill in it." Joe's left hand was still loose, so with it he jammed on the brake again. But the motor was still running, straining against the brake with a peculiar sort of whine—like the sound of an electric fan when you hold the blade.

"It was dark in that back room," says Joe, "and I noticed that my hand and arm were getting awfully cold. I locked the brake and put my left hand into the machine to try and work the right one loose. I felt something wet and pulled my left hand out again. It was covered with blood."

Thought He Was Bleeding to Death.

"Then I began to get hysterical. I tugged with all my might and started to yell for help. I was standing on my toes all this time. I couldn't set my feet flat on the ground, because the weight of my body would tear at my now terribly painful hand. I thought of being held in that position over the work-end—of slowly bleeding to death. I began to shout some more."

In the Y. W. C. A. building that stood back to back with the bakery a woman heard Joe's frantic yells. She called them to the attention of another woman, and they decided that it was just some children playing. And Joe, bleeding and hysterical, tugged at his swollen, lacerated arm. Slowly he was lapsing into unconsciousness when he heard a noise in the store outside. Joe tried to call. His voice wouldn't work. Then everything went black.

Joe came to in a hospital, and there they told him how he got there. The customer who had come into the store had looked through the door and seen Joe hanging to the side of the machine. She called an ambulance and—well—it had taken three hours to get Joe out. But his hand was fixed up all right at the hospital, and it's as good as new today. Copyright.—WNU Service.

Horseshoe and Good Luck

According to Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable the legend that a horseshoe brings good luck is supposed to have originated with St. Dunstan, who was noted for his skill in shoeing horses. One day Satan himself is said to have appeared and demanded that his "single hoof" should be shod. St. Dunstan, recognizing his customer, tied him tightly to the wall and proceeded to do as he was bid, but purposely inflicted so much pain that his Satan Majesty begged for mercy. Thereupon St. Dunstan released his captive after having extracted from him a promise that he would never enter a place where a horseshoe was displayed. Thus reads the legend. And so, for many centuries, observes a writer in the New York Herald Tribune, the horseshoe has been looked upon as a charm against evil and a bringer of good fortune. At one time it was affixed to the front door of the house as a protection against witches. Lord Nelson caused one to be nailed to the mast of his flagship the Victory and, today, we still find this emblem of good luck installed in many homes.

Romans in China

Blakeslee's "China and the Far East" mentions that from some cause which may be neither understood nor explained, commercial and friendly missions between the Emperor of China and the heads of various Asiatic and European states first were dispatched at about the beginning of the Christian era. In the year 61 A. D., the Chinese emperor sent an envoy to the west for teachers and books of the true religion, but this envoy, dreading the hardships and perils of the desert, defected his course to the south, to India, and returned with Buddhist writings and priests. In 126 A. D., a Chinese general reached the valley of the Caspian sea and carried the grapevine back to China. In 163 A. D., the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (An-Tun in Chinese annals) sent an embassy by sea to Kattigora in Cochinchina to procure the rich silks made by the people of the empire. The Roman merchants traveled inland to Lo Yang. A later Roman expedition to China in the reign of Theodosius, in the Eighth century, led to the culture of the silkworm in Europe.

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL By Carter Field FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Washington.—William Jennings Bryan was fond of using the Biblical story of the Hebrew king who, when his lieutenants told him he was vastly outnumbered in an approaching battle, was able to show the skeptics, when by divine aid the veil was lifted, a host of angels ready to fight on his side.

Telling the story does not always prove that the Lord is on your side. The last time Bryan used the story in a speech was at the San Francisco convention, when he talked about the "angels" as the women vote, in the battle over prohibition. If he had lived a little longer he might have been terribly disappointed, but up to his death, during the Dayton trial, he was perfectly satisfied.

At the moment it is the ardent New Deal advocates who are worried about the choir invisible. Their real concern, of course, is over gentlemen who are very much in the news—the Southern conservative senators and representatives, and the allies which have been driven to them because of motives having nothing to do with economic and social ideas.

But they know perfectly well that there are a good many Democrats, many of whom have never parted with their party regularity, who are in sympathy with the conservatives, and who are still very potent in their respective states. The importance of all this is that, while these former luminaries are not figuring in the news stories of the day, and have been, perhaps, almost forgotten by the public, they still have their friends. The reasons that made them important a few years ago are still there. Allied with the conservative group, which is against a third term for Franklin D. Roosevelt and against the nomination of a New Dealer to take his place, they may become very important indeed.

Case of Douglas

Best known to the public of all this group, perhaps, is Lewis W. Douglas, who went into the first Roosevelt administration so strong that it was confidently predicted, when it became known that the health of William H. Woodin was failing, he would be made secretary of the treasury.

It's kind of amusing, to look at with hindsight. Actually Douglas stood for very few things that Henry Morgenthau, Jr., does not approve. The difference is that Douglas was intractable. He simply insisted on his own ideas, as to gold, for instance, and as to budget balancing being followed or he would not play. Down in his heart Morgenthau has followed very few of the New Deal ideas. But he is never defiant. He is just patient, and keeps on pleading. Stubborn very, but not to the point of making a nuisance of himself.

But Douglas has not passed from the scene. He is still potent in Arizona, which elected him as its lone congressman as long as he wished. But consider: Arizona elected him to the house—when Douglas stepped "upstairs" to be director of the budget—Mrs. Isabella S. Greenway, a close family friend of the Roosevelts, Mrs. Greenway would not run for re-election last time. She had voted against New Deal measures until it was socially embarrassing for a lady who had been a bridesmaid at the wedding of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

Any one who knows his Arizona and who thinks Lou Douglas and Mrs. Greenway together could not elect a delegation which would go along with the conservatives had better not make any political bets!

Third Term Talk

It is astonishing how much more talk there is in Washington of a third term for President Roosevelt than almost anywhere else in the country. Nearly every hint about the third-term idea originates in Washington, whether it be by a magazine article by some Washington newspaper man, a confidential letter or tipping service or whatnot. Visitors from various parts of the country coming to Washington and visiting around among their politically minded friends at once become heralds bearing the word back to their homes. Almost invariably they tell their Washington friends that "nobody at home has even thought of such a thing," and profess astonishment that there is so much talk about it here.

All this would seem to indicate that somebody, for some reason, is feeling out the third-term talk. It bears all the familiar earmarks of propaganda. In fact there are those—mostly folks very much opposed to Roosevelt—who think they understand its purpose. Their view is that the more the third-term idea is talked about the less shocking it seems to be, and hence if the New Deal could keep the subject to the fore, without seeming to be responsible, much of the resistance would be worn down by the time the 1940 convention rolls around.

There may be a grain of truth in this, but there is other logic to explain the persistence of this talk, logic which is much easier to accept

than a deliberate publicity maneuver. Also, it is very much simpler to criticize the President on this than to explain how he could stop it if he wanted to do so.

What could he say or do which would really convince any one that he was not going to run, assuming that he had made up his mind not to do so?

Doubted Coolidge

Lots of people never believed President Coolidge when he said he "did not choose to run." Many think to this day he was very much disappointed that the nomination was not forced on him. The since published diary of Ike Hoover, White House head usher at the time, leaves no doubt that Ike thought Mr. Coolidge was not only disappointed but angry about it.

But aside from the futility of convincing any one, there is another aspect. The moment the political leaders became convinced that Roosevelt was not going to run, his influence would dwindle tremendously. Every Democratic leader would be laying his lines to be close to the new throne, if not to occupy it himself. Mr. Roosevelt, having enjoyed such amazing power for five years, would be very unhappy in his sudden impotency.

All this does not explain the amount of talk in Washington of a third term. Its answer lies deeper. It is based on the fact that a very strong group of Democrats, mostly southern, are working definitely toward controlling the 1940 convention, writing a conservative platform and naming a conservative candidate.

Washington, watching this development with interest, has virtually reached the conclusion that this is the major battle-front, rather than anything involving the Republican party. And one of the strong possibilities is that this group of conservatives will be so strong by 1940 that the only way the New Deal can stop the hands of the clock from being turned backward, as it views the situation, is to nominate Roosevelt again. The theory here, of course, is that the conservatives might be able to beat any one else, but could not beat F. D. R. himself.

Then There's Tin

There are whispers that there will be something about tin in the British-American trade agreement now being negotiated. The point here would be to protect American consumers against exorbitant prices, rather than to protect American producers, or open the door to more trade. In fact, it is a type of defensive international trading which so far has not entered into any of the reciprocal trade agreements.

The United States produces no tin. It is one of a very small group of very important metals which this country, bountifully blessed as it is in most natural resources, does not possess. Control of the world's supply of tin is very tightly held, and Britain is big in the combination.

This combination, by the way, operates very much like a cross between a European cartel and a Wallace farm program. There is an international committee, which not only fixes the price of tin, but assigns quotas to the producing areas which they may not exceed. So far it has been eminently successful, unlike most of the world's attempts to control international production of any essential commodity.

This does not mean that the control is firm enough to prevent fluctuations. Perhaps it would be, but the international committee has made no attempt to be as rigid as that. For instance, the price of tin per pound last January was between 50 and 60 cents. By March it had soared up to nearly 70 cents. As this is written, the price is 42 cents.

Supply and Demand

This proves that the international committee has an eye to supply and demand, not to mention consumer resistance, in dictating the price of tin. During this same period the price of most metals had fluctuated on much the same type of curve, though a little more violently. In January, copper was 12 cents. In March, it reached 17 cents. As this is written it is 10 1/2 cents.

That 17 cents price in March did not give the American producers much comfort. As a matter of fact, in January, thinking 12 cents was a fine price, they made contracts running over long periods. So actually there was very little copper sold at 17 cents. The price was merely marked up following a spurt in the London market. Incidentally recent reductions in price have not stimulated sales. On the day the red metal was marked down to 10 1/2 cents, for example, only a few hundred tons were sold, and these, ironically enough, not by the company that initiated the cut.

But a price for tin of 55 cents, or even 42 cents, seems pretty high when it is taken into consideration that families of less than medium income probably use more canned goods than do the wealthy. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.



Alan Le May Copyright by Alan Le May

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"You still think the killer's horse was here in the 94 layout after the killing, like old Rock seemed to think?"

Old Man Coffee's answer was a grunt; it might have meant one thing or the other. "You're stalled, son. You got no lead."

"Sure we've got a lead." "And where is that?" "Just a minute ago we were talking about the peculiar way Bob Flagg kind of eased into the Red Rock, coming in through the back way, bumming it in a cattle crate."

Old Man Coffee did not reply. Out by the corrals a hound moaned in its chest; the dog called old Rock awoke by Coffee's feet, raised its head to listen, then blew out a long breath and went back to sleep again.

"Coffee—I'm thinking now that when we find out how Bob Flagg came by that fore-knowledge, we'll have caught our man."

With an impatient movement Old Man Coffee knocked out his pipe again. "You want to know what I think? I think, 'Oh, hell!' You better go on to bed."

Obviously Old Man Coffee was tired of arguing. Wheeler had been trying to lead the old man out, and it had got him nowhere. He rose slowly and stretched. "Guess you're right. Seems like you might need some sleep, too."

"Sleep all the way from Pahrana-gat, on the top of my mule. I'll get plenty rest sitting right here with my pipe." He added irascibly, "Or I will if the everlasting talky-talk dies up."

"Looks like it might slack off some," Wheeler grinned. He went in, fumbled his way through the dark house to his room, flung his gun belt on the floor, and lighted his lamp.

the Red Rock country, he was somewhat not surprised as Marian now came and joined him here. To think about any phase of this killing case, or of the imminent ruin of Horse Dunn's cow kingdom, was to think about her. After all, the 94 was her brand and her future was inter-laced with its future. So now as he looked up at the sound of her light quick step it seemed a natural, somehow expected thing to see her standing there in his door.

"This is a lonely night," she said. "Nothing anywhere in this night intends to sleep."

"I guess that's so. But it's near morning now." Without high heels and with her hair light and loose about her shoulders she should have looked smaller, but she did not. He thought he had never seen her so slimly tall, so gravely steady.

Perhaps that was partly the effect of what she wore. Because he had never seen her dressed as she was now, he had a sudden sense of how little he knew her, after all; just as he did not know what she wore when she slept, how could he know what went on in her mind when she was alone—or ever?

She was wearing pajamas, but their black silk was cut like a Russian smock, with a high collar of soft black silk about her throat, and close cuffs at her wrists, so that standing against the dark she was all a part of the dark, except for the bright ivory of her face and hands and the loose shimmer of her hair.

About this costume, which was strange to him, there was a barbaric dignity, as if it were not something to sleep in at all, but the ceremonial dress of some forgotten priestess. It was strange to see this vision here, standing beside a spare saddle that had been flung on the floor under a tangle of bridles on a wooden peg. Everything around her was cow country, but she—she was something else, something lovely from beyond the hills—a daughter of two worlds.

She came and sat beside him on the bunk. "Did you find out anything more from Old Man Coffee? I thought you'd get more out of him if I left you alone."

"Not very much. Old Man Coffee's been a disappointment to me in a way. Sometimes I think he doesn't know anything about it."

"I wonder." "Marian, what are you going to do?" "What is there for me to do? One of two things—stay here or go to Inspiration to be near Horse. Of course, he ought to be out of there in a few days."

"I wouldn't count on that, Marian. They can't make a case against him—not even the beginnings of a case. They know that. But what they want to do—and can do—is to tie up the 94 finances by making the case look as ugly as possible. They'll point out that Dunn was the main one who would be expecting Flagg there; and probably make Flagg's share of the money the motive. Of course that's ridiculous. But for their purpose, all they need to do is to raise the question and then cause a delay in clearing it up."

away. "I'm through with hovering on the outskirts of my own life." For a moment he wondered what provision he could make for her safety here. He no longer doubted that what she determined to do she would do, and could not be dissuaded from. He thought of consigning her safety to Old Man Coffee, or to the cowboys now searching the hills for her; but he was deeply concerned.

"Sometimes I think," Marian said, "that the answer to everything is to be found right here—here at the 94—and no place else."

He nodded moodily. "A man ought to be able to figure it out, if he was smart." "There isn't anything more you could follow up, here? When time is so important—"

"There's one lone, slim possibility," he said. "In heaven's name, what is it?" "There's one thing in this case that I can't swallow. It stands out above everything else—one unbelievable thing that couldn't possibly happen. I'm thinking of those two shots that have been thrown at—"

She was silent, and after a moment or two he went on. "Somehow those shots at you are mixed up with these other shootings; it would be too big a coincidence if the shots at you and the killing of the men were separate, yet happening at the same time."

"I can see that, all right." "But the shots at you eliminate nearly every suspect we have. Take Val Douglas. He hasn't proved very dependable, Marian. He's been caught in lies as to where he was. Even just now, when he was sent to Pahrana-gat to check up Bob Flagg, it seems from what Coffee says that he didn't even go near there. Sometimes I've suspected Val. Even if he didn't kill Flagg to rob him, still he might have killed him by mistake, thinking it was somebody else. But one thing is certainly plain—Val Douglas would never fire on you."

"No," Marian said, "Val could never do that." "Or take Link Bender—a hard, bitter, violent man. Once he was boss of all this range, until Horse Dunn took hold. Link Bender might go to any length to put down the 94. But he controls this kid sheriff, and through the sheriff he's bearing down on the 94 through this killing; and he's getting away with it. His whole way of attack is orderly and thoughtful. He wouldn't try any such crazy thing as shooting a girl."

"It's pretty hard to see in what way I could stand between Link Bender and his plans." "The same thing applies to Pinto Halliday; he's a shifty crook, but he isn't crazy. Sam Caldwell is another that it doesn't fit in with."

"The thing just won't fit together, will it?" "Marian, it's in my mind that I know who killed Bob Flagg."

"Billy? If you know that—"

"There's one man in that Inspiration crowd that is too savage bitter to wait for Link Bender's plan to pan out. That man is Rufe Deane. Rufe Deane blames Horse for the death of his son, years ago."

"Yes," Marian said, "I've thought of him." "Rufe Deane tried to raise a mob in Inspiration to see that the 94 people never got away from there. If he had started in time, there'd have been a lynching before mid-night. He threw down his deputy's badge because he thought the sheriff was going too easy with Horse. And when you testified for me at the hearing—Rufe Deane was looking at you like a wolf waiting. Marian, I believe Rufe Deane is one man that's crazy enough and bitter

enough to try to kill you—to get back at Horse for the death of young Deane." "Billy, if you're right—if you can prove that—"

"That's just the trouble. Suppose I'm right—Rufe Deane did it. We're no better off than we were in the beginning. You see, Marian, there's two parts to these killing cases. One thing is to find out who did it and why. The other thing is to prove it and get a conviction. I haven't one single thing to show against Rufe Deane; and until I can show evidence, it won't matter how sure I may be in my mind."

When he looked at her it was past his power to imagine how Rufe Deane or anyone else could ever look down the sights of a gun at Marian Dunn; she was so gently and sweetly made, so precious in his eyes. He didn't believe in Horse Dunn's creed of gun justice, for he thought that the use of violence outside the law was a costly thing, defeating its own purposes in the end. But he knew that if ever he faced Rufe Deane with anything like a decent proof in his hands, he would destroy the killer as he would destroy a sidewinder or a vinegaroon.

"I'll never be able to believe in God's world that anyone would set out to hurt you," he said. "Yet—somebody has tried. What naturally comes to mind is that somebody, some enemy of Horse Dunn, has gone out of his head. But—hard as it is to believe, there is one other possibility we have to take account of—that without knowing it you've heard something, or seen something, which would give away the Short Creek killer—if you remembered it, and recognized it for what it was."

She said, "I've thought of that." "Marian, if you can remember seeing anything—a rider in the distance—some horse coming home at a strange time—one of the guns missing from its rack here in the house—even an empty shell that you thought nothing of—that one thing might give us the answer!"

"I've racked my brain over and over; but I can't think of anything, Billy." "Not even a chance word, overheard somewhere—"

She shook her head. "Billy, I just can't remember anything that would answer the purpose at all." She pressed her palms against her eyes for a moment; then lifted her head sharply, shaking out her loose hair. "It's no use. This isn't the first time I've tried to remember; I've been trying hard for two days."

"I thought it would most likely be hopeless," he admitted. "I'll have to go to Flagstaff." "I know. I've seen that coming. I'm ready to stay here alone; with you or my uncle, I mean."

"Marian, if I could get you to pull out of here, until this is over—"

"This is my outfit, Billy. It shouldn't be my outfit; it should be my mother's, or Horse Dunn's. But nothing can make Horse see that. And I see now that if you're going to run rattle on a big scale out in this country, you sometimes have to be willing to fight for your range."

He stared at her, marveling. The girl who was talking to him now was not the girl he had known two years ago; she was not even the girl he had known at the beginning of the week. It was as if some false outer cloak of ideas and habits, put upon her by her mother's seabor world, had suddenly fallen away, leaving her revealed as what she was—a daughter of the dry lands. Under the pressure of the dark days and quiet nights since the killing of Bob Flagg she had come nearer to him, becoming one of his people.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

THE best motion picture of years, according to the figures on the cash registers, is "Nothing Sacred." This mad and merry story through which Carole Lombard and Fredric March scramble draws such crowds to theaters wherever it plays that engagements are being extended even in smaller towns where two-day showings are the usual rule. In big cities, it looks as if "Nothing Sacred" had settled down to spend the whole winter.

Carole plays the role of a village beauty who comes into national prominence when a doctor says that she has radium poisoning and will live but briefly. They soon find that he was mistaken, but in the meantime a metropolitan newspaper has assigned one of their reporters, Fredric March, to fill her last days with enough excitement to act as a circulation builder for the paper. Hilariously the picture pokes fun at newspapers, doctors, night clubs, publicity seekers, and the gullible public.

New combinations of stars have proven so popular at the box office that Hollywood producers are vying with each other thinking up extravagant star-studded casts for their new pictures. Columbia is going to have Grace Moore share top billing with Edith Fellows, whose singing in "Little Miss Roughneck" is a thrilling surprise. Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray are going to be teamed in "Harmony for Three."

Jack Benny is going to abandon musicals for once to appear opposite glamor-girl Francisca Gaal in "Never Say Die."

Before starting his picture for Warner Brothers, Rudy Vallee rushed back to New York for a night club engagement. Popular as ever, if not more so, he drew such crowds that hundreds were turned away. One old friend who managed to get a ringside table was Frances Langford. Called to the stage to be introduced to the crowd, Frances told, with tears streaming unashamedly down her cheeks, how much it meant to her to have Rudy Vallee send for her a few years ago to sing on his program.

Gonzaga university certainly started something when it awarded Bing Crosby a doctor's degree in music. Now Northwestern university's going to bestow the honorary degree of "Doctor of Innucendo and Snappy Comeback" on Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen, Charlie's mentor, worked his way through college at this same Northwestern by presenting Charlie in shows.

Leopold Stokowski is slated to receive various honorary awards for advancing the cause of classical music on the screen in "One Hundred Men and a Girl." But Stokowski believes that Mickey Mouse can do even more to popularize great music. He has offered to arrange and direct the score of "Sorcerer's Apprentice" for Mickey. Don't be surprised if it is advertised as "One Hundred Men and a Mouse."

Bette Davis is going to school two hours a day to learn just the right Southern accent for "Jezebel" and Professor Dalton Reymond, formerly of Louisiana State university reports that she is progressing wonderfully. Incidentally, one of the very small roles in this picture is played by Henry O'Neill who knew Bette Davis and Henry Fonda, co-stars, nine years ago when they were all with the Cape Cod Playhouse. O'Neill was the star then. Fonda painted scenery and Bette was an usher.

ODDS AND ENDS—"Three on a Match," the picture that launched Joan Blondell, Bette Davis and Ann Dvorak toward stardom will be re-cut featuring Warner Brothers' newest discoveries, Lana Turner, Gloria Dickson and Mary Maguire. The bearded outlines in "Robin Hood" had to clank tankards of root beer instead of ale the script called for, because Bidwell Park, where the scenes were filmed, was endowed by a prohibitionist. Jean Hersholt's scripts for "Dr. Christian" are rapidly becoming treasured items of collectors. The veteran screen star, graduate of the Copenhagen Arts school, covers the margins with sketches during rehearsal. Spencer Bentley played both Betty and Bob on a recent broadcast when Betty Keller fainted just before broadcast time. Early in his stage career, he did a female impersonation act, so he wasn't nervous.

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Most of the World's Mercury Is From Almaden, Little Town in Central Spain

Since the Fifteenth century a little town in central Spain, Almaden, in Arabic simply "The Mine," has supplied most of the world with mercury, the metal which is liquid at ordinary temperatures and which dissolves other metals. It is needed in obtaining gold and silver from their ores, in scientific and manufacturing processes and in pharmacy.

California and Oregon, Texas and Nevada are intermittent producers of mercury. New Almaden, Calif., mines half of what is produced in the United States, these mines having been established about seventy-five years. Southern Austria and Italy also have some mercury ores but the Spanish rock is far richer, containing about 13 per cent compared with barley 1 per cent, says the Milwaukee Journal.

The chief ore of mercury is mercuric sulfide, commonly called cinnabar and originally the source of the red pigment called vermilion. This the women of ancient Rome used for rouge. The Roman town, Sisapo, was in the neighborhood of Almaden.

E. E. Kisch, a writer for Gegen-Angriff, the Paris weekly of the German exiles, visited Almaden some time ago and reported that mercury necrosis, anemia and other occupational diseases had made alarming inroads on the workers, who, even in youth, were mostly pale, lean, toothless and lacking in energy. At one time it was the custom to give exemption from military service to those who would serve two years as miners in Almaden.

"To Spain, Almaden is far more than a gold mine," he wrote, "for it has always been the world's source of mercury." Abderrahman III, the caliph of Cordoba, had the famous moonlight fountain made for his favorite wife, the moonlight being mercury. The knights of the Middle ages got rid of vermin with the aid of mercury. The 'gold makers' of the Middle ages used mercury for their tricks. Physicians in those days prescribed mercury for any digestive trouble. "For centuries thermometers and barometers have been made with the aid of mercury. Rabbit skins are prepared with mercury before they are turned into felt hats. Many dyes can be made only with mercury."

Early Veterinarians Ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome had veterinarians. But then they concerned themselves with horses, the only animals deemed valuable enough to merit medical care. Most important to the ancients were their armies, and horses composed a big part of their armies. The first college for veterinarians was established in France in 1761; in America almost a century later. Then came the machine age, and horses lost their value. Veterinarians became fewer and fewer. But the recent increase of valued pet dogs and cats saved the profession. Veterinarians have their own medical association, and must study three or four years in a recognized college to become members. Student "vets" study of domestic animals, but often specialise in one, or even one breed of dogs.



Bette Davis



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"The Cooky Lady" and
Tim's Christmas Letter
 PATSY liked to take her doll out
 in the sunny kitchen and watch
 Ann, the cook, roll out the
 cooky dough and cut round moons;
 then put them in a long pan ready
 for the oven. When they came out
 all smelly and warm Ann would put
 some on a paper plate for Patsy
 to eat. Ann had the nicest dimples
 when she smiled, and Patsy would
 smile right back at her and say:
 "Thank you, Cooky lady."
 Sometimes there were brown
 cookies and fruities, too, but the
 red and green candied ones that
 Ann made for Christmas were the
 very best of all. Patsy adored Ann.
 Through the seven short years of
 her life she had been her constant
 companion. Mother was just the
 lovely lady who was always busy
 with her clubs and going places,
 and Daddy was too busy at the
 office to be bothered much; but there
 was always Ann.
 Patsy liked the nice postman,
 Tim, who came to see Ann and
 sometimes they all went to the
 movies together. Tim could play
 "pretend" almost as good as Ann.
 But once she heard him call Ann
 "his best girl, and say: "Some day
 you're going to cook for me." After
 that she did not like him so well.
 Things seemed all wrong, and Santa
 hadn't answered her letter, and it
 was only two days till Christmas.
 She had said: "Please write soon,"
 and that had been days ago. He
 must help quick, or it would be too
 late. Several times a day she would
 go to the mailbox and stare on tip-
 toe to look in for fear her letter had
 been overlooked.
 "Here, Tim," said one of the of-
 fice clerks, "is another of the kid
 letters to Santa Claus; guess this
 one's up to you." Printed in a
 childish scrawl on the envelope, Tim
 read: "Santa Claus, care of Tim."
 He drew out the folded paper. It
 read: "Dear Santa, please bring
 Tim another best girl cause Ann has
 to cook for us."
 "Your friend, Patsy Reynolds."
 Tim stared, then chuckled: "San-
 ta, old boy, you're up against it
 this time."—Joelle Webb Pearson.
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"WITH Christmas drawing
 near, why can't we get
 together and make
 plans—" Robert Dutton read no
 further. With calm deliberation, he
 put the heavily scrawled letter back
 into its envelope.
 "Always the impractical Hal," he
 said slowly. "No wonder he never
 gets anywhere."
 A list of appointments waited up
 on his desk. Visits from two of
 the most important men in town;
 a delegation about a right-of-way
 through a tract of land he had just
 purchased; a reminder of a talk he
 had promised to make at a lunch-
 con. Important things, he thought,
 things Hal would never be called
 upon to do.
 Hastily he went through his mail.
 A square envelope in a familiar
 hand caught his eye. He opened it
 a little curiously. What could Miss
 Denby be writing him about? His
 long fingers drew out an artistic
 Christmas card. A conservative
 wish and an old Christmas carol
 printed in English letters. That was
 all, except the signature, "Eleanor
 Denby."
 A flush stained his face, an un-
 definable something sent the blood
 singing through his veins. "Elean-
 or," he said softly; "a beautiful
 name; how queer that I never heard
 it before."
 Then, as if resenting his weak-
 ness and sentiment, he dug into his
 mail again. But try as he would,
 he could not concentrate on the
 things that had meant every-
 thing to him before. Something
 had happened to Robert Dutton; a
 Christmas greeting from a secre-
 tary whom he had scarcely noticed
 left him visibly unsettled.
 Christmas memories surged
 through his heart. He was back in
 the old home again. Everybody was
 rushing around in circles. He saw
 the big tree in the corner of the
 parlor; the kitchen table piled high
 with good things to eat. And Mother
 and Dad, with happiness beam-
 ing upon their faces.
 He picked up Hal's letter again.
 After all, maybe his kid brother
 wasn't so crazy? The thought was
 pushing through his mind that may-
 be it was he who lacked real sense.



"We're Going to Forget Business
for Today," He Said.
 This time he read the letter in a
 different mood. "Let's give Dad and
 Mother the surprise of their lives.
 Let's go down and make one grand
 Christmas for them. You can turn
 everything over to someone else for
 a week—anyone can handle things
 like that—there's nothing personal
 or precious about them."
 "Nothing personal or precious
 about them!" He turned the words
 over in his mind. Hal was right.
 Someone else could handle the
 things that had seemed so terribly
 important. A few hours of confu-
 sion, perhaps; then things would go
 on as before. The world would for-
 get him in a day.
 His fingers reached for the pen
 upon his desk. "Dear Hal," he
 began, "I heartily agree with your
 proposal that we get together and
 make plans to give Dad and Mother
 the biggest surprise and the grand-
 est Christmas ever—" He was smil-
 ing broadly, almost laughing aloud,
 as he finished the letter with a
 flourish.
 Five minutes later Miss Denby
 entered his private office to find a
 new Robert Dutton. She almost
 dropped her book in surprise at
 the expression upon his face, and
 the new way in which he greeted
 her.
 "I'm ready to begin, Mr. Dutton,"
 she began nervously, when he
 made no motion to start the routine
 of the day.
 "We're going to forget business
 for today, Miss Denby, and go
 Christmas shopping, that is, if you
 want to help me out." He fumbled
 with his tie as he spoke, noticing
 for the first time the soft curving
 of her white neck. "Your Christ-
 mas card," he went on "wrought
 some miracle. I've found out that
 business and making money isn't
 everything in life. They're both fine
 in their way, but there are other
 things, too; precious things that I've
 been overlooking." He came closer
 to her side and looked hard into her
 eyes. "For instance, going shop-
 ping with a good-looking and ador-
 able secretary."
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Red Cross Roll Call

The following is a partial list of
 Callahan county people who con-
 tributed to the Red Cross Fund on
 the Annual roll call drive.
 Hugh Ross, Dr. W. V. Ramsey,
 B. C. Chrisman, Olaf Hollings-
 head, Lee Bauleh (Clyde), Mrs.
 Will McCoy, Vernon King, Mrs.
 S. E. Settle, Mrs. Sam Gilliland,
 Borah Brame, A. L. Cook, Mrs.
 R. C. Corn, Robert Edwards, R.
 L. Allen, King & Irwin Co., J. F.
 Vaughn, Mrs. L. O. Meadows,
 Earl Johnson Motor Co., West
 Texas Utilities Co., Bearden Serv-
 ice Sta., P. C. Brooks, Blue Ar-
 row, Sam Gilliland, Roy Cutbirth,
 C. R. Nordyke, Ed Alexander,
 F. A. White, C. W. Coats, C. W.
 Sutphen, Rupert Jackson, Irma
 Dell Mitchell, J. A. Meadows,
 Irwin Corn, Brice Jones, R. F.
 Mayfield, Ben Halsted, W. O.
 Wylie, W. O. Wylie, Jr., Mrs. Ace
 Hickman, J. S. McNight, Miss
 Clara Brown, Judge Long, Mrs.
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 Mrs. B. T. Boydston, Joe Alex-
 ander, Leota Alexander, A. B.
 Hutchinson, Mrs. Gertie Sprawls,
 Mrs. Rylee, Dr. Carrol McGow-
 en, W. H. Curtis, City Pharmacy,
 E. Cooke, William's Tailor Shop,
 I. A. Alphin, Jack Flores, E. M.
 Wristen, O. C. Yarborough, Dr.
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 Glover, G. H. Corn, Mayor
 Schwartz, S. S. Harville (Oplin),
 T. E. Powell, Miss Eliza Gil-
 liland, Otis Bowyer, Billy Ray,
 Homer Driskill, Mrs. Homer Dis-
 kill, Ben Russell, W. B. Jones,
 J. F. Houston, W. L. Bowls, T.
 L. McElroy, Mrs. T. L. McElroy,
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 F. Jones, Stafford Alexander,
 Howard Farmer, Bob Norrell,
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 Cliff Johnson, W. D. Boydston,
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 H. K. King, Mrs. Houston, Bob
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 Co., Felix Mitchell, Mrs. M. A.
 McDonald, Jack Ashlock, Mrs. M.
 D. Heist, Ted Lamar, Mrs. Ted
 Lamar, T. B. Emmons, J. A.
 Florence, J. A. Mills, Mrs. J. A.
 Mills, F. E. Stanley, L. G. Barn-
 hill, V. L. Chatham, W. L. Ray,
 Harold Ray, Miss John Gilliland,
 Mrs. Haynie Gilliland, Mrs. Elvira
 Smith, L. L. Blackburn, Ace Hick-
 man, Reeves Hickman, Mrs. R.
 F. Edwards, Tom French, Mrs.
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 J. H. Terrell, Mrs. B. L. Russell,

Mrs. C. C. Andrews, Mrs. R. B.
 Ray, Mrs. Woodfin Ray, Mrs. Nat
 Williams, Mrs. W. I. Capps, Tues-
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 L. Russell, Bonnie Thompson, L.
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 sleigh, Mrs. Naomi Lidia, Dr. Cock-
 rell, Mrs. Frank Bearden.
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 Boatwright, Catherine Buster,
 Bessie Pearce, Isadore Grimes,
 Dorothy Ward, Bessie Short,
 Everett Jones, 4th Grade Room,
 Alvin Hargis, Mrs. J. C. Durnell,
 Hugh Smith, Mrs. H. F. Foy,
 Billy Hollinshead, Mrs. C. H.
 Siadous, Eliska Gilliland, Ques-
 tion Club.
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 terly, Mrs. Wm. A. Fetterly, Mrs.
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 Tunnell, Bond Bros, C. F. Hemp-
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 Nichols, Martin Neeb, Willis
 Brown, Jessie McAdams, Geo.
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 win Neeb, Jr., Jack Scott, W. S.
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 Bayou school report a total of
 \$12.00 to the Red Cross Fund.
 Donators to this fund were: H.
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This thoroughly equipped plant, attractive offices and spacious fitting rooms are an interesting and educational study in modern methods of human rehabilitation. The public in general is cordially invited to visit the plant.

CEDARS OF LEBANON

Among the world's oldest Christmas trees are those which stand within the nascent Republic of Lebanon, in Syria, authorized by a recent Franco-Lebanese treaty. An abrupt 6,000 feet above the Mediterranean, on a shelflike plateau, the impressive little colony of 400 trees are descendants of the famous Cedars of Lebanon, so often mentioned in the Bible. The wood used in building King Solomon's temple was hewn from the cedar forests of Lebanon.

Both Moslems and Maronite Christians are forbidden by religion and law from marring the cedars which were venerated as monarchs among trees even before Judah had her first king.

Bark of the trees is coarse and rough, reddish brown, frosted with whitish hoar. The wood, which grows reddish to yellow at the center, is extremely hard, close-grained, fragrant and capable of high polish, which made it prized by ancients for carved images. Some of the trees attain a height of 50 to 80 feet, and are very large in diameter at the girth.

There are twelve especially famous members of the tree colony, each with a distinctive personality. The oldest of all—which may have more than 1,500 or 1,000 years to its credit—is "the Guardian." It knows no enemy but lightning. Another, "the Seven-Branched Candlestick," looks just that, with a cluster of trunks rising up from a low main one. In the hollow of another tree a hermit lived for sixteen years.

The venerable cedars still "bring forth fruit in their old age," bearing fragrant cones which take two years to mature to their three or four-inch length, exuding resin from their twigs.

There is gladness in the carol. And radiance in the light. And a spray of cypress twining With the holly wreath to-night.

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Holly from Texas Forests

By **DON HOLLIS**
P. O. Box 741, Tyler, Texas.

HOLLY, for ages a traditional symbol of the Yuletide season, threatens to pass into the limbo of forgotten things unless drastic conservation measures are undertaken. This is the warning sounded by East Texas nurserymen and garden club women who are attempting to check the annual pillaging of East Texas forests at this time of the year. The objective of these two groups is not to discourage the use of holly for Christmas decoration but to assure an ample supply for the generations to come.

When holly trees were more plentiful throughout East Texas they were widely used for Christmas trees instead of the conventional pines or cedars. But hundreds of club women, alarmed at the dwindling supply, have forsworn the practice and have asked others to do likewise.

A few nurserymen have begun the cultivation of holly commercially, hoping to place the industry on a more stable basis so that market needs will not depend on roadside vandalism for its source of supply. The State Highway Department is doing its part by setting out holly plants in areas where they grow best.

Romantic History

Holly has a romantic and colorful history, and its use for Christmas decoration dates back almost to antiquity. The ancient Teutons festooned the interior of their dwellings with evergreens during the bleak winter months to furnish a refuge for sylvan spirits. The modern use of holly wreaths during the Yule season probably is a survival of this custom.

Superstitions and legends dealing with the use of holly abound. In some parts of England it is deemed unlucky to bring holly into the home before Christmas Eve. There's another superstitious belief that the type of holly used for decorations indicates whether the man or woman is master of the house. If the leaves are smooth the woman dominates. If they are rough, it is the man.

There are about 180 varieties of holly, twelve of which are native to North America. Holly thrives in wet, sandy soil and may be found in this country from Massachusetts south to Florida and westward to East Texas. It grows in the Mississippi Valley as far north as Missouri and Indiana.

In East Texas holly attains its fullest growth in the area around Lufkin, Beaumont and Houston. Though it is

sold extensively on the streets and in groceries and department stores, the industry has never been organized. In many instances farms and forests are raided for the supply and promiscuous cutting of branches often results in hopeless mutilation of the parent tree and the shortening of its life, or in some cases, its complete destruction.

Used in Indian Ceremonial Dances

Experience has shown that a full-grown holly tree through intelligent trimming will yield 300 to 400 pounds of decorative branches and twigs annually and still remain healthy. Garden club women, in advocating this practice, say that "proper trimming improves the tree and makes for better foliage and a more perfect shape."

One of the several varieties of holly in East Texas, though not the predominant variety, is the *Ilex vomitoria*, which figured in the ceremonial dances of the early Cherokee Indians in this section. As the name suggests, the bark of the *Ilex vomitoria*, when chewed, has the effect of an emetic. The Cherokees made use of this medicinal property to purge their stomachs of impurities as part of tribal rites. *Ilex vomitoria* is native to East Texas and States bordering on the East.

It takes about 25 years for East Texas holly trees to reach maturity. In height, the matured tree ranges from 20 to 35 feet, though occasionally trees are 50 feet high. They are easily killed by fire which has been a contributing factor to the scarcity of holly. Most of the holly in East Texas today has grown from the old stumps.

Planting Holly Trees in Yards

The custom of planting holly trees in yards is increasing in popularity in East Texas. The accepted method is to take a small tree that has its own root system and transplant it with a generous portion of the original dirt, augmented by moss from a creek bed. Plenty of water is necessary. Few young trees will survive if transplanted while they are less than four years old.

Though holly may be propagated by means of seeds which normally do not germinate until their second year, the common practice among nurserymen is either grafting or planting the cuttings of mature summer shoots. The suggested practice of keeping the cuttings, packed in sand and moss, stored in an ice box for three months prior to planting is still in the experimental stage.



An East Texas holly tree, estimated to be over 50 years old. It is 35 feet high and 2 1/2 feet in diameter.

Toyland Has Gone Modern

SANTA Claus is on his tiptoes in these modern days of modern children to keep pace with the march of time. The jolly old fellow must long for the days when he knew that dolls and sleds and toys and picture books in his factories could be made in much the same fashion as they had been for years.

All that has changed now. Santa Claus spends much of his time between Christmas season studying modern inventions, science and current events, and, most of all, the youth problem as presented in the twentieth century.

Mrs. Santa Claus, too, must sometimes long for the comfortable old days of pinafores and muslin underwear as she croons over the fashion plates and studies the motion picture magazines for ideas that will meet the demands of today's children.

Mr. and Mrs. St. Nicholas no longer reign supreme as King and Queen of Toyland. They have a ministry composed of civil and electrical engineers, chemists and psychologists, artists and designers, educators and literary folk. They carry on the serious business of designing and inventing toys and dolls and books and other holiday gifts for the children of this and other lands according to the best modern thought as to what will give pleasure and what will be valuable in the development of the children. The good old Kris

Kringle and his wife, therefore are simply symbols in a highly organized and scientific world of the old-time "Christmas spirit."

Sign of the Times

It is a sign of the times that modern boys and girls who are to be "surprised" on Christmas morning because Santa Claus has visited their home have an important place in the army of those who influence Santa Claus' choice of toys.

The toys that boys and girls want today are decidedly a reflection of what is going in the world about them. George Washington's father gave him a hatchet, so the story goes, as a gift and doubtless at the moment of his birth. Today children give earnest attention to toys that run by electricity, and radios with real batteries in them. Dolls and such playthings must reflect not only the fashion, but the passing show as well.

"Toys that go" interest fathers as much if not more than children. The corps of Christmas toy designers must remember that father, who does much of the buying for Christmas must be pleased, too. A toy that lacks the ordinary every-day scientific and inventive features known to man and boy alike is apt to be a failure in many American households.

(Continued on page 6, column 4)



DO YOU WANT TO BE AN EXPERT "MAKIN'S" ROLLER?

READ BELOW:

IT'S a cinch to roll up smooth, firm, easy-drawing "makin's" smokes—when you've got the right tobacco. That means a tobacco specially "crimp cut" so it doesn't spill out, blow all over, or bunch up. Ask for Prince Albert. It sure does roll up fast and pretty. Burns slow, cool—and stays lit. "Mildest, yet tastiest tobacco I ever smoked," is what you'll say, in the bargain. Stop and get a tin of Prince Albert today. If not delighted—your money back!

P.A. IS THE EASIEST, NEATEST ROLLIN' TOBACCO I EVER TWIRLED UP. BESIDES, PRINCE ALBERT DRAWS RIGHT—AND TASTES RIGHT



AT THE COUNTY FAIR—"If you're handing out blue ribbons, 'P.W.,' laughs Fred Miller (center), 'give first prize to Prince Albert for smooth, mellow smokin'." "Say," F. W. Powers (left), comes back, "P.A.'s already got first prize from roll-your-owners for cool, easy-drawin' smokin'." (And that goes for pipes too!)

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

"CHRISTMAS TREE LANE"

It was to combat the waste of nature's bounty that the idea of the living Christmas tree was conceived, the first lighted, living tree being, according to report, at Altadena, Calif., along a mile-long stretch of street now called Christmas Tree Lane. These trees are the graceful Himalaya cedars known as Deodars, or Trees of God. They are hung with thousands of colored electric lights, the illumination beginning on Christmas Eve and lasting through New Year's night, with an accompaniment of community singing.

From this Christmas Tree Lane the lovely plan of having outdoor, living, lighted Christmas trees has spread well over the land. The first garden club of national importance to take up this idea in whole-hearted fashion was that of Des Moines, Iowa. That city has come to be known as the Christmas Tree City, with lighted trees on virtually every lawn. The supreme beauty of such lighted, living trees outdoors lies in the fact that they are not merely for the pleasure of the few but for the enjoyment of every passer-by.

This custom of lighting growing trees has spread until now in every town from coast to coast gayly colored trees blazon a Christmas message.

WATER JUMPER

Salmon fishermen of the Columbia river are worried. The huge Bonneville Dam is nearly finished and they wonder what effect it will have on the salmon that annually swarm up river to lay eggs in cool mountain streams.

Great as is the salmon's leaping power, it cannot possibly hurdle the dam, so the government has constructed "ladders" around the work. They are simply series of small waterfalls, up which the salmon can jump to reach the water above the dam. But the fishermen speculate on whether the fish will "take" to ladders.

Most experts believe they will, for the egg-laying urge that sends the fish upstream is almost all-conquering.

A salmon runs the gamut of human enemies, birds, larger fish. It bends its supple body and leaps up waterfalls as high as 8 feet.

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS

Christmas is a day for those who keep the high law of personal honor, humbleness, goodness, love and service. It means nothing to those outside this pale. But it brings holy hours to those millions of homes where trees stand trimmed, where small children rush and shout, or older children are putting young, strong arms about mother and daddy to thank them for love and gifts—those homes where long and busy days and responsibility do not leave much time for demonstrable affection, yet where love abideth always—Kathleen Norris.

"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the day of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem."—Matthew 2:1



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MERRIE CHRISTMAS

"God rest ye, merrie gentlemen!" Never old, ever new the salutation is resurrected as another Christmas rolls around.

It is no wonder that Christmas is universally the holiday of the year with English-speaking peoples, for its roots lie buried in antiquity. Long before the Romans brought Christianity to the British Isles, a pagan festival—the Yuletide—took place annually in the latter part of December.

It was the greatest of the pagan celebrations. It was held in honor of the winter solstice—a time when the sun starts its return northward, bringing promise of coming spring. Sun worship, of course, was a great part of the religion of early pagan races.

When, in 597 A. D., Gregory the Great sent Augustine as the first missionary to the British Isles, he wisely cautioned him not to destroy the temples or customs of the people—but to change them into Christian churches and celebrations. So it was that the traditional Yule-log burning, the feasting and revelry, became associated with the birth of Christ, and the holiday took the name of "Christes Masse," which eventually became our familiar "Christmas."

GOLD FROM THE SEA

Once again an attempt will be made to obtain the riches in the steamer Merida, resting on the bottom of the Atlantic off Virginia. Six times, since the vessel was rammed and sunk in 1911, salvagers have tried to recover its wealth of silver, copper and jewels. When winter breaks the seventh effort will begin. Though the Merida holds

treasure galore, its salvagers will be shooting at even bigger game. For their efforts will be a "dress rehearsal" for another onslaught on the Lusitania, giant liner torpedoed off Ireland during the World War.

The Merida and Lusitania are about the last of the famed "treasure ships" which still resist attempts by divers to reclaim their wealth. Both present the same obstacles—they lie in positions exposed to the worst weather the ocean holds.

One of the best-known of all submerged ships, the Egypt, gave up its gold five years ago. It went down off France in 1922 and 10 years later divers finally recovered most of its \$5,000,000—but at terrible expense. One ship and a dozen men were lost.

"FLY BELTS"

The fight against the dreaded tsetse fly goes steadily on in South Africa. Another area in Southern Rhodesia has just been declared "defiled" after three years of constant effort.

The flies were driven out by destroying all the big game, the blood of which furnishes the tsetse with its chief food. Wholesale destruction of game may seem a terrible weapon with which to combat anything as small as a fly, but a victory over the tsetse is worth almost any cost.

Only one thing has aided man in his war against the insect—the fact that it always stays in certain areas called "fly belts." Too long those areas have been barriers to civilization's march in Africa because the tsetse transmits the deadly sleeping sickness. But by wiping out the game in a fly belt, the tsetse may be driven out and the area made safe for colonizers.

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The Nation's Oldest and Largest Christmas Tree

By JULIA W. WOLFE

General Grant Park, California, about sixty-five miles east from Fresno and at an altitude of 6,000 feet above sea level, a host of Sequoia trees are congregated in solemn groups that has lasted through unnumbered centuries. One of these, the famous General Grant, has stood serene and aloof, through time estimated at 4,000 years. This patriarch of all living plants of earth today was selected as the nation's Christmas tree in 1925. Appropriate festivities have been enacted about its base every Christmas since.

Each December 25th draws thousands of visitors into this great cathedral of trees. The ceremony takes place at high noon. The forest reverberates with Christmas carols sung to the strains of organ music.

So large is the nation's Christmas tree that the Yuletide visitors at its massive base are dwarfed. The tree stands 266.6 feet high and is 106 feet in circumference; its greatest base diameter is slightly over forty feet. It is beautifully straight and symmetrical.

Tapering Is Gradual

The great cinnamon-colored, corrugated trunk shows little tapering to the eye. Actually the diameter at the height of 50 feet is 17.3 feet, while at 200 it is 12.4 feet.

The largest branch is a little more than 165 feet above the lowest base. It has a diameter greater than the trunk diameter of many full-grown trees of less dignity. Allowing for the swollen flare where it emerges horizontally from the trunk, the branch is 4.8 feet through.

The top of the nation's tree is broken, its crown probably taken as toll by wintry blasts in time out of memory. Lightning has wrought its destruction in Sierran forests many times; the crowns of practically all of the older generations of Sequoias have vanished.

Sequoias and Redwoods

The big trees of the high Sierra, botanically known as the Sequoia gigantea, or Giant Sequoia, are found nowhere on earth except in a few isolated patches in California. They appear in

scattered areas in the higher mountain reaches of the Sierra only. The smallest of the groves contains only 600 trees.

Of the same genus as the Sequoia sempervirens, or ever-living redwood of the Northern California coast line, the Sequoia gigantea, while not attaining the prodigious height common to the redwoods, have a far greater girth than the latter. More years are accredited the standing specimens, too.

The true age of the nation's largest and oldest Christmas Yuletide evergreen may never be known—at least not while this glorious growth remains standing. It is estimated to have been twenty centuries old when the world's first Christmas carol echoed out over Bethlehem.

It is only when a Sequoia has been felled by man or the elements that the rings of a cross-section may be counted to determine its exact age. However, enough cross-sections from representative fallen Sequoias have been magnified and their annual rings counted to insure a fairly accurate guess as to the probable age of the General Grant tree.

The General Grant Ceremony

The annual Yuletide ritual in General Grant National Park has become, since its inception, one of the most cherished ceremonies in the West. It was Charles E. Lee who originally gave the idea to California and the nation. The first ceremony, on December 25th, 1925, proved so impressive to the few present that the word spread rapidly. Now thousands annually make the Yuletide pilgrimage.

Music has been improvised and composed under this tree. The American composer, Charles Wakefield Cadman, used to carry his little folding organ through the forest aisle to the General Grant tree and at dusk play upon it, improvising melodies that seemed to catch the very soul of those great trees.

It is related that once while Cadman was playing under the giant tree he struck a melody of exceptional, haunting loveliness. One among his hearers exclaimed, "What a pity that such a melody is not a real song with words!" Cadman then began to analyze the form and rhythm and to test the range. To his surprise he found that



A famous giant Sequoia tree, 266 feet high and estimated to be 4,000 years old.

if the melody possessed words it would be a song somewhat like his already famous "At Dawning."

It happened that in his audience was Grace O. Wharton, a composer and

songwriter. Cadman appealed to her to write the song-poem for his melody then and there. She agreed and disappeared deeper into the forest. In an hour she had written, "My Gift to You." On each Christmas Day since then this song has been sung during the festive ceremony beneath the oldest Christmas tree on earth.

Toyland Has Gone Modern

(Continued from page 5)

Today little boys trundle little red wagons about the nursery floor just as their fathers and grandfathers did. But the wagons are different. Most of the time even the smallest ones are in the form of an airplane or an automobile, with loud horns. If they have no electric battery, they bear the brightly printed legend of a "1937 six-cylinder model." Even little girls like to have 15-tube radio sets in their doll houses.

A doll house aisle of a department store certainly is suggestive of a modern architect's exhibition. The small mansions, public buildings and commercial establishments, with which young America is to play, are lighted with electricity, decorated in the best fashion of our interior decorators and have all the up-to-date improvements. They bear little resemblance to the doll houses of our childhood, huge affairs made by a clever father out of a packing box and filled with furniture cut from cigar boxes, and with a hit-or-miss scheme of curtains and furniture covering, made from the family scrap box by mother and aunt.

Hospitals with real hospital rooms, operating tables, roll chairs and ambulances please the boys and girls, too, who want to study medicine or be nurses.

Some little girl is going to shout with delight on Christmas morning when she finds under the family Christmas tree a fully equipped beauty shop with chair and a "contraption of wires" hanging above for a permanent wave. There will also be heaters for a water wave, tables equipped with tiny bottles and jars marked lotions and creams, tiny combs and brushes and hair nets, and attendants in uniform and fashionable ladies sitting about awaiting their turn.

Age of Railroads Has Not Passed

The age of the railroad train has not passed in toyland. Streamline trains and intricate tracks, electrically driven engines, great tunnels and high bridges,

miniature engineering and mechanical achievements of real merit will be in many Southwestern homes on Christmas morning. Even the boys and girls whose parents have to count the pennies will have small trains which run on tracks by themselves.

In the great factories of the countries where such toys are made, corps of engineers and designers have worked more than a year perfecting the models, discarding some of the features and adding new, with as serious thought as they would give to the planning of great railroad systems. And it is a serious problem, for the observing modern child would see the faults.

Thoughts of life on the ocean waves sing in the mind of the modern boys as much as in those of the boys of other days who dreamed of sailing ships. Today replicas of the great sea liners sail proudly, electrically driven, over modernistic linoleum of the kitchen or the highly waxed floors of the hall and drawing rooms. And what would a ship be without deck tennis and electric lights that go on and off, a uniformed band on deck, swimming pools and game rooms, and a radio set where the young navigator may send out his messages and S O S signals, launch his lifeboats and become a hero.

Once upon a time America imported almost all her toys from Europe and Asia. Now we make most of our toys here and even export them. United States toy experts during the first eight months of 1937 continued to show a favorable increase over the same period of 1936, the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce reports. Total exports were valued at \$1,289,806, a gain of 31.7 per cent over the corresponding period of last year.

Rare Books

One of the world's most famous and rarest books is up for sale in London. It is a copy of the Gutenberg Bible, printed in 1454.

There are estimated to be only about 45 such volumes in the world and in 1884 one sold for \$15,000. At that time many of the books were privately owned. Today, with most of the Gutenberg Bibles permanently retired to museums and thus off the market, the price should be higher.

The Gutenberg Bible is valuable not for its scarcity alone. It is a curiosity because authorities aren't even sure Johann Gutenberg printed it. In fact, some experts claim the fifteenth century German wasn't a printer at all.

Down by the Tracks

The old American custom of train watching is staging a comeback. When railroads were forging new links across the country, crowds jammed station platforms at small towns to see "iron horses" come in. As trains became more common, the crowds dwindled. But now, streamlined trains have brought them back.

In Washington, D. C., for instance, a road running parallel to the train yard is lined with autos every Sunday afternoon as dads bring their youngsters to see the latest in locomotives. Bicyclists and rollerskaters also flock to the road.

Then, there's Cumberland, Md., a railroad center where many of the residents work for the various train lines. Yet, even there, the arrival of a sleek streamliner can be counted on to draw about 200 people.

The new locomotives also are re-awakening a forgotten boyish ambition. At one time, most youngsters aspired to be engineers or policemen. Then they wanted to be aviators. But today, says one railroad, many boys again want to be engineers.

OUR CHRISTMAS

And so we have Christmas—our Christmas, that inherits something from the lovely carol singing of the Shakers, the mistletoe of the

Druids, the Santa Claus of the Dutch, the Christmas tree of the Germans, and dolls from the Middle Ages.

"When they had heard the king, they departed, and, lo,

the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."—Matthew 2:9.

DO GOLFERS APPRECIATE CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS?



It means a lot that famous golfers like Gene Sarazen, Helen Hicks, Lawson Little, and Ralph Guldahl, agree in their preference for Camels. They have found that costlier tobaccos do place Camels in a class apart. Listen to Ralph Guldahl, National Open Champion: "I've stuck to Camels for 10 years," he says. "I smoke lots of Camels and I've never known them to jangle my nerves. That partly explains why so many golfers are loyal Camel smokers."

And not only golfers, but people in all walks of life—millions of Americans—prefer Camels day after day after day, making them the LARGEST-SELLING cigarette in America... or the world.



SALESGIRL Elsie Schumacher: "When the rush gets me 'worn out'—it's me for a Camel, and I get a quick 'lift.' Practically all of us girls in the store prefer Camels."



WATCHMAKER I. C. Gorkun says: "Camels? Say, ev'ry Camel I smoke seems to be milder and tastier than the last one. Camels don't leave me feeling 'smoked out.'"



SPORTS WRITER Stuart Cameron: "It's mighty impressive how champions agree on Camels. I'm glad as any athlete that Camels don't get on my nerves."



DRAFTSMAN B. T. Miller: "I often feel used up during long hours before the drawing board. Camels give me a 'lift' when I feel I need it. They never tire my taste."



BANK TELLER John McMahon: "I'm handling money by the thousands. Jangled nerves just don't fit in that kind of work. So it's Camels for me."



AUTO MECHANIC Al Patterson: "In the garage business you have to catch your meals on the run. Camels seem to smooth the way for good digestion."



CHIEF SIGNALMAN of N. Y. Central R. R., John Geraghty: "Speed and safety—our watchwords—call for healthy nerves. Do Camels jangle my nerves? No sir!"

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Our Boys and Girls

AUNT MARY, Editor, Route 5, Box 179-b Fort Worth, Texas.



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

DEAR FRIENDS:

My greeting this month, which brings our Lord's birthday celebration, is to tell you of the many things for which I am thankful. Won't you count your blessings along with mine?

I am thankful for health—the greatest of all blessings.

I am thankful that God has protected me through another year.

I am thankful for a home and food to eat—so many have so little.

I am thankful for the love of God, and for the love of my fellow man.

I am thankful for the beauties of nature; for knowledge and the opportunity to learn new things each day.

I am thankful that peace reigns in our country—may we keep it so!

I am thankful most of all for a God—and the right to worship according to the dictates of my heart.

—

A CHALLENGE TO OUR SPIRITS

Very early this year old man Winter came knocking at our door—blowing his icy breath with mighty gusts. His long cold fingers crept about us and chilled our very bones; yet there was something in it all that challenged our spirits.

For ages poet, sage and saint have sung the praises of those who can face adversity and trouble with shoulders squared and unafraid. You have all heard of the plant which was grown within the hot house, and how it bent and was broken when the winds came. Then there was the rugged little plant on the hillside that had grown sturdy and strong. It had sent its roots down deep into the soil. When the winds came, it had a firm hold and withstood the storm.

So are our lives. If we are sheltered and pampered, we become unable to withstand the many trials which must come to us during a lifetime. If, however, we have strong roots that go deep into faith and courage, we can meet adversities and not fail finally.

It is well for us at this season and close of the year to think on these things, so that with the coming of the new year we may be better prepared to meet whatever life has in store for us.

An exceedingly "Merry Christmas" and happiest of "New Years" is my wish to all who read this Boys and Girls' Page, or who have contributed to its success. May we count on you for another year?

Best wishes to all.

(Signed) AUNT MARY,
Route 5, Box 179-B, Fort Worth, Texas.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

Miffles Flight

Mother January was very busy in the kitchen one bleak snowy morning. Bob and Meredith had left for school, and dad had gone to the office early. The wind howled about the house, but mother and the twins were very warm. A great fire roared in the fireplace, and the kitchen stove was piping hot.

"Jane-Jerry, what are you doing?" mother called from the kitchen to the living room.

There before the fireplace, on the warm rug, sprawled two six-year-old youngsters who looked so very, very much alike. They were Jane and Jerry, the lovable twins of the January household.

"We are playing pretend, mother," Jane answered.

"Again?" came the laughing inquiry. "Where are you going today, my lad and lass?"

"We are just getting ready to call Miffles," Jerry began explaining. "We are the Prince and Princess of Fairyland, and our Queen Mother is very ill. We are going to fly away on Miffles in search of a healing medicine—something that will make her well."

"That will be fine, my dears, but do not go too far away. It is very cold and old man Winter will be snapping at your heels."

"Come on Jane, we must hurry," Jerry sat up very straight and closed his eyes tightly. Jane did likewise.

"Let's wish very hard, Jerry," little sister advised. "Remember, I am Princess Purity."

"I am Prince Trueheart," Jerry said, softly. "Now let's begin."

"Come, Miffles, come right now. Don't you hear our plea? Carry us to the land of Pretend," said both children in unison.

They pretended that a strong beautiful animal carried them swiftly to the Land of Imagination. The following is the story in which they played they had the leading roles.

"The Secret"

Prince Trueheart and Princess Purity were very sad. Their lovely Queen Mother was so ill she could not even open her eyes to look at them. The court doctor had told them that somewhere in the world was a wonderful plant that could heal the queen.

Day after day for many months they had sent messengers far and wide to find this plant; each had returned empty-handed. At last the little prince said to his sister, "I am going to find that plant myself. Tomorrow I shall leave the palace and go forth to seek it."

"Yes, little brother, it is right for you to go, but you must not go alone; I shall go, too," the princess said, weeping.

"You cannot go, sister, the way is much too hard. I must go alone."

The little princess could not stand the thought of her brother going away from her; so during the night she persuaded one of the servants to exchange places with her.

Early the next morning, even before daylight, the Prince crept out of bed and hastily called his servants.

"Hiding them make ready to leave. Tip-toeing to his sister's room, he peered in and threw a kiss from his hand, not knowing that a servant was sleeping in the Princess' bed.

Long before the sun was up the Prince and his servants were many miles from the castle. It was almost noon before the Prince stopped his little band by the side of a clear stream for the mid-day meal and a rest. They had traveled very fast and were far away by now.

The servants set about preparing the meal for the Prince and themselves, and looked after the fine horses.

As the Prince lay on his back on the soft grass, wondering what adventures would befall him, he noticed one of the servants kept his back to him all the time. Filled with curiosity, the Prince rose to his feet and walked over to the servant.

"Look here, servant," he spoke sharply, "why do you always turn your back?"

Quickly the servant turned and Prince Trueheart saw not a servant, but his own lovely sister. At first he was quite angry, then he began to laugh and laugh. This made the little princess angry, and she stamped her foot and commanded him to stop that "silly laughing."

The Prince tried to persuade his sister to return to the castle while there was yet time; but when she began to cry bitterly, he consented to let her go, providing she would remain disguised as a servant.

For many days they traveled, asking everyone they met if they knew of a wonderful plant that grew close to a rock, had three pointed leaves with red berries, and could be made into a medicine. They could find no one who knew about such a plant.

At last one day the little party stopped beside a great forest, and as they sat about the fire preparing their mid-day meal, the Prince thought of something.

"Sister," he said, "I have just thought of something. You know that all the time we have been looking for this plant to heal our dear mother, we have inquired of many people as to its whereabouts."

"Yes, I know that, brother," spoke the Princess wearily. "What has that to do with what you thought about?"

"Just this," he explained. "You see we have been asking others about the plant. They don't know where it is because they have never needed it."

"I don't understand what you mean," his sister interrupted.

"You will if you will only be quiet," he spoke a little crossly. "Unless you need something in life, you seldom know where it is. It is only when we need a thing badly that we even think of where it is. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, a little," replied his sister.

"Well then," he went on, "here is my plan. It is plain to see we cannot depend on others to tell us the way. We must look for the plant ourselves. So, this afternoon and night we will rest, and tomorrow we will climb up the mountain which you see over there in the distance."

The Princess looked where her brother was pointing, and saw a huge mountain standing so tall that the top seemed to reach almost into the heavens.

Very early the next morning the little party started up the mountain-side. At first there was a narrow winding trail up which their horses could carry them. At last the underbrush became so thick they had to leave the horses in charge of a servant, and the Prince and Princess started on foot with two servants, carrying food and water. On and on they climbed. The briars tore their clothes, and the stones bruised their feet. At every turn they searched for a plant that would you like the one the court doctor wanted. They found many lovely plants, but not the one they sought.

The sun stood high in the heavens near the noon hour when the servants became so weary they could go no farther. After a hasty lunch, Prince Trueheart slung the water bottle over his shoulder and he and his sister started on again alone.

On and on up the mountain went the weary children, looking and looking for the flower.

"I am so tired, little brother," cried the Princess, as she sank wearily upon a fallen log.

"Think of our dear mother," urged her brother, "we must be strong and go on. I could not leave you here alone, and the day is swiftly passing."

At the thought of her mother so ill, new strength came to the Princess and they trudged on.

Lower and lower sank the sun. Frantically the two searchers climbed and eagerly looked for a certain plant. At last the lower edge of the sun was touching the horizon.

"I am afraid," again cried the Princess. "Look, brother, the sun will soon be gone. We will be here on the mountain-side all alone in the dark."

Now the sun was more than half way behind that magic line.

"Brother, brother—hold my hand. I'm so afraid."

Swiftly they climbed.

At last only one single ray was shining, and they lifted their heads to look at a great boulder just above them.

"Look, sister—look there at the foot of that great rock," shouted the Prince.

Eagerly they both rushed forward, and together they plucked a lovely plant growing right at the foot of the rock.

"Just then—" Jane broke the spell with her voice, "a lovely fairy appeared and with a wave of her wand the children were carried back to the palace in a second of time."

"And the court doctor was able to make the Queen Mother well!" added Jerry.

"They lived happily ever after," mother said, as she brought the "happy imagination" travelers a plate of hot spicy cookies.

CLUB NEWS

The special award prizes will be announced in the January issue. Members earning such awards will receive them before Christmas. It was impossible to make these announcements at this time because the time limit for sending in coupons for these special awards does not expire until the first part of December.

Some very nice letters have been received from readers of the club; however, we do not have space for them this month.

I am sure it is the wish of each club member that we all send a cheery "Merry Christmas" to everyone.



ARCTIC CONQUEST

A metropolis in the Arctic! That's Soviet Russia's rosy dream following its North Pole conquest, according to Henry P. Smolka, an author recently returned from Russia's northland.

Not content with a weather station at the pole, Russia there, where a huge hotel will visualize a future city, near take care of visitors in luxury, where there will be all sorts of winter sports—"the finest in the world"—where a giant airport will be the aerial crossroad for passengers bound for America, London, Tokyo or the Pole.

Yet the dream may not be fantastic. Already the Soviets have blasted a northeast steamship passage along Siberia's ice-locked coast to the Pacific Ocean. Already they have built several towns on the Arctic coast, flying in materials. Already they have developed plants and vegetables able to thrive on Siberia's forbidding tundra.

CURE FOR COLDS?

Snake venom may have a new use in medicine. In Vienna it's being pitted against the pesky head cold. The claim is that a salve made of the poison of vipers can be rubbed on any part of the body and will cure colds.

Though the salve still is somewhat of an experiment, snake venom has proved its worth as treatment for other ills. Its most important use is in making "anti-venin," a serum which, strangely enough, is a cure for a snake bite.

The poison of most serpents is obtained in the same way: Grapped behind the head, a snake is forced to eject its venom into a cup. Then the fluid is crystallized.

Lately, venom has helped doctors fight another disease. Injections of it stop the bleeding of victims of haemophilia,

the terrible disease whose sufferers may bleed to death from a pin prick.

TRACES OF NEW RACE FOUND ON WEST COAST

University of California anthropologists reported they had uncovered the fossilized bones of human beings at Berkeley, Calif., who may have been the original native sons of this State.

The scientists believe the beetle-browed, bulldog-jawed skulls and sturdy skeletons are those of a primitive race that peopled the coastal plains long before the Indians. In one instance they found such bones beneath the burial mounds of a later race from which sprang the present-day Miwok and Maidu Indians. A profound geologic change, which completely buried the earlier men, their villages and burial mounds, separated them from the later race.

The bones, and numerous weapons and utensils, however, are not as old as others found elsewhere on this continent, the scientists said.

University anthropologists declined to estimate the age of the bones, but said they were "thousands of years" old.

Artifacts in the mounds included charm stones made from abalone shells, numerous quartz crystals, asphaltum objects, some creations resembling slate pencils, shell beads, barbless bone projectile points, points chipped from stone and stone grinding mortars.

Investigators found no sign of bows and arrows, indicating that these men antedated those instruments.

The anthropologists found no village sites of this culture and reported the ancient towns doubtless were buried deep beneath the alluvial plain.

DOLLS

Dolls of long ago are treasured memories in the history of this country. The affection George Washington had for his little step-granddaughter, Nellie Custis, is revealed in the story of how she followed him about Mount Vernon with the picture books he had brought her from Philadelphia and her fashionably dressed dolls, as carefully correct in every sartorial detail of that era as the little girl of today demands of the dolls of this period.

The custom of dolls dressed in fashionable attire was one which was brought not only from England but from France and Spain in the early days of this country. For hundreds of years these "babies" had been used in European countries for hairdresser's exhibitions of coifs and to display the designs of costumes. Soon these fashion dolls became the playthings of little girls. Santa Claus was delighted at their pleasure in them and put one for each little girl down on his list. The dolls that were dressed in the fashions of the ladies of the day wore fashionable little girl dresses and fashionable baby clothes just as the dolls of today. It was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that the "little ladies" and "babies" were called dolls. The word is supposed to be taken from the Danish name for the maid servant, "dau."

Paper dolls, that have always delighted American children in great numbers, were originated as fashion plates with which the little girls of the household played. Many ingenious varieties of paper dolls are again offered this year, from those complete in themselves, those to be cut out and those to be made by the little girls and painted from designs and sheets of papers, paints and crayons

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included in a paper doll set. The newest doll that will be displayed on toy counters for 1937 is one which can drink from its bottle lying down.

"And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him, and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."—Matthew 2:11.

Keeps you stepping high...this FRIENDLY STIMULATION

A MODERN PAVLOVA. TAMARA GEVA, lovely musical comedy dancing star, says: "I don't know what I'd do without Maxwell House—it's a wonderful 'reviver' after a strenuous performance."



"SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT!" SAY THE THREE "X" SISTERS, NBC's well-known trio, speaking about the Friendly Stimulation they get from Maxwell House. "When I feel worn-out, it's great the way this marvelous coffee revives me, cheers me up!" says Pearl, the eldest.



"WE'RE SHIPMATES FOREVER," SAYS BURR COOK, author of the radio sea-story "Cape Diamond Light." "Maxwell House Coffee has a flavor that beats any other coffee I've ever tasted." Maxwell House is a blend of the world's choicest coffees—that's why its flavor is so rich and full-bodied.

ARE YOU GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH?

IT'S easy to be fooled when buying coffee. Do you pay for fine flavor and freshness—and then not find it in the coffee you buy?

Remember—one way to be sure of getting full value for your money is to ask for Maxwell House. For Vita-Fresh Maxwell House is packed in the super-vacuum can—the only way science knows to always bring you coffee without loss of flavor... coffee as fresh and delicious as the hour it left the roaster. Get a can of Maxwell House Coffee—tomorrow.

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MAGIC STICKS

The old argument about whether divining rods can locate hidden water, minerals or oil has broken out in Bulawayo, South Africa. It was started when someone wrote the local newspapers suggesting the forked sticks be used to find new mines. The argument dates back about 300 years and is still far from being settled, even though there are definite cases where coal mines, oil and water have been found by "dowsers"—diviners. A forked hazel stick is used. The arms of the fork are about 1 foot long, the stem a bit longer. The dowsers grasp the arms of the fork, holds the stick against his chest, stem up. When he walks over water, minerals or oil, the stem is supposed to be bent down by some mysterious pull. Just what that pull is science can't determine. As the divining rod is a direct descendant of the magic wands of the ancients, superstitious folks say the rod possesses magic power. Scientists, however, insist the dowsers are sensitive in some unknown way to substances in the earth and that unconsciously, his muscles twitch the stick.

RETURN TO ARMOR

Though confronted by the most modern death-dealing weapons, some soldiers in Spain are adopting man's oldest protection—armor. It is made of felt, one-quarter inch thick, and covers one from neck to waist. The armor is effective against shrapnel, but is no bar to bullets. There's nothing strange about that, because it was the coming of gun-powder and bullets that scrapped the elaborate armor of medieval knights. When knighthood was in flower, a warrior was garbed from head to foot with the best steel. It may have been good protection, but it certainly didn't help him fight. It was so heavy the wearer had to be lifted on his horse. And if he ever fell, he couldn't get up without assistance. That kind of armor was the finest the world has even seen. Before it, in primitive days, man tossed a wolfskin or bearskin across his shoulders to turn swords. The Greeks and Romans used leather and bronze. Steel armor became the fashion only when weapons were made of steel.

BRINGS BACK MEMORIES
OF HOME

The little group of former American doughboys who, after the war, married and settled down with German wives in the Rhineland, will meet again this year for a Yuletide dinner and to talk over old times. Although most of them profess contentment with life in their adopted fatherland, almost all admit a touch of homesickness for America at Christmas time. Sergt. Anthony Calabrese, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has not been home in 18 years. He married a German girl and has a flourishing motor business there. A framed record of his war service hanging in his parlor recalls his fighting days in the Aisne-Marne offensive. "There are no bitter feelings left in the people here," Calabrese said. "I was the first American to enter Andernach to requisition billets for the Third Division. "But when Christmas time comes along I feel I should like to fly across and spend some time with my mother and my two brothers in Pittsburgh." Fred Busch, of Nanticoke, Pa., echoed these sentiments. He was a member of President Wilson's escort when he landed at Naples, Italy. Yuletide brings these voluntary exiles together for a turkey dinner and to swap stories. A plum pudding sent from America is a luxury much appreciated. "Among the American colony are John Day, of Atlanta, Ga.; Raymond Carry, of Marion, Ind., and half a dozen others. They are in business or farming.

12,000,000 BUSINESS MEN

There are 12,000,000 businessmen in America—most of them little fellows. They were farm boys, clerks, mechanics and such who saved a little money and used it to back an idea. Today they produce and deliver to us everything we desire, from an automobile of 12,000 parts to a pint of ice cream, from an airplane voyage to a pound of sausage, from a car of brick to a box of salve. They are the men who make jobs for other men. They are the men who make the abundant life possible, if we are willing to work hard enough for it, and criticism of them doesn't become anybody who has been less useful.—Robert Quillen.

FROM LOFTY GARDENS

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HOUSEHOLD HELPS

MRS. MARGARET STUTE, Editor, Route 5, Box 179-B, Fort Worth, Texas.

CHRISTMAS EVE PARTY

One of the merriest times for informal entertainment during the holidays is Christmas Eve. Usually groups of young people make various homes their "headquarters," or, at least, they should be encouraged to do so. If, however, there are no young folk in your family, and you wish to entertain some particular group of friends, the party described in this article is "sure-fire" for wholesome fun. Young groups connected with Sunday schools, or other youthful organizations, will also find Christmas Eve a jolly time for celebrating.

The party which I have in mind is called "Trim-a-Tree Christmas Eve Supper." Most every normal person loves to trim a Christmas tree. Given some tinsel, tinfoil and a few pretty trifles, even the most sedate individual will join in this festive affair. Young folk will naturally revel in it. If there be no young people in your home, trim a tree anyway! It will make your own holiday happier. You will have double joy if the tree is taken to some humble home where Christmas lights are few, or perhaps lacking altogether. But getting back to our party. The invitations may be sent either the conventional way, or you may have an original idea and want to fashion your own in some artistic manner—may want to compose the wording yourself. A buffet supper would prove popular for this occasion, a complete menu, if you so prefer, for which is submitted at the close of this article. A tasteful and artistic arrangement of the table will add greatly to the attractiveness of the supper. If you are fortunate enough to possess one of the lovely crystal center-pieces so fashionable now, this will afford you an ideal time to use it with your whitest table-cloth. Or a somewhat unique effect may be gained by using large sheets of silver paper instead of the customary table-cloth. Small trees, or branches, covered with silver paint are appropriate and beautiful table decorations. Holly leaves, mistletoe and colored lights may also be used with great effect.

Dishes and silver should be placed within easy reach, on the serving table or an extra table close by. Napkins may be handed guests as they come into the dining room, or they may be placed with the dishes and silver. After guests are served, they may choose seats wherever the host or hostess indicates.

After the buffet supper, guests adjourn to the room where you have provided the necessary decorations for tree trimming. Each guest is given something to do. Some may string cranberries or popcorn; some may pop the corn; others string and hang the ornaments on tree. If some guest is adept with the scissors, lovely forms may be cut out of colored paper to hang on the tree. Acorns make attractive ornaments when covered with silver or brightly-colored tinfoil.

To make the event seem more party like, you can offer a prize for the most unique and original ornament created by any guest. The host or hostess should provide necessary materials for this contest, and set a time limit for the work. A "consolation prize" for the funniest or poorest design would furnish additional fun.



For favors and Christmas Eve gifts, have guests pack favor boxes for their partners. It is great fun to write the names of all guests present on separate slips of paper, then draw names to see for whom you prepare a favor. It will prove more interesting to keep the names secret until the presentation is made. Prizes may be awarded for the nicest favor box. Small boxes for these favors may be purchased at the stores. Candies, nuts, small toys, fruits and humorous decorations, together with gay wrapping paper, twine and cards should be provided for favor-making. Names of the recipient and giver may be put on the card; then package placed on tree to be taken off just before departure of guests. After the decorated tree is given final touches, turn on tree lights, darken room and all join in singing Christmas carols or other familiar songs.

You should find this type of party refreshing and popular with your friends.

THE SUPER MENU

- Sliced Cold Boiled Ham or Roast
- Savory Potato Cakes*
- Fruit Salad
- Cauliflower au Gratin*
- Stuffed and Green Olives
- Celery
- Various Breads and Butter
- Jelly or Jam
- Cake and Coffee.

(Note: Dishes marked * appear under "recipes" on this page).

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

For a number of years many of you have given me the privilege, through this "Household Helps" department, of coming into your home for a brief visit each month. If I have left with you a cheerful thought or a bit of useful information, I am most happy. Above all, I am grateful for your friendship, and sincerely hope it will continue for many more years. This year the Christian world is bewildered as it pauses to celebrate the greatest of all days—birth of our Saviour. All about is strife, confusion, uncertainty. Yet each true Christian has these words of comfort: "Peace—my peace I give unto you." Man's attempt to peer into the future, the many ways he has attempted to solve the problems that come before him, has shown his desire for knowledge, for progress and for uplifting. Of equal interest has been man's search for knowledge of his past—back through the centuries. "Where did he come from? Where is he going?" are questions ever uppermost. Scientists and Bible students have tried to answer.



hoping it will reach to heaven. But, alas, his hopes are dashed and mankind is scattered far and wide! Again he builds—this time a great empire. Then the handwriting on the wall spells his doom, gates crush, and the empire falls. Into the realms of mysticism and cults he delves—still hoping and dreaming. Across the vast, dark abyss of time he calls for help for someone to lead him unto the light. At last a voice is heard and it says, "Why are ye troubled?" How kindly and comforting has been that voice. For 2,000 years it has spoken to us, telling us to be of good cheer, to fear not, to have faith. It speaks again at this glad Christmas time in ringing, reassuring words. Shall we find truth and comfort in what it says or shall we turn away in doubt and despair? "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto ye." We leave with you this word picture—wishing you a delightful, happy Christmas and happy New Year. GOD BLESS YOU ALL is my sincere wish.

SELECTED CHRISTMAS RECIPES

- Here are appetizing, delightful and delicious dishes for the holiday season. Try all of them and let us know what results you have. Here is wishing you many enjoyable meals—without "tummy" aches.
- *Savory Potato Cakes
2 cups cold mashed potatoes
1 tablespoon chopped onion
4 slices broiled bacon, chopped
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup grape-nuts
2/3 cup milk
 - Combine ingredients in order given. Shape into cakes. "Sauté" in skillet in small amount of fat until golden brown. Serves 6.
 - Tuna Fish Sandwich Filling
Place 1 cup water in top of double boiler and bring to a boil over direct heat. Combine 3 tablespoons Minute Tapioca, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper and 1/2 teaspoon paprika; add gradually to water and bring to a brisk boil, stirring constantly. Place immediately over rapidly boil-
 - ing water and cook 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add 1 tablespoon butter. Remove from boiling water. Combine 1 cup flaked tuna fish, 1/2 cup chopped pickles, 2 tablespoons chopped pimento, 1 tablespoon vinegar and 1/3 cup mayonnaise; add tapioca mixture and blend. Cool—mixture thickens as it cools. Makes 2 cups filling. Other cooked fish may be substituted.
 - *Cauliflower au Gratin
Cook a large cauliflower until tender in boiling salt water; then drain and plunge into cold water. Drain and dry, divide into small pieces

quantity of grated cheese mixed together and brown in a quick oven. Serve hot. This is ideal for "Trim-a-tree party" as the casserole keeps the food hot for a long time. (Continued top next column)

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Caramel Pumpkin Tarts

- 1 1/2 cups cooked or canned pumpkin
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon ginger
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3 eggs
- 2/3 cup caramelized sugar
- 1 1/2 cups hot milk.

Combine pumpkin, 1/2 cup sugar, spices and salt in double boiler and heat. Add beaten eggs. Caramelize 2/3 cup sugar by placing in vessel over heat and stirring until it melts and becomes a golden brown syrup; then add milk. Add last mixture to the pumpkin mixture. Pour into uncooked tart shells (or plain pie tin lined with pastry) and bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat and bake until knife comes out clean. Serve with whipped cream.

Bran Cheese Roulettes

- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup Whole Bran Shreds
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 2 1/2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening
- Melted butter
- 1 cup grated American cheese
- Salt
- Paprika.

Pour milk over bran and let stand 5 minutes. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add bran mixture, and stir until soft dough is formed. Add 1 tablespoon additional milk, if necessary. Turn out on slightly floured board and knead 30 seconds, or enough to shape. Roll into oblong sheet, 1/4-inch thick. Brush with melted butter. Spread cheese evenly over dough; sprinkle with salt and paprika. Roll as for jelly roll; cut in 1/2-inch slices and place in greased muffin pans. Brush tops with melted butter. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Makes 2 dozen roulettes.

X-RAYS FOR STEEL

X-rays now help steel-makers turn out almost fool-proof metal. An English manufacturer has installed a giant ray machine to test his products, to be sure it contains no hidden faults. The rays reveal cracks in the interior of the steel. Again this shows how the business world has adapted one of the most valuable aids to medicine. Discovered by a German doctor, Wilhelm Röntgen in 1895, X-rays long have been "seeing through" humans to help physicians. Today they also see through a great many other things. In South Africa, they have one of their most spectacular uses. There, they are turned on a miner suspected of stealing diamonds. As X-rays do not pass through bones and diamonds very well, the outline of the man's skeleton is silhouetted on a chemically-treated screen. And if the man has any diamonds concealed about him, even in his stomach, those, too, cast shadows on the screen.

"And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child, and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also."—Matthew 2:8.

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