

THE MUNDAY TIMES

Volume XXVI

Munday, Texas, Thursday, December 18, 1930.

Number 3536

Sheriff Elliott Raids Still and Makes Arrest

Sheriff C. R. Elliott on Monday raided a still north west of Truett and made an arrest and destroyed a still of small capacity, and W. R. Hudgens is being held in the Knox county jail to await the action of the grand jury on a charge of manufacturing and selling intoxicating liquor.

Christmas Will Be Topic At the Baptist Church

Each service Sunday will be in keeping with the Christmas season. The Baptist girls from Mrs. Ingram's Choral Club will sing Sunday morning. Sunday evening Mrs. Aubrey Coffman from Goree will sing a special number, and we will have a special violin quartet. The sermons both morning and evening will be in keeping with the season. Let us make Sunday a good day. You are always welcome to any or all of our services. W. H. Albertson, Pastor.

Knox City Wins Benefit Game Here On Friday

The Knox City all stars on last Friday afternoon took the Munday all-stars to a drubbing to the tune of 12-0 in an exhibition game played for the benefit of charity, and as a result of the game both teams will have a neat sum to be used in relieving the poor and needy in the two towns. Knox City made their two touchdowns by intercepting passes from Munday players and the game was exciting and thrilling from the beginning to the final crack of the gun.

Father of Mrs. Decker Dies At Memphis Home

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Decker were called to Memphis, Texas, Saturday by a message advising them of the death of Mrs. Decker's father, Fred Swift, who passed away at his home there after a very brief illness from heart trouble. Mr. Swift was 73 years of age, and had visited in the Decker home here several times and the news of his death will be the occasion of much sorrow among those who knew him, and the many friends of the family here extend sincere sympathy. Mr. Swift is survived by his wife and ten children. He was born in Atlanta, Ga., and had been a resident of Hall county since 1902.

KEELE-FRAZURE

The J. J. Keele home was the scene of a pretty home wedding Sunday when Miss Marguerite Ann Keele became the bride of Mr. Jimmy Frazier, with the Rev. W. H. Albertson, pastor of the Baptist church, officiating, and with only immediate members of the family and a few close friends present. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Keele of this city, and was practically reared here. For the past few years she has been associated with the Home Bakery. She has been a most popular member of the younger social set of the city.

The groom is a pharmacist by profession and was for some time associated with the Eiland Drug Store here. He is now located at Albany, Texas, where the young people will make their home, and we join their many friends in wishing for them a long and happy married life.

Mrs. E. E. Harris of Rule, who assists her husband in the operation of The Rule Review, passed through the city on Tuesday evening enroute home from Wichita Falls, and stopped for a brief visit with the Times family.

Mr. John McKenzie and Mrs. W. H. Chapman and son, Lynn, left Wednesday for Fort Worth, to visit relatives and accompany Miss Christine Chapman, student in T. W. C. home for the holidays.

Oliver & Plunkett Now In Charge of Magnolia Station

Oliver & Plunkett is the name of a new business firm in Munday, the new firm being composed of H. A. Oliver, who has been a resident of Munday for a number of years, and who has been associated with various automobile repair shops as mechanic, and Walter R. Plunkett, who is moving here with his family from Olney, Texas, and who for a number of years has been engaged in drilling oil wells, and has served in this capacity for a number of companies and individuals operating in the various fields of West Texas. These gentlemen have taken over the Magnolia Service Station, which has been operated for some time by D. A. Evans, and will operate the station and do a general automobile repair business, with Mr. Oliver in charge of the shop.

Mr. Plunkett is a brother-in-law to Mr. Oliver and is moving with his family to Munday within the next few days.

Live At Home Campaign To Be Conducted

The vocational department of agriculture of the High school is sponsoring this campaign. They are going to give away seven nice prizes. First prize, a Hope Chest, seventh prize two baby chick feeders, other prizes well worth working for.

The object of this contest is to encourage the raising of more gardens, poultry, hogs and orchards around Munday; to further the production of poultry, hogs and dairy cows as utilizers of waste, and producers of food, and to further increase record keeping in the homes.

Entrants must live in the Munday, in what is called the Munday trade territory.

Winner—Family living on least amount of bought food per member (divide amount of food purchased by members in family).

The prize from 200 hens, 3 hogs, (not brood sows), two milk cows, two-thirds of an acre garden, and 12 fruit trees may be counted off the grocery bill.

The expense of feed for above livestock, seed and cultivation for the garden and orchard must be kept and added to the grocery bill.

R. D. Rawls, Vocational Instructor Munday High School.

Parent-Teacher Ass'n Meeting Held On Tuesday

Parent-Teacher Association met December 16 for a Christmas program. The choral club gave a number, after which Betty Lou Greer gave the devotional. Mrs. Whittemore gave a very delightful talk on "The True Christmas Spirit."

In the check-up on attendance a very unusual thing happened, the two sections of the third grade tied in the race for the picture. It was decided that each room should keep the picture two weeks.

The Times will be issued on Tuesday of next week in order that our readers may get this paper before Christmas. We hope our business folks will keep this in mind and will cooperate with us by getting in their advertising copy as early as possible. This issue will afford an opportunity to send greetings of the season to their patrons throughout the Munday trade territory.

The following week we will not issue a paper, as it is customary for weekly papers to take one week off during the year.

Jimmy Alford of Caldwell, Texas, who is a student in the Texas A. and M. College, came in on Tuesday evening for a visit with his aunt, Mrs. J. A. Kennedy.



SANTA CLAUS LETTERS

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930
Dear Santa Claus:—
I can't wish for very much this Christmas, but I would love to have a wagon big enough to ride in. Also a toy train. Bring me some nuts candy and fruits, because it wouldn't seem like Christmas without good things to eat. I have been a good boy. Wishing you lots of joy, I remain your little friend,
Raymond Earle Phillips,
Route 2, Box 15.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930.
Dear Santa Claus:—
Please bring me a ship, engine, a bus and some golf clubs.
Thank you,
William Gayle Kennedy.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930
Dear Santa Claus:—
Here I come to tell you what I want you to bring me. I want a table and some chairs and a little bed, as I have still got my doll you brought me last Christmas. I want some fruit and nuts and please Dear Santa, don't forget my little sisters and brothers, also all the poor little children, please remember them. I will be running alone. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to one and all. Your little friend,
Mozelle Trammell.

Goree, Texas, Dec. 1930.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I have been a good little girl. I am nine years old and in the second grade. I am not going to ask for much. I want you to go see the other little girls and boys. I want you to bring me a little machine, a tam and lots of fruit and nuts.
Clodell Reagan.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930
Dear Santa Claus:—
I think I've been a good boy this year and I'm not going to ask for much this Christmas. Please bring me a tool chest and set of tools. Some nuts, fruits and candies and fire works. Good bye.
Your little friend,
Erwin Wren,
El Cajon, Calif.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930.
Dear Santa Claus:—
We are two little California boys and we know Christmas is near, so we must hurry and send you our message so you will know what to bring. Daddy is going to fix a nice big tree and have it all ready when you come. Mother says we must be nice boys and you will be good to us.
Now listen, we want a scooter, big air gun, and a big fire truck. Candy, fruit and nuts, and don't forget our little sister, she wants a nice rocker, a doll and a tiny little wagon, and please don't forget Mother and Daddy, and the other little boys and girls. We will be good boys, so hurry and come as we can hardly wait. We are your little friends,
Clifford and Sherman Johnson.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930.
Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little girl 10 years old, and I am in school now but have been pulling holes and helping mama with the housework ten, and I want you to please bring me a nice doll and a doll buggy and a box of stationery, fruits and nuts and candy. I hope I haven't asked for too much. Bring my big brother and sister something nice.
So bye-bye. Wishing you a merry Christmas.
Your little friend,
Ladean Groves.



Normality has taken our manners but informality has become more charming as to the contrary, coming more and more national. We are all of our enjoy. Father no longer times to himself, the dance links have done the is almost. for music offer, of the old days are hardly ever. Good dance stately lyric is the Hawaiian for Have You For the most requests is a number, the kes to strum, to to.

was musical drive, Churchill's and sons former night is now directing ill Oakland's Ter

Rev. Tucker Will Deliver Sermon About Christmas

Next Sunday is the Sunday before Christmas! All people who believe in Christmas and expect to take any part in its celebration should have enough reverence and admiration for Christ to at least attend worship services. Both morning and evening worship will include thoughts of Christmas. Sunday morning subject: "The Purpose of Christmas" with a study of the customary celebration of Christmas. Joe Lynn Mayes will play a violin solo at the morning service. Subject for 7:00 p. m. "A Faithful Saying". Sunday school at 10:00 a. m. and Junior and Intermediate societies at 5:00 p. m. A cordial WELCOME awaits you at the Presbyterian church. Charles A. Tucker.

O'Brien Man Is Charged With Starting Fires

Rochester, Texas, Dec. 15.—Two fires, originating at the exterior of an O'Brien residence Saturday night, within a few hours of each other, resulted in the filing of a complaint charging arson at Haskell today against C. Mature, 50-year-old cement worker and well drilled who was arrested at O'Brien early Sunday morning by Sheriff W. T. Sarrels of Haskell county. Mature, suffering from gunshot wounds in the legs, was taken into custody at his home at O'Brien and transferred to Haskell.

The first fire was discovered about 10 o'clock by Mrs. O. Z. Melton, a widow, and members of her household, who occupy a residence owned by Mr. Carnie, retired farmer. They fled to the home of a neighbor, who called assistance and extinguished the flames. Officers said cedar bark, weeds and other kindling had been used to start the fire, at a corner of the residence.

A second fire was discovered between 12 and 1 o'clock and the neighbor who had given first assistance fired a shotgun as a man was seen to run from the premises, officers said.

Officers at Haskell last night said Mature's wounds are not considered serious.

No motive has been assigned for the occurrence, Deputy Sheriff Lewellen said tonight. Mature has made no statement.

Some Comments On the News of the Day

By J. P. Kennedy
A Fort Worth minister says that in his opinion the four greatest menaces to morality are Arthur Brisbane, Clarence Darrow, Judge Ben B. Lindsey and Sinclair Lewis.

That is about as strong as the language used by the late Rev. John Roach Straton is expressing his opinion of Alfred E. Smith in 1928.

But there is one classification about this group of notables denounced by the Fort Worth minister, and that is, so we are informed, all are republicans, and not democrats.

If the session of the Legislature soon to be convened does not redistrict the state into Congressional Districts, the three new members to which the state is entitled by the late census will be elected by the state at large.

And if such is the case, political dopsters predict that former Gov. James E. Ferguson will be one of the three highest in a free-for-all race.

The Abilene Reporter says that the heaviest rainfall in the United States occurred at Taylor, Texas, September 8th and 9th, 1923.

Personally, we thought that Munday attained that distinction on the 12th of last June, and of course we mean to include the flood of Noah's time.

Tate Furniture Stock Bought By Wichita Man

The Tate furniture stock was sold at creditor's sale on Monday and was purchased by W. E. Haley of Wichita Falls, and we understand that the business will continue at the same location and Mr. Tate will remain with the business concern, and his many friends will be very glad to know that he is to remain a citizen of Munday and continue his connection with the business interests of the city.

C. A. Eiland Finds Gas Thief In Act Of Stealing Gas

C. A. Eiland stepped out of his home on Wednesday evening about seven o'clock and saw a man walking rapidly away from his car, which had been parked between the Eiland home and that of Mrs. R. H. Neff in the driveway, and when he went to his car he found a piece of garden hose, some four feet in length and a five gallon can, indicating that the man was planning to take a supply of gasoline from Mr. Eiland's car, and in his haste to get away he did not take time to carry his can and hose with him. The hose was somewhat worn and bore evidence of having been used for a long time, evidently for the purpose of siphoning gasoline from cars. Mr. Eiland was unable to identify the party as to color, as he pulled his hat down over his face in making his retreat, but states that he has the can and hose and the owner can have same by claiming them.

Rev. Albertson Sends Season's Greetings To All

Time has rolled off another year. The Christmas season is here again. We are reminded of the joy that was born into the world that first Christmas night in the long ago when the angels brought the Good News in song from God to man. That joyous song still echoes in life, and gladdens the heart of the world.

It is a day when we remember our vexations and sorrows only by the sweet aroma of blessing they have left in our lives. All the days of the year have been linked together by the loving Providence of our gracious Heavenly Father.

On this day we think anew of our friends as they have come and gone through the passing years, and seek to renew the ties and add to the joys of those who have met in other years.

May this Christmas season be to you a time filled with that sweet bliss and joy that can come only from a quiet repose and surrender to the loving care and gentle leadership of Almighty God. May His will be ours yet more and more until it shall cover the entire earth.

We wish for you, dear friends, strength for every task, grace for every sorrow and heart-ache; and may the sunshine of His blessed presence through this Season, and all the coming days of the glad New Year.

Yours very sincerely,
W. H. Albertson, Pastor,
First Baptist Church,
Christmas 1930. Munday, Texas.

OFFICIAL HEADLIGHT testing station—L. J. KUEHLER, at Rhine-land, Texas. 4tp

Prof. and Mrs. Riley E. Harrell left Thursday for Fort Worth, Wolfe City and other points, where they will spend the holidays.

Senator Robinson says that the people needing help the most are unable to furnish any kind of security for loans.

Besides, as Senator Robinson points out, we have no record that any security was asked when we were sending millions to Russia and the Far East a few years ago to help the starving millions who were crying for bread.

We believe that the Rev. Sam Morris is entitled to the Nobel Prize for optimism for his effort to raise a half million dollars for Simmons University during the holidays.



The Night Before Christmas

It was the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

Plenty Of Time For Christmas

By W.L. Gaston

THEY had a good time Christmas at the Mackey home; in fact they had several good times—more good times than needed. Mr. Mackey had a prosperous insurance business down town. His son, Frank, was a deputy in the city clerk's office and his daughter was a confidential clerk in one of the big law firms.

Mrs. Mackey was housekeeper and homemaker. She was president of the Ladies Aid society and in addition to other duties, was organist for the church choir.

Christmas was coming, in fact was only a few days off. An eccentric clock agent was in town selling electric clocks. The Mackeys needed a clock so it was easy to sell Mr. Mackey one as a Christmas present for his wife. The agent inquired about the family, and in a day or two he had sold a clock to the son for his mother, and the daughter bought one, confident that a clock would be just the present her mother would enjoy.

The members of the Aid society were interviewed and a clock was bought for their president, Mrs. Mackey. Of course, the clerk wanted to express their appreciation of their organist and they bought a clock and sent it to the Mackey home marked "Do not open until Christmas eve."

On Christmas eve all the packages were brought in and the family gathered around the tree to inspect the gifts that old Santa had brought. That generous old soul housed Mrs. Mackey five good electric clocks. There was some little tinge of chagrin, but it could not be helped. Mrs. Mackey blessed them all and said graciously that she was going to have the time of her life.

The next morning, as Mr. Mackey was dressing he looked out of the window and saw the clock agent hurrying toward the depot. A hundred yards behind him came one of the Mackey neighbors. Mr. Mackey called the neighbor and said: "Stop that man ahead of you; I want to see him. I will be right up. When the neighbor reached the depot, the train was ready to start and the agent was climbing aboard. The accommodating neighbor pulled his coat and informed him that Mr. Mackey wanted to see him. "I can't wait," replied the agent, "but I know what he wants. He wants one of these clocks." "If that is what he wants," said the neighbor, "I can take it to him. How much is it?" "Fifteen dollars," replied the agent.

The exchange was soon made and as the train pulled out Mr. Mackey came running all out of breath. "Has that man gone?" he exclaimed, addressing his neighbor. "Yes," replied the neighbor, "but that is all right, I got the clock for you. Here it is, pay me later."

(Ed. 1930. Western Newspaper Union.)

Named Christmas Island Christmas Island, in the Pacific, is so named because Captain Cook landed there on Christmas day, 1777.

C. R. Elliott will be in Munday on Thursday and Friday of this week to collect automobile licenses for the year 1931, and all who desire to pay their auto license on these dates are requested to bring with them their last year's receipts, as it will be impossible for Mr. Elliott to bring all of the records with him.

The Times and Star-Telegram 1 year \$8.45. You save fifty cents.

"The androns shine with frosh Brillancy each year," he said. "Like our love for each other," she added. And then, for fear he might think she was a little too sentimental for one whose hair already had many streaks of gray she added:

"You make me so sentimental, you darling."

He put his hand on hers. "It has been a hard year—all the years have their struggles, but every year, as I sit with you in front of this old fire it seems as though there is nothing that I want in this world."

They were straightening up the room now. Everything was in its place. The presents were under the tree, the small toys were poking their jolly little selves out of the stockings.

"I think the thermometer will show zero before morning," he said. "I'll give the furnace a poke."

She waited while he went down into the cellar, and as he came up, and then went to lock the front door—the flickering light from the stars and the bright white of the snow gleamed through at them.

"It's so beautiful," he said. "Let's take a look at it."

He put her heavy coat around her shoulders and together they stood out in front of the house for a moment.

"You always," he told her, "have been my guiding star."

And she put her hand in his and smiled through slightly moist eyes. He was so willing to praise, so willing to say those things when he thought them, that it had made her, she knew, the sort of a person she was.

Each of them lived up to the praise and love the other gave. The glow of the Christmas fire warmed their hearts throughout all the year.

(Ed. 1930. Western Newspaper Union.)

And as they hurried along that winter's night, Blitzen reached out his funny warm nose and bit Vixen's tail—hard. Vixen jumped, then he kicked Dunder, who in turn kicked the sleigh, upsetting it. Over it went and down it went. Santa, toys and all. Fortunately they all landed in a soft snowbank. Santa picked his snowy self up, put the toys back in the sleigh and off they started once again.

"Now while I am gone see that you behave," said Santa and down the chimney he went. As soon as he was out of sight, Blitzen started trouble again.

"Dum-diddle-dum-dum! See what I can do!" he snorted, and he crossed his front legs, stamped his hind ones and sat down kerplunk on the roof.

"Humph," shouted Santa, as he came up the chimney. "What is the meaning of all this noise? It sounded like an earthquake. I thought every moment that the roof would cave in. If you can't stand still on the tops of the houses I shall most certainly leave you on the ground."

Santa knew that this would be a dreadful punishment to them all as they were very proud of being able to stand on the tops of houses.

The next house had a slanting roof with a peak at the top and when Santa and gone down the chimney that mischievous Blitzen promptly sat down again, kerplunk, snorting his favorite song, dum-diddle-dum-dum. The first thing he knew he had started to slide and couldn't get up quickly enough to prevent sliding all the way to the ground. Over the roof he went, dragging the sleigh and his seven brothers with him. Out of the chimney came Santa and leaped over the peak of the roof to call them.

"I'm just about tired of your nonsense tonight!" said he. "Now you will stay on the ground."

And when in the country, they stopped at another farm house, that is just where Santa left them.

"Sniff-sniff, sniff-sniff!" A spicy smell reached the nose of Blitzen.

Inch by inch he moved over to the window and stuck his head right in. He proceeded to devour everything in sight. He ate so rapidly that the other deer could only stare and wonder. Pies, cakes, tarts, jelly and jam all went down with lightning speed. When he finished he licked his lips, turned around and yanked back to the place Santa had left them. When Santa came out, there they were as quiet as mice.

"Well, now, that's fine," called Santa in a cheery voice. "See how much better things are when you behave!"

Now we all know that it isn't the best thing in the world to run after when you have eaten a great many sweets. Blitzen soon learned this and began feeling very ill indeed. But feeling ill only made his disposition worse. In the distance he could see a city and above this city he saw a tall steeple. As they raced along near the steeple Blitzen pushed his long neck over so that when they passed they were so close you

could not have put your finger between the steeple and the sleigh. Blitzen glanced at Vixen and saw that his hair was standing right up straight.

"Not very hard," thought Blitzen to himself. "Just enough to make him jump."

"What Ho!" bellowed Santa. "Do

you want to upset the sleigh again, you naughty deer?"

All over the world they went, not skipping a place. Blitzen was very tired and as he could think of nothing better to do he snorted and fussed and counted stars. At last just as Christmas morning dawned they found their way home. Mrs. Santa came running out to meet them, and to help Santa unharness the reindeer.

"Blitzen cannot have anything to eat and he must go right into the barn," said Santa rather sadly. "And I fear he cannot go with me next Christmas."

And now indeed was Blitzen a sadder and a wiser reindeer.

Now, my dear children I know that you all love Blitzen. You must, for he is a lovable old fellow. When you hear the deer on the roof Christmas eve it is always Blitzen's hoofs you hear, because he always stamps harder than is necessary.

And when you hear the bells you can always hear Blitzen's above the rest, no one knows why. Just because he is Blitzen, I suppose, and likes to give an extra stamp and an extra shake whenever possible. He will be sadly missed next Christmas eve unless—I have it! Let's all write a note to Santa and ask him to forgive poor mischievous Blitzen before next Christmas has a chance to come around. If all the children in all the world should write I'm sure Santa would forgive him.

(Ed. 1930. Western Newspaper Union.)

COOPERATION

Merchant—Look here, you've been owing me this bill for a year. I'll meet you half way. I'm ready to forget half what you owe me.

Debtor—Fine! I'll meet you. I'll forget the other half.

LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930

Dear Santa Claus:— I am a little girl eight years old. I live 8 miles west of Munday and I want you to be sure and visit me but I am not going to ask for much this time as you were so nice to me last Xmas. I want you to please bring me a little dresser cabinet and little trunk just like you brought sister and don't forget to visit all the other little children, especially the little orphans, and don't forget to bring me lots of nuts, fruits and candies. Hoping you a merry Xmas. I am your little girl,
Marie Russel.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930

Dear Santa Claus:— I am a little boy 7 years old, I am a pretty good boy. I go to school and learn fast. I will tell you what I want for Xmas. I want a basket ball and a pistol and some caps and a french harp and some fire crackers and fruits and nuts and candy. I guess this will be all for this time, as daddy says times are pretty hard for you.
I am your little friend,
Melton Kitchens.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930

Dear Santa Claus:— Please bring me a Baby doll and sewing set, bring Rachel a baby doll and sewing set and lots of fruits, nuts and candies. We have been going to school and trying to be good little girls. Our address is Munday, Texas, R. 1, Box 8. We live 2 1/2 miles from town, so please don't forget us. Your little friends,
Bernice and Rachel Strickland.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930

Dear Santa Claus:— Please bring me a wagon and watch. Don't forget George Elvin, bring him a wagon and car, lots of fruits, nuts and candies. Your little friends,
With love,
Joe Carol Hopkins.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930

Dear Santa Claus:— I am going to tell you what I want you to bring me this Christmas. I want a doll, a little cabinet, some dishes, a story book and a set of aluminum wear, some nuts, candies. Don't forget the other kids. Yours as ever,
Doris Mae Henderson.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930

Dear Santa Claus:— I have been a pretty good boy and I want you to bring me a train that runs on a track, a pair of some caps and please put some fire crackers and candy in my stocking.
With love,
Joe Carol Hopkins.

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Orville and Geo. Elvin Strickland, P. S.—Don't forget the other little boys and girls too, bring them something nice.

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With love,
Joe Carol Hopkins.

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Gifts for HIM

Here's and endless array of holiday merchandise at varying prices, but invariably moderate — to satisfy every whim and fancy.

- Shirts
- Neckwear
- Gloves
- Hosiery
- Bathrobes
- Sweaters

Baker-Campbell Co.

Christmas Specials on Permanents

Starting Today, Ending January 1st
From \$1.50 to \$5.00 Off

CROUIGNOLE
10 Duradines, 10 Frederics, 5 Futuristics,
4 Keens, your choice for ————— \$5.00

SPIRALS

Shelton Tulip Oil	\$10.00
Eugene No. 2	\$ 8.00
Eugene No. 1	\$ 6.50
Frederic Standard	\$ 6.50
Duradine	\$ 5.00
Premier	\$ 3.95

Haynie's Beauty Parlor
MUNDAY, TEXAS

A BANK with a FRIENDLY SERVICE

VALUABLE... among our resources... is a certain human quality that makes commercial relations with our bank a rare and gratifying experience. Business men of Munday have rewarded us with their loyalty for many, many years.

We Welcome Commercial Accounts Of Any Size

The First State Bank

Munday, Texas

NOTHING could be more lovely this Christmas than a gift of a practical nature, especially is this true with reference to gifts for "her," for, whether it be for Mother, Sister or the girl friend, be it remembered that they all like the gifts of a practical nature, so many of which can be had at our store, such as—

- Handkerchiefs
- Lingerie
- Pajamas
- Bathrobes
- House Slippers
- Handbags
- Crestones
- Dresses
- Coats
- Hosiery

—And hundreds of other items that we cannot enumerate. May we have the pleasure of assisting you in solving your gift problems?

Baker-Campbell Company

PIGGLY WIGGLY

Shop at
PIGGLY WIGGLY
and spend the
difference on
Christmas
Gifts

PHONE 21

See us before you buy your Christmas Candies, Nuts, Apples and Oranges. We handle only quality merchandise and our prices are right.

Friday, Saturday and Christmas Week Specials

PECANS, per lb. 15c

CANDY, per lb. 19c

A nice assortment, appropriate for Christmas.

MIXED NUTS, per lb. 25c

(Proportionate amounts of Almonds, Brazil Nuts, Pecans and Walnuts.)

BRAZIL NUTS, per lb. 25c

(Best Quality)

WALNUTS, No. 1, per lb. 28c

APPLES, Delicious, box \$2.95

ORANGES, per 1/2 box \$2.00

ORANGES, per box \$3.95

(Average 344 oranges per box.)

CRANBERRIES, per lb. 18c

PECANS, 4 oz. pkg. shelled 25c

COFFEE, 1 lb. Max. House 38c

COFFEE, 3 lb. can M.J.B. \$1.19

CORN, 2 cans for 21c

(No. 2 Standard—Good Corn)

MALT-O-MEAL, large box 19c

SOAP, per bar 5c

(Creme Oil, 10c seller)

SYRUP, Waconia Half gallon 53c

Gallon 99c

(It's Pure Sorghum.)

BOLOGNA Sausage, per lb. 17c

SPUDS, per peck 33c

JOWLS, per lb. 14c

LETTUCE, nice heads 5c

SALT, 25 lb. bag 39c

OLIVES, plain, per quart 39c

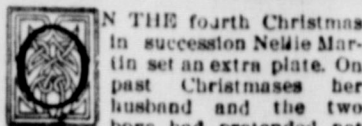
FLOUR \$1.10

PIGGLY WIGGLY

NATIONALLY KNOWN FOR QUALITY AND ECONOMY

The Extra Christmas Plate

By ROBERT J. C. STEAD



IN THE fourth Christmas in succession Nellie Martin set an extra plate. On past Christmases her husband and the two boys had pretended not to have noticed it. But this year Fred Martin, walking into the big dining room just as his wife was adding the finishing touches to her Christmas table, stopped when his eye fell on the extra plate.

"I think you shouldn't set it, Nellie," he said, gently. "It only reminds us of things we would be better to forget."

Mrs. Martin brushed a capable, floury hand quickly across her eyes. Things would go blurry when she thought of Lucy.

"Let me leave it just once more," she almost pleaded. "It is more than four years now since Lucy went, and every day I am hoping for her back. Particularly at Christmas I like to think that her place is set and waiting for her. Oh, Fred, if we could let her know."

Fred's hand found hers, where it had rested a moment against the table for support. "I know," he said huskily. "I was wrong in turning her out as I did. I thought the honor of the family demanded it. I thought perhaps she would write; that is, if she is still . . ."

He left the sentence unfinished. Death might not have been unwelcome to Lucy and four years of silence left them to draw their own conclusions.

"Lucy is too proud to write," his wife asserted. "And yet, I have al-



ways felt that sometime she would come back. Perhaps at Christmas. That is the time of year when one just can't help thinking of home.

"If that Blake boy had been any good," Fred lamented. "She was just throwing herself away on him. That is why I gave her the choice of giving him up or getting on with me. I wanted to save her. And she got out."

"I know," his wife agreed. "You meant it for the best. Arthur Blake was said to be wild and useless, but the Blake's are a good family, and I've often noticed that boys of a good family generally straighten up again, even if they do go a little wild for a while. You know, Fred, when I married you there were people who said you were, well, just a little—"

"But I got a wife like you," her husband answered. "That makes all the difference."

"Yes, and Arthur got a wife like Lucy—if he married her," Nellie Martin insisted. "Let me leave the plate once more. I'm not giving up hope."

At that moment the boys were heard coming in by the kitchen door. There were muffled voices, and a sound as though they were helping some one.

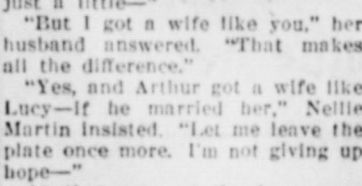
George, the elder, appeared in the dining room door, and his face summoned his mother.

"Some one here to see you, Mom," he said, in an excited voice.

In the kitchen Mrs. Martin found a woman sitting on a chair, her head turned away, her figure enclosed in a frazzled dress. Sheberly she crossed the kitchen floor and turned the head to her eyes.

"Lucy!" she cried. "Lucy—"

The girl made as though she would speak, but seemed overcome.



Her mother dropped to her knees beside her, chafing her hands, speaking words of moment, crying for Fred and the boys.

"We found her in the snow, just between the barn and the house," the boys explained. "She seemed to have fallen there."

But right then Lucy seemed to come to life. She sprang to her feet.

"Mother—Dad—I can't keep it from you any longer. Please help me off with my coat."

Willing hands drew it from her shoulders. "Why, Lucy? Your mother exclaimed, "you are well dressed."

"Well enough, mother. You see, Arthur wanted to be sure now you would receive your errand daughter before he would agree to come in."

"Arthur?"

"Yes. He is in the cutter with little Nellie. Just beyond the windbreak. Boys, will you run and tell him?"

The boys dashed off, but Fred Martin seemed the most excited of all. "Two extra plates, Mother!" he shouted. "Two extra plates—and a high chair!"



Christmas Trees and Crackers Christmas trees originated in Germany and Christmas crackers in France.

Thos. H. Oliver of Alvarado, Texas, has located in Munday and will follow his trade as an electrician here. He is a brother to H. A. Oliver.

Billie Billingsley, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Billingsley, will arrive home the latter part of the week from San Antonio, where he has been attending school.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS COME FROM MANY LANDS

By ROBERT J. C. STEAD

Tradition—that strongest link in any chain that ties the human race to any of the customs that its many lands and people share in common—has been since time immemorial the keystone upon which has been built the whole structure of Christmas.

Back 2,000 years before the birth of the child Jesus in the stable at Bethlehem, there are historic evidences of the keeping of a season that was in spirit much like the essential character of the Christmas season that tradition has brought down to us, despite the natural inclination of the Christian world to date the great festival from the birth of Christ.

Authentic record of the actual date and season of the year in which the Christ was born has never, however, been established, and historians disagree as to them both. It was many years after his life on earth, however, before December 25th was fixed as the date for celebration of his birthday and from that time on Christians united in accepting the day as sacred to his service—the Christ-mass.

Forerunner of Carols

Going back before the Christian era students of the festival have found traces that most of the nations of ancient time recognized the period of that which we know as the winter solstice as a season of rejoicing. The return march of the sun up into the heavens, and the season's turn from short days and long nights to days of lengthening light and warmth impelled a natural demonstration of pleasure that it was so. The Roman Saturnalia, which fell at such a period, was such a festivity of rejoicing, marked by privileges and hailed as exempt from ills, with the spirit of mirth and unbounded license abroad everywhere. The hymns of this time to the sun were forerunners of our Christmas carols. Presents were passed from friend to friend. Gifts were made to the poor, quarrels forgotten and feuds ended.

In the northern countries of ancient Europe the God Thor was the object of similar celebration at the same season, the song, dance and feast universal and mingled with the savage religious rites. Some authorities find the origin of the word "Yule" in the name of this celebration—"Yule", "Jule", "Jul", or "Iol".

Origin of Festival

The Christian festival of the Nativity has incorporated the character of these early celebrations and appears to have been appointed very shortly after the establishment of a new religion. It is first definitely recorded in the history of the second century, although there are indications that it was in order even earlier. Students of Christmas, while disagreeing upon the exact time of the birth of Jesus, agree that in these early years of the Church there was a union celebration of the Nativity and the Epiphany in the belief that the birth of Jesus coincided with the appearance of a star in the East which revealed it to the Gentiles.

The word Kris' mas is held to be "Christ's mass", however, and the word Noel is from the French word "nouvelles" meaning tidings. Druids, Romans, Saxons, Jews, Anglo-Saxons have all kept such a festival, marked in the days of the

spurned as beneath the dignity of the occasion, and there is a singing of these evring of the salmon, the wild boar, venison, hogheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard, bacon swine, pigdins teal and mallard, candicans, apple pies and custards, "cider of our own" and Gascon wine.

Mock ceremonial, quaint humors and the spirit of fellowship marked the celebrations of these times. From the days of the early Norman conquest to those of the Commonwealth in England, down thru the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, "Bloody" Queen Mary and Good Queen Bess, into the days of

the Puritans, there is record that the Christmas revels made their way and the customs persisted thru the centuries. The Puritans, however, would have none of the "non-sense", and in New England in 1621, Governor Bradford rebuked a bevy of young men lately arrived from England, when they objected to working on Christmas Day and insisted upon giving it at least to games and sports while he looked on and frowned.

Virginians Observed Day

It was by way of the Virginians that Christmas observance came to America, and in England the restoration of the royal family to the

throne restored the rites of Christmas here. It was not until 1659, however, that the law against its celebration was repealed in New England. With this halting the Puritans the Christmas festival began a languishing from the immense elaborateness of its earlier growth, but Christmas, one truly believes, will never become extinct. Amid changing customs the spirit of the season still survives, and while uproarious merriment may have assayed by the board, the period of its commemoration continues to exist as a time of celebration all

(Continued on page 3)

Our Cash-Raising Sale!

Our Cash-Raising Sale, which began last Saturday, will continue until Christmas, and this will afford the public an opportunity to buy many useful and appropriate gifts at a substantial saving, for we are offering everything in our store at prices never before heard of. We must move this big stock and our varied line offers an opportunity to buy a gift for every member of the family at a substantial saving.

We want you to come in and look over our big stock, and note the low prices we are making on everything, including the celebrated Enna Jettick Shoes for Women and the unexcelled line of W. L. Douglas Shoes for Men.

See our beautiful line of Ladies and Misses Dresses and Coats, and also our beautiful line of imported tapestry rugs, spreads etc., which are very appropriate for Christmas gifts.

HASSEN
Dry Goods Co.

Business Change . . .

We have taken over the Magnolia Service Station, formerly operated by H. D. Evans, and will continue the sale of Magnolia Products and conduct a general automobile repair business, the latter will be in charge of H. A. Oliver, who has been engaged in this work in Munday for a number of years, and we respectfully ask that you give us a share of your business in these lines.

All repair work will be strictly guaranteed and our service will be the best that it is possible to render.

Magnolia Service Station

OLIVER & PLUNKETT, Proprietors
Phone No. 186 Munday, Texas

OPEN FOR BUSINESS

In Our New Location One Door West of Moore Chevrolet

We have increased our capacity and are better equipped than ever to serve you.

We are setting eggs every Thursday and will give a liberal discount on all chicks during the months of January and February.

Munday Hatchery
Purina Chick Feeds Poultry Supplies



Something to wear; something that's practical; something that's worth while—such are the Gifts that most men desire at holiday time. And where can you find a better Store than this Man's Store for gift buying? We have many items that are very appropriate, including Shirts . . . Mufflers . . . Neckwear . . . Hats and Caps, Golf Sox . . . Pajamas . . . Gloves and many other items.

JOHN C. SPANN

A Gift Idea We Swiped

A young man came into our office the other day and gave us a subscription to The Munday Times and one of the leading daily newspapers. He stated that he was doing this as a Christmas Gift to his parents, and that he had given the matter quite a bit of thought and could think of no gift that would afford his parents more real pleasure and enjoyment throughout the year than the home paper and their favorite daily paper. The more we thought about the young man's decision the more we commended his decision in the matter of choosing a gift, for his parents will be reminded just 417 times during the year 1931 of his kindness and thoughtfulness—his good judgment in choosing so practical a gift.

We're passing the idea on with the hope that it may solve the problem of "what to give" at

this Yuletide Season. Where, for so few dollars, can you find a gift that would afford more genuine pleasure and enjoyment over so long a period of time? At a time like this, when most everyone is forced to forego some of the things to which they have been accustomed throughout the year, what would be more gratifying than to know that you are at least going to have the satisfaction throughout the entire year of reading your favorite daily newspaper—and of course the old home paper.

This idea may sound just like another gift suggestion to you, but with us—it clicked—it sounded just like somebody was using good old common sense. We're making no charge for the suggestion, in fact the idea isn't ours, but we can save you money on the combination, just as we did for the young fellow who gave us the idea.

The Munday Times



THE big bus came to a stop with a jolt which hurled its tired passengers against the seats ahead. The powerful engine whined in silence. For a long moment nothing was said. Twenty people stared at the back of the driver. Twenty pairs of ears heard the wild rush of wind outside; a noise which up to this time had been drowned by the motor speeding through the night.

The driver was young. He had wide shoulders and a fresh color in his cheeks. He was used to these long, cross country runs; he knew how to handle people and he understood the temperament of a bus as a mother understands her child.

He turned about in his seat to face the silent people. "Sorry, folks, we're out of luck. A faint shadow seemed to rest on his face. "We're hung up . . . a hundred miles from nowhere."

A rustle of amazement passed through the listening passengers. A man climbed over a seat mate and began talking in a loud, irritated voice. "You mean to tell me this blasted bus won't move another foot tonight? That we must stay here for the Lord-knows-how-long? On Christmas eve and the folks home waiting for us? A fine, fat driver you are!"

The young man was unperturbed and ready. "No use telling you I can't help it. They gave me a bus bus, an old one, because of the holiday travel. They gambled on my getting through . . . and lost."

"Ain't you even going to get out to look at it?" demanded the man indignantly. "No, boss, I ain't. I know this bus like an old friend. It's plumb give out and I told them so. He looked the protester straight in the eye. "What's more, we're the last one through tonight. Laugh that off."

Out of a dim, rear seat rose a girl. Her hair was light. It seemed to ripple into curls as you looked at it. Her face was pale with weariness, but she smiled. "What say, fellers, we buck up and have a party of our own? He can't help things," she nodded towards the driver. "He's done all the work and had the worry and now all he gets handed to him is a bunch of growls. Come on, folks! We're safe and warm. Nothing can hurt us. We'll get help in the morning."

She smiled at the big man who was biting his mustache. She laughed in the face of an old lady who was furiously wiping her eyes with the corner of a handkerchief. She grinned at a boy of fourteen.

The bus driver showed a fine set of white teeth. "Some grand little sport," he whispered to himself. Then aloud, "I got to warn you folks of something else, too. Nothing serious, but kind of distressing. The lights are liable to go out any minute. I got a trouble light with me, but that's all."

"I have a flashlight," said the girl. "Who's got another?" It turned out that five passengers had flashlights. "Haul them

out and we'll have a party, anyhow," called the girl.

The bus grew a little chilly but the girl would not allow them to think of that. "Now each of you must choose a present from your own, to give some one else here tonight. The folks at home would be glad to sacrifice one gift for the sake of giving us some fun. We'll make him," she smiled at the driver, "be Santa Claus, and if any of you have cats . . . I say, have a heart and pass 'em around."

She went quickly from one to another. The old lady's wrinkles crinkled up in laughter as she fumbled in her shabby glassstone bag. The fourteen-year-old boy came out of his grumps and offered to do anything from singing a song to pushing the bus—a suggestion which was greeted by a roar of laughter from the driver.

"We ought to have a tree," mused the girl aloud. "We can't do a thing without a tree."

"Hey, I got an idea," called a

voice. A man shot out of a seat and shook himself into a fur coat. "Open the door, driver. I'll be back in a couple of minutes." A blast of cold air, and the man slipped out. He came back presently with a small ragged bush. "Found it here by the roadside. Gee! . . . some little hizzard going on!"

He shed his coat. He asked for string. Bundles were untied and the cord offered. By using several lengths about the center of the bush, and then stretching them taut to various seat-braces the bush was made securely upright in the aisle.

"Now for trimmings. Who's got trimmings?"

The cross man was busy with a bundle. He was a trifle reluctant, still he continued to unwrap papers. Soon a glittering angle with tinsel wings was in the hands of the tree trimmer. Gently, almost reverently the angle was fastened to the top. The disagreeable man beamed.

"Anyone got any white tissue paper?" asked the girl. "More gifts were untied and their wrappers volunteered. With sim-

ple fingers the girl folded long strips of red and white together into a sort of accordion effect. "What's your name, driver?" she

demanded the girl. "Michael O'Hara."

She gazed with pleasure. "And mine is Katy Connelly. . . . the top of the evening to ye!"

Then the fun began. Michael was possessed of an irresistible humor. He sent the ladies into stitches by presenting her with a package of cigarettes. He completely disarmed the cross man by giving him an artificial rose, bowing with so much ceremony that his hair almost touched the floor.

The fourteen-year-old boy was delighted with a candy cane and began to demolish it at once. There was a gift for every one. The bus rocked with laughter. It was "Katy" this . . . and "Mike" that. The driver thought of every one but himself.

The girl had a moment of acute distress. There was nothing for Mike. Swiftly she thrust her hand into her bag and brought out a small box. With this she went close to Michael. "Here's a present for you, boss," she said softly.

"Go 'way wid yer!" responded the man in sternity.

"No, please, I mean it." Something in the blue of her eyes decided it.

He opened the box. Out of it came a silver cigarette holder.

"What's that?" asked a stout fellow.

"If you don't take it I'll have to ask you again!" declared the girl.

Amusement and tenderness stole into his thoughts.

The fun went on. Twelve o'clock . . . one . . . two. The old lady stopped out to sleep. The bus grew quiet. The girl curled up in a rear seat. The driver stared out into the storm. Once he drew on the lighter and held it against his lips. "The darned little darlin'," he murmured.

On Christmas morning they were transferred to another bus. At the city terminal the passengers parted from one another with the warmest greetings. But Michael O'Hara and Katy Connelly did not part. They went on to Michael's home, and when his mother saw the girl, and her laughter, and her blushes, she just opened her arms.

"I knew the bye would be findin' his lady suddint. It's the O'Hara way."

She did not even inquire about the bus. Her son was home. It was Christmas . . . on with the turkey and pumpkin pies!

"But the cigarette lighter, darlin'," Michael asked, "how did ye . . . ?"

"Oh, I just bought it . . . biting the locks. And I knew the moment I set eyes on you that it belonged to you."

"And," said Michael, with a big grin, "I'll . . . set eyes on you . . ."

"Hokey!" said Michael's mother, plumping the turkey on the table.

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"Go 'way wid yer!" responded the man in sternity.

"No, please, I mean it." Something in the blue of her eyes decided it.

He opened the box. Out of it came a silver cigarette holder.

"What's that?" asked a stout fellow.

"If you don't take it I'll have to ask you again!" declared the girl.

Amusement and tenderness stole into his thoughts.

The fun went on. Twelve o'clock . . . one . . . two. The old lady stopped out to sleep. The bus grew quiet. The girl curled up in a rear seat. The driver stared out into the storm. Once he drew on the lighter and held it against his lips. "The darned little darlin'," he murmured.

On Christmas morning they were transferred to another bus. At the city terminal the passengers parted from one another with the warmest greetings. But Michael O'Hara and Katy Connelly did not part. They went on to Michael's home, and when his mother saw the girl, and her laughter, and her blushes, she just opened her arms.

"I knew the bye would be findin' his lady suddint. It's the O'Hara way."

She did not even inquire about the bus. Her son was home. It was Christmas . . . on with the turkey and pumpkin pies!

"But the cigarette lighter, darlin'," Michael asked, "how did ye . . . ?"

"Oh, I just bought it . . . biting the locks. And I knew the moment I set eyes on you that it belonged to you."

"And," said Michael, with a big grin, "I'll . . . set eyes on you . . ."

"Hokey!" said Michael's mother, plumping the turkey on the table.

"Hey, I got an idea," called a

voice. A man shot out of a seat and shook himself into a fur coat. "Open the door, driver. I'll be back in a couple of minutes." A blast of cold air, and the man slipped out. He came back presently with a small ragged bush. "Found it here by the roadside. Gee! . . . some little hizzard going on!"

He shed his coat. He asked for string. Bundles were untied and the cord offered. By using several lengths about the center of the bush, and then stretching them taut to various seat-braces the bush was made securely upright in the aisle.

"Now for trimmings. Who's got trimmings?"

The cross man was busy with a bundle. He was a trifle reluctant, still he continued to unwrap papers. Soon a glittering angle with tinsel wings was in the hands of the tree trimmer. Gently, almost reverently the angle was fastened to the top. The disagreeable man beamed.

"Anyone got any white tissue paper?" asked the girl. "More gifts were untied and their wrappers volunteered. With sim-

ple fingers the girl folded long strips of red and white together into a sort of accordion effect. "What's your name, driver?" she

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JEWELRY for GIFTS

Hundreds of GIFTS at Reduced Prices

CLEAVING and glittering with the very essence of Christmas love... jewels remain the most magnificent gesture... the perfect gift to a sweetheart, wife or mother.

J. D. KETHLEY, Jeweler

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Beginning Saturday, Our Regular Prices On Permanents Will Be As Follows:

Combo Ringlette (oil wave)	\$8.00
Ringlette	\$7.00
Eugene	\$6.50
Vita-Tonic	\$6.00
Frederick	\$5.00
Marvel	\$5.00
En	\$5.00
Aier	\$4.00

Wyche & Eiland Beauty Parlor



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FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM

AMON G. CARTER, President.

You save 50c cents by taking advantage of our clubbing rate. The Star-Telegram and Munday Times both for \$8.45.

Sunset Reflections

The Thespian Players entertained Friday night with a social given in honor of Miss Nettie Mae Bacon, charming and capable expression teacher. The rooms and hall were adorned with pleasing Christmas decorations.

An attempt was made to express our appreciation of Miss Bacon by presenting her a lovely vase of flowers. A few appropriate words of commendation were spoken by Supt. Bowman.

Several contests and games were directed by Christine Clowdis. Mr. Verhalen defeated Mr. Bowman in a donkey braizing contest, and was presented a toy donkey. In an apple eating contest Dolly Nix, by being very greedy, won a box of candy against T. R. Busby. Mr. Day won a sack of peanuts in a peanut hunt, but for some reason he did not get to eat many. Jack Smith won a blue horn for being the best cry-baby in the Aunt Mallory contest.

After several games were played delicious refreshments of chicken sandwiches, salad, potato chips, and chocolate were served to about forty-five members and guests.

The school regrets very much that Miss Bacon has left Sunset. She was a wonderful teacher and was the chief organizer of the Thespian Players. Every one appreciates the effort that she put forth for our school.

A number of high school students and teachers accompanied the Eaglets to Knox City Friday afternoon to enjoy a good game. Both teams did splendid playing, but the Eaglets were defeated by the small margin of 9-7.

The Knox City Junior team will play Sunset Eaglets at Sunset the week following Christmas holidays. After a brief chapel program Friday afternoon school will close for Christmas. It will reopen Dec. 29.

The high school students are looking forward to Christmas just the same as our little brothers and sisters. They are all hoping that Santa Claus will stop, even if he can't stay long.

Christmas Customs From Many Lands

(Continued from page 2)

over the civilized world.

Northern Germany holds the faith that Mary and the Christ child pass through the lanes and streets on Christmas Eve, and in order to see them the children light candles in the windows.

Austria arises our adopted custom of placing candles in the windows Christmas Eve—that the Christ Child passing by in the darkened ways might not stumble.

Paris has originated a more secular celebration of Christmas Eve staging its "revillon" in cafes with its climax in midnight Christmas supper. In Russia "Kolenda" comes with its Christmas Eve procession thru the streets, its caroling for coppers, the masquerading of revelers as animals, significant of the manger, and with its trees in the homes of noblemen.

Scandinavia has given us many a Christmas custom. Peace prevails for all the season there, with old feuds forgotten. There the shoes of the family are set in a row with their retiring, that its members might live in peace throughout the year to come. There is found the Yule log, the dancing and the skating, and it was a custom of longstanding in other years, and may still be followed in parts of the peninsula, to celebrate the season with the yearly bath, the great wash tub dragged out into the center of the house for the series of ablutions. Candles burn all night for "Kristine" who brings the gifts, there are games until the carolers burst in upon the revelers, masker performances and pantomime and mock military drills.

Many countries claim the Christmas tree. In Scandinavia there is the legend of the "service" tree supposed to have sprung from the soil where a pair of lovers were killed by violence, and where the tree mysteriously appears with its myriad of lights at the Christmas time when no winds blow. A thirteenth century romance features the gigantic tree ablaze with burning candles found by a questing hero, with the haloed child shining at its top, the hole aflame with candles, the tree significant of mankind, the candles of humans, good or bad the child of the Christ

Child, Germany, keeping Christmas, often welcomes its guests with green branches ornamented with lighted candles. One of the loveliest of its legends tells that Martin Luther, walking over the snowy winter hills at night and observing the beauty of the glittering stars against the dark, set up for his children a tiny fir, with candles representing the stars.

Celebration in Egypt

Back so far as to the time of ancient Egypt is traced the origin of the custom of decking our homes with greens, for then branches of the date palm were hung in homes during the winter solstice, symbolic of "life triumphant", the symbol that our Christmas greens today interpret.

It was during the reign of Queen Victoria and her marriage to a German prince that the custom of the Christmas tree was brought into England, and German emigrants brought it to America.

Carols had their beginning back to a few centuries after the birth of Christ when bishops sang them in the churches to their clergy. Not until the 16th century did they take the finish and form in which we hear them sung. They then became festal chants introduced by the Norman French into England, but repudiated by the Puritans along with Christmas. The ballad form appeared about this time, and it was then that the "waits" made their rounds of the homes before dawn on Christmas morning, singing in payment for coins. The word carol comes from the Latin (to sing) and rola! (the interjection of joy).

The Christmas carol originated in England in 1840 as a successor to the "Christmas piece," a roll of ornamental paper note paper bearing greetings from engraver's apprentices to their friends. One Thomas Sharrock is credited with originating the first Christmas card, but the first one of which a copy exists was by Sir Henry Cole and 1,000 impressions of it were lithographed and hand-colored for sale in London. It was not until 1881, however, that the card was revised and reprinted in color process for general use, and from that time the popularity of the card rose rapidly.

Munday Times and Wichita Record-News \$5.50. You save 50cents.

R. D. Rawls Giver Inexpensive Cure For the Sore Head

R. D. Rawls, Vocational Agri. Ins. Several have come to me looking for an effective cure for the "sore-head". There seems to be some about other than those who have asked for the remedy.

The following is a cheap and very satisfactory remedy. I have tried it out and it did all that could be expected. Thoroughness is the one important thing. When pus is left in the pus pocket or sore a new scab will form and your job is to do over again. But when all pus is removed a sure cure follows.

Treatment: A small amount of Creolin for a disinfectant, a small amount of Iodoform.

Get a few tooth-picks, matches, or small pieces of wood, the equivalent size, wrap the ends of each with cotton, making a small swab or mop. Dilute the Formalin to a one or two percent solution, take a pin knife pry off the scab, and with one of the swabs of disinfectant clean out all pus found in the sore, after the sore is thoroughly cleaned take a dry swab and dip into the vial of Iodoform and sprinkle infected surface until well covered. Each pus-tool should be treated in same manner in keeping either Iodoform or Creolin out of the eyes of the chickens as it will cause no ill effects.

If rubber gloves are available use them as you are treating a germ disease, and too, the odor of the Iodoform is very hard to get off the hands. This however, is not offensive to many. But do use some care after treatment to see that you go immediately and clean your hands with strong soap and water. Don't know that there would be any after effect but, an ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure.

G. W. Tate was in Hamlin the latter part of last week assisting his brother-in-law, M. P. May, in conducting a furniture sale, and he reports a very satisfactory business.



The YELLOW PENCIL with the RED BAND

EAGLE PENCIL CO.

MIKADO

Free FREE! Free

Christmas Candy Saturday, Dec. 20th

AT ORIENT SERVICE STATION

WE WILL GIVE FREE TO EACH OF OUR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS WITH EVERY FIVE GALLONS OR MORE PURCHASE OF ORIENT MASTER GAS

A One Pound Box of Brown's Christmas Candy

TRY ORIENT MASTER GASOLINE AND ELIMINATE THE HARD STARTING OF YOUR CAR THESE COLD MORNINGS, WEAR OF YOUR BATTERY AND BETTER OPERATION OF YOUR MOTOR, MORE MILES PER GALLON. YOUR MOTOR KNOWS THE DIFFERENCE.

TRY THIS WINTER GREEN GASOLINE, 66 - 68 GRAVITY, 90 INITIAL, 370 END, and is the most perfect anti-knock gasoline.

I also handle the Best Grade of Orient Kerosene, also High Grade Water White Distillate. We Deliver anywhere.

ASK FOR DISTILLATION SHEET ON ANY OF OUR REFINED PRODUCTS. WE GET A DISTILLATION ON EVERY LOAD OF PRODUCTS WE BRING TO THIS AGENCY.

DON'T FORGET THE CHRISTMAS BOX OF CANDY TO BE GIVEN AWAY AT THE ORIENT SERVICE STATION SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20th.

Orient Service Station

U. R. HOUSER, Proprietor

PRACTICAL GIFTS at Practical Prices

We are pleased to announce that we have the most complete line of Christmas holiday goods we have ever had in Munday, and each and every item is a practical gift. Our line includes everything for both old and young, including a nice collection of toys and games for the kiddies, and after all, what is more practical than toys and games for the little ones? We extend a cordial invitation to the public to come in and see our line.

As suggestions in helping you solve the problem as to what to give for Christmas, we name a few of the many items we have from which to choose, but there are many others. Come in and pay us a visit.

Gifts For Mother or Sister—	Gifts for "Her"—	Gifts for Dad or Brother—
Nunnally's Candy	Rings	Watches and other Jewelry
Toilet Sets	Wrist Watches	Fountain Pen Sets
Nut Sets	Mesh Bags	Military Sets
Purses	Novelty Jewelry	Smoking Stands
Novelty Jewelry	Dinner Rings	Scarfs
Rings	Purses	Belts
Bridge Sets	Candy	Ties
Clocks	Toilet Sets	Pipe Sets
Stationery	Perfume Sets	Cigars
Bibles	Bridge Sets	
Radios	Diary	
	Manicure Sets	
	Fountain Pen Sets	
	Pearls	

Loveless Drug Co.

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CHRISTMAS TOYS



THE MUNDAY TIMES
KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Publishers
JESSE A. KENNEDY, Editor
JULIA A. KENNEDY, Associate Editor

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

WALTER WILLIAMS IS FIRST NEWSPAPER MAN TO HEAD GREAT UNIVERSITY

A white-haired, vigorous man in his middle sixties, who has never gone to college in his life, will be formally inaugurated early in the new year as the president of the University of Missouri, almost the first seat of learning set up beyond the Mississippi.

Thus Walter Williams who ended his formal education half a century ago in the eighth grade of a tiny Missouri country school, has broken another tradition, says Ben Robertson, Jr., in an article in a recent issue of the New York Herald Tribune Magazine.

Twenty-two years ago he founded and became dean of the now well known school of journalism of the University of Missouri. That was the first college tradition he shattered. For a man without a degree to be named dean of a school of an important university was an unheard-of thing. Now, in his election to the presidency, he has broken two other traditions. He is still without a diploma—that's one—and, so far as available records have disclosed, he is the first newspaper man ever to be elected president of a greater American university. And Walter Williams has been a newspaper man since the day he left the crossroads school and got a job as printer's devil.

The nine carators of the university, in announcing the election of Dan Williams, sensed this trait of his for disregarding tradition. They had met at noon one day in the university at Columbia and had, sun, closed, until the sun went over the prairie. Then an elderly man, opening a paneled door, saw a newspaper man waiting in the outside the news of the decision.

"We have chosen Walter Williams," he told them. And, after a moment's pause with which to emphasize his words, he added: "He never went to college in his life."

will be the women who, now in their teens, are contracting the cigarette smoking habit. They will then be hollow chested, weary eyed, with nicotine soaked bodies and complexions about as attractive as an alligator's hide.

Dr. Hugh S. Cuning, surgeon general of the United States Public Health Service, says in regard to this pernicious thing:

"If American women generally contract the habit, as reports now indicate they are doing, the entire nation will suffer. The number of American women who are smoking cigarettes today is amazing. The habit harms a woman more than it does a man. The woman's nervous system is more highly organized than the man's. The reaction is, therefore, more intense. Propaganda put out by certain firms urging that tobacco be used as a substitute for food is not in the interest of public health, and if practiced widely by young persons will be positively harmful."—Exchange.

Somebody has invented a cigarette. When may we expect the neckless chicken?

The law of gravitation can't be seen, but you know it is operating when the brakes won't take hold on a steep hill.

All those who walk, it is predicted, will become automobile owners some day—if they don't become angels first.

LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930

Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little girl 3 years old. I am a smart little girl. I dry dishes for mamma and I rock my little sister sometimes. She is 10 months old. Santa I will tell you what I want you to bring me for Xmas, a little broom and a set of dishes and any thing else you want to leave me, and Santa don't forget my baby sister, her name is Patsy Lou, bring her something nice to play with. I am your little friend.
Melba Alene Kitchens.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930

Dear Santa Claus:—
Please bring me a dresser, a set of dishes, fire crackers, oranges and candy.
Louise Jacobs.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930

Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little girl 6 years old. I go to school and I am in the low first. I have been a nice good girl and I am asking you to please bring me a little dresser, a little cabinet and a little trunk, also some little dishes and don't forget to bring me lots of nice fruits, nuts and candies. I am your little girl.
Edna Earl Russell.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930

Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little girl 6 years old. Will you please bring me a little doll, a set of dishes and nuts and fruits, don't forget my two older sisters and little niece, Eva Louise Stubblefield. Your little friend,
Bobby Floyd.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930

Dear Santa Claus:—
Care of Munday Times, Munday, Texas:
I have been a good little girl a long time, I want you to bring me a string of beads, a set of dishes, some crayols, some fruit and candy, nuts and chewing gum.
Mary Ruth Jacobs.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930

Dear Santa Claus:—
I am a little boy 9 years old. I thought I would write and tell you what I want for Christmas. I want an air gun and some shots for it, and some candy, nuts and fruits of all kinds, also some fire crackers and a bugle. Now Santa please don't forget Mama and Daddie. I am your little friend.
A. B. Kitchens.

Many a man who is smart enough to make money hasn't sense enough to enjoy it.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Hassen spent Sunday in Stamford visiting friends.

WANT ADS

FOR SALE—About 2000 bundles heger.—C. H. HARRELL.

WANTED—Second hand windmill. See D. B. WEAVER, Jr. 11

"The Supreme Authority"
WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Here's the EVIDENCE
A Library in one Volume

Hundreds of Supreme Court Judges pronounce it the best of the world's dictionaries.

The President and Department Heads of all Colleges, Universities and Schools give their endorsement.

The Government Printing Office of Washington uses the New International as the standard authority. High Officials in all branches of the Government endorse it.

The Colleges voted overwhelmingly in favor of Webster as standard of communication in answer to questions submitted by the Chicago Woman's Club.

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WE carry Prestone and alcohol for radiators. Let us supply your needs. — HOUSER'S FILLING STATION.

LET US TEST your radiators. Better be sure than sorry. We carry Prestone and alcohol.—U. R. HOUSER'S FILLING STATION.

PLUMBING WORK—I am doing plumbing work on the basis of 50 cents per hour for labor, and will appreciate your business, either water or gas plumbing. Will also sell piping and fittings at reasonable price.—RALPH WEEKS.

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Come see our work. We make the prices right. Call for and deliver.—S. S. STARR, Manager.

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Dental Surgery and X-Ray
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Located In
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A long term loan with the option to pay at any interest rate, provided the payment to be made is out of one's own funds. And contrary to the general belief, THIS LOAN DOES NOT CARRY ANY LIABILITY ON YOUR FARM, OTHER THAN YOUR OWN LOAN.

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The Munday National Farm Loan Association

JOHN ED JONES, Secretary-Treasurer
PHONE No. 109 MUNDAY, TEXAS

PROGRESS and the BANK

WHEN a business institution is called upon to expand, it finds the advantages of a strong banking alliance of paramount importance. Our bank is identified with Munday's successful commercial undertakings.

The First National Bank

An Airplane Turkey
By Florence Harris Wells

It is Easy to Make a Christmas Wreath
Inexpensive Christmas wreaths may be made of cuttings from pine trees, holly and hollyhock with pine cones wired on. At my flower shop a wire circle can be bought with bunches of thin wires, making it the easiest of tasks to build up a wreath that is unusual in its beauty.

WHAT do you kids think you're going to do with all those Christmas ads the airplane has been showering over the town every afternoon? Kandy Roberts demanded of his small brother and sister at the table a few evenings before Christmas.

"That's what I'd like to know," Eleanor, nineteen, chimed in as she folded her napkin.

The twins, Beth and Bob, aged but seven, looked at each other over their plates and then turned towards their mother.

A Belated Christmas
By Blanche Tanner Dillin

"Beth and Bob are quite justifiable," Mrs. Roberts assured her two older children. "Those advertisements are unusually attractive with their holly wreaths, bells, poinsettias and their red, gold and green lettering. The twins are making Christmas cards out of them with the aid of paste, cardboard and a verse now and then clipped from some magazine. It is their own idea and that is what every one is striving for nowadays, you know, unique and original Christmas cards." Mrs. Roberts' brown eyes twinkled.

"I'll say they're original all right," Kandy grinned. "But go to it, kiddies. At least you're saving expense, and that's what were trying to do." He turned to his father at the head of the table.

"They about the doctor's bill, huh? Is it reducing enough so that we can manage a turkey for Christmas dinner, or shall we regulate ourselves on something simpler for the big day?"

Mr. Roberts smiled wearily. "I don't know, son, you know that I don't like hearing as it should and I've only worked two days this week. Even with your help and Eleanor's the bills just about stand still."

"That's all right Dad, I was just eating. Mother's cooking makes everything taste good." He stopped on the way out to look at the heap of ads piled on various chairs. Suddenly he picked one up and scrutinized it.

"See here, folks. Listen what it says on the South Market announcement—'Some of these advertisements are marked. The one turning in the greatest number of marked ads will receive a 12 pound turkey at our market the morning of Christmas eve.' Babies, the turkey's yours! There can't anybody beat a collection like this.' And nobody did."

(C. 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

CHRISTMAS should be a happy time for every one, but in Ruth Kennedy's heart there was little cheer. Every one seemed to be receiving gifts, she thought, as she sorted the mail in the little suburban post office. She had received a goodly number herself even now, the day before Christmas. But although there must be many beautiful gifts in the unwrapped ones, the one gift for which she had looked for three years, a letter or just a card, had never come.

Three years ago she had been certain that before Christmas Neil Traverser would ask her to marry him. But Christmas had come and gone and he had not spoken. Then she heard that he had gone to South America. Just yesterday she heard that he was again in a neighboring city living as his old club.

She had been grateful for the work as postmistress that had been given her, for the last few years would have indeed been lonely. But long she wished that she might go with the letters while she had just given to the man for the night air mail, and fly into new scenes and experiences.

Feeling around in the storage box to be sure that she had left nothing, her hand struck a loose board. Then she felt something like a letter. Prying it loose she held it up to the light, and to her astonishment she saw that it was addressed to her.

"I am writing for South America in two weeks and shall expect an answer before I leave. No answer will mean 'no' to me." Thus she saw it was post-marked three years before.

Rushing to the telephone she called the club in the neighboring city and heard the dear, familiar voice. It might be a belated Christmas letter by several years, but both Ruth and Neil agreed the next day that it was "better late than never."

(C. 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

WOMEN OF A FEW YEARS FROM NOW

Fifteen or twenty years from now we're going to have in this country a lot of the handsomest looking sisters the world ever saw. They

W. P. Farrington

Physician and Surgeon
Special attention to diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Office 26—PHONES—Res. 24
Rooms 1, 2 and 3
Pendleton-Eiland Building
Munday, Texas

Christmas Cakes

Try the new White Fruit Cake. It is good. We also have a complete line of Fruit and Nut Layers, also dark Fruit Cake at 40c per pound.

Don't spend the holidays baking. Enjoy the happy season and let us furnish the cakes and other goodies.

HOME BAKERY
MUNDAY TEXAS

Gift JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

With a view of accommodating our price range to the year's more limited gift budgets... we have assembled a great number of really remarkable values in Jewelry and Silverware.

Our stock, while not as large as in previous years, is priced in accordance with the times, and includes Dresser Sets, Perfumery, Dolls and many Novelties.

Eiland's Drug Store
"If It's From Eiland's It's Right"

Untie Your Hands . . .

A 1931 Resolution

More than likely you've envied the freedom of some of your more fortunate friends who are able to have kitchen and household help. You've wished that you, too, could enjoy their leisure hours for the enjoyment of the better things of life. New Year's Resolutions are usually looked upon as promises easily forgotten or broken—but here's one you should make . . . and keep!

Determining to make a thorough investigation of the many time, labor and money-saving appliances which can be operated economically by electricity. Make up your mind to avail yourself of the many happy hours of freedom you can expect through the application of these appliances to your own problems.

These remarkable "Electrical Servants" are unusually easy to own and to operate. You will find them efficient servants which will not only work without pay—but actually make substantial cash savings for you each month.

Start the New Year right. Untie Your Hands for 1931 and for countless years to follow.

West Texas Utilities Company

EAGLE MIKADO
The YELLOW PENCIL RED BAND
EAGLE PENCIL CO. NEW YORK, U.S.A.

SPECIALS

Friday and Saturday
and Christmas Week

FOR CASH

WALNUTS, California,
No. 1, per pound **27c**

BRAZIL NUTS, Best
Grade, per pound **25c**

ALMONDS, Soft Shell,
per pound **25c**

COCOANUTS, Large
Size, 3 for **25c**

CANDY

Fancy Mixed, Bon Bons,
Peanut Squares, Fudge,
Chocolate, X-mas Mixed
Fancy and Peanut Brittle,
per pound **17¹/₂c**
Pure Sugar Stick, 2 lbs for **35c**

APPLES, Delicious,
any size, per lb. **8c**

ORANGES, Small Size,
per dozen **15c**

MAYONAISE, pint
size **25c**

CATSUP, large, White
Swan or Van Camp's, 2 for **35c**

BAKING POWDER,
1 pound Calumet **25c**

EXTRACT, any flavor,
Two 2-ounce bottles **35c**

LETTUCE, Large Kool
Krisp Heads, 2 for **15c**

RICE, Fancy Blue Rose
5 lbs. for **30c**

LYE, Grant, Babbitt or
Hooker's, per can **10c**

PINTO BEANS,
10 pounds for **55c**

SOAP, P & G or Crystal
White, 10 bars **35c**

HERSHEY'S COCOA, 1/2 lb. **15c**

HERSHEY'S COCOA, 1 lb. **28c**

MOTHER'S COCOA, 1/2 lb. **12c**

MOTHER'S COCOA, 1 lb. **20c**

MOTHER'S COCOA, 2 lbs. **30c**

HANEY

GROCERY AND MARKET

LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930
Dear Santa Claus:
I am going to tell you what I want. I want a little wagon, a kiddie car, and a stocking full of us and things. I am two years old.
James Alvin Floyd.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930
Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little boy two years old, and I have been a good boy, so will you please bring me a little red wagon, and lots of fruit, nuts and candy.
Billy Wayne Lain.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930
Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a baby doll, and cabinet for I have been a good little girl the last year. I am eight years old, and live south of Munday, so please don't forget me. My brother, J. B., wants a saddle so we can ride to school. Now be sure and come.
Yours truly,
Geneva and J. B. King.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930
Dear Santa Claus:
I am writing to you to tell you what I want. I want a wagon, firecrackers, cap gun and candy, nuts and oranges and all. Santa I forgot, I want solid wheels on my wagon. Please send me these things. Don't forget my little brothers and sisters.
Willie Floyd.

Groen, Texas, Dec. 1930.
Dear Santa Claus:
I have been a good little girl. I go to school. I am in the third grade. I have pulled bolts hard this year, so I want you to bring me a little machine and a pair of beads, lots of fruit, candy and nuts.
Your friend,
George Logan.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930.
Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little girl 8 years old. I am going to school now, but have been pulling holes and I have tried to be a good girl, so please bring me a doll and a doll buggy and some nice gloves and lots of fruit, nuts and candy. I'll not ask for more this time. And bring daddy and mama something nice. So I'll be looking for you soon.
Your little friend,
Winters Groves.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930
Dear Santa Claus:
I want some candy, a football, a toy car and some fire crackers.
Eugene Whitaker.

Munday, Texas, Dec. 1930
Dear Santa Claus:
I am going to write to you to tell you what I want. I want a doll, bed, trunk, buggy and nuts, apples and oranges. Do not forget what I want, Santa. And don't forget my two brothers.
Ethel Floyd.

NOTICE—After January 1st all seed and hulls will be strictly cash, and no charge accounts will be made with anyone.—MUNDAY COTTON OIL CO., INC.

Ancient Ohio Mound Gives Up Skeletons

Thornville, Ohio.—J. L. Loughman of Newark, Ohio, has just finished opening an ancient mound on the farm of Mrs. John Redding, three miles northeast of Thornville. He unearthed 15 skeletons. The burial took place almost 3,000 years ago, he estimates.

There were twelve male and three female skeletons. All except one showed the left lower jaw had been crushed. Loughman believes the victims had been captured, beaten and buried alive by their enemies.

The skeletons are being returned to the mound after various curios are removed.

'The Supreme Authority'

EBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Has the evidence

Hundreds of Supreme Court Justices pronounced highest praise of the work as their authority.

The President and Department Heads of all leading Universities and Colleges give their endorsement.

The Government Printing Office at Washington uses the New International as the standard authority. High Officials in all branches of the Government endorse it.

The Collected used comprehensively in every school of every grade of every country in every continent.

The Chicago World's Club.

Get The Best

By Your Local Dealer or send for free illustrated booklet.

S. S. C. WEBSTER COMPANY
Springfield, Mass.

Reindeer Mischief

by NAALIE McGRATH



DAVE HOLDEN chose his homestead high up the foothill valley not only for the shelter of surrounding hills and proximity to graves of spruce and lodge-pole pine. He had another reason for retreating so far from civilization. That reason was Sylvia Palmer.

Dave and Sylvia had been pals together down the plains where both were born. They had attended the same school, the same picnic, dances, country concerts. Many a starry night, with Sylvia at his side, Dave had driven the prairie trails, none too eager to reach their destination. And Sylvia, too, seemed quite content to dally on the way.

It was true there never had been any formal engagement between them. It hardly seemed necessary. They had "gone together" so long that some young Sylvia supposed when he was in a position to offer her a home, he would tell her so, and Sylvia would say: "All right, Dave. Whenever you are ready." Then she would turn her tempting mouth to him, and he would kiss her tenderly and a little differently, now that she was so soon to be his bride.

But Dave had not counted on a woman's will—and what comes of it. At eighteen Sylvia, having secured her teacher's certificate, applied for and was accepted by a town school some distance from her home. She was all enthusiasm and excitement over her plunge into the great, self-supporting world.

Dave may have shared her excitement, but not her enthusiasm. He told her so.

"Why, Dave Holden, I'm surprised at you," Sylvia retorted. "I thought you would be glad to see me get a chance."

"Of course, I want you to have your chance," he explained, "but I'm focusing on fixing a chance for you, too. You'd be just the thing for my place. In another year or two I'll be all set to take up land of my own, and then—"

She waited for him to put something definite into words, but a certain shyness held him back. Anyway, she knew what he meant. She gave his disengaged hand a grateful squeeze.

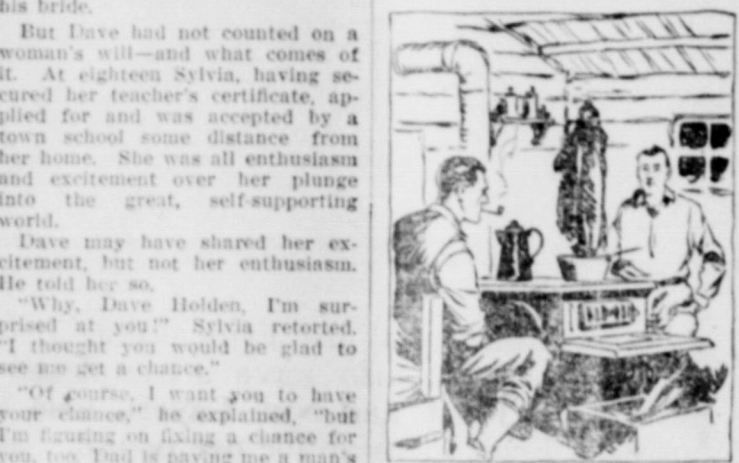
"That will be fine," she said. "You'll make a good farmer, Dave."

"Maybe," he admitted. "And maybe by that time you'll have taken up with one of those town sheiks, and I won't care then whether I go farming or not."

"Don't you worry over that. I'm not planning on taking up with any town sheik—not with a big boy like Dave Holden running around loose."

But Dave worried, just the same, and by the second year he knew he had occasion for it. Sylvia's talk had turned from crops and country picnics and all things of the land to sport and tennis and particularly one Jack Fulton, whose name was often on her lips. Dave had a feeling of being taken at a disadvantage. Instead of wooing Sylvia for himself he blantly charged her with having transferred her affections to Fulton.

"I ain't blaming you," he said, sarcastically. "No doubt he is a



"I ain't Jack Fulton, perhaps you have heard of me?"

strove. After all, he told himself, he was not a body of feet. He had a dog, and a gun, a team of horses, half a dozen yearling calves. . . .

He was taking comfort in such thoughts when suddenly his dog sprang up, barking. Dave was on his feet in an instant, his gun in his hand. Perhaps a deer or a bear had wandered into his little clearing.

At that moment came a knock, something which never before had happened on his cabin door. For an instant Dave hesitated, then swung the door open. The light fell on the figure of a young man.

"Are you Dave Holden?" the stranger inquired.

"Yes, come in."

The stranger entered. Dave made him comfortable and gave him supper, waiting to hear his mission.

When they were seated on either side of the hot stove the stranger began. "I am Jack Fulton, he said. "Perhaps you have heard of me."

Dave's veins seemed to freeze. "What brings you here?" he demanded. "Can't you leave me alone?"

Fulton kept his temper. "No, not under the circumstances. Let me tell you—I will be brief. I am the principal of the school where Miss Palmer teaches. All through the term I have seen she was worried. At last I asked her why. Naturally she was diffident at first, but finally told me. She is wearing her heart out for you."

Dave faced him. "Is this true, and why do you tell me? I thought—"

"Because I am to be married to a little girl of my own at Easter, and I think I know how much of you feel. So I got your location from the homestead officials, and took my Christmas vacation to look you up. I hope you are not annoyed by my interest?"

Dave seized his hand. "And I thought all the time—"

"Never mind what you thought! I've walked in from the nearest rancher's. If you have a team that can travel you can make the railway station by morning, and eat your Christmas turkey at Sylvia Palmer's. I'll stay and look after your cattle. It will be a real holiday for me."

But Dave had both his hands in his. "My friend! I don't know what I can say—"

"Say it to Sylvia! I'll give you six days to get back. And bring her with you, or I'll charge you for my time!"

"I'll bring her with me—or you can keep the farm," said Dave, who was already climbing into his heavy overcoat.

Boys' Christmas Feasting

Christmas Calculations—That the Christmas eating capacity of the average boy is equal to all that he eats without permission, and then some more.

Many a man who is smart enough to make money hasn't sense enough to enjoy it.



Mr. and Mrs. D. Hassen spent Sunday in Stamford visiting friends.

New Frocks For the Holidays



These Frocks are made of smart new fabrics, in prints and plain colors. Just the thing for mid-season and early spring wear. They are moderately priced and very new, different in style and latest colors.

Many Gift Items for your selection . . . Silk Pajamas . . . Stepins . . . Bloomers . . . Slips . . . Panties . . . Gloves Fitted Cases . . . Purses . . . and Bags.

We will be glad to show you these items and many more too numerous to mention, that will make lovely Gifts.

GRISSOM-ROBERTSON

Department Store
"THE HOUSE OF COURTESY"

This story that is going the rounds that old Santa Claus is not going to visit any of the smaller towns this Christmas is all talk. Indeed, he is going to visit Munday, and has established headquarters here in a number of our stores and if you don't think he has a supply of nice presents, just come in and take a look around the stores. He will be here with bells on.

SEE A. B. Warren at Gray's Filling Station for Battery charging and all kinds of mechanical work.

May the richest blessing that God has in store be yours through life.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Williams.

NOTICE

To Milk Customers

Beginning January 1st, we will make a reduction in the price of milk, making the price 40c per gallon. This reduction is made in view of conditions that prevail, and by making this reduction we hope to materially increase our sales by increasing both the number of patrons and the quantity used by old patrons. We shall continue our efforts to build here in Munday a Dairy that will merit the patronage of all.

All accounts must be paid by the 10th of the month or we will be forced to discontinue service. All bottles must be returned daily or they will be charged to your account. Patrons are urged to cooperate in this.

We want to thank our patrons for the business they have given us during the past year, and assure you that it will be our aim to continue to give the very best service possible. Remember, we deliver ice cold milk anywhere in Munday twice daily. Let us serve you.

The Munday Dairy

Phone 106. Grady Thornton, Prop.