Eagle Lake Headlight

ESTABLISHED MARCH, 1905.

BRUCE W. McCARTY
Editor and Publisher.

Official Organ City of Eagle Lake.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1936.

Garwood Hi Spotlight

Editor-in-chief ..... Evelyn Krenek
Ass't. Editor ..... Vivian Williams

Basket Ball Boys Busy

The Eagles came over to subdue the Gars 21 to 20 Wednesday night. This was the tightest game that has been played by the Gars in a long time. Incidentally, this was the same score that the fish beat Eagle Lake in the first game last year.

For the three days of school this week the cagers have two games. They travel to Weimar Monday night to play Weimar for the first time this season. The big bus is being taken and a large crowd is expected from Garwood. The first and second teams are going to play and there should be plenty of basketball.

Tuesday night Bernard Prairie is invading Lane territory to continue the feud from last year. The first two games of last year were with Bernard Prairie, the score being 26 to 16 and 31 to 18 in favor of the intruders. This will be the last basket ball until after the holidays so you had better come.

The town team of Garwood organized to get into the league that is being formed. Suits have been ordered and the team named the "Buccaneers."—G. P. Harry.

Fifth Grade News Report

We are glad that Jacqueline Kallina, Juanita Turner and Allen Lapay are back in school. They have been out with the measles. The class has enjoyed the music programs very much. We are glad that Christmas will soon be here. We have decorated our room.—Gladys Irene Hahn and Jacquelina Joyce Kallina.

Sixth Grade News Report

Most of us are planning what we are going to do during the holidays. The sixth grade students are sorry that Howard Petrosky has moved to Ellinger. The school is busy practicing for Christmas plays. Viola Faykus and Burin Kallina are the only students in our room who have missed a day of school. The sixth grade pupils are carving a manger scene out of soap.

Who Are They?

A girl in the tenth grade Blonde, sweet and popular. A good booster of the basket ball team. Handle, a great deal of money last Saturday night. I'll bet you've guessed it now.

A boy in the ninth grade. Blonde, good basket ball player. Squirrel hunter and—oh, I gave it away.

Campus Gossip

Wow! Eleven days holiday. What good news!—Some of the boys are being treated better than they were before. Must be because Christmas is near.—Some of the H. E. girls can really make good candy, beware, boys!—What's this we hear about two certain persons being very much interested in traveling about twelve miles south? Good luck to you.—You should hear Vivian, Evelyn and Emma sing. They really made use of the microphone the other day.—Cleo liked to stay in town. Explanations please, Cleo.—Jim Ella, we think that you are taking too many days off for the holidays, or are you really sick?—Earlyn we have just about come to the conclusion that you are very saving, even with other people's money. How unusual!—Diagramming is more fun. Just ask the seniors.—Evelyn K. you'd better be good; Santa Claus is coming soon.—G. P., we wonder whether your absence from school Thursday and Friday was the result of that blow you received Wednesday night, or did you go camping?—Clara, don't let that little clown tickle you so. That's natural with him.—Herbert and Harry must really enjoy duck hunting. We don't blame you, boys.

It seems as if Ruth is taking about a month's vacation. Did you forget to come back to school, Ruth?—According to rumors, Lucille really can work geometry, especially circles.—Melvin was upset last Wednesday night. Some one was missing, we think. Did we guess right, Melvin?—Bobbie, you shouldn't slam a door so hard. We admit that you—Just-how-old-Shirley and J Cis got home last Wednesday night? Watch your step girls; there's something behind this.—Roots, what's this you are so disappointed about?—Frederick, we know you have missed your great pal since two days.—Sylvia, we wonder what was on your mind last Wednesday.—Victor, you should not stare so hard at that person sitting the seventh period. It might cause trouble.—Pete, we admit that you are very good at describing people. And by the way, your new jacket is very attractive.—Charline will have to find a place to spend the week-end sometime soon.—Samuel should see that the doors are left open.—Evelyn realy shouldn't let her curiosity get the best of her.—Freddie just can't seem to make up his mind.—Boots can be serious when he wants to be.—Clayburn should be an actor.—Samuel may be little but he is plenty loud.—G. P. likes to drive Model A Fords.—Why wouldn't Vivian go to Weimar Monday night?—J Ola should receive a letter pretty soon.—Emma was seen with an old friend Monday at noon.—Frederick should be a mathematician.—Rosemary will have to start remembering or it may cost her two days.—Charles makes a good constable.

What happened after the play Friday night?—Wonder why everybody is so uncommunicative about Saturday night.—Pete, how's washing dishes. We heard that you were lost Thursday night.—Fritz might be a big boss someday.—Keep up the good work, Samuel.—Some boy was disappointed last Wednesday night. He didn't get any candy, eh Emma?—New leather jackets were the style last week.—Frederick was bewildered last Saturday night by someone's saying "Did you mean it?" Explain, Cleo.—Charlie and Alfonse are great hunters.—Was it a good show Sunday night, Struggle?

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

Geography has its own answer for "Is there a Santa Claus?" There is.

Santa Claus, Indiana, is a hamlet of a few frame buildings and less than a hundred people, but it is national headquarters for one type of holiday observance. Each Yule season brings to its stacks of mail, parcels, letters and cards, of which 90 per cent are promptly re-mailed with the intriguing postmark "Santa Claus."

"Beyond a doubt the biggest man in this Hoosier hamlet is Santa Claus himself," says a bulletin from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic Society. "A 25-foot statue of him, complete with whiskers and bulging sack, is dedicated to the chaste, able old saint, in recognition that his Christmas gifts to the town have been name, fame and seasonal prosperity.

"Early settlers of this southern Indiana hamlet, seven or eight decades ago, took a fancy to the name of Santa Fe, but they couldn't use it because another town in the state had it first. So they boldly christened their settlement with Claus as a last name instead of Fe.

"Similar holiday names dot the world map. Christmas is a favorite in the United States. This name gives a festive fillip to settlements all small, in Florida, Kentucky, Maine and Arizona. Christmas Cove in Maine is a summer resort. Launches chug into its rock-guarded entrance, not far from Boothbay, where pleasant summering makes visitors forget that Yuletide mas is ever coming, until they see the name of the post office. Another Christmas Cove, far less cozy, is the small sheltered anchorage for boats in southern Chile, hardly more than an indentation in San Andres Bay, where homesick sealers can find respite from dangerous winds, but little cheer.

"Christmas, Arizona, a little mining town southeast of Phoenix near the Gila River, was named on December 25, 1902, for more reasons than one. Several decades previously, mining prospectors had staked out claims on its site, but had been forced to move because the territory was included within the San Carlos Apache Indian Reservation. On Christmas Eve, 1902, two prospectors received the news that reservation boundaries had just been changed. They reached the valuable site and located copper claims on Christmas morning. Because of the day, and also because they expected their mines to fill their stockings, they called the place Christmas.

"Canada also has a holiday item or two among its place names. Christmas Island, in Nova Scotia, within the island of Cape Breton, is a tiny dot close to the eastern shore of Great Bras d'Or, where the Golden Arms of the sea reach inward toward the magnificent inland salt lake of Bras d'Or. Less frequented is the neighboring shelter of Christmas Pond's sandy beach.

"Does Christmas suggest polar snow and sleigh bells? A famous name, when Christmas Day whole year round, is a coral atoll in the middle of the Pacific, a realm of white sand, luxuriant coconut palms, transparent green lagoons, and lumbering tropical turtles. A few minutes above the Equator. The largest known coral atoll in the Pacific, Christmas Island has about 1,200 acres of coconut groves under cultivation, producing about ten tons of copra annually. It was named by Captain Cook, who spent Christmas week there in 1777.

"Another spot which owes its name to this captain's holiday visit is Christmas Harbor, Kerguelen Island, in the South Indian Ocean. Anchoring here on December 25, 1776, Captain Cook christened the place in honor of the day, undoubtedly by the fact that a French discoverer had named it the Baie de l'Oiseau three years before. Here Cook's crew found grass for their cattle and fresh water, then killed a plentiful supply of penguins and seals.

"The island of Nyauk-Kaung, in the monsoon-swept Indian Ocean 200 miles below the western tip of Java, is also called Christmas Island. This small wooded outpost of the Straits Settlement, only about 62 square miles in area, has about a thousand inhabitants, most of them Chinese coolies employed in the production of phosphate of lime.

"South America, too, has holiday mementoes tucked away in maps. Among the dangerous maze of islands packed tightly around bleak Cape Horn and up the coast of Chile are Christmas Sound, Christmas Harbour and Christmas Anchorage.

"For geographical variety, other names associated with Christmas are also used. Yule Island lurks off the southeastern coast of British New Guinea, and Noel names an island off the Java coast. Nova Scotia has a little harbor by that same name, and Virginia and Missouri as well have Noel post offices.

"Santa Claus by another name is far more popular geographically. For France has a half-dozen towns named St. Nicolas. St. Niklaus in Switzerland, St. Nicholas in Wales, England, Canada, Cuba, Greece, Haiti and Java; Sao Nicolao in the Cape Verde Islands; San Nicolas in Tierra del Fuego; St. Nicolaas in Belgium—all attest a world-wide popularity of the genial saint who is the traditional patron of sailors and children. Even Florida, Minnesota and Pennsylvania have adopted a St. Nicholas apiece."

MOONLIGHT AND ROSES VS. POISON GAS

And like a bolt from the blue comes a king who rates love at the top of the list, prefers turtle doves to bombing planes, thinks a kiss has it all over a war council and who would rather listen to the dictates of his heart than his war minister's latest plan for shelling a defenseless city where it will massacre the most women and children! It's colossal!

A ruler of a great and powerful country in the year 1936 who places hand holding over goose stepping, who prefers moonlight and roses to poison gas and personal chest thumping, and who thinks strutting before the mob relatively not a minor activity! And, positively not a motion picture, either!

Why, the peace-loving nations should chip in, pool a big fund and subsidize the happy pair. They should undertake a world tour. A king who rated love the most important thing in the world would weild more influence in the popular mind than the League of Nations and all the world peace boards on earth.

The pair would be ten times as influential as those peace conferences and wouldn't cost half as much.—H. I. Phillips in Dallas Times-Herald.

WHIPPING POST

"Hangman, I charge you to pay particular attention to this lady. Scourge her soundly, man; scourge her till her blood runs down! It is Christmas; a cold time for madam to strip. See that you warm her shoulders."

Thus, in the 17th century England, Judge Jeffreys reportedly sentenced a female prisoner to the whipping post. Such things were common in those days. Old England lived under a half-barbaric philosophy, took for granted a society of cruel forms, accepted laws that seem almost unbelievably outlandish in retrospect.

Englishmen regarded flogging as a natural punishment. Mistresses of households not infrequently had erring servants whipped to death. The courts regularly ordered men and women to be tied naked to the post and lashed for offenses ranging from immorality to petty theft, from peddling to civil disobedience. Even lunatics and victims of smallpox were sometimes sentenced, simply because their allotments displeased society.

England was not alone in this behavior. Whipping, as a form of corporal punishment, has existed in all ages and places. It exists today—even in the United States. In a modified form, for instance, it is officially established in Maryland, and it is currently an issue in the state of Washington.—Pathfinder.

ALL NIGHT DANCE HERE FOR CHRISTMAS NIGHT

The Blue Jackets of Schulenburg will furnish music for an all-night dance at Austin's Hall in Eagle Lake on Christmas night. The dance begins at 8 o'clock, with old-time dance numbers until 11:30. After that hour, the program will be both modern and an occasional old-time number. The dance is a "dutch dance," which means that both ladies and gentlemen may select their own dancing partners.

On New Year's Eve, December 31st, the South Texas Ramblers will furnish music for another dance at Austin Hall.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our friends for their help and sympathy, and we also thank the firemen for their good work in fighting the recent fire at our home.

MR. AND MRS. W. C. ELKINS AND FAMILY.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Settle of Houston are expected this afternoon, and will be Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McCarty.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Reese Jr. of Houston are here to spend the holidays with relatives.

Mr. Fritz Emshoff expects to leave today for Houston where he will spend Christmas with the family of his son, Herman Emshoff.

Jack—Have you ever been in love?

Ruth—It's none of your business.

Jack—Huh, woman, you don't know me.

Jake Smothers Will Accompany Noted Bird Photographer on Rare Bird Picture Taking Expedition Thru Heyens Bay

The following very interesting story of bird life in the Eagle Lake section, is sent the Headlight by a friend in Waco. She does not know from what newspaper the article, written by G. Williams Harlan, is taken, therefore no credit is given for its publication.

By G. William Harlan

After days of sailing coastal waters, hours of tramping over rocky islands, wading through swamps where no boat could travel, and lying motionless in blinds, J. J. Carroll, Houston lumberman, gets another shot, not with a gun but with a camera, of an exquisite and rare bird to add to his priceless collection.

For nearly half a century, Carroll has been collecting bird photographs as a hobby. His collection today is rated as one of the best private or public in the world. He first became interested in birds at the age of 12 and started with the collecting of bird eggs in Lampasas. His first group of eggs were presented to the Houston Natural History Museum at "Hermann Park. Although he believes that collecting bird eggs is detrimental to bird life, he still aids museums in getting the best collections possible.

One trip stands out in the mind of Mr. Carroll from all the rest. "When I was 19," he said, "I headed for Mexico as I had heard that many rare specimens of eggs, birds and pictures could be had for the patience of waiting if I could endure a little solitude." I went far back in the interior of Mexico to a small village of Toluca, where I was the only white man besides the missionary.

"Here I realized that I would have spent more time in the little red schoolhouse instead of in the woods, for my lack of knowledge of Spanish was my greatest handicap. Little by little I made friends and found my way around the hills and lakes. It was here I succeeded in getting one of the greatest collections I ever found in one place.

"Another obstacle arose as I had no way of getting my treasures out of Mexico across the border unless they were smuggled because the Mexican authorities looked on them as belonging to Mexico. I got them across; they are here." Today this collection can be seen at the Natural History Museum of Baylor College at Waco.

Carroll was a member of a party of three representing the Fossil Field Expedition in 1900. This trip was made by wagon throughout southwestern United States.

He has been making bird pictures for the past 10 years and his collection is valued at a high mark. Of these pictures, many are now hanging in the outstanding art museums of the world. While the writer was talking to Mr. Carroll he saw two pictures which will go to London to be hung in the British Art Museum. For them he will receive an award from the museum. One of his interest is now centered in the marine bird life of the gulf coast from Louisiana to the second chain of islands to the lower bay of San Antonio.

In the latter place dwells the roseate spoon bill, which is not found anywhere else on the coast. The snow egret, Louisiana herons, American Egret, and the wood heron are of the few other rare birds he has photographed.

His idea of a perfect short vacation is to be found on his 45-foot boat, "Drifter," with a full tank of 500 gallons of gasoline and the two 120-horse power motors moving him at a clip of 25 or 30 miles an hour to Heyens Bay, where the majority of gulf birds live. His only companion will more than likely be Jake Smothers of Eagle Lake, Texas, who for the past 10 years has made Carroll's blinds, which may be found everywhere birds can be found. They are mostly on the ground and in trees.

Eagle Lake Bird Haven

Although he has searched practically every spot of the gulf coast, his chief place of interest is Eagle Lake where he belongs to a club. "The first time I was at Eagle Lake," he said, "there were only two pairs of egret, but now, due to the protection offered them under Texas game laws, there are more egret and herons breeding there than in any place in Texas. Here I have found the greatest assortment of birds, in fact, every bird in the United States but two. These are the great white heron, of which there are less than 100 in the United States and who live on the Key at Florida; and the reddish egret which lived on the coast only. Around Eagle Lake can be found as many as 20,000 nests," he concluded.

Despite his travels, some of the most beautiful pictures he has taken have been made around Houston, and Carroll encourages anyone with a love for birds to start in his own back yard. His hobby has been to him what golf, swimming, tennis, and fishing are to other men.

Carroll has been honored by many natural art societies and is a member of the National Association of Audubon Societies. But as nature is one of the nearest things to him, it also happens to be one of his worst enemies as a stroke of paralysis has robbed him of the use of his right arm. He can no longer take pictures, but is studying the lives and habits of his little feathered friends.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State of Texas. The Eagle Lake Independent School District.

To all unknown heirs of Joe Parker and all unknown owners and all persons and record lien holders owning or claiming, or both, any interest in the land or lots hereinafter described, the same being delinquent to the Eagle Lake Independent School District, for taxes, and the same lying and being situated within the boundaries of the Eagle Lake Independent School District, in the County of Colorado, and State of Texas, to-wit:

All that certain tract or parcel of land lying and being situated in the town of Eagle Lake, Colorado County, Texas, being a part of the S. Jas. White Survey, and being more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at the N. W. corner of a lot owned by Richard Boykins on Davitt Street; Thence in a N. W. direction along said Davitt Street 50 feet to the corner of Madison Rowe homestead lot and corner; Thence at right angles 200 feet more or less and corner; Thence in a S. E. direction and parallel with said Davitt Street 50 feet and corner; Thence 200 feet to the place of beginning being the same land conveyed to Cuney Christol by Madison Rowe by deed dated 25th day of June A. D. 1920, and said deed is duly recorded in Book 69 page 356-357 of Deed Records of Colorado County, Texas, and reference is hereby made to same for further information and a better description, which said property is delinquent to the Eagle Lake Independent School District for taxes for the years 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934 and 1935 aggregating the sum of $58.22 including interest, penalties and costs, said taxes having been legally levied, assessed and rendered against said land and lots, and the same being a lawful charge and constituting a prior lien against the same in favor of Eagle Lake Independent School District, to secure the payment thereof;

AND YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED to be and appear before the Honorable District Court of Colorado County, Texas, at the next regular term thereof, to be held at the Courthouse of said County, in the city of Columbus on the 5th Monday after the 1st Monday in January, A. D. 1937, the same being the 8th day of February, A. D. 1937, then and there to show cause why judgment should not be rendered against you and the said land and lots sold under foreclosure of said lien to satisfy said taxes, interest, penalties and costs, and all court costs; all of which, together with other and further relief, general and special, being fully set out and prayed for in the plaintiff's original petition filed in said Court on the 13th day of November 1936, and appearing on the docket thereof as suit No. 2201, wherein the Eagle Lake Independent School District is plaintiff, and all unknown heirs of Joe Parker and all unknown owners and all persons and record lien holders owning or having or claiming, or both, any interest in said land or lots, defendants.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in the City of Columbus, Texas, in the County of Colorado, this 17th day of November, A. D. 1936.

W. C. PAPENBERG,
Clerk, District Court, Colorado County, Texas.

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W. C. PAPENBERG,
Clerk, District Court, Colorado County, Texas.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

The State of Texas. The Eagle Lake Independent School District.

To Ruby Christol, femme sole, unknown all unknown heirs of Cuney Christol and, all unknown owners and all persons and record lien holders owning or claiming, or both,

What's the use thinking up
A greeting that is new
When just that same good
Old Christmas wish
Is what we mean for you.

Luna's Drug Store
J. D. LUNA

We're ending a Big Christmas season by extending our best wishes to you personally, and by thanking you for the fine reception given to our displays of Christmas Merchandise.

THE STORE OF VALUES
ALBERT'S "VARIETY STORE

WHEN YOU BUY THE unknown

● Games of chance may be all right in their place—but why risk your money when you buy razor blades! Ask your dealer for Probak Jr.—produced by the world's largest manufacturer of razor blades. Here is known quality—a double-edge blade that gives you one excellent shave after another—and sells at 4 for 10¢! Ask your dealer for a package of Probak Jr. blades today.

PROBAK JUNIOR BLADES 4 FOR 10¢
A PRODUCT OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST BLADE MAKERS

THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS CAROLS

(Kerrville Mountain Sun)

Some of the most beautiful music of the word is that which is sung at Christmas time. Perhaps this is because our hearts are filled with the spirit of Christmas and the music seems to wave and twell in every home in every land.

One of the most beautiful of these lovely old carols is "O, Little Town of Bethlehem," and was written by Phillips Brooks, a well known and beloved minister of the gospel, who lived in Boston, Mass. A few years before his death he had visited the Holy Land and had spent Christmas eve in the little town of Bethlehem. Through the long, still hours of the night he sat by the window and watched the peaceful town, thinking of other nights a long ago, and the events that had changed the trend of the world. Out of those sacred thoughts came the words of the sweet song:

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie
Above thy sweet and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

The origin of the other carol, "Silent Night, Holy Night," is equally as interesting. In the far country of Poland a young wife lay dying, and as midnight drew near she breathed her last breath. As the grief stricken young husband gazing sadly out of the window, gazing into the night, it was now covered with snow and the stars seemed set in a deep blue blanket which almost touched the earth. The young man was reminded of the other night so long ago, which had brought with it the birth of the Christ Child. The man was Joseph Mohr, and he hurriedly wrote the words which came into his mind. A friend, Franz Gruber, set the words to music. This carol, perhaps, is sung more than any other and has been translated into every language. To many lands and climes the season would not be Christmas without the singing of the beautiful song, and in churches, schools and homes all in America we shall hope to hear—

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright,
'Round you virgin mother and child
Holy Infant, so tender and mild
Sleep in Heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
All the armed hosts sing alleluia,
Christ, the Saviour is born.

It seems that whenever the sweet strains are heard that one pauses how down with worship for the Christ Child. Awe and reverence fill our hearts and it is then we are made to song—

O, Holy Child of Bethlehem
Descend on us today;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us today,
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell,
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

NO HALF SECURITY

I was mighty slow to get excited over the proposition of social security. Out West where I came from a fellow had to manage for his own slicker when it rained. The only government man any of us had any truck with sat behind a bunch of pigeon holes and reaso our postal cards.

But now that the Vox Populi has puts its John Henry on the proposition it should be done right. I wouldn't serve coffee without sugar and cream.

No Texan should want his State to help unfortunate wayfarers like the League of Nations helped Haile Selassie. I say give us social security haggage that will at least hold an extra pair of flannels and an overcoat. An overnight bag with just room enough in it for a headache tablet and a pair of pajamas may be all right for Scotland but not for America.

Social security isn't a political question. It's a human obligation resting upon all of us whether we celebrated the recent victory with the Democrats or ate crow and sunflowers with the Republicans. The government has assumed the responsibility of scotching the wheels of our tin Lizzie when they stop on the hillside, and the scotching should be sufficient to keep them from rolling back into the ditch. I don't believe in any relief measure that will put a fellow on the rumble seat without an umbrella.

The way we do things is what counts, and the count will be against us until provision is made for all Texans in want. I'm not satisfied with seeing a neighbor on one side getting his dues, and the neighbor on the other side refused. The State is too big, too rich in natural resources and accumulated wealth to let any of its people suffer.—Austin Callan in Dallas News.

Mrs. E. L. Schindler and son, Lester, have gone for a Christmas visit to her father and mother and two brothers at Dexter, Missouri, and from there will go to St. Louis to visit Mrs. Schindler's two brothers. They are expected home about the first of January.

Sheaffer's Fountain Pens, the Ideal Xmas Gift, at Luna's Drug Store. All sizes and kinds.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Bunge returned during the week-end from a visit to their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Bunge, at Edinburg.

MURDERS BY NEW YORK'S '3-X' WERE NEVER SOLVED BY POLICE

All Police Were Ever Able To Learn Was He Killed By Formula

They never found out anything about "3-X," except that he murdered by formula.

There was always a man, a woman and an automobile. There was always darkness and two shots.

The answer was always death—except once when "3-X" made a slight mistake in one equation.

There was something terrifying about the precision of his formula. He even warned the police when and where the murders would occur.

They called him crazy.

True, there was something crazy about the tall dark man who suddenly stepped up beside Joseph Moyzynsky, delicatessen dealers, as Joseph was talking to a girl companion in his automobile parked in a lane in Queens.

It was the night of June 12, 1930. The man beside the car might have been a deacon. He wore a black suit, a black bow tie on a white shirt, and a black Pedora. He was pointing a pistol through the car window.

He demanded Joseph's license, and got it. He went through Joseph's pockets, but took nothing. Then he shot Joseph in the head—twice. Joseph did not have time to talk before he died.

After that, the man with the pistol lifted the girl from the car, led her over a lonely road, and put her aboard a bus on a main highway.

Before she left him, he asked for a kiss.

Being a policeman's daughter, she reported the whole affair as soon as she reached home.

Sowley's body was found in the car. In one pocket was a newspaper clipping telling of Moyzynsky's death. Penciled on the margin of the clipping were two words:

"Here's how."

The police received another letter from "3-X." It was written on cheap note paper, with blue ink and mailed in a long white envelope from which all four corners had been torn.

With the letter were two .32 calibre cartridges.

"For your information," the note said, "one more of J. Moyzynsky's friends was sent to meet him—

"V-S Sowly was shot near Floral Park and not very far away from a police signal station.

"I enclose the two empty shells."

Police tests showed the cartridges were the same type as those used to murder both Moyzynsky and Sowley.

All New York was terrified. Where would "3-X" strike next? Police officials, convinced the killer was a madman despite references in the letters to a "secret international society" and to recovery of "some of our money and the New York document" from Sowley, put 2,000 uniformed men and 425 detectives on the case.

Lovers were ordered to stop parking their cars in Lovers' Lanes and police and detectives patrolled side roads for miles around night after night. At the height of the frenzy, taxpayers were paying $10,000 a day for protection against the deadly formula.

The "3-X" letters went on, and the hunt for the writer spread to other States. Someone recalled that nine persons had been killed in a series of Lovers' Lane killings in Indiana, Illinois, Colorado and Wisconsin in 1925. Investigators went as far west as Chicago to make arrests. All suspects proved their innocence.

Fear of the unseen horror was so great that when a letter signed "3-X" arrived at the police station—even though the handwriting was different from the other notes—and said that Harold Bridenback would be murdered along Boston Road in the Bronx, the whole length of the road was bordered by armored motorcycles and police cars.

This looked foolish when it could not be determined whether a Harold Bridenback ever existed, but the "3-X" probia remained so strong that a man who committed suicide by throwing himself in front of a railroad train was first called a "3-X" victim.

In the face of all this caution, in the midst of the 2,000 policemen and 425 detectives, "3-X" struck again.

Morris Horwitz, 50, an insurance executive, was in his automobile in front of his home as night began to fall on June 23, 1930. He was talking to his wife, who was on the porch a few yards away.

A wild-eyed crabby looking man appeared from nowhere, jumped into the car, jammed a pistol against Horwitz and ordered him to drive off. Horwitz reached for the ignition. Right there "3-X" made an error in the last equation of his formula. He shot twice, but neither bullet hit Horwitz's head and one bullet hit at all. Horwitz lived, and "3-X" fled.

The same day, with police guarding all the postoffices, "3-X" mailed another letter in Brooklyn. Police received it next day. It said:

The last document NJ 4-3-44 returned to us on the 19th at 9 p. m. My mission is ended."

The last three words were underlined.

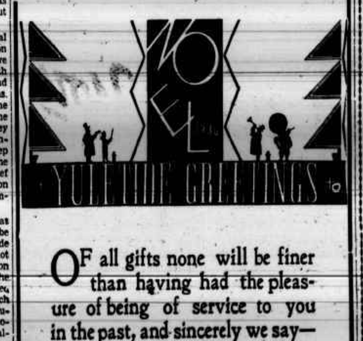
"You know what we want you to do," the letter concluded: "Quiet your people and tell them 3-X is no more."

There were no more letters, no more bullets, from "3-X."

W. H. Eubanks of Lucedale, Miss., and his son, Woodrow Eubanks, of Houston, spent the week-end here visiting at the home of their brother and uncle, A. B. Eubanks.

Drugs, Cosmetics and the Full Line carried by High-Class Drug Stores, at Luna's Drug Store.

666 checks COLDS and FEVER first day
Liquid-Tablets Salve-Nose Drops Headache, 30 minutes
Try "Rub-My-Tism"—World's Best Liniment



OF all gifts none will be finer than having had the pleasure of being of service to you in the past, and sincerely we say—

"Merry Christmas"

A-B Store
Eagle Lake, Texas

OUR DOG

He asked the value of our dog
And then my mind just seemed to fog
The material value of pet?
My answer came as our eyes met.

"Little old dog we call 'Our Own,'
Brings joy and happiness to our home
With sparkling eyes and smiling face
Faithfully serving in his place.

He shares our joy, shares our sorrow,
Shares them today, shares them tomorrow
In riches, poverty, sickness or shame,
He is ever loyal, always the same.

Adversity comes and then friends go,
At first you wonder and then you know
They used you when it meant their gain
In power, riches, regardless of pain.

In humble worship a dog is true
When things seem dark and you are blue.
How can you measure the value of things
Like love, joy, he so happily brings?"—Mrs. U. E. Marney.

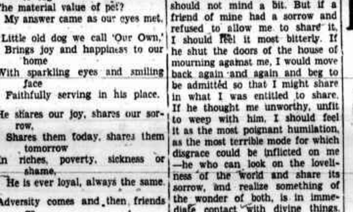
PEOPLE WITH A PURPOSE

Last Christmas, Miss Sue Wilson, secretary to the president of a Seattle brewing company, showed this memo across her boss' desk: "Sixty employes, at 12c a card including postage, equals $7.20, the cost of one person's distribution of Christmas cards throughout the plant. Sixty employes, each sending cards, equals $432, the total spent for greeting cards exchanged."

"For that amount of money," she said, "you could do a lot for a poor family." The entire personnel lacked the idea and every employe contributed his Christmas-card money to a common fund. They found a poor family with four children, living without sufficient food and heat. Clothes, fuel and supplies were moved in; toys were put under the Christmas tree and warm blankets on the beds; even a bathtub was installed. The Christmas-card fund is now an annual project, and the news is spreading.

Mrs. Haynie Matthews and Misses Sallie and Marie Jones spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday visiting in Houston, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sterling F. Neblett.

Misses Loretta Puppe and Fannie Sasser, two attractive young ladies of Houston, are expected this afternoon and will be guests of Mrs. Maude Matthews for Christmas.



And A Happy Prosperous NEW YEAR!

Coca-Cola Bottling Company
W. H. Albrecht, Manager

ACCEPT the Season's Salutation offered with highest respect and good cheer for a very

"Merry Christmas"

J. B. Smith
Eagle Lake, Texas

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF A FRIEND

If a friend of mine gave a feast
and did not invite me to it, I
should not mind a bit. But if a
friend of mine had a sorrow and
refused to allow me to share it,
I should feel it most bitterly. If
he shut the doors of the house of
mourning against me, I would move
back again and again and beg to
be admitted so that I might share
in what I was entitled to share.
If he thought me unworthy, unfit
to weep with him, I should feel
it as the most poignant humiliation,
as the most terrible mode for which
disgrace could be inflicted on me
—he who can look on the loveliness
of the world and share its
sorrow, and realize something of
the wonder of both, is in immediate contact with divine things,
and has got as near to God's secret as any one can get.—Oscar Wilde.

NEW ULM IS SHIPPING MANY FURS THIS SEASON

If the enormous volume of fur packages that are handled by the local post office force is an indication that fur bearing animals are numerous this season, the present season, which opened December 1st, will be a profitable one for trappers.

It is estimated that an average of twenty packages of pelts are being handled daily by the local post office force. The packages contain from 5 to 15 furs, which means that approximately 150 pelts are shipped via parcel post daily. This does not include the numerous shipments that are made by railway express, or those that are sold to nearby fur buyers.

The current season which runs through December and January will probably be the best in the last five or six years.

Although the price paid for the furs, according to information received, is about the same as in recent years, the revenue derived therefrom is welcomed very much due to the fact that local money crops in this section this year were almost a complete failure.—New Ulm Enterprise.

BALD EAGLE CAPTURED SATURDAY NEAR BORDEN

Robert Hoelscher, well known farmer of the Borden community brought to town with him last Saturday afternoon a "capture" that attracted as much attention as a circus. It was a real live bald eagle, one of the largest we ever saw. Mr. Hoelscher had the bird in a turkey coop, and during the afternoon several hundred people came by to inspect and comment on the bird.

Mr. Hoelscher stated that he observed the bird perched in a tree early Saturday morning out in the pasture. He scared it out of the tree, and probably from the cold weather and stiffness of its limbs, the royal bird just scrambled to earth and hopped about as if it had little use of its wings or legs. Mr. Hoelscher pounced upon and captured the bird, although it put up a considerable fight.

Measured the eagle had a wing spread of seven feet from tip to tip, had talons calculated to tear anything to pieces if he had a fair sweep at it, and was undoubtedly a full grown eagle, although apparently it was well along in years.—Weimar Mercury.

Christmas Gifts, gifts that your relatives and friends will cherish, now displayed at Luna's Drug Store.

EAGLE MARKET

Eagle Market
Carter Walker, Proprietor