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THURSDAY, FEB. 19, 1931

THE SAGUACHE CRESCENT

TWO-MINUTE SERMONS
WALK SOFTLY

The self-righteous man is proud, but one day he will be humbled and in the dust. He is apt to condemn others who are far nearer perfection. If God has wiped your face clean you will not walk away proudly thanking Him that you are "not as other men," but if you are wise and true you will give Him the glory and walk softly all your days. But for the grace of God, Mr. Christian, you are as other men. Do not put on airs before a man whom you consider a sinner for he may outweigh you by half at the final reckoning. If you must be condemned, my friend, I'll let God pronounce the sentence. "He is the friend of the unthankful and the evil," and "where is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine that need no repentance." The true Christian is every man's friend.

NOT SO NUTTY

Here is one that carries a moral with a wallop: A farmer was hauling a wagon of manure by an asylum for the insane. An inmate accosted the farmer: "What are you going to do with the manure?" "Put it on my strawberries," answered the farmer. Whereupon the inmate went into a spasm of laughter. After the laughter had abated the farmer asked, "And why was that so funny?" "Ha ha," returned the inmate, "they say we are crazy here in the asylum, but we use cream and sugar on our strawberries."

Hints for Homemakers
By Jane Rogers



A TEASPOON of sugar added when frying tomatoes brings out their full flavor. In cooking both ham and pork, a small amount of sugar points up the mellow flavor of the meat.

If late in starting the roast for dinner, err it under the broiler while waiting for the oven to get hot. By the time the meat is nicely browned, the oven will be hot enough to continue the cooking.

Better Than Aspirin
for Aches and Pains

Scientist Perfects Remarkable Formula That Does Not Depress the Heart, Leaves Users Refreshed and Rested.

Headache, rheumatism, neuritis, and toothache, as well as the pains common to women need be dreaded no longer since the perfection of a remarkable formula which is now being prescribed by thousands of doctors, dentists and welfare nurses.

Doctors report that this new formula, known as A-VOL, stops pain almost instantly and is absolutely safe and harmless. It contains no caffeine or alcohol, and does not depress the heart or cause excessive perspiration. This is welcome news to the thousands who cannot safely take aspirin.

Within a few minutes after taking A-VOL the pains vanish as though by magic. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, users experience a feeling of new life and freshness.

To quickly prove to yourself that this is a truly remarkable formula, just step into your nearest drug store and get a package of A-VOL for a few cents. Take a couple of tablets right there. If your pain is not gone in five minutes the clerk will return your money.

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HAIR CUT REGULARLY

LADIES' and CHILDREN'S
HAIR CHIRING

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SAGUACHE
BARBER SHOP
A. VAN HOFTEN

"Eat and Enjoy It Is
Motto of This Expert

In recent years we have had a perfect deluge of advice on our eating habits. "Eat and grow fat" warns one school of diet experts. "Eat and grow thin," urges another. But there is one expert who has no particular diet fad to exploit, and if she has any particular motto to suggest it probably would be "Eat and enjoy it."

She is Miss Nellie Maxwell, whose department, "The Kitchen Cabinet," is a regular feature in this newspaper. Thousands of women newspaper readers throughout the United States look to Miss Maxwell's "Kitchen Cabinet" for recipes of every variety of savory dishes, which they know members of their families will enjoy eating and which are not only palatable but nourishing and offering the proper ingredients of a well-balanced diet as well.

One reason why her recipes and her practical advice on household matters are so popular with them is because she understands so thoroughly their problems and their resources. That is because she was born and reared in a rural community, and it was upon a foundation of first-hand practical



knowledge of the life of a woman on the farm and in the small town that she built her college education in domestic science.

Miss Maxwell is a native of Neenah, Wis., where she still makes her home. After she was graduated from the Neenah high school she went to the University of Wisconsin as a preliminary to teaching school for several years. She followed this by taking a course in domestic science and receiving a diploma in household economics at the Milwaukee-Downer school, during which time she was teaching household economics in Milwaukee.

For the next two years Miss Maxwell was engaged in domestic science extension work for the state agricultural colleges of Iowa and Nebraska. In that work she was called upon to give farmers' wives advice on how to plan their household work so they could do it more easily and satisfactorily than it had been done before, and many a farm woman in those two states have to thank for taking much of the drudgery out of their work.

Then Miss Maxwell became a lecturer and demonstrator at the numerous farmers' institutes which are held in that state under the auspices of the University of Wisconsin. She has been a frequent contributor to household subjects to the publications of the university, and with her co-worker she prepared the Women's Bulletin for Wisconsin farm women, ten thousand copies of which are distributed annually.

Such is the record of the expert who writes "The Kitchen Cabinet" for this newspaper. We feel sure that every woman reader will find in it much that will be helpful, for the users of "Nellie Maxwell" recipes find that they have a common bond whenever women who pride themselves on their cooking get together and "swap" ideas on what to give the members of their families to eat.

Looking over the files of the paper a few years back, we noticed the lady skirts in the ladies' clothing. They surely look odd and uncomfortable and inconvenient but we imagine they do not look more odd, than the short skirts worn two years ago will look in a couple of years when the stylists have succeeded in getting the skirts down to shoe top length.

Is it imagination or an actual fact that there isn't a fruit grown anywhere, tropical or otherwise, that is as good as the apple?

Hortense, "And do you think he was in earnest when he proposed to you?" Marjorie, "Yes, his cigarette went out and he didn't notice it."

Private, "Hall. Who goes there?" Voice, "Moses." Private, "Advance, Moses and give the ten commandments."

FORMER CRESCENT EDITOR
WRITES FROM HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood, California
5806 Virginia Ave.,
February 19, 1931.

Chas. W. Ogden,
Editor Crescent,
Saguache, Colo.

My Dear Sir—

I have just been reading with much interest and pleasure a couple of late issues of the Crescent, which I received through the kindness of a daughter, who lives in Colorado. Reading the Crescent and noting the names and doings of so many who were my associates and friends during my 16 years residence amongst them, always sends my mind backward 40 or more years to the time when I arrived at Saguache, and puts me in a reminiscent mood. I may some day send you some reminiscences of early days there if you would care to have them.

I notice in the column headed "Early Days in Saguache," under date of January, 1902, that you have the name of O. D. Bryan as editor at that time. I believe if you will examine the files a little more closely you will find that I became the editor and publisher of the Saguache Crescent and the Bonanza Bee, October 1st, 1901, and that I continued as to the Crescent until early in 1903.

With kind regards and best wishes to the old friends still in Saguache and to yourself personally, I am,

Yours sincerely,
LEE FAIRBANKS.

WHAT WE THINK

I note in my daily that the discovery was made twenty-five years ago that it was possible to educate adults. I know a lot of adults who apparently haven't yet found out this important fact.

The human race has no sense. If it had any sense it wouldn't go to war. Enough money was wasted in the last war to build all the roads that could be built in a year in this country. By that time the depression would be over.

The poorest way to control children is to tell them they can not do certain things. If they think they can not do a thing that is the thing they want to do. Children are a lot like grown folks in this respect.

"Are you the defendant?" asked the judge of an old negro who was brought before him. "No, boss," was the reply. "I ain't done nothing" to be called names. Ise got a lawyer here who does the defending."

"Then who are you?" "Ise the gentleman what stole the chickens."

"I want an asylum Hershey bar." "What the Sam Hill!" "You know—one with nuts in it."

RESTAURANT ETIQUETTE

When a dinner is given in a restaurant, the host or hostess should order the meal in advance, and the guests eat what is put before them exactly as at a dinner in someone's house. But when the dinner has been ordered, it is better to frankly name a dish or two, than to leave the host helplessly staring at an a la carte menu.

At a "table d'hôte" each person usually pays her or his individual order to the waiter.

"Table d'hôte" means a set price for each meal, irrespective of how much or how little you order. "A la carte" means you order "according to the card" and you pay for each dish ordered.

"American plan" means so much a day for room, including table d'hôte meals. In the "European plan" hotel prices of rooms include no food.

In an a la carte restaurant, the check is brought to you by the waiter who serves you. In first class restaurants, it is always turned face down on a small silver tray. You turn it over and pay the waiter. He then brings you your change and you give him a tip of ten per cent if your bill is a fairly big one, or fifteen or even twenty per cent if your bill is very small. Twenty-five cents is the least that can be given in a first class restaurant.

It pays to look both ways.

"Are you a sailor's sweetheart?" "No, I don't like salt with my mush."

Boy, "One kiss from you and could die happily." Bored, "Well, here's your kiss."

REVEREND BLEVINS WRITES

Clint, Texas, Feb. 11, 1931.

Dear Charlie:

Please stick the following in the columns of the Crescent and oblige. Hello everybody. How are you all? We're alright. Just thought that I would send a line through the Crescent to those who still remember us. We are enjoying good health, getting three squares a day and a good place to roost, so I guess that we really have no right to complain.

Winter has been comparatively mild, below freezing during December and January, but is warming up now. Folks are beginning to plant gardens and to prepare for cotton in January and will plant in May, the old saying, "That it takes thirteen months of the year to grow and harvest cotton," is literally true in this section. The crop was above normal last year, the little valley produced between ninety-five and one hundred thousand bales, the average price of which was between nine and ten cents per pound. I was in fields that made as much as two bales per acre, and yet many of the farmers sustained a loss on the crop. They say that cotton cannot be grown at a profit for less than sixteen cents per pound. If that is true, they will have to do something besides grow cotton. Alfalfa hay will grow four or five tons per acre and many of the farmers are planting to that crop. Alfalfa sold for eighteen dollars per ton last fall, but an over production will mean a lower price, since there are but few cattle in west Texas any more, and the excessive freight rates to eastern markets are prohibitive.

Better farm land sold last year from two to three hundred dollars per acre, which was double its real value. Crop cultivation is intensive and is carried on almost entirely by Mexican labor.

We have no little trouble with our neighbors across the border. Within the last three months we have had five killings and a number of robberies. We are practically unprotected in this immediate community and are only three miles from the U. S. and Mexico line. They come across the border and deal us misery and get back home before officers can do anything. Some of our old two-gun Texans are almost afraid to get away from home and when we do leave we are equally as afraid to come back.

Through the Crescent I have noted the progress of the work of the Church under the leadership of Rev. and Mrs. Sanford. I hope that the people of Saguache will continue to give them their whole hearted support, and that this will be a great year for the church. I cherish the memory of the two pleasant years spent at Saguache, and am anxious that the work of the Kingdom shall be carried on in a worthy way. I would like to look in on the Kiwanis gang, and hear them cuss and discuss their problems, smell the second hand tobacco smoke and eat some more of Rollie's steak. Rollie's steaks remind me of the story that I heard, of a eulogy that was pronounced at the funeral of the worst man in the community. The speaker said: "That Bill was not as bad as all the time as he was part of the time." So it was with Rollie's steaks. If I had chains enough I would invite the bunch down to see me. You see it is like this: I live within six miles of the Hole-in-the-Wall, where they sell the real old corn and all that goes with it. All that is required is a little diners, walk over the bridge across an irrigation ditch, and you are where no American Reverend dare to molest or make you afraid. For that reason, if you do come, please bring the chains along so that I may be able to detain you long enough to find out about things at Saguache.

If anyone should ask if Parson Blevins and his family like Texas, you may tell them yes, but don't forget to tell them that they like Colorado better.

Sincerely,
J. R. BLEVINS.

No matter who we are, where we are or why, we can always be a little better today than we were yesterday.

Traveling Salesman, "If I had known that tunnel was so long, I would have knicked you."

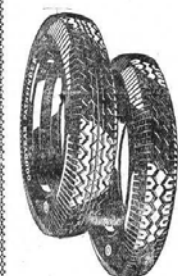
Good, "Heaven! Wasn't that you?"

A local man says he expects to drive his old car until times pick up or at least until money is easier to pick up.

Mother (telephoning from party): "Johnny, I hope you and Bobby are being good boys while I am away."

Johnny, "Yes, we are. And mamma, we are having more fun. We let the bath tub run over and are playing Niagara Falls on the stairway."

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