

Christmas May Count

If You Buy

SHOES

Boys and Men's Suits

Sweaters of all kinds, Ladies' Dresses
Skirts, etc., and SECURE TICKETS

Cash Distribution Dec. 24th

\$25.00, No. 1	
25.00, " 2	
10.00, " 3	CASH FOR
10.00, " 4	
10.00, " 5	CHRISTMAS
10.00, " 6	
10.00, " 7	

CONSUMERS ECONOMY

Covington, La.

Wallace Poole Building

Studebaker

This is a Studebaker Year

ON October 1, 1921, there were 117,000 more STUDEBAKER CARS in use than there were on October 1, 1919. Notwithstanding this large increase in the number of Studebaker Cars in operation, our sales of REPAIR PARTS for the first nine months of 1921 were 6 per cent less than for the same period in 1919.

THIS PROVES CONCLUSIVELY that Studebaker Cars are standing up in service and keeping out of the repair shops.

BUY A STUDEBAKER AND YOU WILL ALWAYS BE SATISFIED WITH YOUR INVESTMENT

For Sale by **FRANK D. BEVERS**
Covington and Slidell

= F E E D =

Royal Ox Feed

Make your teams able to earn money for you. Actual tests prove this to be true.

St. Tammany Hay & Grain Warehouse

Sole Agents

HOW MANY?

Fruits Vegetables Fruits

Christmas Cranberries

A large, clean fresh stock of choice Fruits and Vegetables for you to select your holiday needs from. You will find my prices exceptionally low when quality is considered. See me next week and be convinced. Do not buy elsewhere until you see my stock and get my prices.

Clarence Smith

At ABADIE'S GROCERY, Covington, La. PHONE 95

His First Christmas

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.

IT WAS very quiet in the house. Outside the snowflakes were chasing each other with vigor and a gayety and a sense of the merriment of the season. Voices could

be heard shouting across streets, wishing others "A Merry Christmas."

Now and again the wind blew loudly, but not shrilly nor harshly nor with a wailing sound. The wind, too, seemed to be quivering with happiness. All of nature had joined together to be as beautiful, as radiant, in honor of the day as possible.

The hills were covered with snow. The branches of the trees were laden with it. Icicles hung from eaves and from corners of houses, and windows were frosted with exquisite designs. The shrubs, too, were covered with snow. It looked more like Fairyland than anything else.

In the house they were waiting, waiting, waiting. How tense and long seemed the wait. How nervous, how frightful, and yet how marvelous—if all went well.

But just suppose everything didn't go well? Suppose anything happened?



Ray Clarke paced up and down the floor and wondered how he could have been so happy—so free from nervousness for so long a time.

He hated the great beauty of the outside world. When he heard people wishing each other "Merry Christmas" he almost hated their smiles and their cheerful voices.

How deeply he loved Lillian. She was worth all the Christmas presents in the world! Of course. There were no two ways about that.

And the doctor had said with such a genial, merry twinkle in his eyes: "Well, I fancy the young son and heir will be a Christmas present from the missus to you!"

He had laughed at the time, and Lillian had blushed and smiled and laughed, too. The doctor was such a friendly old soul—he had been the doctor when Lillian had been born. And he was fine, too.

But perhaps he counted too much on Lillian's strength. Ray had been sent out of the room and he had been alone here now for so long.

At first he had been so full of high spirits. But the delay had been so strange. They hadn't told him there would be any such delay. They had simply sent him out of the room and had said that everything was all right, and that they'd come and tell him soon to be back to see his child.

He would go upstairs. He couldn't stand this another moment. And it was so quiet. He had fancied it

would not be quiet. Then he heard a strange shrill voice.

How curiously it sounded. Was that Lillian. She must be very ill to have a voice sound so curiously. He never heard it like that.

They couldn't keep him from her. She would want him, too. Of course she would!

He hurriedly ran up the stairs. The doctor was at the top of the stairs.

"Wait a moment; not so fast; not so fast," the doctor smiled. "I was coming to tell you."

"Couldn't you have let me come to her? Did you have to wait until it



was all over to come and tell me?" Ray said in a husky voice.

"She wanted it to be that way," the doctor said. Still he was smiling. How could he smile at such a time? How hard and inhuman doctors became.

"I don't believe a word of it," he said. "She wanted me, I know. I heard her cry. That was it. You kept me from her. You wouldn't let me go to her and she—she—wanted me."

"My dear Ray, just a minute," the doctor said, but Ray had rushed past him and was in his wife's room. Tears were in his eyes.

Oh, he'd never forgive himself that he had consented to do what the doctor had told him to when suddenly he noticed that Lillian was looking at him, her eyes wide open, smiling happily.

"Did you hear him shout out a 'Merry Christmas' to you, Ray?" she asked.

"It was the baby who cried!" "Not a cry, my love, 'Merry Christmas' was what he said!"

"Lillian, my own, my own," he murmured, and bent down over her. And now the tears came freely. He didn't care at all about them. Nothing mattered. For the tears—they were the tears of joy!

Star of Bethlehem in Holland.

In Holland the harbinger of Christmas is a huge illuminated star which is carried through the silent, dark, Dutch streets, shining upon the crowd of people and significant of the star which once guided the three wise men of the East. The young men who carry the star through the streets gather money for the poor from the crowds who come out to watch for it. After this they betake themselves to the burghmaster of the town, who, according to custom, is bound to set the youths down to a splendid meal. This is a very great institution in many Dutch towns.

Sauce for Plum Pudding.

Serve foamy sauce with plum pudding. To make it, cream together one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of powdered sugar; add gradually one well-beaten egg and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Heat the mixture in a double boiler, beating it thoroughly all the while.

Well Informed Youth.

"Does your boy believe in Santa Claus?"

"I'm not sure whether he does or not. Sometimes I suspect he thinks I believe in Santa and he hates to un-deceive me."

Bethlehem.

TODAY the whole Christian world prostrates itself in adoration around the crib of Bethlehem and rehearses in accents of love a history which precedes all time and will endure throughout eternity. As if by an instinct of our higher, spiritual nature, there well up from the depths of our heart emotions which challenge the power of human expression. We seem to be lifted out of the sphere of natural endeavor to put on a new life and to stretch forward in desire to a blessedness, which, though not palpable, is eminently real.—Cardinal Gibbons.

Cakes by Parcel Post.

Cakes can be sent long distances by parcel post without so much as cracking the icing, if they are packed in this way: Place the cake on a large sheet of heavy waxed paper and apply the frosting, allowing a generous portion of the frosting to extend on the paper. Plastering the cake to the paper helps to keep it in position. Fold the rest of the paper neatly around the cake and slip under it a piece of cardboard or thin board the exact size of the cake. Put both cake and board into a strong cardboard box. A corrugated box is preferable, as it lessens the jar upon its contents. Fill the box with sawdust or bran, which should be allowed to settle to the bottom of all the crevices. Finally, wrap the box in heavy paper and tie it with a strong cord.