

# ABITA SPRINGS GARAGE

If you wish service, you will find us ready to attend to your needs promptly. We inspect work and look out for your interest, because we feel that your interest must be our interest, if we are to keep your patronage.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

# BUY PRESENTS THAT ARE APPRECIATED AND WELCOMED



An Important selling here—an event offering the best values we have known for some time. It compels interest of those who enjoy the satisfaction of present day ready-to-wear underthings. It is timely, too—right in the gift giving season—when every woman welcomes dainty lingerie.

# CHRISTMAS STORE RIGHT HERE FOR KIDDIES

At **MARSOLAN'S**

You Will Find PRESENTS OF ALL KINDS FOR YOUNG FOLKS AND OLDER FOLKS

Toys, Toys, Toys! From 10 Cents Up

Mechanical Toys, Building Blocks, Passenger Cars, Wagons, Rubber Balls, Sail Boats, Balloons, Horns, Tops, Etc.

For Ladies, Men, Children

Underwear, Socks, Stockings and Many Articles of Apparel

HOUSEHOLD and KITCHEN WARE, TIN and AGATE GOODS, Etc.

**MARSOLAN'S** COVINGTON, LA.

# The Christmas Leaven

By Louise E. Drew



**A** GREEN Christmas, a fat graveyard," sighed Mrs. Drake wistfully, gazing across the shivered fields to the little cemetery on the hillside, where two sons and a daughter were resting under the brooding pines. "I never did like a green Christmas," she added, puckering her forehead.

"Fishy! Christmas is no better than any other day," Lucy," returned the colonel testily, watching the effect of his words through the overhanging curtain of his bushy eyebrows.

"But it doesn't seem at all like Christmas, Henry, if you don't make presents," faltered his wife. "I can't make it seem right that Nora and the children are not to be with us. Don't you think we should let bygones be bygones and telephone them to come over?" she added timidly.

"Silence!" thundered her husband, his face as white as his hair from the pent-up wrath of his feelings. "Nora made her bed, now let her lie in it. She's no daughter of mine to marry a good-for-nothing scamp of an artist without a penny to his name. As to the children, they're as dead to me as those up on the hillside yonder!"

From her corner by the fireplace Vesta eyed her father nervously, as she stroked the fur of Nebuchadnezzar, Nora's pet cat. How changed he was, and what had brought it all about? There was no real reason that she could see, except her father's stubbornness. Don was not a bad sort, and he had made Nora a good husband, providing well for her and the children. Then there was John Denton. It was just such a night as this that he had driven him from the house.

The young man had made some laughing remark about their differences in politics to which the colonel had taken exception. Hot of temper and bitter of tongue, he had disposed of the matter promptly. John had asked Vesta to decide whether she would be ruled by love or fear. She was but twenty, and to her filial duty was a fetish. There was no alternative, she told him. She had never answered one of his letters, and in time they had ceased to come. He had forgotten, of course, and it was as well for both, as her duty lay to her parents, now entirely alone. Vesta's fingers trembled as she embroidered the last dainty forget-me-not on the little pink flannel for Nora's newest baby, the one they had never seen.



## SWEATERS

Did you ever stop to think how a bit of knit goods—a sweater—makes boys out of every man in your family? It is a fact. Every man likes a sweater—he dotes on 'em and he never feels better than when he dons a sweater and is out in the open. For a Christmas present, sure to please, pick out a sweater here—for dad, big brother and little brother.

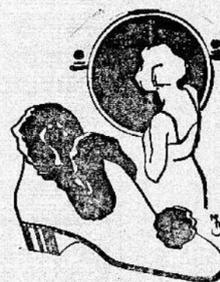
All that is new in weavings and colors.



**HATS**—A new shipment of hats so snappy that even old Santa Claus wanted to doff his fur trimmed cap for one of them.

They are in brows of all shades—from the light buff with dark ribbon bands, to the rich deep hue of frost-bitten oak leaves.

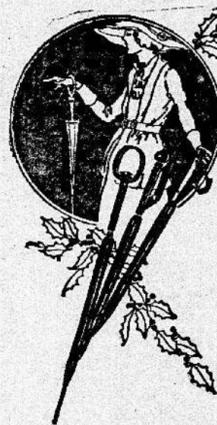
They are \$2.50 up.



What is more comfortable than a soft pair of easy slippers for home wear during the long winter evenings.

Every grown-up and child, too, needs a pair for comfort's sake alone.

Felt Slippers, prices ranging from \$2.75 to \$3.25 for women, and \$1.10 to \$1.50 for men and boys.



New colored Silk Christmas Umbrellas at \$1.25 to \$3.00, just the kind you had made up your mind to pay \$10.00 for. Handles of leather, wood and celluloid—beautifully surmounted in white or colored cords and tips.

# FRANK PATECEK

COVINGTON'S BIG STORE



## SHE WAS WILLING

Yule-tide fast is coming, dear. If you my wife will be, I'll draw the cash and start right in. To be your Christmas tree.

One pint of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, two eggs, one pint of fresh milk, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, half a teaspoonful each of salt, nutmeg and cinnamon, flour enough to make a stiff dough. Stand in a cool place 24 hours, then roll, cut and fry. The dough will keep a week and a few can be fried every day if one likes them fresh from the pan.

## Prompt Settlement.

"Indeed, Cousin Jack, we owe you a great deal for helping to decorate the room for our Christmas party." "Then, as you acknowledge the debt, come over here under the mistletoe and let me collect some of the overhead charges."

Just play we are little children again. I'm sure Santa Claus is coming this way. Let us be joyful together this year, at least, for life is so uncertain, you know. Won't you play I'm your little girl this Christmas, Daddy?" she ended pleadingly. "Don't be a fool, Vesta," retorted her father sharply. "If you're ever going to be a woman you should show some signs of it at thirty. All this talk about Christmas is nonsense. . . nonsense, I tell you. I declare I'm sick of people spending their last cent to make a show this time of the year, and making a bid for presents in exchange for their own." "But the joy of giving—" "Saw old Joe Bean today," he went on, waving her remarks aside. "And what do you suppose he had the nerve to say? Just this, 'I'm bringing you a

nice fat turkey tonight, colonel,' as much as to say, 'Won't you have my present ready for me to take back when I call?' The smart old codger!" "What did you say, father? I hope you didn't hurt his feelings. Joe is well meaning, and loves to do for others," excused Mrs. Drake. "You know the name of the place that is paved with good intentions of just such fools!" snapped the colonel, knocking the ashes from his pipe and filling it with fresh tobacco. "Zounds! how I hate the word Christmas!" "The Christ Child's birthday, daddy," pronounced Vesta boldly, leaning on more logs. "The Christmas spirit never tarrys where there is no welcome!" "Stop that drivell about Christmas!" commanded the colonel, sharply

banging his cane on the hearth, or I'll . . . leave the house this instant. . . . Do you hear me?" He ended with an impotent thump of his faithful stick. Vesta rose slowly, and bravely tossing back her head, crossed the room and flung open the door. "Glad to see you, Miss Vesta, and a merry Christmas," greeted old Joe Bean cheerily. "Told your father today I'd bring you over a turkey for the great feast. Knew yours had all died off this year, and thought it would help to tell you it's Christmas," he chuckled with smiling lips that his enormous beard could not conceal. "Merry Christmas to you, Joe!" returned Vesta. "Come right in," she added with a covert glance in the direction of her father, who was sitting

very erect in his Sleepy Hollow chair. Mrs. Drake rose and came forward, hands outstretched nervously. "It was very kind of you to remember us, Joe," she began, taking the turkey. "Why, what a nice fat fellow he is!" she added appreciatively. "Corn-fed!" chuckled the old man. "Fattened him on purpose for you," he answered ingratiatingly. The colonel nodded indifferently. "Oh, don't say thank you. It's nothing at all," deprecated Joe. "I wasn't going to, Bean, so save your breath. I'm not keen about either giving or taking. Every man for himself, you know. That's my motto. It's

Putting the insistent sound of the knocking again drowned the colonel's words. (Continued on page 6)

In England the official automobile license tag must be kept in a small circular holder attached to the car and displayed near the windshield.