Christmas Night.

BY WILL HILL.

CHRISTMAS, crowned with mirth and cheer,
Sweet magnet-night of all the year,
From field and city, camp and foam,
Where'er our loved ones absent roam,
Thy subtle spell from far and near
Can draw them home.

Gathered round thy friendly fire,
Sisters, mother, sons, and sire
Once more in fond affection meet,
To love-set time their bosoms beat,
And every hearth's a happy quire
Of singers sweet.

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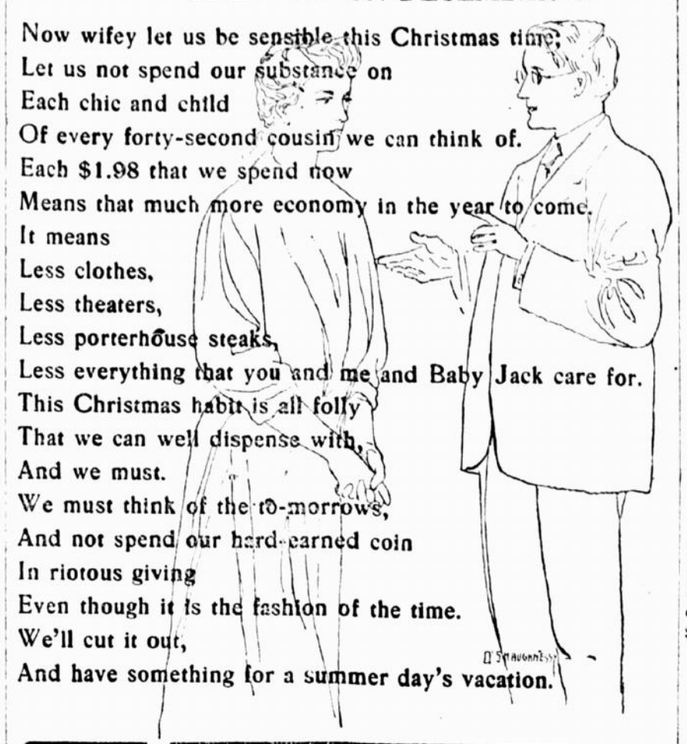
THE SAME OLD STORY

THE MAN ON DECEMBER 1



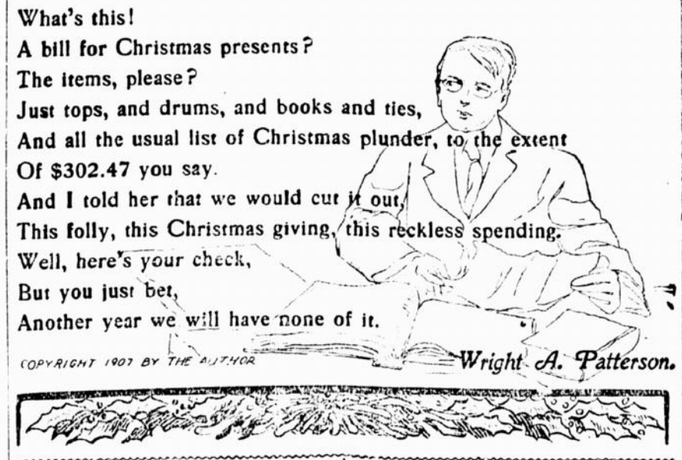
Now wifey let us be sensible this Christmas time;
Let us not spend our substance on
Each chic and child
Of every forty-second cousin we can think of.
Each $1.98 that we spend now
Means that much more economy in the year to come.
It means
Less clothes,
Less theaters,
Less porterhouse steaks,
Less everything that you and me and Baby Jack care for.
This Christmas habit is all folly
That we can well dispense with,
And we must.
We must think of the to-morrows,
And not spend our hard-earned coin
In riotous giving
Even though it is the fashion of the time.
We'll cut it out,
And have something for a summer day's vacation.

THE MAN ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

Ah! A box of cigars from dear old Will,
And just my favorite brand.
He never forgets.
And here's a top for Baby Jack from Cousin Eddie,
And a book from John's wife.
And Molly's baby sends a rattle, And Molly sends a centerpiece.
And George,
Our farmer cousin,
Sends a barrel of apples for the family.
Now look at this,
A necktie from Cousin Sarah,
And just my color too. And then she sends
A scarf to you, and pins for Baby Jack.
And still there's more,
The house is fairly littered up with Christmas remembrances.
Boxes from Joe, and Clark and Sue,
And Cousin Billy.
Did any other family ever have
So many thoughtful friends and relatives as we lay claim to?
I tell you it is good
To have folks think of us like this,
Just to know
That around this little old world of ours there's someone calls you friend;
Someone who remembers you. We like it,
Don't we wifey?

THE MAN ON JANUARY 2

What's this!
A bill for Christmas presents?
The items, please?
Just tops, and drums, and books and ties,
And all the usual list of Christmas plunder, to the extent
Of $302.47 you say.
And I told her that we would cut it out,
This folly, this Christmas giving, this reckless spending.
Well, here's your check,
But you just bet,
Another year we will have none of it.



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Wright A. Patterson.

Thoughts of Christmas

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For $29.20 The clear, natural toned Victor No. 1, and 12 ten inch records, of your own selection. Other Victors from $10.00 to $100.00.
Try one to-dy.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

A Splendid Assortment of Gifts for Old and Young

Skates—Hockey Sticks, —Kodaks
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Sweaters—Games—Sleds—Mechanical Toys—Electrical and Steam Engines.

Better look them over while stock is fresh and complete.

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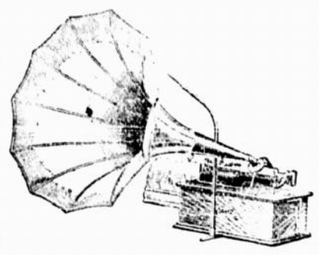
For $29.20 This beautiful Edison Standard phonograph—with large horn and crane and 12 Edison gold molded records—of your own selection. OUR OUT-FIT NO. 3.

It will please all the family with its beautiful reproduction of sacred songs, comical, vaudeville and stirring marches
FREE TRIAL in your own home.
Edison Phonographs $12.50 to $55.50



Brief Christmas Tales

MAYOR STOY of Atlantic City was talking about Christmas dinners.

"If one is going to give a Christmas dinner," he said, "it is best to give a good, even a lavish one. Then one doesn't get up from the table with remorse gnawing at the heart, as was the case last year with an Atlantic City young man. He took his fiancee and her mother to a Christmas dinner in a New York restaurant. Arriving at the restaurant a little before the ladies, he ordered the dinner, and then said to the waiter:

"'Look here; I'll call for two quarts of champagne after the fish, but you just bring that champagne cider in the fancy bottle instead. It's good stuff, and the ladies won't know the difference.'

"'Very well, sir,' said the waiter.

"Then the ladies arrived, and the dinner progressed splendidly. The champagne was ordered, the cider was brought, and neither guest perceived the deception. On the contrary, they both praised the champagne. They drank heartily of it.

"But when the bill came at the dinner's end, the young man's face darkened. He beckoned to the waiter, and, with nods and winks galore, pointed to the wine item.

"'Waiter, there's some mistake about this charge, isn't there?'

"'Oh, no, sir,' said the waiter. 'Two bottles of champagne, eight dollars. That was what you ordered, sir.'

"'Certainly. Two bottles of champagne. We remember your ordering them,' the ladies chorused.

"'But—' said the young man, winking and nodding like a steam engine at the waiter.

"'The bill is quite correct, sir,' said the waiter, firmly.

"The ladies looked at him reproachfully, and the young man could do nothing but pay up."

Sample of American Christmas Push.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON had been complimented by a New York reporter on the cup he had just offered.

"I ought to offer a cup," said the genial Briton, "to the retail shop-keeper who does the biggest Christmas trade. The size of your Christmas trade amazes me—its size, and the dexterity with which it is handled.

"I heard the other day of a great Christmas bargain sale in Quincy. To one of the bargain counters a man was rash enough to venture. He struggled heroically a little while among the press, then, with a loud cry, he sank.

"'Help, help!' he shouted from the floor. 'Help! My leg is broken.'

"The clerk, dextrous in the handling of Christmas crowds, got him.

"'And you'll find our Christmas splints and curtches, sir,' he said, 'on third floor back, fifth aisle to left.'"

In the Interest of Peace on Earth."

ALFRED H. LOVE, the president of Universal Peace Union, told one day in Philadelphia a peace story.

"At this Christmas season," he said, "men talk sincerely about loving one another, about the universal brotherhood of man, and in the same breath they assert that it is right to burn and maim and kill in war. They are not so logical as a young colored recruit who served in the Philippines. This young man, at the end of his initial engagement, was haled before his captain.

"'So you ran at the first fire, did you?' said the captain, scornfully.

"'Yes, sah; an' I'd 'a' run sooner, sah, if I'd knowed it wuz comin'.'

"'Have you no regard for your reputation, Calhoun?'

"'Mah reputation hain't nuffin' to me, sah, 'longside o' mah life.'

"The captain sniffed and twirled his mustache.

"'Even if you should lose your life, Calhoun,' he said, 'you'd have the satisfaction of knowing that you had died for your country.'

"'Wot satisfaction could dat be to me, sah, when de power o' feelin' it wuz gone?'

"'Then patriotism means nothing to you?'

"'Nuffin', sah. I wouldn't put mah life in de scales agin any government dat ever existed, for no government could replace de loss o' me.'

"'Calhoun, if all soldiers were like you, the world's governments would all go to pieces.'

"'On de contrary, sah, dey'd last forever; for if all soldiers wuz like me, den dere couldn't neber be no fightin'.'"

Sam Small's Hypnotism Didn't Work.

"THE late Sam Small had his faults," said an Atlantan, "but he did not dodge the penalty of them. When he went wrong, he owned up like a man, and if punishment was due, he took it.

"That was the doctrine Sam Small preached. He hated dodgers. He used to laugh bitterly at the plea of 'hypnotic influence' that used to be put up by nearly every murderer.

"I once heard him ridiculing hypnotism. He said that he bought pretty heavily one year for Christmas, and when the bill came in for turkey and mince meat, candy, ducks, chickens, plum pudding, fruit cake and so on, he thought to himself that here was a case for hypnotism to be tried.

"He went first to hypnotize the grocer. Approaching the man, he looked him squarely in the eye, at the same time repeating, slowly and impressively:

"'My bill is paid.'

"A change came over the grocer's face. His color faded, his eyes grew dull, his expression blank. And in a strange, mechanical voice he muttered:

"'You're a Har.'"

It Was a Sure Proof of Lunacy.

RUFUS L. GRISWOLD, the Cleveland educator who holds that it is wrong to let children believe in Santa Claus, was arguing about his strange views at a dinner.

"Why lie to children?" he asked. "Why let them believe in a myth? Whenever I hear mention of that loathed name of Santa Claus, I think of a lunatic. Some years ago I attended a trial. A witness was being examined as to the sanity of one of the inmates.

"'You hold that this inmate is insane, do you?' a lawyer asked.

"'I do,' was the firm reply.

"'Why are you so sure?'

"'The man,' the witness said, 'goes about asserting that he is Santa Claus.'

"'And,' said the lawyer, 'you hold, do you, that when a man goes about asserting that he is Santa Claus, it's a clear proof of his insanity?'

"'I do.'

"'Why?'

"'Because,' said the witness, in a loud, indignant voice, 'I happen to be Santa Claus myself.'"

Had Earned Her Christmas Gift.

"THERE are Christmas gifts and Christmas gifts," said Bishop Foss, "but the only acceptable ones are those given with a pure motive. In a crockery shop, during the holidays, I once saw the proprietor hand a plainly-dressed young woman a two-dollar bill. She looked at the bill, and said bitterly:

"'Is that all? And durin' the past year ain't I broken 35 tumblers, 26 cups, nine meat platters, four saucers, 72 plates and 13 of the mistress' best tureens?'

"'There, there,' said the shopman, soothingly; 'here's another dollar for you. And don't forget me, you know,' he ended with a wink."

Christmas Is a Good Day for a Cold.

BISHOP OLMSTED of Colorado was making a Christmas address to some Denver children.

"Eat heartily on Christmas day," the bishop said, smiling. "Do full justice to turkey, to cranberry sauce, to plum pudding, to all the good things. But don't give way to gluttony. Don't gloat over your Christmas dainties like a Bala boy I used to know. This boy said one Christmas morning:

"'My, I wish I had a cold!'

"'Why?' asked his brother.

"'Cause mother says to feed a cold, and if I had one to-day, wouldn't I feed it, though!'"

Old Ideas About Christmas.

Even as late as 1753 there was some doubt as to the exact date of Christmas, the old count bringing it to the 5th of January, the new count giving us the 25th of December, which is "the day we celebrate." In Devonshire, England, it is believed that if the sun shines at noon on Christmas day a plentiful crop may be looked for in the following year.

Mammoth Stork.

The adjutant, or marabout, a tall bird of India, of the stork species, will swallow a hare or a cat whole. It stands five feet high, and the expanse of wings is nearly 15 feet.

Better Kept in a Box.

Wife—You know, John, you used to like my little displays of temper.

Hubby—Yes, love, but it's been on exhibition so long now I think it's lost its bouquet.—Boston Transcript.

Maps for Aeronauts.

A European idea is maps, specially prepared for aeronauts, giving the position of the principal objects such as the bends of the rivers, factories, railway junctions, etc., which can be easily distinguished from the car of a balloon. Similarly, all the great centers of light will be indicated on the maps for use in night traveling.

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Hannibal Missouri.

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Six of Iowa's most reliable and best known citizens speak in high praise of Dr. Lew Arntz.

Judge C. C. Cole (No. 1) says in part: Dr. Lew Arntz. Dear Sir: I desire to say that by your experienced judgment in testing my eyes and skill in fitting glasses to them, you have greatly reduced the percentage of impairment of sight by increasing years, and I want to thank you for the aid I have had by reason of your judgment and skill in preparing glasses for me. I can commend you to others who may need aid in the same line. Very respectfully, C. C. COLE.

Mr. Ed. Sunberg (No. 2), constable of Justice Christy's court, says: For a number of years I noticed my eyesight was failing, but did not give it much attention until my eyes got so bad that it was almost impossible to read by artificial light, and in fact, difficult to do so in the daytime. I also noticed that reading would bring on headaches and dizziness. I consulted Dr. Lew Arntz in regard to the matter, who examined and fitted me with glasses so perfectly that I can see to read the finest of print by lamp light and see at a distance perfectly. I went to Dr. Arntz because I felt sure he understands the optical business and should judge so from the many indorsements he publishes from time to time, which are given by the best citizens of this city and state. Moreover, I have personally known the doctor for twenty years and think much credit is due him for the benefit eye sufferers have derived from his knowledge and judgment. Respectfully,
ED. SUNBERG.

J. A. Kinney (No. 3) pioneer harness maker says: Dr. Lew Arntz prescribed glases to my eyes which have restored the sight to a normal condition, not only in the left eye, but have also brought perfect sight to the right eye, which was thirty years ago pronounced blind and incurable by one of the most eminent St. Louis eye specialists, upon whom I called at that time for treatment. Respectfully,
J. A. KINNEY, 312 School St., City.

Jacob Senauer (No. 4), says: I was bothered for a good many years with my eyes. In reading, they blurred and gave me constant trouble. I went to a certain optician in Des Moines to get glasses, but they did not fit my case. I took them back to have them exchanged, but the optician refused, saying: "Just keep on wearing them and they will come out all right." But the longer I wore them the worse my eyes got. I finally went to Dr. Lew Arntz of Des Moines, who examined and fitted me so perfectly that I can now see really better than I ever could before. I hope my friends who may be unfortunate enough to suffer with weak eyes will consult Dr. Lew Arntz, as I feel sure he will treat them right. Dr. Lew Arntz is certainly a man who is as good as his word.
JACOB SENAUER, Crocker, Iowa.

J. S. Murrow (No. 5), says: This certifies that I think if Dr. Lew Arntz of Des Moines, Iowa, had not fitted me with glasses about eight months ago I would have lost my eyesight, as I had tried for years to get glasses to read by, but had never succeeded until Dr. Lew Arntz examined and fitted my eyes. I can now see to read the finest print and see at a distance with ease as well as I could when I was a boy. When Dr. Lew Arntz told me he could restore my sight to normal condition with properly ground glasses I doubted it, as I had tried some very noted opticians before but all to no satisfaction, but I will now admit that Dr. Arntz made his word good. He restored my sight. I am now 49 years old and can see as well as when I was 29 years old.
J. S. MURROW, Altoona, Ia.

Mr. J. B. Vreizlaar, (No. 6), prominent merchant of Otley, Iowa, says: Dr. Lew Arntz. Dear Sir: The glasses you prescribed for me some time ago have given me great relief from the headaches and pain in my eyes, which was formerly the case. In fact, I could hardly read by artificial light at all before getting them, as all other glasses I had been using, both while reading and afterwards, would pain my eyes and make me dizzy and brought on headaches. I shall always speak a good word for you when I see anyone in need of spectacles, and hope they will be helped as I was. Respectfully,
J. B. VREIZLAAR, Otley, Iowa.