

Pointer No. 2601.

CASH IS KING

At The Hub. It is Cash Prices that enable us to sell our Clothing and Furnishing Goods so much lower than you ever bought them before.

We are Headquarters for

Fur Coats,

Duck Coats,

Mackintoshes, Etc.

A GREAT LEADER. SUITS Fully worth \$7.50 for .57.4\$

FUR COATS A Fine Goat Skin for \$8.95. Dog Skin Wolf Skin Calf Skin Coon Skin Coats at Rock Bottom Prices.

MACKINTOSHES. A Good Mackintosh with Cape \$1.95 Other Coats in Same Proportion.

DUCK COATS. Fine Duck Coat, well made and well lined, 88c. Best Rubber Lined Coats, \$1.30.

ULSTERS and OVERCOATS, \$ 3.95 5.00 6.00 8.00 10.00 12.00 Highest Grades in the Market.

ANOTHER LEADER. A Fine ULSTER or OVERCOAT for \$3.95.

Do Not Forget Our Two Leaders--Money Savers.

TWO BACHELOR GIRLS CHRISTMAS STORY

JEANNETTE H. WAINWORTH Copyright 1925, by the author.

AS ONLY one Christmas dinner is possible in 365 days, I suppose some latitude is permissible.

"Oh, but Nan, if the sum total frightens us, we can score out the things we are not particularly addicted to."

"Precedent would go to show that we are only addicted to oatmeal, tough steaks and molly crackers. Here goes!"

The lamp had been lighted and placed on the little center table. By its light a bachelor girl's den was made visible—a small flat, artistically cluttered with every conceivable article of inconceivable utility.

The most interesting furnishings of the little flat were the two bright faces which came in close contact over the pad on which their Darmstadt feast was spread.

The faces belonged respectively to Miss Nan Heywood, stenographer and typewriter for a big firm of lawyers, and Miss Dora Chase, who gave music lessons for a living and wrote homesick letters for pastime. The pencil was in Miss Heywood's hand.

"Celery, of course. The eating of celery on Christmas day is compulsory. Twenty-five cents."

"Oh, Nan, won't that be a great quantity?"

"We are to have two invited guests. Their celery capacity is represented by x—known quantity."

"But we are not going to invite ornaments. The idea was that each one of us was to invite some one more friendless and lonely than ourselves, so as to—as to—"

"Exactly. Don't choke, please, Dodo. Whenever you give that asthmatic sputter I know you are getting homesick. I have already invited my guest—old Mrs. Stone, paper wrapper and envelope director for those atlas makers. You should have seen her poor old bleared eyes when I invited her to come take Christmas dinner."

Dodo sighed enviously. "I have not made my selection yet. I am halting between a lame girl I buy my evening papers from and him."

Nan held the pencil suspended. A heavy footfall sounded on the uncarpeted floor over their heads. Some one was moving about in the flat over their heads with the ponderous slowness of an old man.

"But we don't know him; never even saw him!"

"Yes, but you know our Christmas dinner is hardly what you call a social function. The janitor's wife always speaks of him as the 'lonely gentleman.' She says he plays an organ somewhere. And then your old Mrs. Stone would also like it perfectly proper."

"It would not do at all," said Nan stoutly. And she fell to work energetically on the bill of fare.

"I've got the cranberries down. Minee pie and—"

"Nancy Heywood, you are crying all over that menu. Give me the pencil."

"Mamma used to make such lovely mince meat, and I used to help her!" Nan sobbed in explanation.

Dodo pointed the usurped pencil tragically at her. "And you are breaking our contract."

"Not to allude to home Christmases or our own people? I know it—I know it—but—"

"Think about Mrs. Stone, Nan. It is much safer."

Dodo's own voice was not perfectly steady, and on the pad, under the word "cranberries," she absently scrawled "darlingest of mothers." She laughed hysterically. "Our menu is getting badly mixed up with sentiment. Let us return to our—"

"Turkey, of course."

The menu finished, Dodo pushed the pad away and laid down the pencil. "Well, I suppose it will be the lame paper girl."

"It can't be him, Dodo. That is simply out of the question."

The typewriting maid was older than the little music teacher by several years. She also was not as pretty. Indeed she was plain. The two things fitted her for leadership.

"But Christmas, and in His Name! It is not as if we were inviting any one for company's sake, Nan."

Dodo was very pretty. She had a sweet, sensitive mouth, large, innocent blue eyes and the bonniest brown hair in the world.

Her figure was one of those trim, compact ones whose symmetry not even a shirt waist could destroy. Nan looked at her reflectively.

If Dodo was not so exceedingly pretty, it might not be so unfeasible to have that lonely, heavy footed organist come down stairs to a Christmas dinner.

But a man never "out aged" his conceit, and he might presume on it.

Christmas came, and there was an unwonted creaking up and down on its ropes of the dingy dumb waiter that did duty for the entire building. Nan had gone out early afternoon with a green wreath that had a red star in its center. Almost every window in sight had its green wreath with a red star for a heart. Dodo was the churchgoer of the twain. As she perched her Sunday hat with a long pin she settled the dinner hour with Nan.

While they were talking the man overhead was walking to and fro with scarcely muffled restlessness, which Dodo declared got into her nerves. Then they heard a door open and the same footfall pass down the steps.

"I suppose the poor fellow has gone off to play peace on earth and good will to menward man to a church full of rich people who don't care a copper whether he has a crust of bread today or not."

Nan looked at her severely. "Upon my word, Dodo, I wouldn't let my imagination run entirely away with me just because a man over our heads is given to pacing all day in creaking shoes and the janitor's wife called him the 'lonely gentleman.'"

When Dodo got back from church, Nan put her in charge of affairs while she made one of those mysterious expeditions of which Christmas day is always prolific.

When she came back, Dodo was standing by a table in the kitchen staring tragically into an open paper bag.

"Come look at this, Nan," she said gravely.

Nan walked toward her with apprehensive quickness. Of course something had gone wrong with the dinner.

"A tin pan with baked beans and pork in it? Why, we never ordered any beans!"

"Of course we didn't. That is his Christmas dinner. Oh, Nan!"

"This poor old man's overhead?"

"Well, but how do you know it?"

"It just must be. Somebody wandered up our tube, and I went to the dumb waiter, and there were just two bags on it. I grabbed the one nearest to me, for I let the sauce for the plum pudding slip, so we've got his Christmas dinner."

"Oh, well, let it go! A miserable little canned pudding—I hope he will relish it!"

"But perhaps he prefers beans and pork."

Dodo put out her hands tragically. "Don't speak of them. I came home in such a sublimated frame of mind! Such music as I have heard today, Nan—I mean the organ solo! It came over me like the swelling anthem of solemn ocean waves. I always cry at the sound of the sea. If I could find out who played that solo, I would pay him all I make in a year to teach me the organ. It lifted me clean out of the realm of worry and care, and then—to come back to pork and beans!"

"And Mrs. Stone," Nan added as the twitter of the doorbell sounded through the little apartment.

It was in a state of complete readiness for the festive occasion. Nan's evergreen wreath, with its crimson star, decorated the one front window; a beautiful branch of holly that Dodo had secured a week before was suspended by her best neck ribbon from the single gas jet in the center of the room. Two mysterious parcels on the table under it showed where the modest gifts which were to brighten the day for Mrs. Stone and the lame girl were deposited.

Dodo stood absently twisting the neck of the bag about the pan of beans. If there was only some way of sending his dinner back to him and making him keep their plum pudding for dessert! Then she started violently.

Nan was talking to somebody, and somebody was answering in a rich baritone voice that certainly did not belong to old Mrs. Stone. What Nan said was:

"We had just discovered the exchange. My friend took your package by mistake. Thank you very much for bringing our pudding back!" Dodo's eyes and ears were wonder stretched at Nan's next words. "We would be so glad to have you come in and take dinner with us—this is, unless you have friends with you up stairs."

The rich baritone said sadly, "No; there is no one waiting for me to come back."

Then said Nan, with grave sweetness: "We ask you to stay. Our own Christmas will be the gladder for knowing that you are not all alone." And, with a grateful glance beyond her into the little holly decorated room, he said, "If I might—"

"It just could not be avoided," said Nan self-defensively that night when she and Dodo, flushed with the triumphant success of their dinner, sat discussing the day.

"When I saw him standing there, a pale faced boy, meekly holding out our plum pudding and asking for his beans, I could no more have handed him that pan and let him go back up stairs to munch them alone than I could have flown."

"Of course you could not," said Dodo demurely. "And then old Mrs. Stone made everything perfectly proper; she is so dreadfully old."

"And as deaf as a stone wall. Dodo"—Nan's plain face was all a-pucker with anxiety—"if you do, I'll never forgive myself."

"If I do what, you incomprehensible old goose?"

"Let that poor boy fall in love with you. He fair—the MISCHIEF WAS DONE, I doved your face while he sat opposite you at table."

"Plus celery, cranberries and olives. It did me good to see him out. But I don't see any point in calling him a boy just because we made the absurd mistake of thinking he was an old man before we saw him. He is very much of a gentleman."

An educated man. It must be his shoes that mislead us so. They are so cheap and clumsy that I suspect he walked slowly to spare our nerves."

"Kindly, but futile. He is a handsome boy."

Mrs. Stone says he is the new organist at St. Catherine's."

"St. Catherine's?" Dodo fairly screamed. "Mercy, Dodo, you are so excited! What is it?"

"Why, Nan, that is where I heard that divine voluntary that brought my heart right up into my throat."

"Oh, it was!" said Nan dryly. "Well, then, the mischief is already done."

Yes, the mischief was already done. Nan, gazing reflectively after the organist of St. Catherine's and Dodo as they walked away from her under the trees in Central park one blessed June Sunday, said unthinkingly to herself:

"I might have known it. Both young, both so beautiful, both as loving hearted as birds in mating time! Then, when music welded them together—I guess Dodo will have something to tell me tonight."

Which Dodo did.

"He belongs to as good a family as mine, Nan, dear, but his father married again, and things weren't pleasant for him at home. He has been on trial with the St. Catherine people, but now they are going to pay him a lovely salary, and he won't have to wear such deceiving shoes. We have concluded that we would like to get married just one year to a day from that lovely little dinner to which you invited him. I never could have had the face to do it."

"Dodo," said Nan reproachfully; then, after a solemn pause: "I will never trust a man in creaking shoes again. He just creaked himself into my sympathies."

"I've already asked Charley what made him walk so like a sorrowful old man over our heads, and he says he supposes it was because he felt a thousand years old and as friendless as the Wandering Jew before you invited him to that dinner on Christmas day."

CHRISTMAS GREENS. How Holly and Mistletoe Came Into Use.

A Christmas without its greens would be like a winter without snow or a wedding without bells. The popular custom of decorating our homes with evergreens and holly each Christmas has come down through the long centuries out of the twilight shadows of early Roman mythology hallowed with poetic associations. At the annual approach of the saturnalia, the Roman feast and revel in honor of Saturn, it was the habit of the people of Rome to dress their temples and dwellings with green boughs. To the Romans these greens were merely the emblem of the returning life and foliage of the spring, to which the children of sun clad Italy looked forward with a certain southern restfulness. The same practice, though partaking of a more religious character, existed among the Celtic Druids, the holly and the mistletoe being regarded as possessing certain sacred and magical virtues. It was also an old Druidic tradition that the cross had been made of the wood of the mistletoe, which originally was a forest tree. After the crucifixion, they said, it was blasted and condemned to exist only as a stunted parasite. The present Anglo-Saxon regard for the mistletoe undoubtedly is a vestigial remnant of that old pagan superstition.

It is one of the little ironies of history, however, that the Viscum album of the staid old Druids should evolve into our modern mistletoe and be looked upon as the authorized encourager of the undignified osculatory art. As for holly, on the other hand, Pliny tells how the Romans endowed it with supernatural powers, planting it near their dwellings that they might not be struck by lightning, and the Latin writer, Lonicus, said it was very good for a stitch in the side.

The steadily increasing demand for these Christmas greens has given birth to a new industry of no insignificant proportions. Some idea of the quantity of mistletoe that is made use of each Christmas may be judged by the fact that a great city like London or New York imports over 100 tons each Yuletide. But the mystic mistletoe which we hang on our own chandeliers and under which we essay the most audacious libal exercises is really cousin to the European species and is known to the botanist and florist as Phoradendron flavescens. It is smaller, both in berry and leaf, than the English plant, but one can kiss just as many girls under it as one can under the genuine European article.

American mistletoe is found in great quantities in New Jersey and southward through the Carolinas, in New Mexico and in the Indian Territory. Here it is gathered, packed in crates or barrels and shipped to the distributing agencies in the larger cities. The English mistletoe, however, on account of its pearly white berries and its larger leaves, is more sought after, and great quantities are shipped in crates each winter from Liverpool. The price it brings in American markets by the pound is usually from 25 to 30 cents.

Most of the holly used in America at Christmas comes from Maryland, Virginia and the neighboring southern states. A certain amount of English holly is imported, but the shipments of this glossy leaved plant across the herring pond are annually decreasing. The American holly will sometimes grow to a height of 40 feet. As each year holly enters more and more into decorative designs for Christmas both in the church and the household, the immense quantity that is shipped north each winter from the temperate southern states has given birth to a new and important industry. The increased demand for mistletoe also has led to the artificial propagation of the sticky seeded parasite. Cultivators of the plant make a V shaped incision in the bark of ordinary fruit trees or in that of maple, poplar or basswood and insert the seeds in the cavity. As the mistletoe is a true parasite, living on the sap of other trees, in a few weeks the plant begins its growth. Its berries are about the size of currants, white and translucent and filled with a viscid juice which serves the purpose of attaching the seed to the

branches or bark of trees during the process of germination. JOHN LE CLAIR

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

At Springer (N. M.) the mercury has registered 11 below zero. Frank Moran, a noted minstrel, is dead at Philadelphia, aged 73. The heaviest fall of snow in 20 years has visited San Antonio, Tex.

W. J. Bryan is out in an interview opposing territorial expansion. The Ohio river is frozen over at Wheeling and Parkersburg, W. Va.

Antonio E. Terry, husband of Sybil Sanderson, the opera singer, is dead at Paris. The milling interests of Minneapolis, Minn., will not go into the gigantic combine.

Berlin and Frankfurt bankers have offered the porte a loan of 2,000,000 Turkish pounds. Gen. Ludlow, the military governor of Havana, will leave for his post of duty on Saturday.

The whiskey warehouse district of Maysville, Ky., was damaged by fire to the extent of \$60,000. J. H. Franklin was sentenced to hang at Glasgow, Ky., for the murder of his mother-in-law.

Lionel Carden, the British consul at Mexico City, has been appointed consul general at Havana.

The London Daily Mail announces that the British occupation of Crete is to become permanent.

Dr. Barrows, recently elected president of Oberlin college, has left Chicago to take up his work there.

The new trust, the American Tin Plate company, will begin business after the first of the new year.

Jules Cambon, the French ambassador, expects to return to his post at Washington about January 1.

Four Belgian traders are reported to have been killed and eaten by natives of Upper Ubanghi, Africa.

Ex-Gov. Merriam, of Minnesota, is suggested as the probable successor of Secretary of the Interior Bliss.

The converted cruiser Yosemite has been ordered to Manila and the converted cruiser Badger to San Francisco.

On account of the illness of Gov. Schofield's son there will be no inaugural ball this year at Madison, Wis.

The American Federation of Labor has adopted a resolution against the adoption by congress of the anti-scalping bill.

The national board of trade has adopted a resolution favoring the construction of the Nicaragua canal by the United States.

As a result of the grounding of the battleship Massachusetts off Governor's island extensive and expensive repairs will be necessary.

The druggist's clerk at San Francisco in the trial of Mrs. Botkin positively identified her as the woman to whom he had sold a quantity of arsenic.

Otto Boshardt, Charles Allen and Theodore Brazan have been chosen by the Wisconsin university to represent it in the debate with the Illinois university.

It is said that the insurgents of the Philippines are demanding the \$20,000,000 to be paid to Spain be turned over to them in exchange for the 10,000 Spanish troops held.

President McKinley's declaration in his speech at Atlanta that the north should share in the care of the graves of the confederate dead has created a most favorable impression in the south.

HEATED DISCUSSION. American Federation of Labor Decries the Question of National Expansion.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 15.—National expansion, whether or not it shall be endorsed by the American Federation of Labor, was the subject of discussion at the morning session of the convention Thursday morning. The question was debated with considerable show of heat, champions for and against that principle speaking with great ardor on the theme. The question came up on the introduction of a resolution denouncing expansion introduced and following the suggestion for its expression in President Gompers' annual address.

When recess was taken the resolution had not been disposed of.

Civil Service Reform League. Baltimore, Md., Dec. 15.—The eighteenth annual convention of the National Civil Service Reform league began in this city Thursday and will continue until Friday night. Delegates from all parts of the country are present.

Will Pay January Coupon. Madrid, Dec. 15.—The Spanish government has agreed to pay the January coupon on the Cuban debt.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

ST. ROSE OF LIMA—Catholic. Services every month at 7:30. First and third Sundays in each month services at 10:30. Parochial school in connection taught by Sisters of St. Francis. Every body invited.

GERMAN M. E. CHURCH. Services every Sunday. Sunday School 9:30 to 10:30. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Class meeting 11:30. Prayer meetings every Wednesday evening.

METHODIST CHURCH. Class meeting at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 and 7:30. Sunday School at 11:45. Junior League at 3:00 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Teachers' meeting following prayer meeting.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL—Lutheran. Regular services at 10:30 a. m. on Sundays. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

BAPTIST. Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. You g People's Union Monday evenings at 7:30. Prayer meetings Thursday evenings at 7:30. Ladies' prayer meetings Friday afternoons at 3:00 o'clock. Covenant meetings before first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 11:50.

PRESBYTERIAN. Sabbath services after first day of May at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath School at 11:45 a. m. and You g People's Christian Endeavor at 7:00 p. m. Weekly prayer meetings Thursday at 7:30 p. m. Bible class and Teachers' meeting immediately after prayer meeting. Choir practice Friday at 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid Society Wednesday at 3 o'clock, and Ladies' Missionary Society every second Friday of the month.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST—L. D. S. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST—Scientist. Services every Sunday at 10:30 and Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Services in McKim Hall. Reading room in connection. Open from 3 to 6 p. m. The public is invited to call and acquaint themselves with the teachings of Christian Science.

DENISON FRATERNITIES.

DOWDALL LODGE NO. 90, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. McKim Hall. Visiting members always cordially welcome.

SYLVAN LODGE, NO. 507. A. F. & A. M. Regular meeting Tuesday evening on or before full moon. Special meetings 2d Tuesday following. Laub's Hall. Visiting members in the city are urged to attend.

SYLVAN CHAPTER, NO. 207. O. E. S. Regular meeting first Tuesday evening after full moon in Laub's Hall. Visitors welcome.

DENISON LODGE, NO. 626. I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in Laub's Hall. Odd Fellows visiting in the city are especially invited.

SIDONIA LODGE, NO. 38. I. O. O. F. (German). Meets every Friday night in Laub's Hall at 8 o'clock. Visitors especially welcome.

HAWKEYE CAMP NO. 76, WOODMEN OF THE WORLD. Meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock in Laub's Hall. Visiting sovereigns invited.

Time Table C. & N. W. R. R.

EAST BOUND. No. 4 Chicago Special. 8:51 a. m. No. 18 Carroll Passenger. 8:13 p. m.

WEST BOUND. No. 1 Overland Limited (don't stop) 6:04 a. m. No. 7 Pacific Express. 1:28 p. m.

C. M. & St. PR. R. at Arion. TRAINS WEST. No. 1 Passenger. 6:45 a. m. No. 19 Way Freight. 9:00 a. m.

TRAINS EAST. No. 2 Passenger. 12:50 p. m. No. 4 Passenger. 7:15 p. m.

A Card. The undersigned does hereby agree to refund the money on a 50 cent bottle of Greene's warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. He also guarantees a 25 cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

Feeders for Sale. Four carloads of good ones. Address F. J. McCormick, Denison.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Cures All Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Cures All Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Cures All Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Cures All Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Cures All Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Cures All Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Cures All Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Cures All Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Cures All Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Cures All Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Cures All Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Cures All Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Cures All Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Cures All Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Cures All Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Cures All Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Cures All Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles.