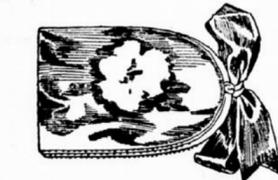


## Christmas Presents



**FOR SISTER**

Dresden silk is so much liked nowadays that it is even used to cover the backs of hairbrushes. Hand mirrors and hairbrushes with Dresden silk backs are beginning to supersede the



TOILET SET COVERED WITH SILK.

silver backed articles on some women's toilet tables.

Backing a brush or a hand mirror with Dresden silk is really a very simple matter, and any one with deft fingers can manage it. The silk is glued to the wooden backed brush, and gold braid is glued around the edges. A comb and brush tray and a powder box can be covered in the same manner, and the set makes a dainty present for a woman. The Dresden silk pin cushion is shaped a little like a pair of bellows. The sides are of silk covered cardboard, and the cushioned edge holds the pins.

### A Pin Case For the Schoolgirl.

A dainty present for the room of a schoolgirl is the ever useful pin case in a form that appeals to her love of decoration.

A small bisque doll head has fastened around its neck two pieces of satin ribbon three inches wide and ten inches long. This is gathered in such a way around the neck of the doll that it appears to be dressed in a long, straight slip of silk.

Between the ribbons are shorter pieces of flannel, as many as are desired. Each piece is featherstitched in the same color as the ribbon, or it may be pinked. Through the flannel is struck white and black pins, safety pins, colored pins of all sizes, such as are so useful in the adjustment of stocks and belts.

If one knows the color of the room decorations of the girl for whom the pin case is intended it should be made of a harmonizing color.

### For the Trousseau.

Engaged girls will appreciate several of the ribbon holders that are made for keeping in place certain sets of lingerie or table linen. The gift is simple enough, being merely a length of ribbon which in the center has a square of linen covered cardboard embroidered



FOR THE TROUSSEAU.

with the girl's initials sewed to the ribbon. The ends are then put together and a round slide like those used on director's sashes is made of linen. This slide is drawn about the article that is to be surrounded with the ribbon band.

### Cover Hatpins For Christmas.

The latest fad is to cover hatpins. Does that sound strange? It is not, however, for if you possess a plain and unattractive pin and wish to give it the cachet of originality all you have to do is to embroider a tiny disk of black satin or any shade that you prefer over the head of the pin, tie it tight, and the deed is done. If you had a jeweled pin and the real diamond, or whatever it was, has disappeared, cover a small button in any way you like and paste it into the empty space left by the lost bit of glass. If a hatpin is too small, make a little rosette of gold tissue and run the pin through the middle.

The ways of decorating such pins are really too numerous to mention in detail, but any one may do it and get the best results with the least effort and expense. Indeed, it is not difficult to make.

### A Laundry Book.

For the college girl a laundry book is fine. Select a neat rice paper for the leaves and cut the double cover from red paper of a heavy variety, then tie the leaves together with red baby ribbon. Between the leaves of white paper are blue carbon paper slips, so that a duplicate copy is made when one marks off her laundry.

## FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS

"It simply can't be a failure," declared young Mrs. Drake. "I always make it when I want to be absolutely sure of achieving a success. No matter how you box it up it tastes just as good. Do try it."

"You said two cups of flour?" queried the newly engaged girl, reaching for paper and pencil. "And only a half cup of milk? It is economical, too, isn't it? Oh, I am so interested! You know I have so much to learn about cooking."

"It certainly is economical," said young Mrs. Drake. "Then it is such a relief not to have to keep the whole house at a certain temperature and not to have to walk around on tiptoe to prevent the cake from falling in the oven. Be sure to use brown sugar and a piece of butter the size of an egg."

"I have written all that," said the engaged girl, jotting down the items on her sheet of paper. "Now, last of all come the dates and pecans. I mustn't forget them. I'm going home at once and make a cake. You must come over this evening for a game of bridge and I will serve it as a surprise."

"Don't forget to beat it well," admonished young Mrs. Drake. "And be sure to four the nuts."

"You're such a dear!" cried Hortense, enthusiastically, bestowing a hug on her friend. "I just know that Tom will be too surprised for anything. Come over to-night without fail and hear what he says."

Hortense announced to her mother when she arrived home, "I'm going to make a cake all by myself. It's the kind that can't possibly fail and it tastes just as good no matter how you box it up."

Donning a large apron, she proceeded to take possession of the kitchen. With careful precision, after much weighing and measuring, Hortense finally poured the rich, dark batter into the pan. She wasn't quite sure as to the heat of the oven, but she hovered around anxiously with flushed cheeks for the prescribed half-hour.

It was with a thrill of triumph that she finally lifted out the delicious smelling golden-brown cake and deposited it on the table. Later she telephoned young Mrs. Drake that the cake was a glorious success.

When Tom arrived at Hortense's house that evening the engaged couple and the Drakes began their game of bridge. Hortense made a failure of her playing, for most of the time she was watching the clock, being impatient for the moment to arrive when she had directed the maid to serve. When she trumped her partner's ace Tom mildly asked her if she was anxious for them to go. Hortense replied merrily that on the contrary she was waiting for something to appear.

A little later when they all went into the dining-room Hortense announced with pride that her first cake was before them. Mrs. Drake had the honor of cutting it.

"It's a beauty," commented Tom, enthusiastically. "I put in my application now for a second slice."

"Greedy thing!" said the delighted Hortense.

Young Mrs. Drake, with much ceremony, poised the knife and then let it descend through the soft, white icing. The knife sunk a little way into the cake and then suddenly stopped.

Young Mrs. Drake sawed in a peculiar way for a moment. Then she withdrew the knife and inserted it in another part of the cake. The same sawing motion was employed and a gritty sound under the knife edge made Hortense's eager face turn crimson. Young Mrs. Drake withdrew the knife, visibly embarrassed.

"What is the matter?" broke out Hortense, unable to restrain herself any longer. "Why doesn't it cut?"

"Why," faltered young Mrs. Drake, "I'm so sorry, but I think you forgot—I mean I didn't tell you—to stone the dates!"

Tears rushed into Hortense's eyes, while Tom valiantly restrained a strong impulse to double up with laughter.

"Well, let's break it into pieces," he suggested. "I'll eat it stoned and all."

When the Drakes had gone Hortense wept out her mortification on Tom's shoulder.

"But she it couldn't fall, no matter how you put it together," she told Tom between sobs.

"She did?" exploded Tom. "Well, don't even use on of her recipes again. Why, it is positively dangerous. You did splendidly so far as her directions went, so it was all her fault."

### Two Celebrations.

Miggles—Congratulate me, old man I'm preparing to celebrate my wooden wedding next week.

Wiggles—And I am going to celebrate my wouldn't wedding tomorrow. Just five years ago Miss Gotrex said she wouldn't marry me.

### Accepted.

"Could you," he whispered—for many were nigh—"could you bear to think of another?"

"Thanks," she faltered. "I've already had two. But I don't think one more chocolate sundae would hurt me. You're so thoughtful!"

## FROM THE RIVER

The man on the bridge gazed idly down at the river that swept so silently beneath him. Near him a young woman, fair and slender, stood leaning on the railing. She, too, looked down at the water. Suddenly she gave a little exclamation of despair and sprang far out into the dark, her body striking the water with a splash.

Quick as she had been, the man was quicker, for she had scarce struck the water than an answering splash told that he had sprung to her rescue. A few minutes more and he had dragged her to the shore.

"Why did you do that?" he asked sternly, as he held her in his arms—she was so weak that she would have fallen.

"Why didn't you let me die?" she asked in reply.

The man began to wring the water from his coat. "Come, now," he said, "you really didn't expect me to let you drown yourself?"

"I didn't know you were there," the girl faltered. "I thought I was all alone."

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere."

"Where are your friends?"

"I have none."

"That's bad," said the man, musingly. Then he added:

"Come."

The girl arose and tried to walk, but almost fell to the ground again. The man, with a quick glance around, picked her up in his arms and walked hastily along the street which bordered the river bank. The street was lined with warehouses and factories, all dark for the night. On a far corner, however, a light shone from an open doorway. There the man bore his half-conscious burden. The light shone from the rear room of a saloon, used as a restaurant.

Placing the girl in a chair at one of the tables, the man called a waiter, who, at his request, brought a glass of whisky. The fiery liquor made the girl choke and gasp, but it brought a faint glow to her cheek.

"You're not used to that," the man said.

"No," she replied, "I never tasted it before." Then she glanced around the room.

"When did you eat your dinner?" the man asked.

"Yesterday," she replied, with a wan smile.

"And you are famishing?" cried the man. The waiter speedily brought some food, which the girl ate eagerly. As she did so the man studied her carefully. She was not more than 26, and would have been pretty were not her face marked by the lines of suffering.

She was neatly dressed, but her clothing bore the marks of poverty. About her throat a white collar relieved the monotony of her attire, while neat white cuffs encircled her wrists. But everything she had on was soiled and bedraggled by the dirty waters of the river in which she had sought to drown herself. When she had satisfied her hunger she told him her story—a sordid story enough of a struggle to earn her own living in a great city, of failure, and finally of despair.

"What will you do now?" the man asked.

"I don't know," the girl replied.

For several minutes the man bent his brows in thought. Then he leaned forward, took the girl's face between the palms of his hands, turned it toward him and looked long and searchingly into her eyes. She flushed, but met his gaze steadily and fearlessly.

"Could you look my old mother in the eyes like that?" he asked, finally.

"Yes," she replied.

"Do you know," he said, after another long pause, "I have a feeling that you belong to me. I found you in the river. Out west, where I live, finding is keeping."

The girl flushed. "I think I would prefer to go back to the river," she said.

"Wait a moment and let me explain. I am willing to trust you if you are willing to trust me. Marry me to-morrow."

"Marry you?" the girl faltered.

"I mean nothing else," the man said, earnestly.

The girl looked at him wistfully. Still she hesitated.

"I will say this much and no more," the man added. "I can give you a good home. You will never regret me or be ashamed of me. I will not tell you where my home is, nor who I am, nor what I am. You must take me as I am willing to take you."

"I will marry you tomorrow," said the girl. Then she broke into a torrent of tears.

"O, be good to me!" she cried. "Just be good to me. Give me peace, and a smile, and a kind word once in a while. That's all I ask. The world has been so cruel, and I am so tired of it all."

A year later they were back in Chicago, standing in the evening on the same bridge.

"If I should jump over, John, would you spring in after me?" she asked, with the light of love shining in her eyes.

"My girl, I would spring into the bottomless pit for you," he replied, fondly. "I never shall regret the night I found my girl in the river and made her marry me on trust the next day."

# Don't Get Cold Feet!

Come in and get a pair of our warm shoes, some that will keep your feet warm. They are fleece lined, for men and women, light and heavy weights. Also a large stock of Xmas slippers and most any kind, color or style you might wish. We now have on sale 5 lots of short line shoes at prices that will make you buy if you see them whether your needs are now. They are sure to come later, so hurry and get first choice.

Lot 1, 19c; Lot 2, 48c; Lot 3, 98c; Lot 4, \$1.48; Lot 5, \$1.98.

## Norris' Shoe Store

WE HAVE THE BEST OVER-SHOE AT THE LOWEST PRICE.

Denison, Iowa

### CHARTER OAK.

J. C. Jacobsen and family moved their goods from Ute to the rooms above the postoffice last Saturday. They expect to make this their home until the new residence on Second street is completed.

In the two games of basket ball played here between the Charter Oak high school and the Battle Creek high school each school won a game. The girls' game was won by the visitors, score 24 to 2, and the home boys were victorious by a score of 28 to 1.

J. C. Jacobsen was in Omaha the latter part of last week. He returned by auto, having purchased a new Mitchell car while there. He expects to use it in connection with his garage.

The railroad crew, laying new rails along this line, are stationed here now. The new rails are much heavier than the old ones and we hope we may have better train service hereafter.

Mrs. Thos. Thomsen and daughter, Sophia, visited in Denison Saturday.

The friends of Miss Jessie McWilliams surprised her with a linen shower last Saturday afternoon.

A company of young people gathered at the home of W. S. Rae Monday evening in honor of Miss Ella's thirteenth birthday.

District Superintendent Torbert was in town Monday evening. He delivered an address and presided at the quarterly conference of the Methodist church.

The home of Wm. Maas, near Berne, burned to the ground between three and four o'clock Monday morning. Only a few pieces of bed clothing were saved. The cause is not known, but it is thought that it was caused by a spontaneous combustion in the coal bin, which adjoined the house.

Mrs. John James, who has been caring for Charley Jones, her son-in-law, during his siege of typhoid fever, was called to Fort Dodge Saturday morning on account of the death of the baby of her daughter, Mrs. Lulu Morton.

Mrs. A. P. Knight returned to her home in Council Bluffs Saturday morning after a pleasant visit among friends and relatives here.

Mrs. J. S. Martin returned Saturday afternoon from a visit at Manning, Woodbine and other neighboring towns.

The Five Hundred Card club gave a sheet and pillowcase dance in the city hall Monday night.

F. H. Smith moved into his new house on the Willow last week. It seems good to Frank to be out of the tent these cold nights.

Charley Jones is struggling with a bad case of typhoid fever. He is reported a little better at this writing.

A. A. Hanchett sold his dray business to R. C. Winey last week. Mr. Hanchett retains the big bay team to use on his well boring machine.

The city council have ordered a new gasoline engine and pump for their water works. The old plant was badly worn so they decided it was best to replace it with a new system before cold weather.

The Methodist ladies are planning on giving a chicken pie supper election night. In connection with this they expect to have aprons and useful household articles for sale.

The work on the new garage was started again this week, the necessary supplies having arrived Monday. The workmen of the Vollersen store in Battle Creek are here this week placing a new furnace in the old Vollersen home, recently sold to M. L. Jones.

### EAST BOYER NEWS.

Henry Mordhorst, wife and daughter, Miss Hattie, spent Sunday with John Andresen and wife.

Mr. Wilbur Brandenburg made a business trip to Ricketts on Tuesday last.

John Hamann and son, Henry, were business visitors at the Aug. Lochmiller home Sunday.

Theo. Kuhl, wife and daughter spent Sunday at the Claus Kuhl home near Manilla.

Miss Alice Langer visited with Ella and Stella Mordhorst Tuesday eve. Henry Andresen and wife were Sunday visitors with their son, John, and family.

Quite a number from this vicinity attended the Arndt-Lueth wedding near Buck Grove on Wednesday.

Miss Ellen Palmer closed a successful term of school in district No. 8 on Friday. She is spending her vacation in Manilla.

On last Saturday one of the most pleasant events of the season occurred at the Fritz Brandenburg home. A party was given for the young people, which proved to be a great success. The evening was spent in playing cards, dancing, singing, etc., and an elegant supper was served by the hostess. The guests stayed till a late hour in the morning, when all departed for their homes, having enjoyed themselves to the utmost.

Mrs. Philip Petersen returned home Tuesday after spending several weeks with her daughters in this vicinity.

The Misses Mary and Anna Langer and brother, Ed, spent Sunday evening with Miss Edna Norman.

Louie Heiden was a guest of Willie Heuces on Sunday last.

### ARION NEWS.

The Arion choir has thought for some time that new hymn books were needed and gave a Hallowe'en entertainment Monday evening, the proceeds of which are to purchase the books. There was a very enjoyable program. Song, "Daddy's Best Girl," Vanclie Butler; recitation, "Squire Hawkins," Mr. Brown; followed by a clever little comedy, "The Bachelor's Dream," with Rev. E. D. Calkins very successfully portraying the part of the bachelor and ably assisted by Miss Underwood and a number of young

people. The ladies' trio, Mrs. Calkins, Mrs. Phillippi and Miss Goldsworthy, and the quartette, Messrs. Calkins, Stilson, Nelson and Talcott, pleased the audience greatly and they were encored. Dean Talcott sang "The Holy City" beautifully and four litue girls gave the "Witches Dance" around a jack-o-lantern suspended from three poles. There was quite a crowd and good receipts.

Mrs. Tripp and Mrs. Jno. Case went to Dow City Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Tripp's sister, Mrs. Huntington, was very low at that time.

Ava Butler was a Denison visitor Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Doidge were Dow City visitors Sunday.

Mrs. V. Talcott and daughters, Mrs. Searls and Mrs. Hoke, were visiting relatives in Woodbine and Omaha last week.

There was a large crowd at the John Lochmiller sale last Wednesday. The stock and machinery sold at good prices. Mr. Lochmiller and family expect to move this week to Denison, where they have purchased a fine home.

Earl Kepford, who has been visiting relatives in the west, has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Fox, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Ella Fox, Mrs. Jake Kepford and son, Louis, Mrs. Whitehead, Mrs. Foster and Carl Kepford were among those who attended the Hallowe'en entertainment.

The Gleamers' reading club met at the home of Mrs. D. J. Butler Wednesday evening. There was a duet by Miss Goldsworthy and Mrs. Butler, a recitation by Etta Sterrett and a paper by Miss Howorth, after which Mrs. Phillippi read three interesting chapters from "Eben Holden." Business meeting closed the session.

Mrs. V. Vaughn was a visitor at the Chas. Sterrett home Saturday.

Bessie Marr stepped on a nail last Thursday, hurting her foot severely. Dr. L. M. Coon was in town last week.

Chas. Carroll was home Sunday, returning to Grand Junction Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Horn were callers at the O. W. Nelson home Saturday.

There was quite a crowd at the race track Saturday afternoon, where a race between A. Alexander's and Jno. Eggers' horses created considerable excitement, the race being won by Mr. Alexander's horse.

Miss Sophie Mathias attended the Hallowe'en entertainment.

M. A. Parmentier has sold his restaurant building and stock to C. Minister, of Ricketts, who took possession Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Parmentier moved to Mrs. Goodrich's house.

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Several choice South Dakota farms for sale on reasonable terms.

# Overcoats--

Have you made your selection in an Overcoat? If not, give our store a call and we will show you the handsomest line ever shown in Denison. All the new grays and tans in convertible collars at prices that will astonish you

# Shoes--

We also wish to call your attention to our new department, a large line of gentlemen's dress shoes in all the latest styles at moderate prices.

DENISON, IOWA.

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