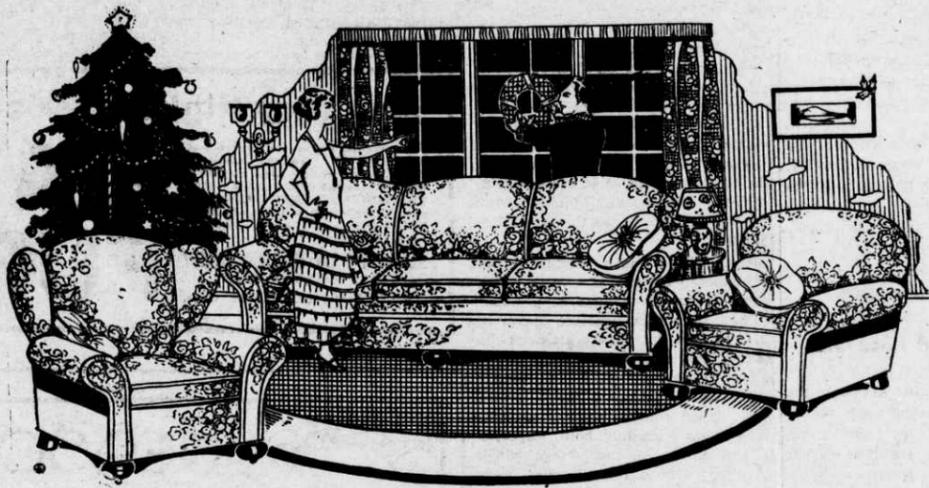




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Nothing more acceptable or lasting than a good comfortable rocker.
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A beautiful bed, complete with springs and mattress. We carry sagless, double deck and coil springs. Mattresses in all grades.



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When You Are Constipated.

To insure a healthy action of the bowels and correct disorders of the liver, take two of Chamberlain's Tablets immediately after supper. They will not only cause a gentle movement of the bowels without unpleasant effects, but banish that dull, stupid feeling that often accompanies constipation.

Let a Foreign Foe Appear, This Reception Committee Waits



THIS is a 12-inch coast defense gun in action at Fortress Monroe. The weapon is of the disappearing pattern. It pops up "over the top," bangs away and vanishes—so far as the foe can see. It is the most powerful gun of its type.

The Evergreen Tree

By Christopher G. Hazard

THE servants had retired and left the old lady alone. She sat before the decorated and lighted tree that was burdened with gifts that

seemed to have no destinations. For Mrs. Stone was long past the wanting of gifts and no companions, young or old, sat with her, because she wished to be alone with her memories.

She was not as alone as she seemed to be, for, in the great chair opposite to hers memory placed the fairy figure of the child who had glanced and danced about the house and under the Christmas tree of long ago. Beside her there sat one who seemed to lay his hand again upon hers in happy and satisfied affection, while there

bent over her the strong and tender youth who was once her hope for later years. Again the old house seemed full of joy, and noisy merriment drove out the deathly stillness, while the tree that is always green spoke of the immortality of happiness.

The next day, when the servants dismantled the evergreen tree, it was found that every gift was marked with a name, and they were busy that Christmas morning in distributing new happiness about the neighborhood.

The Christmas Dolly



"Oh, George, now I know what you were talking of when I came to wake you," Molly said, running her fingers through his tousled hair. "Tell me about it."

"I was reading some of the letters from Henry, for I'd been thinking of him all day," began her husband. "The last letter I read was the one we got from him last year just before Christmas, in which he told us how he and Jane were planning Christmas for the youngsters, and how he hoped that another year he would be home with us. I sat here recalling the many Christmases you and I had planned for our children. Molly, do you remember the year we had the Uglov boys over for Christmas eve? He excitedly continued, half rising from his chair as the happy past came back to his mind in jumbled snatches. "I can see them now, the four boys and two girls sitting around this very stove, telling the Christmas stories which they had learned in school. Then, how their eyes bulged and their mouths opened when Santa came into the room. The children danced with glee, but the girls were a bit timid. The boys, however, were real chummy and asked Santa many embarrassing questions about his trips.

All this he said slowly, pausing now and then so that he could live it over again. He looked up into Molly's face, for she had been very quiet, and there he saw big tear drops rolling slowly down her thin cheeks which now showed a delicate pink flush.

"Well, well, Molly," began her husband.

"Don't, George, I know it's foolish for me to cry, but I wish we could have a tree and children to fuss for. Christmas comes and goes now without much excitement and it makes me feel as though I'm getting awfully old."

"Molly, let's have a tree and we will get ready for Christmas just as we did long ago."

The next morning, the happy couple took a trip to the woods to choose a tree. By the twenty-second of December, all the things were finished. George found Molly sitting before the fire looking very sober.

A Christmas Dream

By
LUELLA
KERSTEN

THE spacious farm house living room was unlighted and quiet. The outlines of several large armchairs were visible here and there about the room and made it look temptingly restful. The table which stood between the two windows was not untidy but held several opened books and many letters strewn about a letter file.

One of the large armchairs stood in front of the massive coal stove in which the blue flames danced like little elves upon the red coals, defying heartily the howling wind outside. Some one seemed to have been present recently. The chair held a bath robe, the cord of which dangled carelessly on the floor, and the tassel of which rested upon an open letter below it. Some one had been reading old letters and that person was cozily nestled in the bath robe. His tousled head of grey rested on the back of the chair. He was sleeping and certainly was having the happiest of dreams for a smile took possession of his face. The flames joined in the happy mood by dancing higher and faster. Even peaceful and happy hours have endings. Mrs. Bohnenstock had come quietly into the room and gently shook her husband.

"No, no, Helen," said the man without opening his eyes, "I am too old to dance and romp."

"Helen? Whom are you talking of? I do believe you have been dreaming," answered his wife.

At the sound of her voice, he was entirely awakened and arose from the chair. He staggered about before he regained all consciousness and his arms and legs ached from their cramped position. "I guess I've been dreaming, Molly, it seems as though I'd been asleep for a whole year. Molly dear, why didn't you call me? My stock must be fed and it's way past feeding time now."

"Do not worry about your stock, George. It has all been taken care of. John Uglov came over this afternoon and we talked about our Christmases when our boys were small. When it began to grow dusk, he said that I should not disturb you and that he would feed the stock."

"Well, Molly, so you and John talked over the Christmases we had with our little boys," said Mr. Bohnenstock sinking back into his chair and beckoning his wife to sit on the arm of it. "I am glad to see that others miss those beautiful holidays and the whole month before, when the air was full of mysteries."

"Oh, George, now I know what you were talking of when I came to wake you," Molly said, running her fingers through his tousled hair. "Tell me about it."

"I was reading some of the letters from Henry, for I'd been thinking of him all day," began her husband. "The last letter I read was the one we got from him last year just before Christmas, in which he told us how he and Jane were planning Christmas for the youngsters, and how he hoped that another year he would be home with us. I sat here recalling the many Christmases you and I had planned for our children. Molly, do you remember the year we had the Uglov boys over for Christmas eve? He excitedly continued, half rising from his chair as the happy past came back to his mind in jumbled snatches. "I can see them now, the four boys and two girls sitting around this very stove, telling the Christmas stories which they had learned in school. Then, how their eyes bulged and their mouths opened when Santa came into the room. The children danced with glee, but the girls were a bit timid. The boys, however, were real chummy and asked Santa many embarrassing questions about his trips.

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The next morning, the happy couple took a trip to the woods to choose a tree. By the twenty-second of December, all the things were finished. George found Molly sitting before the fire looking very sober.

"Molly, why do you look so blue? This is the time for everyone to be happy."

"I know it, but, George, I think our fun is over. All our planning is done and we have no one here to enjoy it. No children's voices to sing the lovely Christmas songs. Oh, I shall miss it," she said sobbing.

"We still have three days in which to find children. We are going to have a Christmas just as we want it. I feel as though this will be the happiest."

The next night, they again were cuddled in the big armchairs drawn before the stove. Both of them were deep in thought, wondering and hoping. Both of them started when the telephone rang, breaking up their thoughts. George answered and was astonished when he heard a telegram read to him. He hung up the receiver with a slam and ran over to Molly, threw his arms about her, picked her up and carried her around.

"George, tell me about it. What has happened?"

"Molly, I can't talk, I'm so happy. I knew we would find children but now I mustn't keep you in suspense any longer. It was a telegram like



"No, No, Helen."

this. Family coming to spend Christmas on the farm. Arrive on noon train tomorrow. Henry."

Now Molly took her turn in rejoicing. She danced about the room. Her face was pink and her eyes sparkled like an overjoyed child's. "We must get the toys ready for the children," she said, and immediately went off to make a new dress for a doll.

The next noon, George and Molly were standing on the station platform, trembling with excitement. The bystanders could tell that something unusual was happening for the old people. Finally the train came.

"There they are! I see Jane and Helen. Where is Henry?" cried Molly.

"Here, Mother," answered her boy and he picked her up and kissed her. "Didn't know me, did you?"

That afternoon, the big doors to the living room were kept closed. The children suspected nothing for they were busy exploring the farm.

In the evening after they came from church, the doors to the living room were opened; the children were so happy that they danced about the tree and excitedly grabbed one parcel after another. In their excitement they could not untie the packages so their father and mother and grandparents were called upon to help. Helen came to her grandfather with all of hers, but Junior was not so partial. After the children had seen all their presents, and the others had exchanged theirs, Helen and Junior sang songs and spoke Christmas pieces.

After the candles were lighted, little Helen came tripping over to her grandfather, "Come dance around the tree with me and my dolly, Grandfather."

"No, no, Helen! I'm too old to dance and romp," he answered.

"George," interrupted Molly "those are the same words you used the day I found you sleeping in the armchair after reading old letters."

"Well, well, that's so," exclaimed George, "This Christmas has been exactly as I dreamed it."

Henry leaned over and whispered to his wife, "I'm glad we came. I didn't know how much it would mean to them."

Easily Managed

YOU must believe in Santa Claus
If in neglect you would not pause
And see the holidays drift by
And bring you nothing but a sigh.

He may not greet you if you wait
In idleness and selfish state
For him upon his way to start
To grant the wishes of your heart.

For he his ways makes known to men
By means that are beyond our ken,
And as his journeying vast is made
He uses many a masquerade.

So if a scarcity you fear
In the supply of Christmas cheer,
Just hustle like a willing elf,
And be old Santa Claus yourself.

Mrs. Laura M. Hoyt Recommends
Chamberlain's Tablets

"I have frequently used Chamberlain's Tablets during the past three years and have found them splendid for headache and bilious attacks. I am only too pleased, at any time, to speak a word in praise of them," writes Mrs. Laura M. Hoyt, Rockport, N. Y.