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New Year's Dream

By Evelyn Hoath

(NOTE.—This article, printed in the Boston Globe in 1923, predicted many things which have become a reality in much less time than anticipated.)

THIS New Year's eve while I lounged with nothing else to do, I scanned each column of the Globe and almost ere I knew a growing dimness stole across the

Said I: "My memory has failed; how goes the world today?" "You shall go out this afternoon and see the town," cried they.

"Oh, no! we'll have them mended." A grown-up son then seized a knob and gave three pulls upon it: "The car will be here at once, mother; put on your bonnet."

"The lenses crystalline have grown too fat with age," he said. "We must put new ones in."

With that he hypnotized my mind in some peculiar way, such rare sweet visions floated by, then quickly passed away.

I woke, my eyes were strong and well, and hastening to depart we paid the fee and entered next a gallery of art. But as to pictures, when I turned, so very strange they seemed, I thought the artist must have sketched the stories he had dreamed.

"What! are there people in the moon?" "Oh, yes, indeed!" said he. "Here is a lunar telescope; look through and you will see."

I gazed, and to my great surprise distinctly saw them walking. I listened at another tube and there I heard them talking.

"You see," said he, "we've learned to catch such swift, intense vibrations in the thin ether that we hear their slightest intonations. You look surprised," my son went on, "I'll show those eyes of yours a sight worth while, our famous scheme that beats the Paris sewers. These little gutters ramify through all the streets and streets and catch the rain and hail and melting snow. These tiny gratings match, conducting down to pipes beneath, which take it miles below straight towards the center of the earth, where the great heat, you know, will turn it into steam of course, and up it comes again, by other pipes, to spin and weave and cook and print for men. It feeds the factories through the land with no expense for fuel; it polishes for artisans full many a precious jewel. We've laid large pipes through all the streets to warm the winter weather, so rheumatism's out of date and done with altogether.

"Now, mother, we will go and lunch in Africa's sunny clime," and drawing out his watch he said, "I see there's ample time. The sub-Atlantic tunnel's done; we'll take it over there. The cars are sent through every hour by the force of compressed air." He placed me on a cushioned seat within an egg-shaped car, suspended in an iron tube. I felt a sudden jar, and then, to my astonishment, conscious of nothing more, I found that we were standing upon the farther shore.

And soon we reached a city near the Mountains of the Moon. (They told me Ethiopia would be admitted soon as one of the United States, for China late had been.) We found a place to order lunch, by three tall men brought in. They served us well, but spoke no word, while gravely bowing low.

Quoth me: "I thought that slavery was done with long ago." "So 'tis," said he. "Then who," I asked, "are these three stalwart fellows?"

Our Long Suit

AMID the vicissitudes of this changing time and with the consciousness of temporariness that comes with the flight of a year, it is pleasant to think of the enduring character of the best thing in life, unfeeling love, as does the writer of the following verses:

CARDS and the game are ours as time flits by And deals us chances on the uncertain stage, But, while our wisdom may increase with age, We seldom win, however hard we try.

Clubs promise most to our insistent youth, And diamonds glitter to our later gaze, But melancholy spades our hopes amaze And leave them buried after all, forsooth.

We count the riches of the passing days, Our gains, our losses, and our gain withal, Our greatest gain, the one that once so small, Ever increasing, stays with us always:

Joy after joy approaches and departs, But we have kept the fellowship of hearts! —Timothy Barry

The Idyll of a Tug Boat By Christopher G. Hazard

THE matter with Andrews is that he cannot keep upon any one course. He tacks all over the bay but does not make any port. Shifting as a weather vane, he is as contradictory. He started upon the road to a profession, but landed in a brick-making concern. Then he concluded that he was meant for big business, but he tried to start too high up. A chicken farm was his next employment and it netted him a large amount of costly experience. He now thinks of trying mining, but will undoubtedly dig up disaster. If he ends as a good shoeblack it will be at the bottom, where he ought to have begun, and he will be nearer to true progress.

The tug boat that was proceeding up the river was named "Patience." It was tugging a long following of canal boats at a slow pace. It was making its way towards a definite point and over a prescribed and limited course. And it was going to get there. All its energy was pledged to perseverance in the practice of the proverb, "It's doggedness as does it." The eagle over the pilot house had its wings spread, although it could not fly yet. The boy who stood at the bow said, "I'm only a ship's boy now, but I'll be a man tomorrow."

Can success find such a leap year as will enable it to land at the end of a twelvemonth without plodding towards it from its beginning? Is there any recipe that will enable a young fellow like Andrews to obtain his father's position and wealth without pursuing his father's path of long and patient toil? Must not the well of a bucket shop run dry? Can a gambler finally break the bank?

And can a Jack-at-all-trades be a master of any? No! The times call for specialists, rather than general practitioners. It will be a New Year indeed for everything in general when it becomes something in particular. Better the patient, persistent tug boat than the more exciting but less profitable airplane. The ship's boy of today must precede the captain of tomorrow.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS From old Dutch times to the middle of the Nineteenth century New Year's day in many American cities was devoted to the universal interchange of visits. Every door was thrown open and it was a breach of etiquette to omit any acquaintance in the annual calls, when old friendships were renewed and family differences amicably settled.

NEW YEAR GIFTS The custom of giving and receiving gifts on New Year day, which originated in Rome, still survives in France and Scotland, although in most countries the exchange of gifts at Christmas has taken its place.

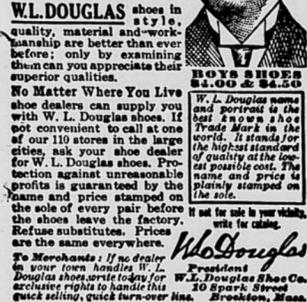
WHAT SHALL WE WRITE? What shall we write on the fair new page called 1923? Can we not make it a record of golden deeds?—Youth's Companion.

BANISH THAT STRAW MAN Supposing you thought you had been able to ward off all bad luck during the coming year by merely throwing a straw image out of your house on the last day of December. You would have thrown out not only one image, but a dozen. And supposing that with the discarding of the straw effigy you had thrown away all your sins. This is what the people of far-away Korea believe. On the day before New Year's the wise and far-seeing head of each family carefully makes a rough image of straw, which, with great ceremony, is taken to the door and thrown away with all the vigor a man would exert when he threw away ill fortune.

NEW YEAR OF ANCIENTS The ancient Egyptians, Phoenicians and Persians began their new year at the autumnal solstice (September 21) and the Greeks, until the Fifth century, B. C., began the year at the winter solstice (December 21). In 432, B. C., the Greeks changed the festival to June 21, the beginning of summer.

THE JULIAN CALENDAR In the Julian calendar New Year day occurs 12 days later than in the Gregorian and the countries in which the Greek church predominates observe the holiday on January 13.

They Do a Hundred Calories in About 9 3/5 Little Sun-Maids "Between-Meal" Raisins 5c Everywhere Had Your Iron Today?



Girls! Girls!! Clear Your Skin With Cuticura Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

CURES COLDS - LA GRIPPE in 24 Hours with CASCARA QUININE Standard cold remedy world over. Demand box bearing Mr. Hill's portrait and signature. At All Druggists - 30 Cents

Not a Laxative Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. Try it today. Nujol A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

Dr. KING'S PILLS - for constipation Purify the blood

FOR SALE—WE OWN THOUSANDS OF ACRES FERTILE PRAIRIE LAND in Palm Beach County. Black soil 8 to 10 feet deep; splendid drainage and best of markets. Suitable for trucking, general farming, dairying, stock and poultry raising. No trees or stones on land. Write today for full particulars. See illustrated booklet. H. G. GEER & CO. 123 P. O. Bldg. - West Palm Beach, Fla.

Wanted—Scrap Iron WASTE PAPER and JUNK in Carload Lots Write us for quotations F. O. B. your loading station. FARGO IRON AND METAL COMPANY

JOHNNY HAD HIS MISGIVINGS Small Boy Shrewdly Calculated the Size of Stockings Worn by His Aunt Emma.

Dear little Johnnie's Aunt Emma, a lady of most generous build, had come for a visit and dear little Johnnie had been gazing at her raptly for some minutes. Finally he could stand it no longer.

"Mamma," he cried, "does Santa Claus fill everybody's stockings?" "Of course, dear," replied his mother in some surprise.

"Grown-up people's, too?" "Yes, dear." "Well," returned Johnnie doubtfully, but as one clinging to a shred of hope, "I hope he gets to mine first."—The American Legion Weekly.

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher In Use for Over 80 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

A Boy and His Goat. Ed and his brother Harry were the proud possessors of a goat. One day their mamma said: "Eddie, I saw Nanny standing with her fore feet on the fence."

"Oh, no, mamma," came the reply. Nanny had only two feet on the fence."

Look to Your Eyes Beautiful Eyes, like fine teeth, are the result of constant care. The daily use of Murine makes Eyes Clear and Bright. Harmless. Sold and Recommended by All Druggists. MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

BROADWAY AN INDIAN TRAIL Present Famous "Bright Light" Pathway Used as Artery of Trade by the Aborigines. Weekquasqekw Path is the Indian title which was given to the road through Manhattan island now known as Broadway. The long, curious name is that of a tribe which once occupied the upper end of the island, and it signifies "People-of-the-Birch-Bark."

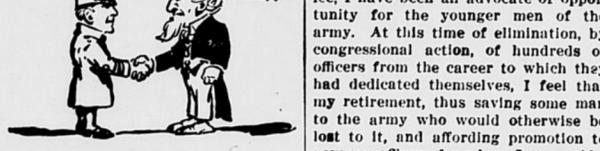
Foolish Advice. The man had skidded on the slippery bridge and gone over into the river, crashing through the ice. A passerby noticed him floundering around in the chilly water and shouted: "Keep cool and I'll save you!" "Well," chattered the victim, "if I was as sure of your being able to save me as I am of my keeping cool I would quit saying my prayers this minute."

Father Was Ready. He—Do you think your father would be willing to help me in the future. She—Well, I heard him say he felt like kicking you into the middle of next week.—London Tit-Bits.

Breaks colds in time safely. A small dosage brings quick relief to scratchy, irritated throats. Cough eases, phlegm clears away, inflamed tissues are soothed. Now—before a slight cough becomes a serious ailment—break it up with DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY—a syrup for coughs & colds

10c Changes Last Year's Frock to New Putnam Fadeless Dyes—dyes or tints as you wish

Harbord Leaves Army Staff for Radio



ment, General Harbord said: "Whenever occasion has offered during nearly thirty-four years of service, I have been an advocate of opportunity for the younger men of the army. At this time of elimination, by congressional action, of hundreds of officers from the career to which they had dedicated themselves, I feel that my retirement, thus saving some man to the army who would otherwise be lost to it, and affording promotion to younger officers for whom I step aside, is but consistent." In approving the application of General Harbord for retirement, the secretary of war made the following comments: "General Harbord's retirement is a loss to the active forces of the army which cannot be adequately expressed. We have not had in our military service, or in our government service in any capacity, a man of higher qualities or one who has inspired in others a greater degree of confidence." General Harbord's military career has been striking.