

"SEE  
DAVID C  
AND YOU'LL SEE"



DAVID C WILLIAMS, OPTOMETRIST—EXAMINES EYES—ROOM 402 BEER BUILDING, 109 BARONNE STREET

**Spies Everywhere.**  
"How is the patient progressing?"  
"Doing as well as could be expected."  
"Able to receive visitors yet?"  
"Come around in about three days."  
"Thanks, I certainly will."  
Overhearing this conversation you would naturally suppose that somebody was recovering from a serious complaint. As a matter of fact, citizens who engage in home brewing can't be too careful about discussing it on a street corner.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The table needs a new utensil for the fellow who miscalculates and is left to butter a last single row on the ear of corn.

A Paris surgeon offers new faces for old. "The name is familiar, but for the moment your face seems to escape me."

China claims to have the oldest civilization in the world. Yet in some transactions it has seemed strangely unsophisticated.

The famine news that is coming out of Russia just at present doesn't look like very good propaganda toward the world revolution.

In the south an organization of young people has begun a crusade to discourage dancing. Will they discourage toddling also?

There are said to be 10,000,000 backsliders in America, indicating that our boasted civilization has not been very thorough in its missionary work.

Nature didn't intend us to live long, says a biologist. How do we know what Nature intended, until we have fathomed every one of her laws?

**From Chlorine to Aspirin.**  
Chlorine and a lot of poisonous gases are produced from coal-tar products.

From chlorine is developed chlorobenzol, and from chlorobenzol, acetic anhydride of aspirin. Aspirin is also a coal-tar product made from salicylic acid. Chlorine was first made in Germany, but the war compelled us to make our own, and a plant was established at Niagara Falls.

This little illustration of how aspirin is made shows what American chemists can do if given opportunity to work out these chemical problems. Aspirin, heretofore manufactured exclusively by Germans, is now made in America.

**New Lawn Game.**

A new lawn game of unusual interest has been devised, suggesting some of the features of golf, table pool and croquet, but imitating none of them. Four round-end, rubber-tipped mallets and four balls of distinctive colors, six numbered aluminum pockets to be set on the lawn at specified places, and two end stakes constitute the outfit for two or four players. The pockets are arranged in a rectangle, which may be of considerable size, and each player is allowed three mallet strokes to pocket his ball, making many interesting situations.—Popular Mechanics.

**He Knew Where, All Right.**  
"You say your father was wounded in the war?"  
"Yes, sir; very bad."  
"Was he shot in the ranks?"  
"Nossir; in the stummick."

**Sherlock Holmes in Love.**  
"And when I kissed her I smelled tobacco."  
"You object to a woman who smokes?"  
"No, but she doesn't smoke."



**Mr. Gimlet's Best Christmas Present**  
by CHRISTOPHER G. HAZARD

LD Mr. Gimlet was sitting all alone by himself. The cold December wind was driving the snow against the frosty windows, and now and then it seemed to fairly screech at him. Some of the snow appeared to have got into his hair, and some of the frost into his heart, for he looked old, and cold, and grim. The freight shadows that played on the wall were like the thoughts that went to and fro in his mind in the light of the memories of the brighter days of the past. The empty chairs reminded him of his friendlessness, the slow ticking of the old clock, as it tried to be a companion, only made him feel how lonely he was. He felt as much out of the world, as far away from its gladness as the picture of his grandfather that hung over the shelf.

Mr. Gimlet was wondering what he would get for Christmas. He had spent many years in wondering what he would get, and had gotten a good many things. No one had a better house than he, few had as much money as he had. There was a park, there was a garden; within and without and all about him were the things that money can buy. Yes, Mr. Gimlet was as rich as money and things can make a man. And yet, although all these things had not made him happy, he was wishing for more. He did not know any better than to wish for more, and, though he could not think of anything that he needed, he hoped that someone would think of something or other that he might want and that might give him a gleam of real Christmas joy.

A way out on a prairie the Bump family were holding a consultation, after the children had gone to bed. At that moment the father and mother of the family were perplexed and even a good deal worried. The Bumps had been practicing farming for some time, but without anticipated results. The children didn't see anything the matter with farming. The move out of the smoky city had been an entrance into paradise for them. Donald had ten hens and a rooster. Dorothy owned two Muscovy ducks, with green feathers. Kenneth had a little pony that they called "Bigger," because they thought he would grow. Small Edith kept a flower bed that she called her "gardy." There was a pony cart. They had raised a 43-pound watermelon. Father had said that the rest of the garden wouldn't amount to a hill of beans, but it had. There was apt to be enough for yum yum cake, with raisins in it, to go around. Why, it was like a perpetual picnic! And even now, with all things under the snow blanket, and the pony and the two cows safe in the



Yes, Mr. Gimlet Was as Rich as Money and Things Can Make a Man.

barn, farmer Bump had laughed with the happy, rosy children, as the dog Jake toiled up the hill with the sled, so that they all might go shouting down again. "They're a jolly bunch," said farmer Bump. But that night the Bumps were holding a consultation. Although the two cows in the barn were bare, yet there was a blanket on them. The consultation was about that blanket. Farmer Bump called it a mortgage and didn't know how he was going to pay it. No wonder it was an anxious consultation. Short crops and a mortgage! Enough to flatten out even the Bumps! But while the Bumps were talking things over, the children were having dreams. They had laid awake for a while, talking about the best place to hang up Christmas stockings, and a part of the conversation downstairs, the mortgage part, had come up to their ears. A little of the worry, too, had come with it, so that they fell

the blanket that does not keep things warm, but makes them cold, and wondering what a mortgage could be, and why no one could take it off without money. In his dream Donald heard a boy singing this song:

"Sing, little Jesus, sing for me. There's nothing on my Christmas tree."  
You see, this little boy had a tree, but there wasn't a thing on it, not even a leaf. So he planned how to get something to grow upon it. Finally, he sang the song that Donald heard in his dream, and the next time he looked out there was his tree, full of red and gold apples, with leaves on all the twigs and many pretty things among them, and Donald saw it all in his dream. So, when he awoke, Donald thought he would sing the song too, and see if Jesus couldn't take the shadow of that awful mortgage away, and he sang:

"Sing, little Jesus, sing for me! There's a mortgage on our Christmas tree."

When Dorothy awoke she remembered that she had dreamed about writing a letter to Santa Claus, and so she went and wrote it. This was the letter:

Dear Santa Claus:  
There's something the matter with our cows. They've got a mortgage on 'em. Only money can cure 'em. Please come and cure 'em, so's we can have a Christmas tree. I will be good.  
Your hopeful,  
DOROTHY.

Then, when father went to town, with the little pony, Bigger, he put the letter into the post office, only he directed it to Mrs. Bump's brother, Mr. Ephraim Gimlet.

Mr. Gimlet was very much surprised to hear from the Bumps. He had



The Next Day the Carrier Brought a Promising Looking Box.

forgotten that he had a sister, and that there were a lot of little hopeful Bumps. An old trouble had made him bitter and forgetful, and he had felt more alone in the world than he really was. As he sat again by the fire-light, but on a clear and moonlit night, he mused on things past with a new tenderness in his heart and welcomed a new thought that came warmly to him and brought a lovely purpose with it. He would play Santa Claus, and give himself the surprise of making others happy!

So, the day before Christmas things happened at the Bump house. As Mr. Bump went to the wayside post box he found two letters. One of them made him sad, for it was from the man who held the mortgage, and it said that the time for payment had come. It meant to Mr. Bump, "your money, or your cows." But the other letter was from Mr. Gimlet, and it made Mr. Bump laugh until he cried, for it was a check for \$300, with some kindly, friendly words and good wishes, enough to cure the cows and all the family troubles.

The next day the carrier brought a most promising looking big box from Uncle Gimlet, so that the Christmas tree was full of happy surprises for the little folks and a gift or two for the big ones. Mother made a pie in the dishpan and the children found out what was in it. Dorothy poked a hole through the pasteboard crust and pulled out a maple sugar heart. Donald got a red sugar heart. Kenneth got a white sugar heart. Edith got a yellow sugar heart. Mother said it was Uncle Gimlet's kind heart that had made them all so happy.

Then Mr. Gimlet got another letter. It was a round robin from all the Bumps, with the little Bump names and marks upon it, too. It made the old man very happy. He was sitting among a lot of pleasant things that had been sent in for his Christmas tree, but he was not thinking very much of them. He sat with the letter in his hand and a far-off look in his eyes as he thought of the sweetness of love, and felt that the best gift that he had received was the happy surprise that he had given to the people on the prairie farm.

"Divinity" Fudge.  
Boil together two cupfuls of granulated sugar, one cupful of maple syrup, one cupful of water and a tablespoonful of vinegar until a little of it hardens when dropped in cold water, and then add a teaspoonful of vanilla and take from the fire. While this mixture has been cooking, a cupful of granulated sugar should have been put over the fire in another saucepan, with a half-cupful of cold water, and boiled until the mixture spins a thread from the tip of a spoon. This should at this stage be beaten up with the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs, and this stirred into the first preparation, which should by now have cooled slightly. Beat the two hard until they begin to stiffen, when turn in two cupfuls of chopped nut kernels. Drop on paper or pour into pans and cut in shapes

**COIN OF YAP VERY DURABLE** CARRIES STOOL TO WORSHIP  
Chief Medium of Exchange Has Been Its Limestone Wheels—Arduous to Cash Check.  
Woman at Jersey Resort Village As Her Own Usher on Sunday—Provides Own Seat.

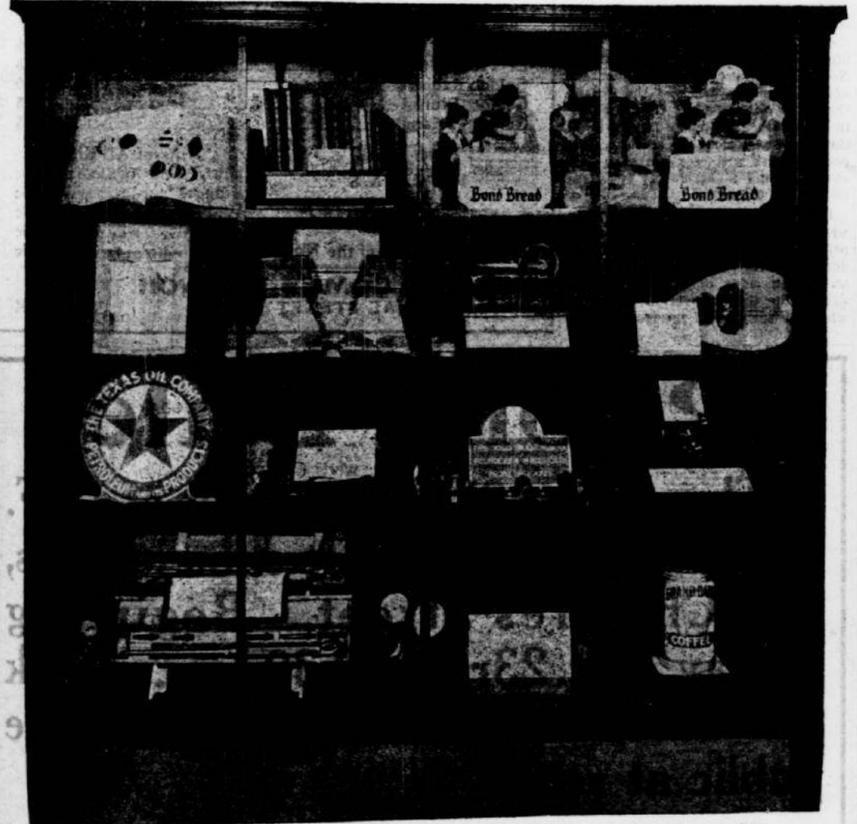
If any payment should be necessary in the readjustment at Yap between the United States and Japan, the currency used would not be that of the picturesque island in the Carolines, although the coin of Yap is not subject to fluctuation in value, is extremely durable, cannot be easily stolen, and is the despair of the counterfeiter. With such an excellent medium of exchange at hand one may wonder why President Harding would immediately decline a string of Yap coins, although the large hole in the center of each might facilitate a stringing together like the Chinese "cash." Possibly the difficulty will be better understood when it is stated that Yap's chief medium of exchange has been its limestone wheels which run up to 12 feet in diameter. To cash a Yap check would necessitate a motor truck. There are, of course, such other media as pear shell and bags of dried coconut kernel; but to be a plutocrat of the old type you must be able to point to your collection of great discs.

Edison sleeps only four hours a night. Perhaps this is due to remorse for having invented the night-lamp music box which keeps half the world awake.

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