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LOPSIDED FOLKS.

Too much of the traffic of human life flows in one direction only. Too many folks can see themselves and their own interests only, and insist upon others keeping out of their way. There should be more "stop" and "proceed" signs. Endless traffic in one way only means infringement on the others' rights, congestion and lack of balance.

Folks become lopsided because they stress one thing and ignore all other things. They fail to see that there are other good things in this world besides the hobby they ride. The American boy who is so fond of work that he has no desire to play of witness a football or baseball game is lopsided. He is either a nonentity or else is bearing down on other things that are robbing him of the desire for relaxation. The one who makes play a business and loses his head over craving for pleasure is to be pitied. That one is without a serious goal in life.

Many a man is driving his business. Blind to everything else, that one reaches the place where the business drives him. He becomes lopsided, instead of living the balanced life.

Much of the latent energy of life is not released, and tremendous waste of natural resources is the result. This is because of the one-way flow of human traffic. Many a reformer becomes a bore and a pest because he does not distribute his energy into more than one province. Not a few persons become narrow and see but one track to which they would apply themselves.

Every boarding place must vary its menu or lose its boarders. A church does its best work when it varies its spiritual program to meet human problems, rather than when it tries to make human problems meet a hackneyed and insipid program long since outlawed.

All problems destined to make this a better world, make people more generous, make sin harder to endure, are important. He who is so lopsided that he thinks only his cause is worthy of honorable mention, is losing touch with the rest of the world and is apt to stand alone eventually. Human problems that call for manhood to help make manhood are all important. Robbing Peter to pay Paul is unethical, un-

profitable, and a distorted way of doing business.

We make our most grievous error when we fail to see that all our great human problems are so many links in a chain. Every problem affects, or is affected by other problems. No man lives unto himself. As the Alpine tourist is borne up by the rope that is bound to others of his party and thus saved from falling, so human society can extend the helping hand to the one who loses his footing.

The balanced life takes this into account. Such a life is not lopsided. It knows there is a time for everything, and that "variety is the spice of life." He lives well who lives such a life.—Nathan Gist in Grit.

A Pullman Hanger



Everyone who travels will like this handy Pullman hanger which folds up so that it will slip into a suitcase. It is merely a large pocket made of cretonne and plain chambray, 18 inches long and 11 inches wide and it is made over a jointed, metal hanger. A large safety pin hangs from a loop of tape at each end and the plain side has a small pocket that fastens down with snap fasteners.

Apparently Welcome Death.

The dread of death is universal and instinctive, and yet how many rush into its arms! Suicide is a most impressive fact in this connection. The disappointed lover, the discouraged adventurer, the suspected clerk, the child wounded in its self-love or fearful of punishment, faces the great enemy and invites his blow.—Octavius B. Frothingham.

WRITING IN THE SKY.

NEW YORK.—"Hello, U. S. A." was written in white letters a mile long across the pale blue of a winter sky above lower New York a few days ago. Traffic was tied up as drivers, chauffeurs and pedestrians stopped to watch the white scrawl and barely discern the airplane which trailed the lines like a chalk mark behind it. Not since the days when airplanes were a novelty has there been such a craning of necks and blocking of sidewalks.

The message was written by Captain Cyril Turner of London to demonstrate "sky advertising" by means of a smoke generator and ejecting apparatus in the fuselage of an airplane.

He ascended from Mitchell field in Mineola, and at a height of 10,000 feet began to trace the words by letting the smoke trail loose.

PROSPECT OF BATTLE QUICKENS PULSES

TAMPA, Fla.—Former President Woodrow Wilson declared his "pulses are quickened by the prospect of battle," in a letter to Frank G. Heaton of the Tampa Tribune, recently made public.

"The task of 1924," the letter said, "is to mobilize our intellectual and moral forces as to assure a complete defeat of the party which has done the country so serious a disservice and to win again for our Government the leadership in the affairs of the world which the Republicans for the time being have deprived it, and personally I feel confident this can and will be done. My pulses are quickened by the prospect of battle."

"I think with you that the voters of the country have already seen how grossly they were misled and have already turned their faces toward the truth."

Get the Habit of Thinking.

There is such a thing as training the mind to wise thinking. Good resolutions do it. To do anything worth while, a man must plan it, think about it and resolve to do it, thousands of times.—A. Brisbane.

—Simmons-Wilson Ranges.
—Lefter Hardware Co.

Christmas Violets

By Mary Graham Bonner

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

HAROLD had been told by his mother that big cities were full of designing women. Harold did not know whether his mother was right or not. But he did know that in his city boarding house there was one of the dearest little girls who had ever lived.

Harold was not selfish. He was far from being a miser. His idea of a miser was a chap he had known in his home town. He had never spent any money which he could possibly avoid spending. He always ate with his friends and rarely paid for a meal. He was always out of cigarettes and so smoked his friends' cigarettes.

He had made a good living and never failed to talk of his poverty.

He had been accused of worshipping money and he had replied: "Not a bit of it. I have great respect for money. That is the difference."

Harold despised that kind of a person. And yet, perhaps, wouldn't the "dearest little girl" think he was mean? He had never given her anything and he had lived at the boarding house for six months now. Did she think he was mean? That was what bothered him. She had told him of a person she had known whom she considered a miser, and she had told him of a joke upon this "miser." For he had bargained with a little shop dealer and had obtained an article marked a dollar for fifty cents, and then had walked down the street a little farther on and had seen the same article in another window for twenty-five cents. And finally he had seen it in a ten-cent store for a dime—well, he had almost considered life useless, while everyone else had rejoiced that it had been a good one on the "miser."

One of the reasons that made him feel that she thought, perhaps, he was mean was because she knew others who were generous. Or, at least, one other.

Every Saturday she had received flowers. She had taken a card out of the box as they had sat at the boarding house table at breakfast. The other boarders teased her about her admirer and she seemed to enjoy it. Only he felt uncomfortable and could say nothing.

And Helen, whom he called to himself the dearest little girl, had been receiving these flowers for quite a few weeks now.

Finally he could stand it no longer. His mother needn't tell him anything more about the city's designing women. He was not going to lose the dearest little girl, if there was yet a chance, because of his mother's warn-

ings to keep to himself.

And, besides, Christmas was coming, and Christmas was a time of year when everyone felt happy. He was going to make a tremendous fight to be happy!

And he sent her violets, beautiful deep purple violets, with a pink rose in the center.

Never had he seen her so happy as she was over his violets. How differently she acted about his than about the others. And then he asked her if she would take a walk with him. So far, they had had all their talks in the boarding house.

"I wonder," he said, "if you'd think it was awfully sudden if I made a little suggestion? I was thinking how nice a ring would look on that left hand of yours—as a Christmas present—and an engagement present, if I may be so bold, and if you've not already promised yourself to the other fellow? Or, maybe you could learn to like me better."

"What other fellow?" Helen asked.

"The one who has been sending you flowers all along."

"Oh," Helen said, "I'll have to tell you the truth. I sent them to myself. You were so shy, you seemed to like me and yet couldn't go about telling me or asking me out, and I thought maybe I'd make you curious or jealous or something."

"And you've cared for me all along as I have for you?" he queried.

She nodded. And then he told her the warnings he had been given by his mother.

"I don't know but what she's right," Helen said. "I made designs for you, she could truthfully say."

But neither of them thought of the past, only of the glorious future ahead.

And Helen wore more violets on Christmas day and a ring with a stone which sparkled so beautifully. And they had dinner by themselves—a real Christmas dinner, for it was not only Christmas day—it was their wedding day, too!

Such Is Fame.

A famous bishop was waiting for his train in an out-of-the-way village when he saw a stranger eyeing him askance. Fearing he might be cutting a slight acquaintance, the bishop nodded to the man. "Excuse me, mister," said the possible acquaintance, "but I think I see your picture in the paper oncet." "Very probably," answered the bishop. "Kin I ask," the stranger inquired respectfully, "what wuz you cured of?"

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—Flower Pots.
—Lefter Hardware Co.

TRAIN YOUR MUSCLES.

You cannot have a strong, well developed body unless you train your muscles, for unless muscles are used they won't grow. Do you know what would happen if you were to hold your arm perfectly still for two or three months? Well, once I had my arm strapped to my chest for six weeks and when they took it down I thought it belonged to somebody else because the muscles had shrunk to less than half their former size.

Your bones are a frame to which the muscles are attached. Every movement you make, from batting the eye to jumping a rope is produced by the action of from one to dozens and dozens of muscles. If the muscles are weak, therefore, all your work and play is weakened, for all your actions depend on moving muscles.

One-sided work and one-sided play develop a one-sided body, because only certain groups of muscles are developed. For instance, the postman develops strong legs and may have weak arms, while the wood-chopper may have strong arms and weak legs. So it takes all around work and all around play, if that body is to be properly developed and physically perfect.

You have to "learn to do things." For example, the baby learns to talk, you learn to throw a rock, or to write. All this learning just means that your mind has to develop control of certain groups of muscles and then you do the things as a matter of course. But some boys throw a ball straighter and truer than others, and some people write a better hand than others, and this just means that they have taught their muscles better action and established better relations between their mind and muscles.

Can you do better work and better play and make your muscles stronger and more obedient? You certainly can if you'll try, but you'll have to keep on trying. Get the "setting up exercises" and practice them faithfully. Play all kinds of games in the open air so you will develop all your muscles. Sleep with your windows open, drink a full glass of water every hour or two, and drink from a pint to a quart of milk a day. Eat plenty of green vegetables and also enough bread and meat, so you will have a balanced ration. Don't eat between meals, though you may drink a glass of milk half way between meals, for this takes the place of nourishing food and gives the muscles work to do.—Dr. E. L. Bishop.

Enter Poverty.

When poverty comes in at the door love seldom waits for the burglar alarm to go off.—Wayside Tales.

—Hot Shot Batteries.
—Lefter Hardware Co.

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