



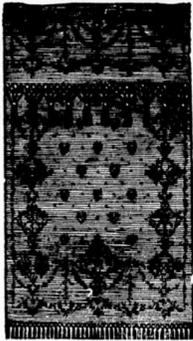
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ANDREW PETERSON

A Leaf Out of Her Book.

Phillip, of few years, but large observation, had been with his mother to the dressmaker's. His mother had declined to accept several garments and had extensive changes made in others, silencing all the protestations of the modesty with the invariably incoherent assertion, "Yes, it's nice and artistic and all that, but it doesn't fit me." A few nights later when Phillip was crying for meat and potatoes for supper instead of the usual bread and milk he very suddenly ceased, straightened his face, smiled and said, with a perfect imitation of the maternal suavity and assurance, "Yes, mamma, I know it is nice and artistic and all that, but bread and milk doesn't fit me!"—Los Angeles Times.

"All gambling must be stopped with in the jurisdiction of this court," thundered the judge.

"Bet you a fiver it can't be done," said the district attorney.

"Put up your money," said the judge promptly, reaching for his roll.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sandy Hook.

While the proverbial Englishman may not be able to distinguish a joke in less than two weeks' time, he often says something to arouse the risibilities. Among the passengers on one of the big ocean liners lately coming from Cherbourg was a Britisher with an appetitive for information on topics of every conceivable description. Wherever knowledge was being disseminated he was to be found.

One day he overheard another passenger remark that the captain had said they should see Sandy Hook within twenty-four hours.

"Sandy Hook?" exclaimed the Englishman. "And who's he—some prominent Scotchman in New York?"—New York Times.

"Here in the description of Sadie's party one of the reporters whom she asked to be nice to everybody says that Miss Oldgirl formed one of the most prominent mural decorations of the occasion."

"Well, she was a wallflower all right, wasn't she?"—Baltimore American.

Won His Bet.

"Daddy," said a boy to his father. "I've got a pencil which will write green, purple, crimson or any color you like."

"No it won't—not the same pencil, my son."

"You dare'n't bet me a dime it won't, daddy."

"I'll give you a dime if it will," said the old man.

The youngster dived into his pocket, produced the stump of a common lead pencil and wrote on a piece of paper the words "magenta, green, crimson, purple," etc.

"There, daddy. Say it won't write any color you like now. Fork over that dime."

The Result.

Goodart—You didn't actually tell him that I didn't think him much of a poet? Wiseman—I did. Goodart—Oh, I wouldn't have had you do that for the world! Wiseman—Nonsense! That doesn't hurt him. It only makes him pity you.

Col. John Sneed's Conversations on Domestic Problems

By CASPER S. YOST,
Author of "The Making of a Successful Husband" and
"The Making of a Successful Wife."
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I.—Should the Man Smoke at Home?

COLONEL JOHN SNEED, having dined with satisfaction to himself and pleasure to his wife, lighted a cigar and strolled around the corner to the modest cottage in which his son-in-law had recently established himself.

"Where's William?" he inquired after he had paternally pecked at the pretty lips presented to him and accepted the comfortable seat in the living room. "Hope he's at home."

"Yes, he's at home, papa," the daughter replied, and a rosy flush came into her cheeks as she added, "He's just gone to the woodshed for a moment."

Colonel Sneed noticed the heightened color, and his curiosity was aroused. "It's a pretty warm day," he remarked, with a twinkle in his eye. "I don't reckon he's goin' to build a fire, is he?"

"No, papa, it isn't that. I told—he thought—I—he went out there to smoke."

"What," exclaimed the colonel—"gone to the woodshed to smoke! What in the world! Why don't he get on the roof or sit on the gatepost? Why don't he come into the house or—say, little girl, is this some of your dolly's? And he looked at his daughter sternly through the incense that arose from his cigar.

"Well, well, papa," she replied falteringly. "I don't want him to smoke in the house, and I thought we ought to begin right and—"

"Huh!" grunted the colonel. "That's a fine way to begin. Turn your hus-

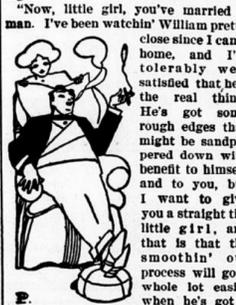


"TURN A MAN INTO AN ANGEL."

band out of doors just because he wanted an after dinner smoke, force him to roost with the chickens while he contemplates the vanity of life in general and of matrimony in particular! Go and tell him to come here—now, wait a minute, little girl. Just let him keep on roostin' for a little bit while I tell you somethin'."

"This world, honey, wasn't fitted up as a habitation for cherubims and things of that sort. It was made for mortal men and women, and you can't turn a man into an angel without callin' in the undertaker. I believe every body ought to be good, but there's such a thing as bein' too good to be interesting. It's the little faults I'm talkin' about, you understand—the fallin's that all of us have, more or less of, and wouldn't be exactly human without. I don't know whether it's exactly right to call 'em blessin's, but it seems to me that they act kind of like safety valves and keep us from doin' worse things. Anyhow, it's been my experience, an' I've been here a long time, honey, and kept my eyes open—it's been my experience that a man who don't appear to have any faults had better be watched. The natural born cussedness 'll pile up inside of him until some day he'll bust out and 'stomach the natives. That's why I say, honey, that it won't do to bottle a man up too tight. Unless you have an outlet for the meanness that's in him you're likely to have trouble, and I don't know of any better outlet for masculine depravity than a good cigar."

"Now, little girl, you've married a man. I've been watchin' William pretty close since I came home, and I'm tolerably well satisfied that he's the real thing. He's got some rough edges that might be sandpapered down with benefit to himself and to you, but I want to give you a straight tip, little girl, and that is that the smoochin' on process will go a whole lot easier when he's got a good cigar between his teeth. There's somethin' about burnin' tobacco that makes a man more susceptible to impressions from without and more readily influenced by reflections from within. Let him have a mild Havana, fix him up comfortable in an easy chair, and he's in shape to submit."



Be Sociable Anyway.

There never was a road yet that didn't run in two directions, and unless you stand still you've got to travel one way or the other. There's a considerable crowd goin' both ways on this highway of life, and that bein' the case it's just as easy and a whole lot pleasanter to have company. Whether a man's goin' to heaven or goin' to the devil it's better to be sociable. I never did have any use for the fellow who flocks by himself to practice either his virtues or his vices. Now, I take it for granted that you want to go in the right direction, and, if so, you'll find the only real crowd that's goin' your way is in the church. They're in the church primarily, I guess, because of its promises, but apart from that they're in it because Jordan, as the old song says, is a hard road to travel, and they need the help of the church to get them over the stony places. That's just why you need it and just why you can't afford to go along without it. Don't get in the habit of lyin' in bed of Sunday mornin'.—Colonel John Sneed



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GOING AFTER COUNTY OPTION

Hon. Elias Rachie of This City Is Making Systematic Campaign to Line Up Voters.

"We are going after county option at the next session of the legislature, and we don't care how we get it, as long as we get it by honorable means," said Elias Rachie of Willmar, the state legislative superintendent of the Minnesota Anti-Saloon league, who is in Duluth today.

"I honestly think that there is an excellent chance of winning out at the next session of the legislature. I don't say this merely to boost the cause, but because it is my honest belief. There is a very strong and growing sentiment in the state for county option, and the Anti-Saloon league is going at it in a very business-like manner. We have no quarrel with the Prohibition party, although sometimes we do not support their candidates. We believe in supporting the strongest man who declares himself for county option, no matter what his politics may be. Sometimes we support a democrat, and sometimes a Republican, and sometimes a Prohibitionist."

"We make no secret of the fact that we are going after county option planks in both party platforms at the next state election. County option is today the biggest issue in the state, and I honestly believe that we stand an excellent chance of carrying it at the next session of the legislature."

"The Seventh and Ninth districts will be almost solid for county option, and I believe we will carry some counties in this congressional district."

Mr. Rachie was a member of the legislature for two terms, but is now devoting a greater part of his time to the Anti-Saloon league work. He makes two or three trips a month from his home at Willmar, making speeches for county option and organizing the work of the league. He has a practical knowledge of politics, and is taking full charge of the campaign of the league of the state.—Duluth Herald.



Svea, Nov. 29—Miss Emma Matson was dressmaking at the A. A. Johnson home a few days the past week.

Misses Augusta Johnson and Ingeborg Nelson spent their Thanksgiving vacation at their respective homes.

Mrs. Andrew Johnson of Willmar visited a few days the past week with her daughter, Mrs. Erick Moline and her sons August and Martin.

The Ladies Society at the Charles Lindberg home was well attended. The southwest district of this society will meet with, Mrs. Engvall on Thursday, Dec. 2nd.

Miss Mabel Gibson, who has spent the summer at Cannon Falls, returned home last Wednesday evening.

The Thanksgiving festival at Svea was a grand success. The weather and roads were not very favorable, but in spite of all, the church was filled to its utmost capacity.

Miss Amy Lundberg came home from St. Peter last Wednesday to spend Thanksgiving at home.

Walter Johnson came from Cannon Falls Wednesday for a visit with P. J. Gibson and also with Svea friends.

Aug. Johnson and family spent Sunday at the Martin Johnson home. The Anson young folks entertained a few of their friends last Sunday. Creole Belle.

A bright little fellow was taken to a barber shop for the first time to have his hair cut, and, as the barber was in a distant part of the shop for a few moments, the small customer said in lowered tones to his father: "Papa, you must tell the man that I am not to be shaved."—Delineator.

NOTHING will please HER quite as much as a box of Northern Chocolates, and HE will be tickled almost to death if he gets a Genuine Meerschaum Pipe or a Box of Teddy's Choice Cigars.

WHITE HOUSE CONFECTIONERY

TEDDY ROSBY, Prop. Litchfield Ave., Between 4th & 5th

WE ALSO HAVE POPCORN, FRUITS AND ALL KINDS OF NUTS

A WORD TO THE PUBLIC ABOUT ADVERTISING.

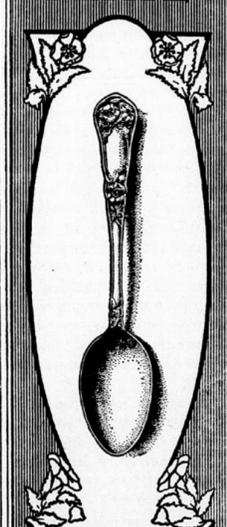
Advertising is a legitimate part of a newspaper's stock in trade, and something to be paid for like any other commodity. Some persons in every community need education on this subject.

The more rural the locality the more contracted the ideas of the applicant and the more he feels at liberty to ask for free advertising in which he is interested.

Thus it often happens that people will request a "notice" of their entertainment out of which they propose to make money, provided they can get the notice without paying for it. The chances are that the persons asking such favors of a newspaper have been to some other printing office to get their circulars and their tickets printed—not for nothing, however. They can understand that the advertising which the circulars and such afford is to be paid for, but they do not fully comprehend why a newspaper should not notice and benefit their speculation without charging for it. These remarks are preliminary to the statement of a business principle which prevails in all regulated newspaper offices, and which is based on principles of equity. It is this: Whatever a newspaper publishes that is calculated to put money in the coffers of an individual or to further the interest of his business in any way, the newspaper is entitled to pay for its service. That is the long and short of the principle. A newspaper must have a revenue from its advertising just as much as the baker must have pay for his bread. The one is as much a stock in trade as the other and in large cities this is well understood and every bit of space in the city papers is well paid for. It is undoubtedly true that in some small places in the country, feeble newspapers yield to the kind of sponging referred to. In such places there are always persons who think the whole newspaper establishment is at their beck and command if they take one copy of the weekly paper.

According to a recent decision of the courts, a man who wants to go faster than his neighbor who is ahead of him on the road, has a right to pass. If he is prevented by the other and an accident happens because of the latter's interference, the obstructionist is responsible for the damage.

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It is the Value of a Gift—it's its charm that counts—its appropriateness. A gift of Reliance Plate will fit any purse, yet give complete satisfaction. Come in and see the new, low-priced silver plated ware, guaranteed for 10 years.

FREE

A Set of Teaspoons
Holiday Gifts

I have a large stock of appropriate and useful Christmas and New Year Gifts and as an inducement I offer FREE to anyone making purchases amounting to \$5.00 or over, a handsome set of Teaspoons warranted for 10 years. A picture of the spoon is shown here with. The set will make an appropriate gift.

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