



"HE'S BEEN HERE"



The Children

This is the age of girder, beam and rail. We have forgot some things that once we knew. Some books are closed; we read a different tale. Brown smoke curls where the virgin wind once blew. But year by year when Winter, from his cave, Sweeps out and sets his chill upon the air, We still bethink us what the Christ-month gave, And what it brought to us, we tender fair.

The children are as new as rail or beam— More new than last night's snow upon the street. And they, and not the rails, are all our dream: The rails are but the passage for their feet. Our Christmas shall live again in them, With all the added Christmas of this time. The day of steel, the day of Bethlehem, Linked, joyous, bridging far from clime to clime.

Let us fare out into the eager throng, And find renewal in the shining eyes, And catch the treble ecstasy of song, And drench ourselves in laughter and surprise. This is the breath—this is the soul—of things. It shall go on when iron husks are shed. The roe, the dove, the biplane, all have wings. Let us the children feed, and so be fed!

—FRANCIS HILL.

Take Notice.

If in need of wall paper, paint, varnish, stains, pure linseed oil, call at the Anadarko, Paint, Glass and Wallpaper House, 129 E. Broadway, phone 279 and 288. Lowest prices and largest assortment.

Rooms for rent, Mrs. D. Turner, West Oklahoma avenue.

Call A B C. Phone 1 2 3, for fresh oysters.

For Sale—Good gentle driving horse and a buggy. Call at Palace Barn.

For sale—Surrey, set of harness and extra pair of shafts. Mrs. Brassington, Phone 255.

New scale, that will weigh 2000 lbs. to the ton. Coal, coal, coal. Anadarko Ice Co.

Call A B C. Phone 1 2 3, for fresh oysters.

For Sale—a Kimbal piano, dark case, price \$135, part terms. Apply at 303 West Maine.

All kinds of mattresses cleaned and made over good as new. Phone Durst, No. 53.

For Rent—Furnished rooms, can do light housekeeping. Mrs. D. Turner 506 West Broadway.

Call A B C. Phone 1 2 3, for fresh oysters.

Life a Game

Life is a game and we are the players. The game has its rules and when these are obeyed the game proceeds happily; it is the breach of rules that makes the trouble. The person who cheats at his game, who weeps when he loses, or unduly rejoices over his fellows when he wins, has not yet caught the spirit of the game. The troubles and difficulties of life would disappear if the people would realize the nature of this great game they are playing, and would play it strictly on the square.

You cannot afford to feel bad because things are going to the bad. To be unkind because you are not treated kindly. To be discouraged because things are not encouraging. To feel like a thunder cloud because you happened to be in one. To be impolite to those who may not deserve politeness. To return evil for evil or condemn those who condemn you. To fall down because circumstances will not hold you up. To antagonize that which persists in being antagonistic. To take offense because others are willing to give it. To dislike persons or things because they do not favor you.

Said a little wondering maiden
To a bee with honey laden;
"Bee, at all the flowers you work,
Yet in some does poison lurk."
"That, I know, my little Maiden,"
Said the Bee with honey laden,
"But the poison I forsook,
And the honey only took."
"Cunning Bee with honey laden,
That is right," replied the Maiden,
"So will I, from all I meet."
"Only draw the good and sweet."

Mrs. Nettie Melton.

Annual Praise Service

The Women's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church will hold their Annual Praise Service Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

The following is the program
Song—"All Hail the Power of Jesus Name."

Scripture by Rev. Fait.
Song—"Keepers to the Harvest, choir and congregation.

Prayer by Rev. Fait.
Anthem, by choir.

Review of Home Mission work by Mrs. McFayden.

Solo by Howard Fait.
Address on China—Mrs. C. R. Hume.

Special Song by choir.
Silver offering.
Prayer.

A. N. W. Club

The A. N. W. club met with Mrs. McDavitt, Tuesday afternoon. The regular work was enjoyed. The guests present were Mesdames J. W. Stabler of Coweta, M. E. Monsell, J. W. Menefee and mother, Chapman, of St Joe, Romick and Bailey. Delicious refreshments were served. Mrs. Tabb was accepted as a new member. The club will meet with Mrs. A. J. Morris at the next meeting.

A. M. Benham of Okeene, is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. E. H. Stewart on West Oklahoma ave.

For lease—Good upright piano, price very low; inspection invited; leaving country. Dr. Rendtorff, agency.

For rent—Rooms in new post-office block; steam heat, water and light free. Inquire of Hammert & Ayers.

THE MAN WHO KNEW SANTA CLAUS BEST



VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced through their heads;
And Mama in her kerchief and I in my cap
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I fled like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash;
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name.
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! and Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away, all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys and Saint Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in furs from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;
His eyes—how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up in a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

