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PAUL BLOCK, INC., Special Represent. 14-15

50 Madison Avenue, New York; Century Building, Chicago; Little Building, Boston; Kresge Building, Detroit.

GOODFELLOWS!

We are coming to you again, Goodfellows, according to a habit of long standing, on this, the Thanksgiving day, when hearts and minds are turned, after the habit of the American people, toward the past year—toward the blessings it has brought in health and life and strength and prosperity, and all the material things that have been bestowed with a lavish hand by Him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift—to remind you that the Christmas again is upon us with its obligations and its responsibilities.

The News Scimitar Goodfellows-Santa Claus club hasn't much creed. It might be summed up in these words: To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, provide medicine for the sick, and, above all, to see that no child within its reach fails to have a visit from Santa Claus.

Last year we found 1,100 families that were in need and in distress. We found about 3,500 children who would have hung up their ragged stockings in vain except for the Goodfellows of this territory. It required \$14,000 to do the job, but we did it.

We hold that on Christmas day every person, the sick, the afflicted, the down-and-out, the unfortunate, the jobless—everybody—has a right to a square meal.

We hold that it is a crime against humanity to permit a little child that has been brought up in this country, under the preachments of equal rights and an equal chance in life, to learn at a tender age that even Santa Claus distinguishes between the little children whose parents are surrounded by plenty and the little children whose fathers are sick or dead.

We call upon those of you who would suffer your right arm cut off before you would offend one of these little ones to come across and let us boast again this Christmas, as we did last, that so far as we know there is not a child in this vicinity that is not remembered.

Soon enough the impression is formed in the minds of some that the world is against them and humanity has turned its back upon them. It is our business to dispel this notion if possible, and if it is not possible it is our duty to postpone as long as we can the evil day of realization that this is not a world with an even chance and a fair field for everyone.

The world is full of Goodfellows that need only an opportunity to display their generosity. In our organization we offer an outlet for that generosity. We undertake to see that we are not imposed upon by those that do not need assistance, but frankly where there is a doubt it is resolved in favor of the appearance of need.

Every case is investigated. Articles suitable for children of different ages are selected with the view to obtaining the best results. There is no embarrassment to anyone. There is nothing to indicate from whom the gift comes. Scores of persons contribute their time, their means, their automobiles to this cause without expense and without cost.

Before there was a Goodfellow or a Santa Claus club in Memphis there were little children living in poverty and squalor, with their parents sick or afflicted or dead, and who hung their little stockings beside the cold and cheerless fireplace on Christmas eve and went to bed in the cold and dreamed the dreams of childhood, only to awaken in the morning and find the stockings empty. And then those children heard the noise of gladness and surprise as it wafted through the crisp winter air, and they knew that Santa Claus had remembered those that already had everything and had forgotten those that had never had anything. And a great bitterness came into their hearts, and tears coursed down their little cheeks, and they were disconsolate, as only little children can when their idols are shattered and the dream of youth is destroyed.

Let us see that nothing like that happens this year. You will feel better when you send a check to the Goodfellows.

bill has been introduced in the British parliament with a view of putting an end to the traffic in wild bird plumage. With the British Isles lined up in this splendid work, Australia, India, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa and other important parts of the empire will follow, and soon the bird butchers will be shut out of the markets of the world. A consummation devoutly to be wished.

It is felt that the passage of this bill is only a question of time. The best and brightest minds in the empire indorse it and work for its passage. Lady Astor is a prime mover for the measure, so is C. E. Henderson, Thomas Hardy, Arthur Henderson, Dean Inge, Bishop Weldon, and a host of others. Soon this sickening slaughter will be a thing of the past and God's great beauty displayed in winged gems of the air will no longer be penalized by a cruel and lingering death.

The Dangers of Home. When a man travels afar he realizes that there is a certain amount of danger attached to the journey. Often he takes out extra insurance and breathes a sigh of relief when he finally reaches his destination. His friends assemble at the station and give him Godspeed, then anxiously await the telegram that assures them he is safe.

It will come as a shock to the average person to be told that accident insurance companies, however, declare that home—every man's castle—is really the most dangerous place in the world, and that 25 per cent of all accidents take place in the home. This, no doubt, is due to the fact that he never thinks of danger there and is off his guard.

The accidents that may happen are multitudinous. He may step on a nail. He may start the kitchen fire with kerosene, or strike a match to see if he has any gasoline in the motor car. A foolish thing to do, but the number of accidents from that one thing is incredibly large. Again, he may fall from a step ladder while hanging a picture, or he may stumble down the cellar stairs while going for his evening "hoop."

"If home is so dangerous, where then can safety be found?" cries the average citizen. Paradoxically enough it is what is ordinarily thought to be a place of greatest hazard. To come back to the accident insurance companies again, they declare that the safest place in the world is a first-class steamship, and the next safest is a passenger train possessing a good roadbed.

We have observed for many years that the principal cotton acreage reduction takes place usually in November and December.

WHENEVER SHE lived, I DON'T know. BUT ANYWAY, EVEN AS a child, SHE WAS very pretty, AND HER parents' friends, AND HER relatives, USED TO pinch her cheeks, AND SAY to her, "YOU'LL BE a killer, WHEN YOU get a little older," AND WHEREVER she lived, WHEN SHE got a little older, SHE SAVED a little money, AND CAME to New York, AND GOT a job, IN A downtown store, AND EVERY day, SHE TRAVELED miles, IN SUBWAY trains, AND GOT in jams, AND HATED everybody, AND WISHED she was home, AND THEN one day, THEY TOOK her away, FROM THE notion center, AND GAVE her a job.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—Are the skins of the ordinary mole valuable for fur? A.—The biological survey says that the skins of the mole found in the North-western part of this country are superior to that of the Scotch mole, which is rodents used for fur garments. These killed, while their tails have recently brought from 40 to 70 cents apiece.

Q.—Are American students being sent to Belgium? A.—Through an exchange of university students recently arranged between Belgium and the United States, 24 Belgian students have enrolled in American universities and 22 Americans in Belgian universities. The Americans are assigned to the four Belgian universities at Brussels, Louvain, Ghent and Liege, and to the School of Mines. The Belgians are divided among Columbia, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Pennsylvania, Chicago, California, Leland Stanford and Massachusetts state universities.

Q.—Please suggest some Indian names for farms. P. O. E. A.—The farm might take an Indian name indicating its location, such as Owanetha, by the river; Caloma, hickory, is high, or some characteristic might be named such as Washara, beautiful morning, good land; Nakisit, easily seen; Wakama, good land.

Q.—How old are Vardon and Ray, the English golf professionals? C. S. W. A.—Vardon is 51 years of age, and Ray is 43.

Q.—Are there many factories manufacturing the foreign brands of cheese in this country? A.—The department of agriculture says that while 2,250 concerns manufacture American types of cheese, 1,000 are engaged in producing foreign types of cheese.

Q.—How many Americans received the Croix de Guerre? How many the Distinguished Service Order of the British government? A.—The War department says that there have been between 10,000 and 15,000 Croix de Guerre medals awarded to American soldiers and about 75 Distinguished Service Orders. The lists are being compiled.

Q.—What part of the ships of the world are all burners? W. O. B. A.—According to Lloyd's Register, 15.3 per cent of the world's steamships are all burners, 75 per cent internal combustion engines, 1.7 per cent, and sail, 17 per cent.

Q.—When did John Bunny, the popular movie star, die? H. L. G. A.—John Bunny died on April 23, 1915.

Q.—How much gold is there in a \$20 gold piece? A.—A \$20 gold piece contains 64.4 grains of fine gold and 51.50 grains of alloy.

Q.—How large is the biggest cannon built in the United States army? C. O. B. A.—The War department says that the largest of its kind is the 14-inch railway gun, which is 14 inches in diameter. The largest military gun built in the United States before the war was the 14-inch railway gun, which is 14 inches in diameter.

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Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'—By Briggs



WHEN YOU'RE FROM ONE OF THE FAR WESTERN STATES AND YOUR SHIP LANDS YOU IN THE PORT OF NEW YORK AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE TO GO OR WHAT TO DO, WHEN YOU'RE ON SHORE LEAVE

AND YOU MEET A PAL FROM GEORGIA WHO IS IN THE SAME PREDICAMENT

AND YOU WARM A BENCH SQUARE WITH A PAL FROM MAINE

AND YOU FALL ASLEEP BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO DO NOWHERE TO GO

AND THEN YOU MEET A PAL FROM WISCONSIN WHO TELLS YOU ABOUT THE NAVY CLUB—WHERE YOU CAN EAT AND SLEEP—AND READ AND PLAY POOL AND—

OH-H-H-BOY! AIN'T IT A GR-R-R-RAND AND GLOR-R-R-IOUS FEELIN'?

TA TATA

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE CELERY.

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Uncle Wiggly! Oh, Uncle Wiggly!" called Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wiggly, the muskrat lady, homekeeper, the bumpy stump bungalo owner, and Miss Fuzzy Wiggly called quite loudly, too. "Uncle Wiggly! Uncle Wiggly!"

"What's that?" asked Mr. Longears, suddenly awakening from a little sleep he was taking in the easy chair before the cornfire that burned on the open hearth.

"Oh, I didn't know you were asleep," said Nurse Jane, sort of sorrowful and a little bit angry, "but I'm going over to see Mrs. Fluffball, the mother of Dottie and Willie Fluffball, the lamb children. Baby Bunty is staying with them."

"Dear me! Baby Bunty! I should dearly love to see her again!" spoke Uncle Wiggly, trying to rub the sleep out of his eyes, but instead only rubbing his pink, twinkling nose. "Baby Bunty and I used to have lots of fun! Bring her back with you, Nurse Jane."

"But what I called to tell you was to give the celery to Johnnie and Billie Bushytail when those squirrel boys come for it."

"Give them the celery? Bushytail the celery? What for?" asked Uncle Wiggly, puzzled like.

"Because," answered Miss Fuzzy Wiggly, "the celery under the stump bungalo is the best in the world. It's so good that it's called 'the celery'."

"That's just what I'm speaking of," said Mrs. Bushytail about it and asking if she didn't want some. She said she would send it to her, but where is no school today."

"Very well—ah—um!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggly, as he stretched his little neck and gave a yawn. "I'll give Johnnie and Billie the celery when they come, but where is it?"

"I'll put it on a chair in the kitchen," said Nurse Jane, "and you may finish your nap. And now to the bumpy gentleman. 'Go to sleep and can let myself in.'"

"I believe I shall take another little snooze," spoke Mr. Longears. "So he stretched out in the easy chair to warm his little nose and when he hopped away from the hollow stump bungalo to call on Mrs. Fluffball."

"While Uncle Wiggly was asleep along came Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the two squirrel boys. They were going to rick the bell and ask for the celery for their mother when the door was not tightly shut. It was open a crack.

"I guess Uncle Wiggly must have left the door open for us so we could warm our little noses," said Johnnie when they saw the easy chair.

"I guess so," agreed Billie. "We'll walk right in and ask for the celery."

"But Uncle Wiggly had not left the door open, Nurse Jane had forgotten to shut it when she left. Well, anyhow, in walked the two squirrel boys, and the first thing they saw was Uncle Wiggly asleep in the easy chair. Then they went softly into the kitchen, so as not to awaken him.

"Oh, I made a mistake! This isn't Uncle Wiggly at all. It's an old great-grandfather rabbit, as tough as a boiled owl. He'll never do for me!"

"And then, not knowing it was Uncle Wiggly (on account of the celery whiskers) he ran the fox, not hurting the bunny at all."

"Dear me! What's the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggly of himself. "I'm not in the glass, and when he saw the celery whiskers Johnnie and Billie had tied on his chin he laughed like anything."

"Thus everything turned out happily, you see. And if the good handled umbrella doesn't try to stand on its head in the snowstorm and the bunny, not knowing they were only celery leaves, the bad fox gave a howl and cried:

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Girl Soothed By Oratorical Salve

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a girl 19 years old and think I care for a boy several years older than I. Always when I am out and he comes around I get mad with him and can't help but let him see that I am angry. Afterward when he has talked to me a while I get over my anger. Can you tell why I feel that way around him? Someone is always coming to me and telling me that this boy has been to some respectable place and I get angry in spite of myself. I believe I love this boy and care for no other. He says he cares for me, but I do not know whether that is true or not. What should a girl tell a boy when he asks if she loves him and she doesn't know? How can I overcome acting snobbish around strangers? Would it be proper to let a friend of four years, who lives in a distant town, call Christmas?

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

I think the whole trouble with you is self-consciousness. Practice self-control, and when hearing something disagreeable say to yourself that you will not be unhappy, or become nervous over something that makes little difference to you. You show yourself in the worst possible light when you become angry and doubtless your friends say things to offend you just to see you flare up. Do you believe that the boy is in the habit of going to places of ill repute, have nothing to do with them, and when you see them you are angry and doubtless your friends say things to offend you just to see you flare up. Do you believe that the boy is in the habit of going to places of ill repute, have nothing to do with them, and when you see them you are angry and doubtless your friends say things to offend you just to see you flare up.

Broken-Hearted Wife—After thinking over your case I want you to write to Unity School of Christianity, 1014 and Tracy streets, Kansas City, Mo., and tell your story.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I wish to send a line to "A Weary Father." I lost my wife on Aug. 4 and was left with an eight-day-old baby and six other children, the eldest 12 years. My wife kept the baby a month, I placed baby with a good Christian family and he is to be with me every week. The rest of the children and I keep house. I send five of them to school every day and we aim to do every week.

A HUSTLING WIDOWER. I am a widower, Mr. Widower. I am anxious to get a new wife. I have a good home and a good job. I have a good home and a good job. I have a good home and a good job.

Anxious—This is the fourth time I have answered the letter. Of course, I understand that the two girls are not writing it, but that it is written by a neighbor who is quite a clever person. I am sure that my answer is the same yesterday, today and forever. These girls doubtless desire the company of a man who is truly and seriously interested in beginning again, then I can help you. Look not mournfully into the past, anxious to see it. Live in the present. Anxious is that you write a letter to these girls' mother and tell her what you wish to do. Write to her and tell her a stop to it, then you and I have done all we can, and the girls, poor things, will have to like the consequences.

Dimples—You should weigh 118 pounds. You are about average height for your age. Spats will be worn this winter.

Just a Wanderer—I have given much serious thought to the full description of the situation in which you now find yourself. Are you really serious when you say you will appreciate and follow the advice you ask me to give? Do you honestly wish to turn over a new leaf in the book of life? And do you want to win the approval of the people who are so hard to help you make a man of yourself and a success of your life? If you are truly and seriously interested in beginning again, then I can help you. Look not mournfully into the past, anxious to see it. Live in the present. Anxious is that you write a letter to these girls' mother and tell her what you wish to do. Write to her and tell her a stop to it, then you and I have done all we can, and the girls, poor things, will have to like the consequences.

For indecision brings its own delays. And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days. Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute. What can you do, or dream you can, to begin it? Be bold. Be brave. Be true. Be brave. Be true. Be brave. Be true.

Every effort to maintain the decisive state of mind acts directly on the will. It determines resolution to decide intelligently and forcefully all questions of life as they present themselves. It is the only way to get something "to turn up" will be found to be a perfect will tonic. Let me hear again from you.

Behold at sixty, he arranges his hair carefully across his bald spot. He arranges himself in cravats of baby blue and watermelon pink. He gets to his "room" but his "room" is his garden, and boast of his "walking record" of his diet, and his "collections." He saith, "I am full of pep!" And his kisses are fragrant with peppermint lozenges.

Oh, vanity of vanities, all is not feminine vanity. At every age man seeketh to be a charmer; and woman is his audience, his background, his chorus and his applause.

For verily, verily, no man is old, so long as he can see himself flatteringly mirrored in a woman's eyes. Behold.

Twice Told Tales

News of Memphis 10 Years Ago. News of Memphis 25 Years Ago.

NOVEMBER 25, 1910. A delightful Thanksgiving party was given yesterday afternoon at the parlors of the Hotel Kindergraben by its principal, Miss Adelaide Oppenheim, assisted by Miss Adelaide Oppenheim, assisted by Miss Adelaide Oppenheim.

Because of the absence of Judge Jesse Edington from the city no session was held in the first criminal court today. All cases on the calendar were continued one week.

Under the supervision of Ernest R. Patten, commissioner of finances, accounts and revenues, an extra clerical force