

mistake to suppose that we are creatures con. trolled by reason. In reality, we are the children of pain. impulse. Our environment often forces us to conclusions which seem to be based upon reason, but are due to a multiplicity of outward sensations

impinging upon if I had been a reasonable being, I and I shall break down if I don't get a few days off."

The thought made me boll. If I had been a reasonable being, I Miss Galbraith. It was an illogical proceeding, because it made my presincy of the Bachelors' club, which had formed three years before, exremely uncertain-or, at least, it semed to make it uncertain.

Nothing was more desirable than my club. We had every comfort, in idition to good fellowship; and the not that we were all members did not preclude us from the society of wom-Indeed, it gave a zest to that sowith an additional safeguard.

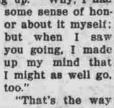
Miss Galbraith's father had left her several millions. She owned the uilding in which our club was quartered. The agent had called on me only three weeks before Christmas to tell me that we must either sign another three years' lease, or vacate on the 1st of January. There were twenty-two of us, and we had already agreed-it was in the constitutionthat the club should be immediately disbanded if any member got married. We all knew Miss Galbraith. and we were all in love with her; but as yet no man had been sufficiently disloyal-or successful-to break the

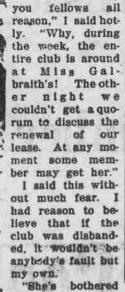
I caught Fenson, our vice-president. calling on Miss Galbraith one night; and afterward, in the club rooms, we had it out.

"Look here, old man," I said, "it seems to me that you are taking chances. Of course, you don't care about the money; but you can't play around fire. Why, the future of this club depends on your keeping away from that girl!"

"You're a nice man to talk." said enson. "What in the world are you doing around there? You ought to set a better example."

Of course, you ought, Van Olcott, coming up. "Why, I had





to death." I added.

WE EXTEND

A Merry Christmas

and

A Happy New Year

TO ALL

J. R. WALLERSTED

The Baker

"It's a shame, fellows, for able-bodied men like you to annoy a young girl

I felt so sympathetic about it, indeed, that the next afternoon I called on Mics Galbraith to learn the facts.

"Is it true," I asked, "that the fellows in my crowd come around here constantly? I suppose it must be so, as I meet them here all the time. That's the reason way I came this afternoon," I added softly. "The evenags are too crowded."

The dear girl looked tired.
"Yes, it is true," she replied. "Youknow that twenty-two young men, constantly succeeding one another, are gather trying."

"It's wearing on you, isn't it?" I said.
"Dreadfully. I am going away."
I experienced a sudden shock of

"Oh, don't say that!" I exclaimed. "I'll do something about it. I'll make them pass a resolution that they aren't to call so often—say, one man a week during the year. Anything to keep you here!"

"Oh, I'm only going away for Christmas!" she said, "just for a rest. Dear old New York! I hate to leave it at this season, but I know how it will be. They never could keep away.

"By Jove!" I exclaimed. "This is a pretty mess, isn't it? Here's a back-elors' club, sworn to remain single, and all of us working nights to go back on ourselves and to bother the life out of you. We're actually driving you away from town at the best time of the year. It's a shame!"

"Never mind," she said softly. "! need a change, anyway. I am going to open up my country place, and have a real country Christmas." She looked at me appealingly. "How would you like to run down there for the holi

Her words went through me like an electric shock. So I was the chosen one! I had suspected it for some

"Do you really mean it?" I asked. I could see even then the magnificent stretches of country surrounding her beautiful estate, and the stately mansion in the center. Everything was there that the mind or heart could wish, and I was to be lord of it all. Not that I cared for the money-I felt that she knew that.

"Certainly I mean it. You can run down the day before and stay over for a few days. . My aunt will chaperon us. Now, you must go, as I have some business to attend to."

It seemed too good to be true. Fo the next week I went about as one it a dream. Luck was with me, even t the elements, for the day before Christmas dawned unclouded, and gave me the opportunity to run m; car down to Miss Galbraith's instead of taking the train, which I detest.

It was only a seventy-mile run. I ar rived at six o'clock. As I stepped into

the hall, I noticed an unusual commotion. Suddenly, from behind a pillar, a form sprang forth. It was that

"Hello, old man All the boys are here!"

"The boys!" I exclaimed. "What the deuce do you

At that instant I gazed around me. The hall was piled with merchandise, like a warehouse. Boxes of candy of every conceivable shape mounted to the ceiling like a pyramid. A mass of the latest holiday books towered aloft on the other side, and in the center were flowers, ranged in geometrical masses. Her Christmas

"Good heavens!" I cried again, as, from all the four corners of the establishment there issued, one by one C. C. WYANDT, President

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the twenty-two members of my club. They sorrowfully grouped themselves about me, and Fenson, burying his head on my shoulder, almost wept

as he replied: "Yes, old fellow, it is too true. She has invited every man Jack down here to spend Christmas with her, and an hour ago she skipped back to town all by herself!"

There was a solemn pause. The truth was painful, but we felt that we must meet it like men.

"Boys," I whispered, "we could follow her back; but, inasmuch as we are all in the same boat, I move that we stay here for the holiday and have a ripping old time, and that the secretary be immediately empowered to telephone her agent that we will take another three years' lease."

And it was carried unanimously. (Copyright, Frank A. Munsey Co.)

"Second the motion," said Fenson.



Stranger (in the wild west)-Who cted as Santa Claus in your camp

Alkali fite—Cherokee Charley. We tarred and feathered him fer hoss

Christmas Proverbs. Santa Claus makes the heart grow A fair exchange is no Christmas

The kissed girl doesn't dread th One-half the world doesn't know

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J. K. MARK

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AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

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