# Mr. Merchant



## Christmas Greeting Cards

THIS OFFICE is, this season, in a position to handle the Christmas gift card business that has heretofore gone to the cities. Our stock of cards has just arrived and we will be pleased to show you the beautiful assortment of engraved, embossed, hand tinted cards from some of the best gift card manufacturers in the world.

#### The Successful Business Man

in recent years never fails to remember his patrons at Christmas time with an appropriate card. People have become to expect it, and it is a very inexpensive way of extending the season's greetings, proving to the customer that his business dealings with you have been appreciated and causing him to remember you when he needs any thing in the line you carry.

> Call at our office and let us talk it over. THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

## **All Things Considered**

We Believe That

## MAITLAND COAL

Is as cheap if not cheaper, than any other kind of fuel. If you are not using MAITLAND try some of ours the next time you order.

## Platt & Frees

### "VAMPS" WHO MADE HISTORY

By JAMES C. YOUNG.

(g) by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"THE ANGEL WITH THE FROZEN HEART."

1 1793, with the French revolution at its height, a fifteen-year-old er was married to a banker almost afty and all Paris smirked. But Paris would have been ashamed if it had known, as historians believe, that Jacques Recamier was the father of his bride, Jeanne, and married her so that she might have his powerful prosection. Throughout his life he kept a paternal attitude toward her.

Mme. Recamier undoubtedly was one of the most beautiful women who ever graced Paris. An admirer said that she had a "complexion that is a bowl of milk wherein float rose leaves." Another tells us of her "orange-tinted eyes" and all agreed that she was "the sogel with the frozen heart."

From the welter of the revolution and the reign of terror Napoleon emerged. When he had made himself secure he looked about at the equitful women of Paris and his fanfell on Mme. Recamler. He made lary love to her. But she refused ruined her husband and banished her. Then the two left for Italy. There Prince Augustus of Prussla fell in love with the banker's wife and wanted her to become his princess. Again she declined. Lucien Napoleon, brother of the emperor, lost his head over her. After him came the gallant General Bernadotte, and left disappoint- her, with a host of others. Georgians ed. Benjamin Constant, the statesman, loved her, and she made him an blithesome way succeeded in obtain instrument of revenge against Napoleon, but granted Constant nothing. General Moreau was next, then Murat, also wrote a number of poems, all king of Naples, Mme, Recamier inveigled him into conspiracies against | his master, who fell not long afterward. And the Recamiers went back to Paris, leaving Murat empty handed. Mme. Recamier's salon became the

most brilliant center of the restoration. Recamier died and a thousand spirors besieged his beautiful widow. When she was more than fifty she met the only man to whom her heart was per indifferent. Chateaubriand. the author, a cranky, saddened man-But eve theirs was a platonic love. for it seemed that her beart could no: be warmed and won. She proded blue in his last days and died soon afterward, Perhaps she really loved him.

#### "VAMPS" WHO MADE HISTORY By JAMES C. YOUNG.

(6) by McClure Newspaper Syndicate )

A LIVING PICTURE OF BEAUTY.

OMETIMES we hear of the "baby O vamp" as distinguished from the accepted heartbreaker. That description just fits Georgiana, duchess of Devonshire, born in 1757, and the subject of one of the most famous pictures in the world. It was painted by Thomas Gainsborough when she was twenty-seven and hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

The duchess was wed at seventeen, and by her twentieth year had become the reigning queen of London society. She soon was noted for her taste in dress and was one of the first English women who ever had the courage to question Paris fashions, setting a few

of her own. The leading men of the day gathered around her, among them Sheridan, the playwright, and Fox, the politician. She had especial favor for these two, and when Fox was hard pressed in an election she went about the London streets soliciting votes for him, which caused much talk. The duchess did him. Napoleon, in a spiteful humor, not seem to care. Her beauty was a ready persuader. One day a butcher, bolder than the rest, offered to sell his vote for a kiss, which she promptly paid, and thereby gave rise to some famous lines about a butcher and a fox and a duchess.

"I could light my pipe at her eyes." said one gallant Irishman, who loved was ever the "baby vamp," and in her ing a large measure of political power which she used to benefit Fox. Sithem having a pretty sentiment, at some of them almost childish in to-They prove and a that she was a "hat vamp," but a very sweet sort of the son, writing about the brooks and the ers and Prince Charmings who raaway with unridens. Of course, sldid not menture the imidens, such a

berself, who can off with the princes The duck - life was a place stream, into their oclous reachmust be dealer their of her doubt, and forty-nine thrian neither too little per toddong, Theorem date and her lend

ly, standing . I I complay, to watch her pretty pranks.

## HEROISM SHOWN BY AMERICAN WORKERS OF NEAR EAST RELIEF

Cables Reveal Appalling Armenian Need-Hundreds of Thousands Starving.

By CHARLES V. VICKREY



Approximately 500 American men and women are standing toyally and herolently ant their posts in Armenia, Turkey and the Near East, Many of them during the long winter of iso lation are undergo-

ing what we in

ship." But these our fellow citizens in the Near East are volunteers serving with a big!

hardship when they meet it. They have had their opportunity to withdraw with honor from the field of famine and desolution. They have refused to leave, because they know that their departure would mean death for tens of thousands of women and chil dren whom their efforts have kept alive and whom they are determined to save for a better future.

purpose, and they do not recognize

A dezen caldes are on my desk from various centers in Armenia, Anatolia Cilicia and Syria pleading piteously for the lives of hundreds of thousands who are homeless; "Sixty-five thousand refugees Constantinople alone; "Refugees flocking into Aleppo;" "Twenty thousand refugees at Ismid;" "One hundred thousand people at Alexandropol will starve unless relief is provided;" "Refugees arriving from Caucasus, escaping persecution, naked, destitute! Urgent need to save most of them from death;" "Two hundred thousand starving between Kars and Alexandropol! Severe winter adding to distress."

Above all towers the mute appeal of the more than 100,000 little children. orphaned, howeless, whom these Amertenn relief workers have saved and whom we here at home must sustain not only through the winter and spring, but through the summer and autumn as well. If we do not provide, they perish! And with them dies the hope of a New Near East.

The Easter season is here—the sea son that commemorates the Great Sacas a Christian nation. She is also the

claim the name of Christian If we turn a deaf ear to the appeal which General Leonard Wood, in behalf of the Near East Relief, has sent forth broadens for a Lenten Sacrifice Offering to save these little children in Bible Lands?

## ASK AID FOR THE SUFFERING ARMENIANS

Distinguished Names on Lenten Sacrifice Appeal.

Major General Leonard Wood, U. S. Army, is head of a nation-wide committee making an appeal for a lenten sacrifice offering for the relief of the starving Christian copulations of the Near East, in behalf of the Near East Relief, 1 Madison avenue, New York

Among those who Join General Wood in asking support of the work of the Near East Relief are: Andrew W. Mellon, of Pittsburgh, secretary of the treasury; ex-President William H. Taft; Frank A. Munsey; W. W. Alterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Pres' dent John Grier Hibben, of Princeton University; Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute; Mrs. Carrie Champman Catt, the suffrage tender; Mrs. Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, sister of the late President Rooseveit; Newcomb Carlton, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company; John C. Shaffer, owner of the Chicago Post and other newspapers; Dr. Henry van Dyke; Miss H. F. H. Ried; Miss Elizabeth Marbury; Samuel Gompers and Warren S. Stone, labor lenders; John G. Milburn and Moorfield Storey, of the American Bar Association; Mary Garden; David Belasco; Mrs. Medill McCormick; Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs: Mrs. George Maynard Minor, head of the D. A. R.; Miss Anna A. Gordon, head of the W. C. T. U.; Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, of the League of Women Voters; Mrs. Philip North Moore, president of the National Council of Women; Misa Alice Stone Blackwell: Mrs. George Horace Lorimer, of Philadelphia : Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, the well known novelist; Rupert Hughes and Emerson Hough, authors; Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah; Governor John M. Parker, of Louislana; Dr. Frank M. McMurer, of Teachers' Coltene, New York City; William C. Bobbs, of Indianapolis; J. Thomson Willing, the artist; Mrs. Cleveland H. Indicat Mrs. Henry Morgenthau; Mrs. M Bulkley; Bishop-elect Wil-Manuling, of New York; Mrs. US White; Mrs. William Nash of Montgomery, Ala.; Arthur

e; John S. Drum, San Francis To set k Parland, Labrit londer

MIRA A. A. A. TO THERE

As she worked around the room the nurse remonstrated with Piggy.

"Why don't you try to like the basket weaving so you can sit out on the veranda in the shade, Piggy?"

Piggy sat in his usual solltary grandeur, with his eyes closed, and murmured in a tired voice:

"Rave on, little one, rave on. You bring back fond memories of Nancy, me father's good old goat, after she made a meal on his red flannel

Well, you had better he fixed up for visitors this afternoon. I heard the superintendent telling someone on the phone how to reach here, and they had been asking for you."

"You've off again. And who would be calling on me? If your muscles were developed the way your imag-America call "bardination is, you would be meeting this here Carpentier instead of Dempsey."

Just then the superintendent's voice sounded in the hall, "Is Mr. M. ready to receive a visitor, nurse?"

Piggy sat with closed eyes; none of that bunch could pull any of this horse-play on him. He knew they were all waiting for his downfall. Although a brave soldier with a citation to his credit, Piggy's best friends at the Memorial Home had to admit that the superintendent's order that Piggy could not join the others on the veranda was just after his last sarcastic description of the art of basket weaving, accompanied by a flood of vituperation for the doctors who had allowed him to live when both legs were taken off.

In answer to the nurse's question, 'Aren't you going to speak to your visitor?" he vouchsafed a characteristic grunt, and lifting his eyelids, a trifle, noted the visitor wore black and carried a bulky article draped in a turkey tablecloth. As the nurse withdrew the visitor drew off the tablecloth from the parcel and the room was immediately flooded with a canary's joyous song, interspersed with trills of delight at this release from the dark wrapping.

Piggy's eyes snapped open and his month automatically puckered into the old calling whistle which he had taught Maggie that summer when he broke his leg and had to sit out on the old piazza with no company but his

little lame neighbor and her canary. Only now, he remembered bitterly, instead of a game leg that would be all right shortly, he was minus two rifice for mankind. America is known perfectly good legs, and what good was a teamster without legs, even if wealthlest nation that history has ever he kept his tongue well giled and in action? As his scowl gathered, his Can we really enjoy our wealth and visitor s semed to lose complete use of her voice. So it fell on Piggy to open the conversation.

> "Well, do my eyes deceive me? It's little Maggie." "It's me," came the shy reply, "and

Dannie."

"Sure, and a big woman you've grown to be, too. And how's the

The girl stringgled to speak, but the big sub which rose checked her, Finally she explained that the mother was gone, and, of course, she couldn't hope to keep the children together: they had to go to live with her sister Norn.

"And now she says that Darmy is a nuisance; that his singing wakes the baby, it's that shrill. And never a window can you open without him getting a chill, and she's sick of him. and he's got to go. So I brought him out to you. I thought maybe you could take care of him."

The old spirit of battle surged into Piggy's breast. If that woman, with her bitter old tongue, thought she could put him out into the cold, the bird he had trained to trill and call, she had another guess coming. Careful questioning brought out the fact that she would be glad to be rid of the crippled sister, too. As for the boys, they only came home for meals and to sleep. Piggy gave the matter a few moments' careful consideration, and then he gave his ultimatum.

"What you are needing is a home of your own. Take now that tenement down by the gashouse. It's a fine, sunny place to raise a flock of canaries, and the old mother left me the furnishings of the 'old home, and they're packed in Hogan's barn. There would be plenty of room for the boys to grow up, and with my pension and the bit we could get raising canaries-you need a man to watch the expenses and teach them to sing-we could make out fine."

When the overjoyed but still bewildered girl had departed, Piggy sent for the superintendent and explained: "I've got me a job. I'm leaving."

The superintendent and the romantic nurse immediately joined hands and danced around the silent figure with closed eyes, to the tune of "Piggy's got a job, Piggy's got a job, ho,

Band Carries Its Own Shell. One hand at Pacific Grove, Cal., gives concerts in a shell which they carry away with them, says Popular Mechanics. The shell is mounted on

a condenned fire truck and moves about from place to place between Pacific Grove and the beach nearby, for use in concerts at different places The shell for

### **GOLDEN HEART**

"Nannie, child, remember the courtesy always due new neighbors-"

"Not when they are rank trespassers! Just look at your pansy-bed, Munsy, darling-and then at our new neighbor actually petting the brute of a

Before gentle Mrs. Marcy could frame further remonstrance Nancy darted out the garden gate. "I'll teach him he cannot add insuit to injury," she flung back over her shoulder.

At any other time, Nancy would have admired the new bungalow. Now she saw only the offending

canine, and the man, whose indifference to her approach added the match to her smouldering wrath. "That beast deserves the whip in-

stead of a caress!" she flared. "He has a whole skin this instant simply becausé Mumsy Darling's middle name is Forbearance. And that, mind you, after he had ruined the pride of her garden-Heartsease Corner, she delighted to call it!"

Nancy waited dramatically. Instead of the anticipated apology

came a tantalizing drawl: "Really, did Rob Roy do all that?" Nancy caught her breath. "Oh!"

'Couldn't you see him do it?" The amused smile faded from the boylsh lips, "Not very well, Miss Spitfire. I cannot see you now."

Nancy caught her breath sharply. 'Oh!" she gasped in swift contrition, "how rude—how cruel you must think

"Not at all"-he was smiling again. "You didn't know."

There was a moment's strained silence. Then the true Nancy, warmhearted and impulsive, advanced to he veranda steps.

"We are your nearest neighbors, Mumsy Darling, Teddy Boy and"with roguish emphasis-"Miss Spitfire. Teddy Boy is lots of fun and Mumsy Darling bakes the most delicious mocha cake every Saturday. Mem-mm-today is Friday-you wont have long to wait. About 4 tomorrow be prepared to receive Teddy Boy with a generous helping of said mocha cake. A little peace offering for my rude introduction," she concluded with her irresistible laugh.

"I say, but it's jolly good of you," his earnestness thrilled Nancy. Drawing a small whistle from his pocket he blew two short blasts. Almos: instantly, it seemed, a smiling little Jap glided from the bungalow. "Here, Mr. Ray."

"Yetsu," ordered his master, "cut the very choicest of those roses Mr. Jack says are such beauties." He turned again to Nancy: "Yetsu is a Orient. I had my sight then, and the memories I stored up are like luminous bits of fairyland in the present dark-

She infused an added bllthesomeness into her own voice, "Boston and New York comprise my itinerary to date, but I often make dream journeys to far distant lands-always in cherryblossom time to Japan."

His sensitive fingers traced the velvety petals until convinced of their worthiness. "A little peace offering

for Rob Roy's rude introduction." Nancy laughed merrily at his clever mimicry.

Then, as she stepped nearer to take the roses, she felt a sudden tightening of her throat.

He looked even younger than from the walk-scarcely nineteen. And what at first sight she had dubbed a "sissy" wave covered a deep scar extending across his forehead.

Fearing her silent pity might be misconstrued, Nancy hastened to soy enthusiastically: "Such perfect specimens of the Queen of Flowers!" "You are too good!" His buoyancy

matched her own, "When Brother Jack comes out fomorrow I'll get him to coach me in my new role-a most grateful neighbor." Wonderful days followed; wonderful

for Nancy-for the blind boy-and for the man whom sorrow and responsibility had made cruelly old beyond his years.

It was his first glimpse of Nancy that restored John Keniston's most cherished ideals. The memory of it transformed his daily office grind as if by magic. Even the factory's giandynamos sounded rhythmical.

But though time sped on golden instead of leaden wings, John waxed im-And then, in the purple dusk of a

rare autumn day, John sought Nancy. "Ray made me blissfully happy to day," he began boyishly. "He said he had told you of the accident, and you understood my mental torture. Gov. knows the machine, not I, was at faul-Even so, the youngster's very cheefulness seemed a reproach, until k.p. fate sent us among you and yours.

He took both Nancy's hands. "The dear little miracle woman. I knew a was no longer forced, that I might once again think of love and impoines-His voice became a caress. "Tell to Nan, sweetheart, have I dreame aright? Can I sen that that whe him. ti e tunca librari agrito: lils. Offerno min by o State in tend of Neignon

the competition and made Natiook up at him. The awakened bea I her cent so turn tuously she con not speak, but John rend his ans-

### JUST GUESS

By ARIA E. CUTTING.

There! That settles his hash!" With a look that startled an innoent student in a front seat, Miss Mason, teacher at District School No. 7, crushed a letter in her hand and cast it into the waste basket.

"Earl! Are those examples all done?" "Nope."

"Then get to work."

Shirley felt a pang of remorse immediately after her last words. Tenyear-old Eart looked at her in amazement; then there flashed in his eyes a hurt expression. In another instant Earl was puzzling over his examples.

"Golly! Why should she get mad at me? I didn't do anything. Let's see. If Rover drove 120 cows to pasture and 1-5 were lost-Oh! I can't-I

At that moment the recess bell rang. Waiting outside by the door stood a great shepherd dog.

"Hello, old girl," cried Earl, as the dog ran to greet him. "Be good now and come with me."

Earl went back into the room, the dog following at his heels. "Miss Mason," began Earl, feeling

rather uncomfortable, "this is my new dog. Uncle is coming home soon and he sent me her. Isn't she a beauty?" Shirley said nothing for a moment. Then-

"She is very pretty. What's her

"Just guess," replied Earl. "Oh-is it Rover? Trixie?"

"Why, just Guess."

Puzzled, yet greatly amused, Karl went out, Guess following, giving no cue to Shirley as to what her name

"Say, Guess, you'll help me, won't you? We've got to help out Miss Mason. Oh, I love her. Don't you?" For answer Guess licked her play-

mate's hand. Long after school hours were over that afternoon, Earl strolled past the

schoolhouse, "What's the matter?" he thought.

The door's open! He went in Guess following. Everything was in readiness for the morrow's -work. "Well, Guess, she's gone and left the

door unlocked. Guess we'd better go. eh, Guess? I'm giad Uncle's come home. Why, Guess!" The dog had tipped over the waste

basket in her frolic. Out tumbled the rumbled paper. "Gee! It's from Uncle!" he yelled.

"He said he had a girl. Now, Guess, keep still-and I'll read it to you.

"'Dearest Shirley-I will see you soon. I will have a big surprise for you, I want to introduce you to a flower magician. It's characteristic of | dear little lady-a great companion to his race I learned when we toured the me. She'll probably see you before I get there, as she's coming first. What's her name? Just Guess, dear. With love, Rodney.

"Well, I'll go home and see Uncle Rodney now, and ask him if he's met our schooltencher. Why couldn't he have let me know about this?"

Down the pathway he met Uncle Rodney, who looked rather anxious. "Have you seen M.ss Mason, Earl?"

"No, not since school closed." "S'funny." "I don't think so,"

Rodney stared at Earl. Earl stared at Rodney. "Well, I'll go back and help find her.

Isn't she home?" "No." Nothing more was said until they reached the schoolhouse. Suddenly Guess came into the room, whining. She ran first to Rodney, then to Earl, and then to the door, several times

"We'll follow Guess," commanded

Rodney. Out to the woodshed by the schoolhouse they went. The great door was locked. They heard a cry inside, Guess barked, Earl and Rodney seized the lock and opened the door. Seated on the floor was a very angry, tearful, dishevelled young lady.

"Mr. Porter!"

"Miss Mason-Shirley!" "Don't call me Shirley! What are you here for? And after writing such a letter?" cried she. "Just guess what her name is. What do you suppose I care-'dear little lady'-my, but this is very serious!" she ended with fine surcasm.

Rodney stood amazed for an instant; then he broke into a great laugh,

"Well, well! So that's it, is it? Forgive me, Shirley. I'm sorry you misunderstood."

he turned, grasped Guess by her collar, and said:

"This is the little lady I meant. Now, I told you her came in my letter. She's anxious to know you, you see. I knew you liked a great shepherd like her, so I sent her up to be a companion for you and for Earl. She now belongs to Earl. And I am Earl's

"Oil," dear! Now I see-everything -Guess is her name. I didn't understand it that way." And Shirley burst

luto tenra. "Well, I'm going out. Come, Guess," cried Earl. And only Guess heard

A few-minutes later, an impatient Harl peeked through a crack in the door and cried:

"I'm going home, Unele Rodney, But I'd like to not Miss Mason who saved her tonight?" "Just Guess," came a happy, femi-

in her frank, adoring eyes.